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# New England Magazine

*An Illustrated Monthly*

NEW SERIES, VOLUME XLII

MARCH, 1910----AUGUST, 1910

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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE CO., Publishers

Bertrand L. Chapman, President

Frederick W. Burrows, Editor

Old South Building, Boston, Massachusetts

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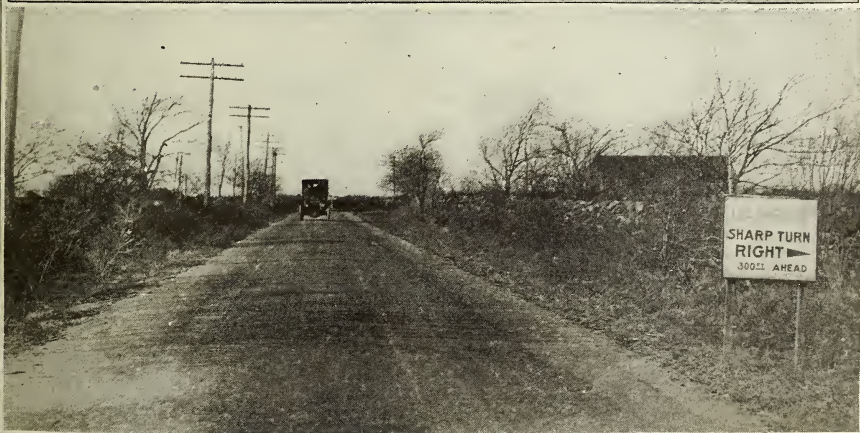


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# Beautiful New England



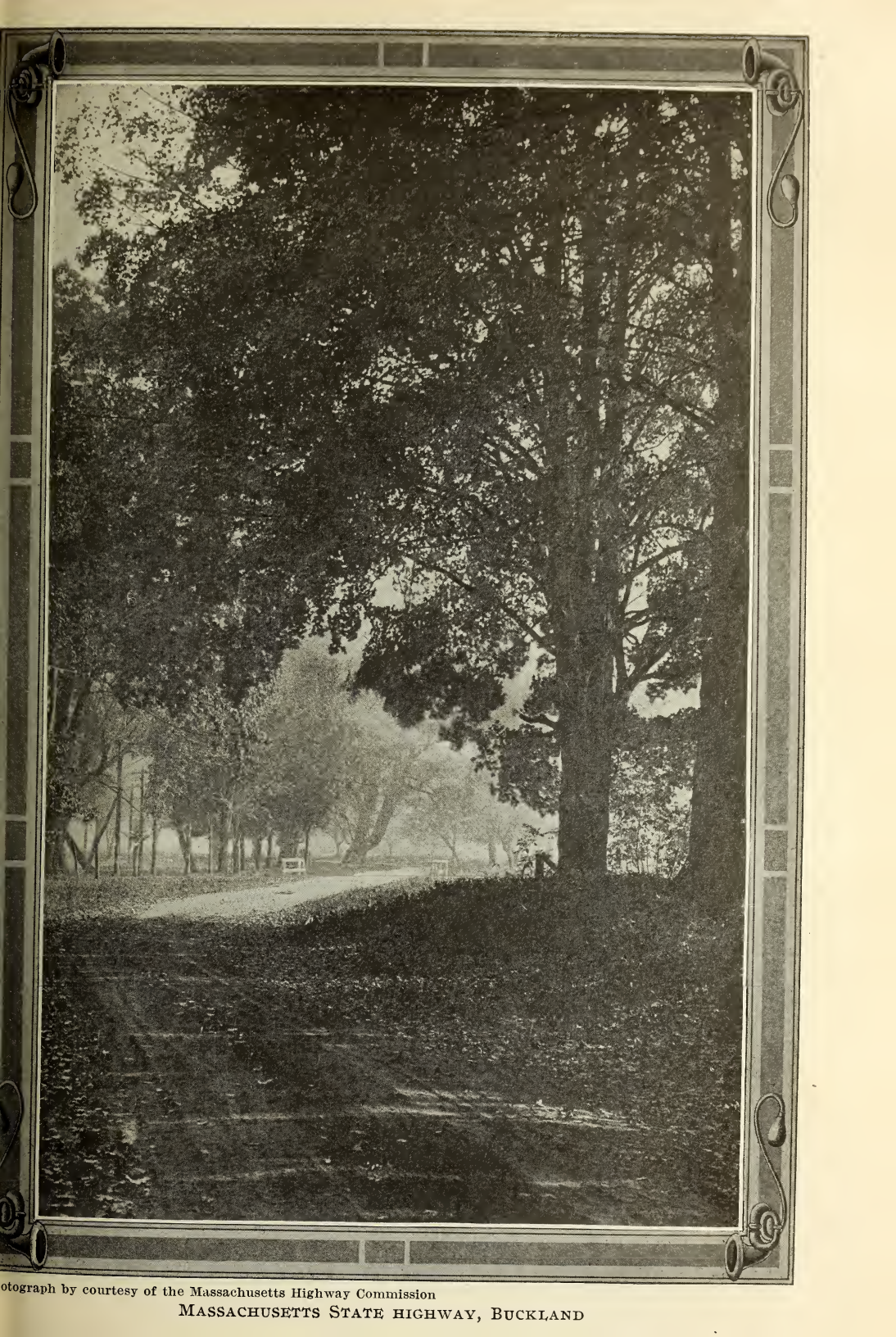




Photograph by Olmstead Brothers, Landscape Gardeners

A WELL-MADE PARKWAY





Photograph by courtesy of the Massachusetts Highway Commission

MASSACHUSETTS STATE HIGHWAY, BUCKLAND





Photograph by courtesy of the Massachusetts Highway Commission

THE FAMOUS "JACOB'S LADDER" AND THE NEW CUT-OFF

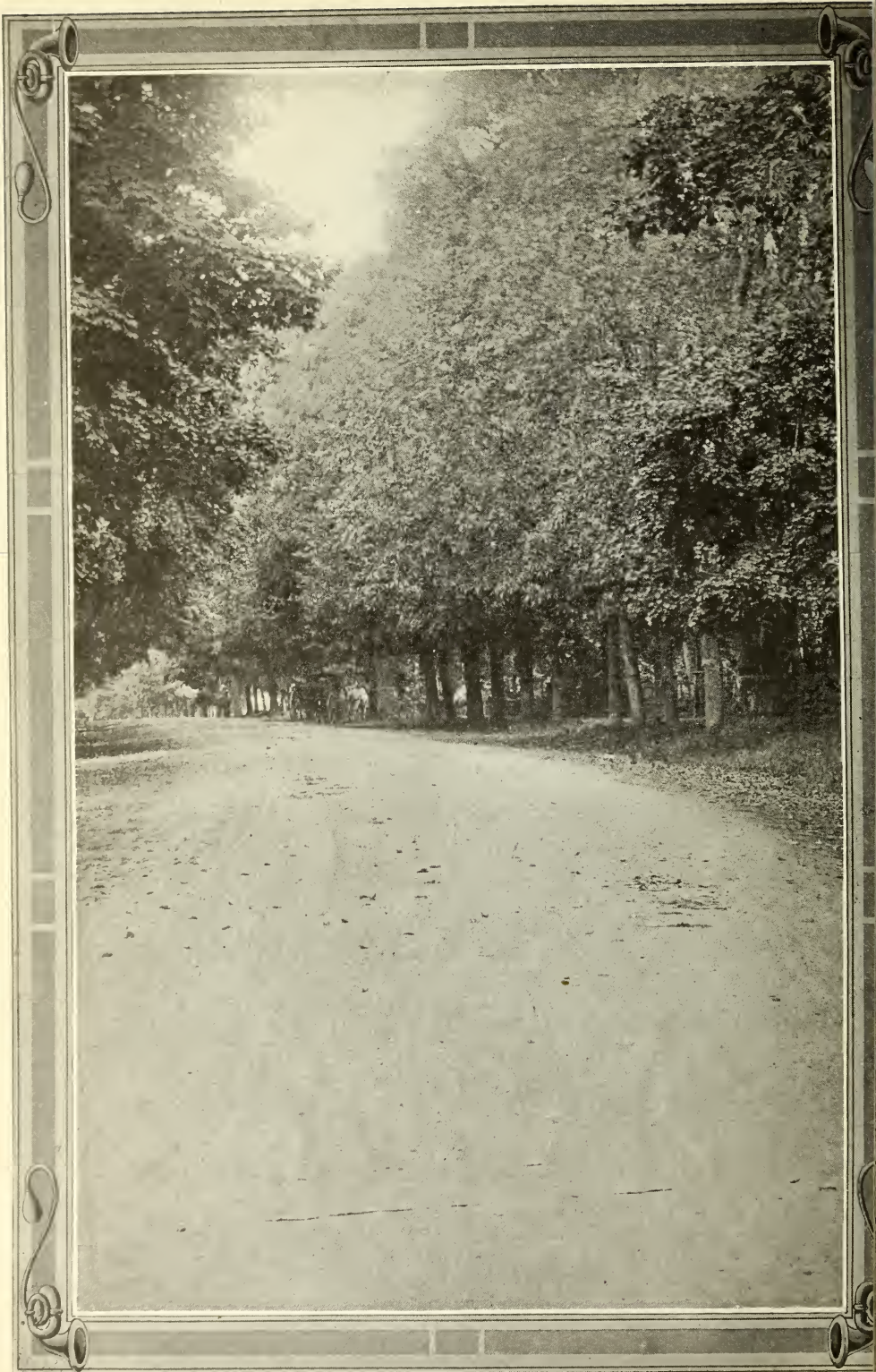




Photograph by Olmstead Brothers, Landscape Architects

A ROAD IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS





Photograph by courtesy of Massachusetts Highway Commission

A TARVIA TREATED HIGHWAY, WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS





Photograph by courtesy of Massachusetts Highway Commission

A SECTION OF RURAL ROADWAY, MACADAM AND TAR





Drawing by L. T. Hammond

Illustration for "A Maxim to Trust."

"JACK WOLCOTT," SHE DECLARED, "YOU'VE STOLEN SOMEBODY'S CAR!"

# NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XLII.

MARCH, 1910

NUMBER 1

## THE MARITIME PROVINCES

AS SEEN FROM AN AUTOMOBILE

By WALTER MERRIAM PRATT

*Author of "The Burning of Chelsea," "A Sailor's Life One Hundred Years Ago," etc.*

IT is a strange fact, but one worth noting, that many well-educated people think of Nova Scotia as an island. This syllogism, no doubt, is the reason that it is so hard to adjust one's mind readily to the idea of motoring from Yarmouth to Boston, and may have had something to do with the fact that few motor cars have made the trip. Until this year automobiles were prohibited to run upon certain days, and these days varied with the counties. The laws have been very effective in keeping motor-propelled vehicles out of the Provinces, but at last the natives have come to realize it is to their interest to let them in, and now one may motor when and where he wishes, with the exception of Prince Edward Island.

There is no question but what motoring is the most interesting way to travel through the Maritime Provinces. The roads on the whole are fair, and compare favorably with the average Massachusetts and New York road. There are bad stretches which will not be enjoyed, especially by the owner of the car, but unless one is a pessimist

the trip will be looked back upon with pleasure.

Our party arrived in Boston about noon on the second Sunday in September, and sailed for Yarmouth, N. S., on the Dominion Atlantic S.S. Prince George, at two o'clock on the same day. Our machine, which weighed forty-six hundred pounds, attracted much attention among the crew and passengers, and John, our chauffeur, was kept busy answering questions. The purser later told us it was the largest car the company had ever transported.

There was rather a sad lot on board, and we turned in about ten and were on deck at five, for we knew that a sunrise off Cape Sable would be worth seeing, and it surely was one of the finest. To state that the sun seemed to come up out of the water like a great ball of fire is a little hackneyed, but there is no way of expressing it more accurately.

As it rapidly rose, rays of its reflection danced across the ball-room surface of the ocean and almost blinded us. Shortly after this interesting sight





FRENCH CANADIAN SCHOOL, CHILDREN

land was sighted slightly to the starboard, appearing at first on the horizon as a brown strip about five feet long and one-half inch high. Then a lighthouse loomed up directly forward and then more land to the port, and finally, after poking up the narrow, twisting channel of the harbor, we were made fast at seven fifteen, Yarmouth time, which is an hour later than Boston. After going through the apparent farce of having our baggage examined by the officers of his ma-

jesty's customs we went to the Grand Hotel for breakfast.

This hotel we found to be one of the best in the Provinces and is very fair.

Through previous correspondence we understood that a certified check would be taken as bond for the duty of thirty-five per cent. on the machine. Upon presenting it, it was not acceptable, but just as we were picturing a tedious delay of a couple of days while the matter was straightened out, Mr. Harding, the head of the local cus-



TIRE TROUBLES ON A NEW BRUNSWICK ROAD

toms, most courteously offered to introduce us at the local Bank of Montreal. This straightened the matter out. Later in the day we had the pleasure of taking this gentleman for a ride about the city and into the outlying districts, which proved a succession of hills and dales, lakes and rivers. All of this charmingly diversified scenery was pointed out to us by our guest with much pride.

For a town of 8000 inhabitants Yarmouth is certainly progressive. It has about thirty-five miles of streets, lined with shade trees and many beautiful

and dashed madly down the street, colliding with various objects on his way. First it was a fruit stand that was upset, then some barrels in front of a grocery store; and so he went, leaving a plainly marked trail behind, until a pair of shafts and one wheel were all that remained of the carriage as he disappeared in the distance.

In the evening, after attending the moving picture show, the one public amusement in town, where we saw the battle of Bunker Hill and watched General George Washington cross the Delaware, to the accompaniment of



THE OLD FORTRESS

hawthorn hedges; attractive houses, with well-kept lawns, and an eighteen-hole golf course.

A small-sized crowd collected whenever we stopped our machine. Two or three other machines were to be seen about this city. One bore the number 17 N. S., which satisfied us that there were at least that number in the country.

As we stopped in front of the hotel upon our return an incident occurred which gave us an inkling of what we might expect on our trip. A horse fastened to a hitching post a block down the street broke loose in fright, upset the carriage he was fastened to

the orchestra, playing "God Save the King," we were hospitably entertained at the Merchants' Club, our guests giving up their hands at bridge to play billiards with us, one of the greatest courtesies possible for an Englishman to extend.

We left Yarmouth the next morning at nine twenty-five, and at ten forty-five passed through the little hamlet of Bear Cove. The district school was having a recess, and we stopped with the idea of snapping a picture of the picturesque French children, but they fled in all directions, and hid behind stone walls, the woodpile and the schoolhouse in fright, and,





THE WILLOWS OF GRAND PRE

as they could not understand English or the writer's French, the picture would not have been taken but for the teacher, who understood and ordered them in their native tongue to assemble. It was not until she became very stern that all appeared and reluctantly formed a line.

During the day, and in fact the first few days of our trip, few horses were met; oxen, with the yokes attached to the horns, are used for practically all purposes. The fields are ploughed by them and the harvest reaped, and when they become too old to be longer useful they are killed and eaten.

The shore road from Yarmouth to Digby is the better. It is the old post road and is sixty-seven miles long. Twenty miles an hour is easily made, as the road is good. The only bad place is at Weymouth Bridge. The village is in a valley, on the banks of the Sissiboo River, and just beyond is a short but extremely steep and rough hill, ending at a railroad track. Unless the driver of the car is prepared

for it and starts the hill on the first speed, he is apt to have difficulty.

Digby should be reached for lunch. In our case we ran out to a summer hotel about two miles around the bay, called the "Point of Pines," situated in a grove of pine and spruce trees two hundred and fifty feet above the sea. After a few hours spent in strolling about the shores of Digby Basin we pushed on to Annapolis Royal, twenty-two miles away, and in passing through Digby spent perhaps an hour. We found it a pretty little town of 2000 inhabitants, very English in its ways and beautifully situated.

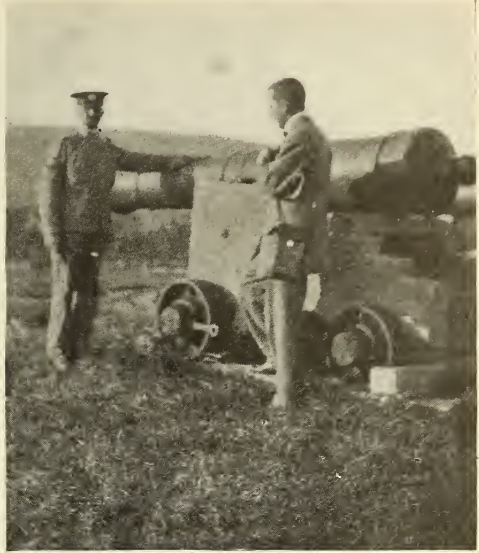
Away on the right stretches the basin, sixteen miles long, triangular in shape, with a base of six miles, tapering to about half a mile at the end where the Annapolis River enters, while straight ahead is the famous Digby Gut. Nature has here cleft a mountain barrier for a portal; the rugged heights towering high on either hand would dwarf the proudest vessel ever built.

The gut is the only break in the North Mountain for many miles, and through it ships pass out into the Bay of Fundy, and the tide rushes in with impetuous force for a forty-foot rise.

The sight before us was beautiful. In the distance the sloping hills, covered with tints of red, russet and gold, mingled with the tamer hues of foliage on the mountain beyond, while in the foreground lay a vast expanse of sunlit water, reflecting a thousand vagaries of the changing sky. It would take a magnificent intellect to describe the scene, and too true a description would have the flavor of a Munchausen tale.

It is no wonder that Pierre du Guast, Sierre DuMonts, who discovered the basin the sixteenth of June 1604, while in search of a place for settlement, admired the landlocked water and sent glowing accounts of the country back to the royal household of France.

On the north runs the ridge of the North Mountain, with a narrow belt of level land at its foot. On the south



SERG'T DANIELS OF HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE

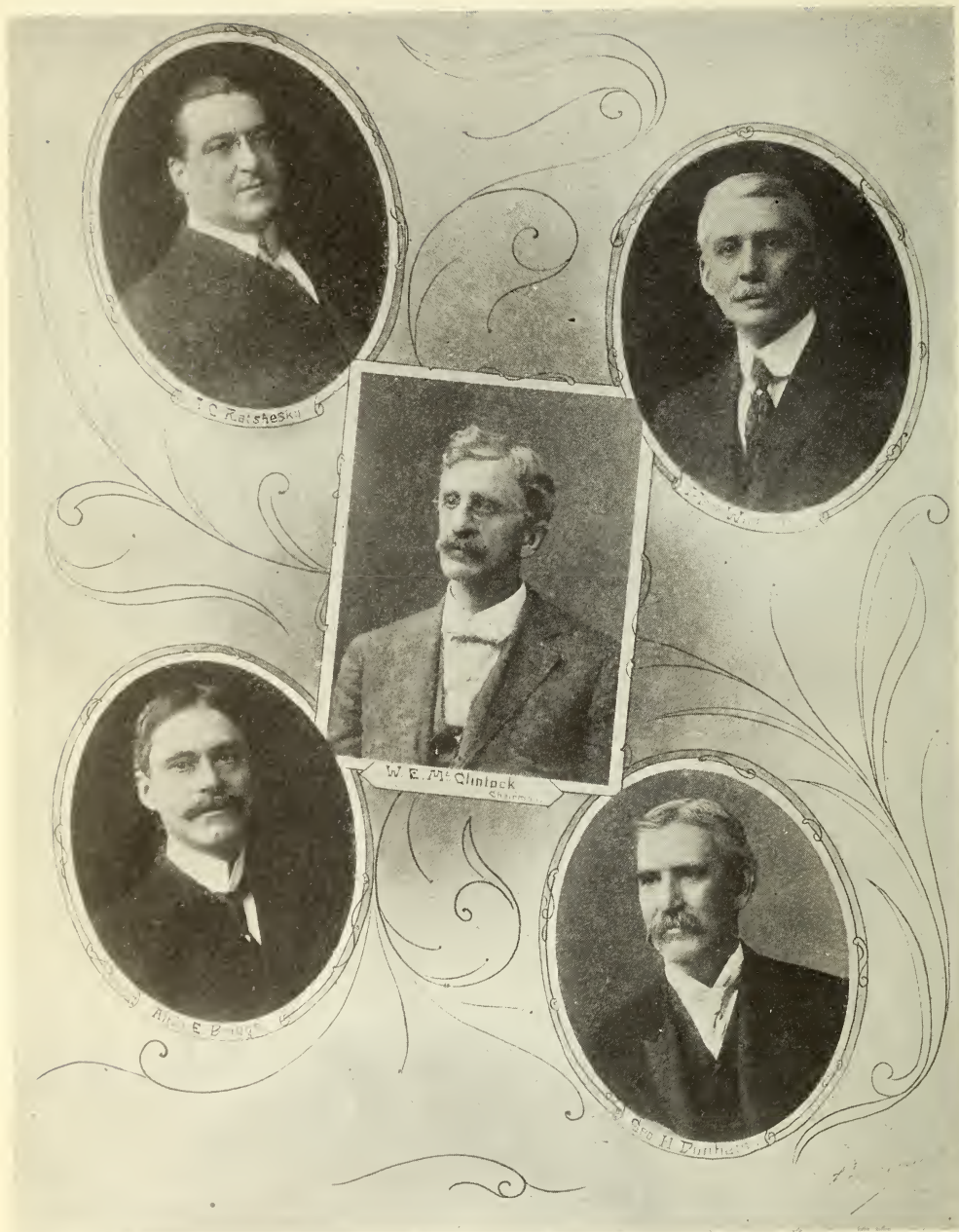
the land is undulating, gradually rising and forming the South Mountain. These mountains run parallel for many miles, and form the famous Valley of Annapolis.

*(To be continued)*



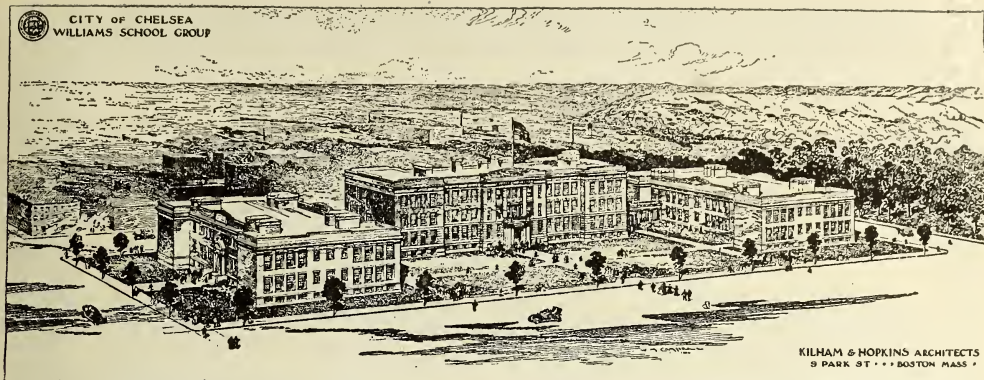
THE MEETING OF THE COMING AND THE PASSING MONARCHS OF THE ROAD





MEMBERS OF THE CHELSEA BOARD OF CONTROL

A. C. RATSHESKY	MARK WILMARTH
W. E. MCCLINTOCK, CHAIRMAN	
ALTON E. BRIGGS	GEORGE H. DUNHAM



PLAN OF THE WILLIAMS SCHOOL GROUP, A PORTION OF WHICH IS ALREADY ERECTED  
AND IN USE

## THE NEW CHELSEA

By WILLIAM E. McCLINTOCK

*Chairman of the Chelsea Board of Control*

THE very smoke that rises from a great conflagration differs in its constituents and appearance from that of lesser fires. The intense heat lifting huge masses of half-burned material into the air and the great variety of substance that goes to feed the all-devouring flames, give a heavy, oleaginous quality to the pall that overhangs the doomed district.

It was a silent city that, called from Sabbath quiet by the huge, flame-lit cloud and the swift rumor that in the course of an hour reached a million people huddled together at every point of vantage, helplessly watching the destruction of Chelsea.

On the twelfth day of April, 1908, at about quarter to eleven in the morning, the fire broke out in the north-westerly part of the city. The wind was blowing a gale from the northwest. There had been no rain for many days, and in an incredibly short time the flames were beyond control. Scores of houses were burning and by dark two hundred and eighty-seven acres had been burned over, destroying property valued at \$17,000,000 and turning 16,000 people out of their homes. Nine-

teen lives were lost. All shade and fruit trees on the streets and lots were destroyed, and fully one-half the granite curbing was rendered useless. About one-half the fire loss was covered by insurance. The loss of assessable property was about five and a half million dollars.

Among the buildings burned were eleven churches, the Frost Hospital, Day Nursery, Young Men's Christian Association building, City Hall, City Stables, two Fire Department houses, Public Library, High Service Pumping Station and eight school houses.

It is this terrible calamity which forms the point of departure for the story of New Chelsea.

Back of that all is history—history, however, that is all the more closely held in affectionate remembrance for the disaster that has swept away its visible memorials.

Full of interest and not devoid of dignity was the history of old Chelsea.

Sheltered from the winds of the Atlantic by the outlying towns of Revere and Winthrop, and that section of the metropolis known as East Boston,





THE NEW SHURTLEFF SCHOOL

Chelsea occupies a peninsula, once called Winnisimmet, fronting on the Mystic River and its two tributaries, the Island End and Chelsea Rivers. Its area, of fourteen hundred acres, presents an undulating surface, rising from the level of the salt marshes to four considerable elevations known as Hospital Hill, Mount Bellingham, Powderhorn Hill and Mount Washington.

About one-half of those made homeless found shelter in Chelsea, the other half were cared for in the nearby cities and towns.

On the night of the fire a relief committee was organized, who, aided by the church and other organizations, furnished food and shelter, clothes and bedding for those made homeless. There was no real suffering among these people so turned out of their homes, but there was great inconvenience and worry.

A committee of strong business men,

headed by James J. Storrow, appointed by Acting Governor Draper, performed heroic service in carrying on the relief work and the people of Chelsea will be ever grateful for what these men did.

In response to a call for aid there was subscribed \$360,000, which was first used to relieve the immediate wants of the sufferers and later to rehabilitate them so far as possible.

After the fire there was a widespread feeling that the city could not be quickly and economically rebuilt and remodelled by the Mayor and the Aldermen. This feeling culminated in a petition to the General Court for a commission form of government. The petition was favored by the Board of Trade, the Manufacturers' Association and generally by representative business and professional men from all parts of the city.

In May, 1908, an act was passed creating a Board of Control, who should perform all the duties of the Mayor

and Aldermen. This board was to consist of five men, to be appointed by the Governor, three for a term of five years, one for a term of two years, and one for a term of three years. The last two were to go before the voters for re-election. In the fall of 1911 a Mayor and Aldermen are to be elected, and the Board of Control will then perform the duties of a supervisory board. In 1912, the question will be put to the voters: "Will the Board of Control be continued?"

Acting Governor Draper appointed on this Board W. E. McClintock, Alton E. Briggs and George H. Dunham of Chelsea, A. C. Ratschky of Boston and Mark Wilmarth of Malden. Mr. Dunham's term expired in 1909. He was re-elected. Mr. Briggs' term expires in 1910. The board organized on Jan. 3, 1908, and elected Mr. W. E. McClintock as chairman. With the appointment of the Board of Control, the Mayor, Alderman and School Com-

mittee ceased to be. The first act of the new board was to elect a School Committee of five members at large, to take the place of the old one of fifteen.

Inasmuch as the question of municipal government is receiving much attention in all parts of the country, and new charters and governments by commission are on trial, or about to be put to the test, it might be of interest to know how this particular commission has proceeded to solve the problem and what it has accomplished.

The Chelsea Board of Control never for a moment assumed that they individually or collectively were to take charge of the different departments. They were charged with both legislative and executive powers, and understood that, generally, the executive powers were to be exercised through the heads of departments with suggestions or orders when such seemed necessary to correct or direct. They



THE CHELSEA HIGH SCHOOL



could combine, create or abolish departments, and discharge and appoint the heads.

The entire board has kept in touch with all the problems presented, although committees of one or two members have been appointed from time to time to investigate and report on particular subjects which required detailed study and comparison of methods and costs. The reports of these committees might be analyzed and acted upon at once, or they might form the basis of argument at one or more meetings before final action, and the final action might be quite different from that recommended. Sufficient time and discussion have been given to assure a unanimous vote on every important question.

The heads of departments have not met with the Board at fixed and regular times, but the head of each department has been called in whenever it seemed necessary for the Board

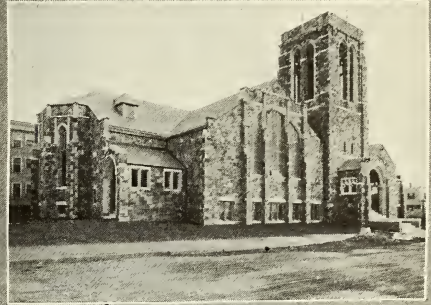
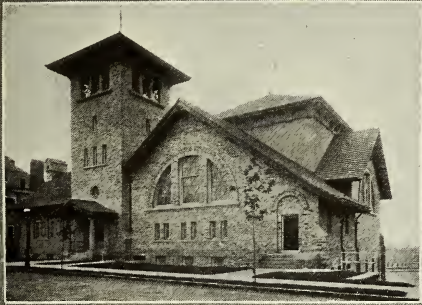
to obtain or give information or advice.

And further than this the officers of corporations, manufacturers, and others have been summoned to a consultation with the Board when an interchange of ideas would furnish a mutual understanding of any question.

After the conflagration, the natural antagonism between the fire underwriters and the management of the city was developed to a perplexing degree. Rates of insurance were advanced:—demands were made for an increase of fire apparatus and the number of permanent men in the fire department. The enforcement of more stringent building laws was insisted upon. Various conferences were held in which the underwriters, with some of the leading insurance agents and builders of repute, participated, and after a thorough discussion the fire department was so increased and a



THE NEW ARMORY BUILDING, CHELSEA



#### SOME OF CHELSEA'S NEW CHURCH BUILDINGS

POLISH CATHOLIC CHURCH  
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

BELLINGHAM METHODIST CHURCH  
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

building code enacted which met the approval of all parties concerned and was declared to be as good as the best.

The question of increased efficiency of the water mains for protection of some of the large manufacturing interests required many conferences between the Board and the Water Commissioners, manufacturers and underwriters, before a system was planned and constructed which overcame all objections.

In the Police and Fire Departments political influence has been absolutely eliminated. The chiefs of these important branches were notified that they would be held responsible for the proper protection of life and property, for the efficient and economical maintenance of all apparatus, for discipline among the men and for general efficiency. If any man, for any reason, was unfit to perform the duties assigned

him the chief was to report the case to the Board and no one would be appointed by the Board without a certification from the Civil Service Commission and recommendation of the chief.

The policy outlined for the Police and Fire Departments, so far as employment of men is concerned, has been pursued in all of the departments.

The Board has experienced no difficulty in having its policies carried out or methods adopted. All of these have been done by conferences and suggestions: rarely has an order been required.

Street improvements, arrangement of pole lines, burying of wires, new contracts for street lighting, keeping out noxious trades, improvement of sanitary conditions, safer buildings, better plumbing, more space between buildings, less crowding in tenements, are



among the things which the Board have undertaken to control, and, in a large measure, successfully.

In dealing with public service corporations, the Board has been eminently successful. Conferences and arguments have made mutual understanding possible, and secured for the city every improvement asked for.

On the morning of April 12, 1908, Chelsea had a population of about 38,000 and valuation of \$25,969,700. The total amount of the tax levy, au-

new valuation gives a tax rate of \$28.20 on each thousand dollars. Unquestionably such a rate would act as a prohibition to the rebuilding of the city.

The city was insured on the buildings destroyed, \$228,342.47; from this the Board appropriated \$141,932.32, which, added to the yield from the reduced valuation, made it possible to maintain the same rate as in the previous year.

In addition to loss of buildings, each



THE HOUSE OF "ENGINE 5," ONE OF CHELSEA'S NEW FIRE DEPARTMENT STRUCTURES

thorized by the Mayor and Aldermen earlier in the year, was \$587,280.22.

In a few short hours 15,000 people were rendered homeless, and 8000 of these found shelter out of the city: about \$17,000,000 worth of property had been destroyed and the valuation for assessing purposes had been reduced to \$20,820,720.

A little figuring shows that to raise the amount already mentioned on the

department met with losses or were put to a cost aggregating \$62,166; of this amount \$60,000 was carried forward as a deficit to be cared for as circumstances permitted.

Estimates were made of probable receipts and expenses for a period of four years, and the deduction from these figures was that twenty-three dollars would be the highest rate. The yield on the new valuation at a rate



of twenty-three dollars, added to the \$60,000 remaining in the insurance money, apparently would furnish a sufficiently large amount to meet the requirements of the departments, debt requirements and the State levies for tax, parks, and sewers for 1909.

At the end of the year because of increased receipts in the contingent account and economy in the different departments there was a surplus of nearly \$53,000.

policy to fix a rate for 1910 which was too low to permit of a reduction in the year following. Hence, the rate used for the year 1910, as a theoretical rate, was \$22.40. If the estimate of conditions are of any value there should be a surplus at the end of the year of \$12,000, and this, together with the surplus brought over, will make it possible to pay off \$20,000 of the remaining \$40,000 of the fire deficit and \$10,000 for installation of water meters.



NEW FIRE-PROOF CITY STABLES

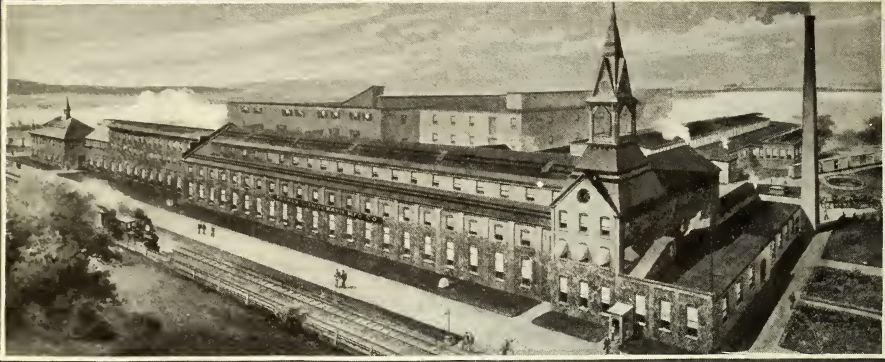
This surplus made it possible to pay off \$20,000 of the \$60,000 deficit, \$10,000 for installing water meters; \$3,500 for extraordinary expenses due to damages caused by a tidal wave, and still have a balance in the treasury of about \$18,000.

In determining the rate for 1910 consideration was given to the next year.

While a steadily decreasing tax rate is desirable, it would not be good

If the building during the next year continues at the same rate as for the past year, the valuation of 1911 will insure a rate of about \$21.20.

As a part of the expenditure for 1911 there is interest and sinking funds, on a general debt, amounting to about \$73,000. The sinking funds will cancel the general debt of \$899,500, at the close of next year, and the expenditure for 1912 will be reduced by \$73,000 or an equivalent of about



PLANT OF THE FORBES LITHOGRAPH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

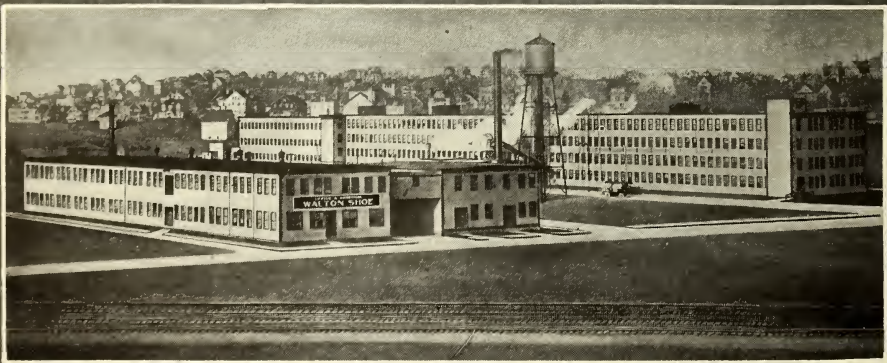
\$2.80 on the thousand on the tax rate.

To sum up, in about four years, notwithstanding the almost overwhelming catastrophe, the city will have recovered its lost valuation, returned to a tax rate lower than it was before the fire, and have a growth which insures an increase in valuation larger in proportion than the increase in expenditures.

These are not mere roseate prophecies, but sober statements of fact and cold figures.

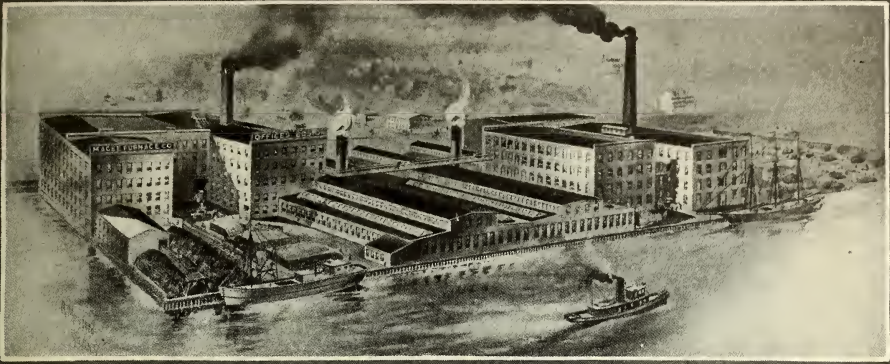
Before the beginning of the last

quarter of 1908 all the departments had as nearly returned to normal conditions as was possible in the restricted quarters they were forced to occupy. The Board met daily except on Saturday for the transaction of routine business. They have kept in touch with the different departments by examination of the work being done and by conferences with the heads of departments. They have been accessible at all times to petitioners and others. All work of any magnitude has been advertised and the bids have in every case been publicly opened and read and the



PLANT OF THE A. G. WALTON &amp; COMPANY





PLANT OF THE MAGEE FURNACE COMPANY

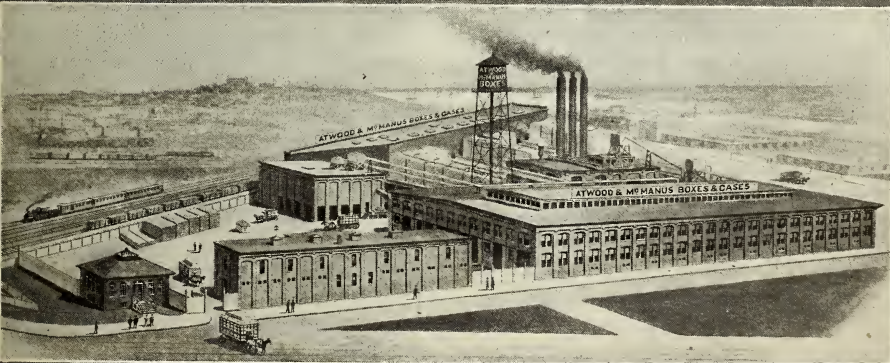
contracts awarded to the lowest bidder.

The heads of departments have been given responsible charge of their respective departments, with full power to select their own men. The entire city ordinances have been revised and an inspection department created which has enforced the new building laws. As a result of careful building, the insurance rate, which soon after the fire was increased ten cents on a hundred dollars, was restored in 1909.

The removal of the buildings by fire made it possible to make certain desirable street widenings and extensions.

Seven streets, aggregating about two miles in length were thus improved.

At the present time, twenty-two months after the fire, there have been built a Central Fire Station, a two-way fire engine house, a City Stable plant complete, one school house of thirty rooms and one school house of twenty-four rooms. A new public library building is ready for the interior finish and a city hall is under good headway. The best equipped architects for the respective buildings have been employed, and the competition among the builders has been lively, the work having been done at remarkably low figures. All the



PLANT OF THE ATWOOD &amp; McMANUS BOX FACTORY





NEW BUILDING OF THE CHELSEA SAVINGS BANK

public buildings have been built of common materials, with no effort at ornamentation except such as could be obtained by artistic planning. The interior finish has been plain, but every effort has been made to secure all modern conveniences in heating, ventilating, lighting and sanitation. The school buildings have commodious assembly halls and are provided with interior fire-escapes approached from the corridors by the way of balconies opening to the outer air. As a further safeguard against fire or panic, each floor is protected by swinging fire doors, which confine the smoke to the stairwells, which are on the opposite side of the building from the fire-escapes, or to the floor where a fire may start.

The lots on which the school buildings are built are of sufficient size to give ample light and air for all time and to permit of the planting of trees

and shrubs. There will also be opportunity for playgrounds.

The feeling of the board was that if the city government showed confidence in the future of the city, that confidence would be shared by the individual, and this would mean better houses for residence and more dignified blocks for business. In this direction the fondest hopes of the board have been realized and the city is rebuilding on good, substantial lines.

Not only have houses and business blocks been built, but the good people who met with such terrible losses have found time and furnished the means to rebuild the Frost Hospital, a Masonic Temple and six churches. Recently, in the short space of ten days, there was raised \$72,000 for a Y. M. C. A. Building.

There is a good reason to believe that in a few years the burned district will be rebuilt and that the population

of the city will be fifty thousand and the valuation \$35,000,000.

To pay the bills of rebuilding, bonds, of the city to the amount of \$1,000,000 were sold. The bonds run fifty years. The first issue for \$400,000 was in August, 1908. These were four per cent. and sold at a premium of \$12,636. The second issue for \$500,000 at three and one-half per cent. was in February, 1909, and the premium on these was \$20,860. The third for \$100,000 at four per cent. was in February, 1910, and the premium on these was \$8,310. Because of the low rate and high premiums, the annual cost for interest and sinking funds on the rebuilding loan is but \$42,778.

The policy of the Board is to pay all running expenses of the city out of current receipts and borrow only for permanent work, or for structures which will endure for a longer time than the bonds are to run.

Although the fire burned through the centre of the city, destroying business and residential streets, the large manufactories skirting the city were left intact, and have been successfully operating without shut-downs. Few cities of the country, of the same population, have a more varied manufacturing interest than has Chelsea. Eight of these manufactories have a weekly pay-roll ranging from eight to sixteen thousand dollars, and the products are sent to all parts of the world. The men at the head of these concerns are public spirited, loyal to the city and always stand ready to assist in any good work with their time and money.

The location of the city is an ideal one for manufacturing. It is but three miles from Boston, is served by the Boston and Maine and the New York Central Railroads, and has an excellent water front.

Among the manufacturing corporations that have found location peculiarly available for broad business operations and who are enthusiastic supporters of the idea of a Greater Chelsea, are the following:—

Atwood & MacManus, boxes.  
 Bartels, Thelen & Company, shoes.  
 Bay State Improved Box Company.  
 Boston Blacking Company.  
 Boston Filter Company.  
 Boston Gore and Web Manufacturing Company, elastic goods.  
 Boston Whiting Company.  
 Samuel Cabot, chemicals.  
 W. T. Cardy and Sons Company, boxes.  
 Chadbourne and More, goring.  
 Chelsea Clock Company.  
 Forbes Lithograph Mfg. Company.  
 Griffin Car Wheel Company.  
 F. B. Holmes & Co., shoes.  
 Lovewell-Henrici Laundry Machinery Company.  
 Lynch Brothers, carriages.  
 Magee Furnace Company.  
 T. Martin and Brother Manufacturing Company, elastic goods.  
 Lyman M. Miller, varnishes.  
 Miller & Wolf, shoes.  
 Wm. J. Murdock & Company, electrical supplies.  
 Parry Brick Company.  
 Parsons Mfg. Company, boxes.  
 Revere Rubber Company.  
 Sawyer Crystal Blue Company.  
 W. A. Snow & Company, stable fittings.  
 Stickeny & Tirrell, whiting.  
 Thomas Strahan & Company, wall papers.  
 United Indigo and Chemical Co., Ltd.  
 Walker Brothers, bleachings and extracts.  
 A. G. Walton & Company, shoes.  
 As late as 1830, Winnisimmet was of no importance except as a market garden and a thoroughfare.  
 Of the seven hundred and seventy-one inhabitants of Chelsea, but thirty lived within the present limits of the city.  
 What a change is revealed by the above list of great and flourishing industries now located in this district!  
 No romance of Western development is more astonishing. And the end is not yet. There are still many ideal factory sites available and certain to be utilized in the near future, making old Chelsea one of the great industrial centers of the world.



# THE FIRST AMERICAN BALLET SCHOOL

By ETHEL FORD

THE ballet is ever recurrent throughout the pages of all history. Since the days of Lully the chronicling is of the ballet as an actuality. Previous to this time it took many shapes,—it flits about to the delight of lords and ladies at a court festivity; or, mayhap, we turn to the page which tells of Queen Elizabeth and her guests dancing a ballet after dinner. Again, it wears a mask of solemn mien and is the pantomimic sacrificial dance of antiquity. There is no age in which we cannot at least find a tendency which in purpose and result may be characterized as the ballet tendency of that age. Nevertheless, artistic ballet in its completest florescence belongs to the time of Noverre, "the Shakespeare of the Dance."

Menestrier had said, "Ballets are dumb comedies divided into acts and scenes by recitations." Noverre, about 1750, said, "Ballet is the representation of passionate actions and human feelings dramatically expressed by gestures and dancing."

He took the world for the *mise en scene* for the ballet and interpreted it so extensively that some one said: "Ah, next we will be dancing the maxims of Rochefoucauld." And Noverre said the last word that has as yet been said. However, the ballet has never ceased to breathe. England has corrupted it to the point of vulgarity and America has had scarcely any worthy of the name. Stanley Makower says something about the soul of the ballet being a flower which only blossoms once in a hundred years. Perhaps the hundred count has come.

The Boston Opera Ballet School is

the first ballet school established in America. The trumpet sounded in January a year ago. A tiny advertisement asked for applicants for ballet dancing,—for girls under twenty and not too stout. The response was immediate and remarkable. Girls from all over the East replied by letter and in person,—about two hundred in all. Out of these fifty were selected. The number was almost entirely composed of saleswomen, clerks, or stenographers. There were only a very few who had any previous stage experience. They were given no salary during the period of instruction.

The work is strenuous and, at first, very fatiguing, but only two dropped the work of their own accord and because it was beyond their strength. Before the opening dates they had mastered the ballets of all the operas to be announced.

The opening night was the performance of "La Giaconda," in which the ballet is important. The ballet was the hit of the evening. "Aida" was given two nights later, requiring an entirely different style of interpretation, and was an equal success.

Since the opening the girls have received a regular salary, about equivalent to that of a school teacher, and all thoroughly enjoy their work.

The girls of the ballet school are trained by the ballet mistress, Madame Bettina Muschietto, and by Madame Maria Paporello, leader of the corps de ballet.

Both have danced in Europe as premiere danseuse and know the art of ballet dancing thoroughly. Their deep sincerity and proficiency is an im-

portant element in their success with the ballet school.

Madame Muschietto was born in Vienna. At seven years of age she entered the Grand Opera School of Ballet at Vienna. She went to an Italian master for finishing ideas and at fifteen was premiere in Vienna. She then went to Prague, where she was premiere at the National Theatre. She was premiere with Fritzschi in Berlin in grand ballet and also under Imle Kiralfi in London in the grand ballet, "India." Under Fritzschi the work was also grand ballet, — "Puppen Fee" and "Meissner China."

She then married and came to the Metropolitan Company of New York, but gave up the work of a premiere. There Conried gave her training of girls imported for ballet work. "It was very expensive," she said, "and very unsatisfactory." Madame Muschietto then came to Boston to be ballet-mistress for the school proposed by Mr. Russell. Out of the fifty girls chosen but thirty-six were retained. "It is very hard," said Mme. Muschietto. "Some are not limber enough, others lack courage. On account of the newness of things some

difficulties were encountered. In Europe every theatre has a practice room especially for the ballet,—the ballet is very important in Europe, you know,—but here we practiced in the main foyer and often without music—I must know every note. Ah, the ballet is an art. One must be filled with the idea, as an actor is. You must feel all you

do. A ballet dancer 'speaks' with her feet and arms. You need not ask her, 'What do you do?' It is more than merely knowing the steps. To be a good premiere means at least four or five hours of practice every day. One master shows one idea, another makes you proficient in another point. Then, after one is about twenty-six she begins to see all,—to see the bigness of her art, and ah, when one under-

stands all then the *real* satisfaction comes. But ah, soon she is too old.

"One thing I long to enjoy before I die,—to give away what I have. I never wanted to as I do now since I have seen what American girls can do and how clever they are. Yes, I want to have my own private school. I can't believe how the girls did it.



MADAME BETTINA MUSCHIETTO, BALLET MISTRESS



Such alertness! Such memory! Sometimes things would be changed at the last minute and I must have but one rehearsal on the substituted work, but they never failed me.

"There are not many premieres nowadays. The new and modern life has not required them. There are so many dancers now, you know, who simply appear undressed that there is no more interest in the real grand ballet. There is a great art in pantomime and it takes much study. Every movement says a word.

"I am not hard on the girls. I try to let them see I am their friend, and they come to me with all their troubles and joys.

"The first exercises are those used for the forming of the feet and in which the heels are placed together so that from toe to toe forms a straight line. Next come the arm

movements. There is a series of slow movements, 'Adagio,' which are very difficult. A movement is taken, perhaps one foot is in the air—and then the pupil must pose there. This is to acquire balance. Then come the steps. The better a ballet master is the more steps he knows," says Madame Muschietto. "After the steps comes the

toe work,—pirouetting, jumping on the toe and 'adagio' poses, while standing on the toe.

"I like Giaconda best," says Madame Muschietto. "It is the longest and most satisfactory. The music in the 'Dance of the Hours' lifts you up. So much depends on whether the music is inspiring to make the ballet a real enjoyment to the dancer."

The leader of the corps de ballet is

Mme. Maria Paporello, a petite, graceful bit of slenderness with honest blue eyes and a most charming manner. She was born in Turin, Italy, and her mother, Emma Paporello, was a premiere danseuse in France and in America. Her father was an orchestra musician. Maria was two months old when her mother came to the Metropolitan as premiere. At fourteen she, too, came to America, and at fifteen she



MARIA PAPORELLO, LEADER OF THE CORPS DE BALLET

danced at the Metropolitan as one of the corps de ballet under Maurice Grau. She remained there two seasons and then went to Klaw and Erlanger as the leader in "Ben Hur" and in the "Humpty Dumpty" ballet. She was with Mr. Russell for two seasons in the San Carlos Opera Company and last season she was with Hammerstein

as leader of the corps de ballet. Since the opening of the Boston Opera she has assisted in the training of the girls and is their leader. She was most pathetic as she said, "Oh, how hard it all was. The first season I cried every night. My mother trained me and it was all so easy for her that she had no patience with me. My muscles got so sore, but she would only make me work harder. She wanted me to be perfect and I am glad now, but it was so hard then. Ah, how badly I felt when I would get my arms and legs right but not my head. I remember once when I did that very thing and my mother came and turned my head until I thought I could not stand it, to make me remember. Then, too, I must remember to finish each action in a position so that I could readily go to one side,—and many other things.

"My mother taught me all alone. She was all wrapped up in her work. She never stopped working and would never let me stop. Even while I ate

I must work. She would say, 'How do you do this,—and that?' and make me go over it with my hands. Then I must explain a whole dance entirely through to her. Oh, I would get so tired, and my limbs so sore, but on and on.

"But I am glad now, because I know how hard it is."

The ballet has been received with the utmost enthusiasm. Mr. Theodore Bauer, the efficient press representative of the Boston Opera Company, with his keen appreciation of artistic values, has recognized the value of the ballet, and has lost no opportunity of bringing it to the notice of the public.

Its creation, development and success have been caused and sustained largely by the untiring efforts of Mr. Henry Russell.

To see this newly created American ballet is to realize that America is opening her arms to a new art. Boston once more is the first to exploit American artistic possibilities and gives her promise to the operatic world.



SUMMER PRACTICE OF THE CORPS DE BALLET OF BOSTON OPERA



# A MAXIM TO TRUST

By FRANCIS HATHAWAY

*Author of "The Fealty of Ling Sien Sun," etc.*



SN'T it great, Jack?" said Bobs. "Mother's got one of those new Maxim sixty horse-power touring cars, and I'm going out with Pierre tomorrow to take my first lesson in running it. You know I've never handled anything bigger than

a forty before, and I'm crazy to learn to run this one."

"Why, that's funny," I replied. "The Dad's just got one of those cars, too. It's the greatest car on the market today. But they're a pretty big proposition for a girl like you, Bobs. Don't you think—"

"Why, Jack," she cried, "no such thing. You know I can handle anything on four wheels and I just love—"

"Yes," I interrupted, "—and any man on two legs, and you don't love—the right one."

"Now, Jack," she remonstrated, "don't get tiresome. If you do I shall leave this nice little cosy corner, and go back into the ball-room, and I don't want to do that, because if I do, that horrid Percy Breckenridge will find me and claim this dance, and I just want to hide from him."

"And I suppose that's the only reason why you sat it out with me," I said, bitterly. "Bobs, you're not playing the game with me. Don't all my years of devotion count for something with you? Don't—can't—"

"Oh, dear," wailed Bobs, with an intonation of mock despair that would have been funny had it not all meant

so much to me. "Now you are going to be silly again and make me cross. Well," with feigned resignation, "I suppose you are going to make me your usual proposal. If so, for goodness sake hurry up and get it over."

"Bobs," I said, sternly, "you know without my having to tell you again that I love you, and that I have always loved you ever since we were kids, and shall go on loving you forever and ever and ever—"

"'World without end,'" she quoted, mischievously, interrupting, "Well, is this another of your periodical proposals?"

"Miss Roberta Brewster," I said, stiffly, for her manner stung me, "I have the honor once more to ask you to marry me."

She rose from her seat and swept me an ironic courtesy.

"And I have the honor of declining, Mr. Jack Wolcott," she said, ceremoniously. "And now if you'll have the goodness to take me back to mamma I'll relieve you of your care of me."

"By Jupiter," I cried, angrily, as I arose and formally gave her my arm. "Some day you'll drive me to desperation and I'll just carry you off and marry you out of hand, and—"

"Do," she exploded, turning to me with her eyes flashing and her chin in the air, angrily challenging me.

And just then up came that simpering ass Breckenridge, claiming what was left of the dance, and she went off on his arm, smiling on him as if he was the candiest thing that ever happened.

I knew, in my heart, that she didn't care a rap for him, but, all the same, it made me sick and miserable, and so

I sought my coat and hat, and made my way home to the apartment which I shared with my widowed father.

It was true, as I had said, that I had loved Roberta, or as I had always affectionately called her, "Bobs," ever since when I was a lad of fourteen, she had come into my life, an enchanting little fairy of eleven. We had been devoted to each other, the source of indulgent amusement to our elders. From the first, with the innocent optimism of youth, I had stoutly declared, and she had agreed, that she was to be my little wife. We had grown up together in a close companionship, for our fathers—until the death of hers some three years earlier—and her mother—I had never known mine, who had died in giving me life—had been intimate friends. I had always been passionately devoted to all kinds of sports, and—if I do say it—had excelled in most, and it had been an intense delight to me to create and develop a fondness for them in my little companion, and an unending pleasure to watch her growing proficiency, until in most lines she was as efficient as the limitations of her sex would allow. And I was proud of her; and oh, how I loved her.

And my love never waned or flickered for one instant, but had grown stronger and deeper as the years had passed, so that from boyish adulation it had developed into the living, gripping passion of the strong man, and I knew that she was the only woman I should ever love and that I should love her as long as life lasted.

Her childish love for me seemed to cling to her until, when I was nineteen and through my Freshman year at college and she was sixteen, she had gone abroad with her mother, after her father's death, and I had not seen her for three years. During all that time we had corresponded regularly, and, with the egregious self-confidence of youth, I had looked forward to her return with the full anticipation of our being promptly married. But I was soon and bitterly disillusioned, for when she came back I found in her a subtle change. She had left me an

adorable, bewitching child; she returned an entrancing, ravishingly beautiful, but elusive woman; my comrade still, as of old, in many ways; but a tantalizing, mischievous spirit. But I loved her more than ever.

She came back the summer I left college, now two years ago, and during that time I had been dividing my time between reading law in my father's office and making love to her. Deep down in my heart I believed that she loved me, too; and so, although I yearned with all that was man in me to win her and wear her, I had been content to accept her frivolous attitude of refusing to treat as serious the repeated proposals that I lost no opportunity of making to her. The fact that she had come to treat them as a mild joke and pretend that our meetings were not complete without one, had only served to mildly amuse me, and, heretofore, although serious enough in my intentions, God knows, I had more or less fallen into her humor.

But of late, horrid, awesome doubts had begun to disquiet me; I had bitter fits of jealousy as I saw other men swarming about her, and the black, heart-stopping fear of the thought of having to go through life without her had gripped me: and to-night my love had overwhelmed me and just when I had most wanted to lay my love before her in all its deep strength and tenderness and sincerity, my agony of fears and doubt and anxiety and my wretched quick temper had made me hard and bitter. And so I had lost her! And oh, God! How I loved her!

So, as I walked down Commonwealth Avenue the next morning, after a sleepless night of tossing and turning, I was in anything but a hopeful and happy mood. In fact I was thoroughly blue and miserable. But as I passed the Fontainebleau apartment house where Bobs and her mother lived, I mechanically looked up at the window from which she was wont on most mornings to wave me a greeting, and my heart, insensibly hoping, I suppose, sank deeper than ever as she did not appear. Well, it was all over, I



thought. I had been living in a fool's paradise. But now my dream of bliss was over. Heretofore when we had had any little squabble Bobs had magnanimously overlooked everything and forgotten it by the next day, and would wave to me from the window, and everything would go on as before, and I, weak fool, had been glad to have it so. But this time—well, I'd go abroad for a year or two—and kill something, —big game,—India, Africa, any old place,—what did it matter?

Just as I was passing the door I turned my eyes toward the curb and was at once attracted by a handsome, big car standing there without any attendant. Now, both Bobs and I are—as she expresses it—"crazy about automobiles," and, next to her, they are the things that I am most interested in and love best. I could see it was a new type of car and turned to examine it. I saw at once it was a 60-H.P. Maxim and as I had seen very little of this most recent car I was, at once much interested, and proceeded to examine it.

I was so deeply engrossed that I failed to hear any approaching footsteps, and was startled when a voice said:

"Hullo, Jack."

Just like that, "Hullo, Jack." Just as if nothing had happened. Great Caesar! Of course it was Bobs. That's just Bobs' way. Joy welled up in my heart with a sudden surge that almost stopped it, and the day suddenly became beautiful. And how sweet and beautiful and altogether lovable she looked. She was dressed as I like best to see her. Plainly but richly. None of your big, flaring, flashy hats, but some quiet, little round thing, mostly of grey squirrel fur, trimmed with blue that matched her glorious eyes, and a long, loose coat of the same, which, being yet unbuttoned, showed a neat, close-fitting gown of grey (grey is her most becoming color), plentifully and temptingly trimmed and inserted (or whatever you call it) with lace and grey silk cord, grey gloves on her little hands, and grey boots peeping out

under her gown,—just a symphony in grey. And she was smiling bewilderingly.

"Hullo," I said, as soon as I could get my breath, "I was just looking over the machine."

"Jack," she commanded, "take me for a ride."

"All right," I said, with never a thought—but for the delirious fact that she was to sit beside me and that I was to have her all to myself and that the sun was shining as it had never shone before.

If I could ever be happier than I was during that ride I just couldn't stand it, that's all. If Heaven is any better—but, there, it just couldn't be. It was enchantment and no less. My beautiful Bobs was her own dear, sweet little self, my own dear little comrade, and she chatted and laughed and teased, and I knew she was as happy as she was making me, and I felt the old glamor stealing over me and the old belief that she loved me as I loved her, and that it would all come right. And my heart beat sixteen to the dozen and the blood surged up into my head at the thought, and I made up my mind that this time there should be no mistake, but that before we got home again there should be an understanding, that she should know that my love was too great and strong to be played with any longer and that she must come to me.

And the car was like an enchanted car, too. With all our joy in just being alive and together, or perhaps because of it, we took the pleasure of enthusiasts in the car and in the running of it. It certainly was a marvel. The very last word in automobiles. I tried it out and tested it in every way, and when opportunity permitted, speeded it out, and we rolled off the miles at—well, away above all speed limits—and as smoothly and softly as if sitting in our own armchairs.

It was a combination of all delights. But the sun couldn't shine like that without a cloud coming over it.

We were approaching Walpole when, very reluctantly, I said:

"How far do you want to go? Isn't it time to turn back?"

"Oh, Jack," she said, reproachfully, "do you want to go back? I don't. Aren't you having a perfectly lovely time? Can't we go on and on and on, and have luncheon somewhere and come back in the afternoon?"

"Bobs," I said ecstatically, "you know I'd go to the end of the world and over it with you." (And strangely enough she didn't rebuke me, as I had secretly feared.) "Only your mother doesn't know where you are."

"Telephone," she ordered, imperiously.

So the first chance I got I called up her mother, but without eliciting any response. Then I called up Pierre at the garage, but he was out. Then I called up my office to tell my father not to expect me, and he was out.

"I couldn't get your mother or my father," I told Bobs, as I got into the machine again, "so now what do you say? Shall we go on and make a day of it or do you think you'd better go back?"

"Oh, it's so heavenly, let's go on. Mamma won't care anyway, and maybe we can call her up later."

"All right," I said, as I threw in the speed clutch. "I tried to get your chauffeur at the garage—"

"Pierre?" she asked, wonderingly.

"Yes. So he wouldn't worry—"

"Worry?" she questioned, perplexedly. "Pierre worry about me?"

"Well, no," I laughed, "not about you exactly. But about your mother's car."

"My mother's car," she exclaimed; then sitting up suddenly, she excitedly put her hand on my arm so as to cause the car to swerve dangerously. "Jack," she said, "this isn't mother's car. Do you mean to say—"

"Don't do that, Bobs," I said. "Don't lose your nerve. It's dangerous. If this isn't your mother's car, whose is it?"

"Isn't it your father's?"

"My father's," I laughed, still unsuspicious of the facts. "Why, no indeed. I thought it was your mother's."

"Jack Wolcott," she declared, with a frightened voice. "You've stolen somebody's car."

"Great Guns!" I exclaimed, and almost instinctively I slowed down.

I thought rapidly for a few minutes. Whose car had I stolen? I tried to think of who were the possessors of Maxim cars. I couldn't remember. If it was some friend of mine I could easily explain and square myself. If not, it might be made very uncomfortable to me and to the dear little girl at my side before things could be straightened out. We might be stopped any moment. Already the telegraph and telephone had probably served to notify the police of all towns. Here was a nice predicament.

Then the great, golden idea came into my head, like a blessed inspiration. In a moment we were whizzing along, regardless of all speed regulations, and I mutely watching the road, with my teeth tightly clenched together. After about ten minutes of this silent speeding, a little, frightened voice spoke.

"Jack, you're going at awful speed. Where are we going? Aren't you going to turn back?"

"Not on your life," I said, with say-age glee, and truly I felt like a primitive man. "We're going to get out of the little state of Massachusetts just as quick as this dear old space-annihilator will take us. We're going to get into Rhode Island, so as to postpone arrest. And above all, Bobsy, my girl, we're heading for Providence, where we are going to get married just as quick as the law will do it."

"Married!" she gasped.

"Yep," I answered, tersely. "A married woman can't testify against her husband."

"You're running away with me?"

"That's what," I shouted, wild with the intoxicating, glorious delight of a new-found primal masterfulness. "Same as I said I would last night."

On we sped. Several attempts were made to stop us, whether as motor thieves or speed-law violators, I did not know, and did not stop to enquire.

Bobs had been very quiet. I looked



around at her and caught a fleeting glance of timid enquiry, and then her eyes dropped. I had to keep mine pretty closely glued to the road.

"How about it, Bobsy?" I asked.

"I don't see how I can help it," she answered, demurely, "when you go and steal a car and run off with me."

We were nearing Providence by this time, and in a quiet bit of road, I slowed down.

"Bobs," I asked, as I turned to her, "aren't you just a little bit glad? Can't you say you're glad, dear? If not, why I'll—"

"Jack Wolcott," she replied, and there was a queer little catch in her voice, "if you dare to dream of backing out now, I'll never speak to you again."

And then I had her in my arms and held her close to me, so that I could feel her heart beating against my own, and I looked down into those dear eyes and saw there what every man looks for once in the eyes of the woman he loves, and I guess what she saw in mine pleased and comforted her, for her eyes were shining with happy tears, and then I bent down and kissed her in the silence which we two alone could interpret.

Presently we came back to earth and jogged on, but I was too glad and happy to care whether I was "pinched" or not.

"I'm sorry I was so nasty last night, Bobs, dear," I said then.

"I'm not," she replied. "It's a thousand times more delicious to be run off with like this than just to be asked and say yes in a ball-room or conservatory or something like that, and just get engaged like anybody else. And I think you're just perfectly fine."

So what could I do but—well that's nobody's business but our own.

"I wonder how Dad and your mother'll take it," I said presently.

"Oh, they're sure to be nice, because—well, because—Oh, Jack, haven't you seen?—I think they've got a little romance of their own. And I think it would be just delightful if—"

"Why, you can't mean that," I exclaimed. "Why your mother is—"

"No such thing," flashed Bobs, the loyal. "And even if she is, isn't she the loveliest, sweetest, dearest woman that ever lived?"

"Except one," I assented. "And after all, the Dad's not so terribly old. Only forty-eight, and if it'll make him any happier, the dear old Dad, why, I'm willing."

"So'm I," responded Bobs. "But they probably won't ask our permission."

"Well, we'll give them a lead, anyway," I said.

By this time we were into the city and before I would put the machine up we stopped at a jewelry store and I got a couple of rings, and then we went and the dearest little woman in the world was made my wife. I wasn't taking any chances, and got the knot tied hard and fast before I would expose myself at the garage. But there was no question raised, and after we had put the machine up we went to a hotel for our belated luncheon.

We were nearly through the meal when who should come into the dining-room but Dad and Bobs' mother. They saw us at the same moment we saw them, and I thought they looked curiously confused and embarrassed, as well as astonished. They came to our table and we rose to greet them. Bobs and I were both a good deal rattled, too; but I determined to put a good face on it, and own up all. Then all of us said the same thing, simultaneously:

"Why, what are you doing here?"

Dad cleared his throat.

"Gertrude," he said to Bobs' mother, "We might as well explain and—er—tell the whole story now—er—as any other,—as—er—its got to be told sometime."

The whole thing flashed into my mind at once.

"You're married, Dad," I cried, seizing him by the hand. "Isn't that great? Well, so are we. Now let's exchange blessings."

"Well, I'll be da—I mean hanged," said Dad. and he stepped over to where

Bobs and her mother were weeping on each others necks, and took Bobs into his arms and kissed her and said: "I'm more glad, my dear, than I know how to say," and, not to be out-done, I did the same by my new mother, and then we all sat down again. Dad called for some more wine and everybody drank everybody else's health, and we were all happy as—oh, whatever you can think of that's the happiest in the world.

And the dear old Dad looked really young and handsome, and it was plain to see that "Gertrude" thought so. And I commenced to jolly the blessed old chap and he came back at me and didn't lose any points.

"We'd have been here ahead of you, you young rascal," he said, "if some infernal scoundrel hadn't stolen my new Maxim. I left it outside the Fontainebleau when I went up to get Gert—that is—er—your mother, and while I was up there—er—waiting for her to put on her hat, some rascally black-guard went off with it, and—"

"Dad," I said, when his words caused the situation to dawn upon me, and almost bursting with suppressed laughter and relief, as I could see Bobs was, too, "it's bad enough for you to

be such a gay Lothario at your time of life, but it's outrageous for you to call your son such names as those."

"What," he exclaimed, the truth manifesting itself to him. "You young jackanapes—"

"There you go again," I said, with an injured air.

"Well, if that doesn't beat all," he laughed. "It's a wonder you're not in jail, for I put the police on the track at once. But I'll fix that all right by the 'phone just as soon as we've finished eating. You nearly put us in a hole. But fortunately there was your mother's Maxim, and I got that and we came down in it; must have been right behind you all the way, although we didn't have quite the same incentive for speed. Ha, ha, ha! I guess we'll have to go back together, so's I can bail you out if you get arrested. And I'll telephone up to the Touraine and order a wedding supper. And, my boy," he added, with a good deal of feeling, "I guess you and I and these two dear women owe our happiness this day to the Maxim, so here's a last toast: Here's to our wives and our cars. When in trouble or doubt we'll rely on those. It's a Maxim to trust."

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## WOOD LILIES

By ELEANOR ROBBINS WILSON

I know a lane in these midsummer days  
Whose edge is thicketed with clear, cool green  
Of elder, fern and vines of lowly mien,  
That, wild and sweet, run unmolested ways  
To frame the verdurous bowers, where ablaze  
In witching scarlet the wood-lilies lean;—  
Gay gypsies, lending all the sylvan scene  
A piquancy no frailer bloom essays.

Be lavish of your tents, O leafy lane!  
And, wood-birds, pipe your merriest roundelay!  
That these blithe transients of the summer noon  
May be persuaded longer to remain;  
For surely from the green that skirts the way  
We miss their laughing faces all too soon.



# THE SOUL OF THINGS

## A GLIMPSE OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY

By ZITELLA COCKE

**I**N his latest play, which bears the title of "Blue Bird," Maeterlink tells us of a boy to whom an old fairy gave a green hat with a diamond ornament, and such was the power of the diamond, that wherever he turned, the soul of things was made visible. Inanimate things, as well as animals, became articulate. The dog, faithful, intimate, and humorous; the cat, traitorous, malicious, and satirical. Water takes the form of a weeping girl; fire springs from the earth in red and yellow lights; milk is characteristically timid; sugar excessively sweet; while light becomes an inquisitive image!

That a playful fancy should thus translate the phenomena of Nature, and find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones,—aye, see spirits, demons and angels in physical processes and the daily course of events, is so traditional that it excites no wonder; and yet, we realize every day that to see the soul of things in this commonplace is far from being the usual experience of men. It is quite true, that even in this utilitarian age, man has not entirely lost what Bishop Wescott so aptly calls "the ennobling faculty of wonder." Earth, air and light still teem with mysteries which baffle the penetration and research of science and philosophy, and the things we do not know and do not comprehend are still greater in number than the things we understand.

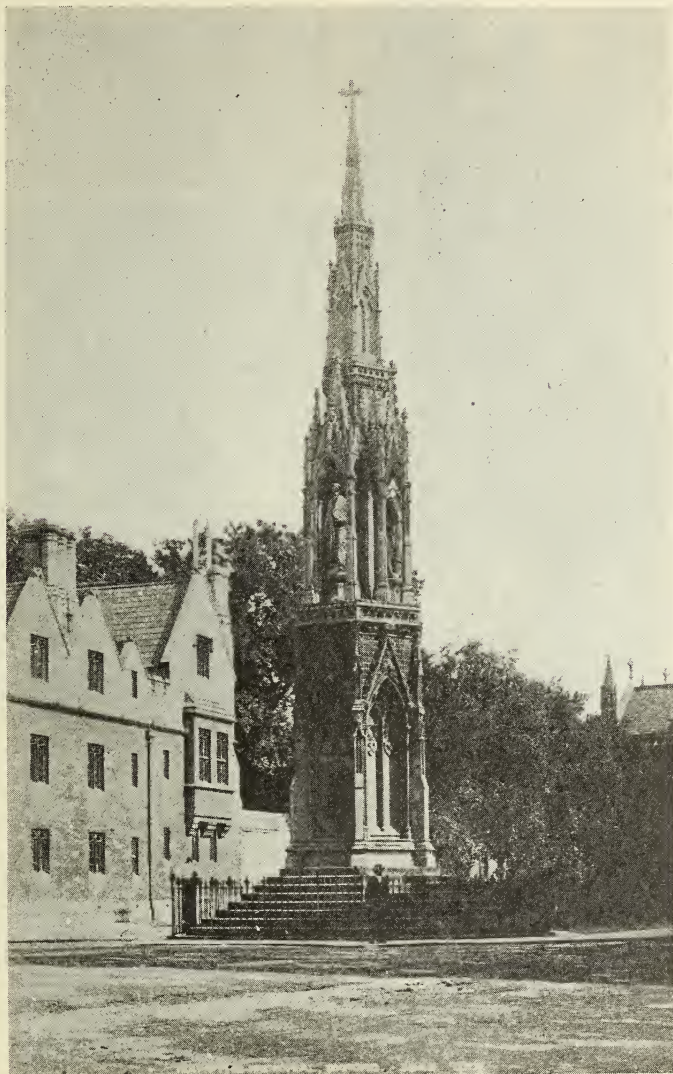
Nevertheless, there are places upon the face of the earth which not only fill us with interest and admiration, but call upon us to pause and ponder and look upon the soul which lies behind the things we see. The dead and

buried past rises and beckons to us, and will not let us go, until we have listened to her story. Such a spot is Oxford—City and University—holding by general consent a position which is unique among all the cities and the universities of the world. Perhaps no one has characterized the charm of Oxford more forcibly or succinctly than the eminent Dr. Fairbairn, late Principal of Mansfield College,—an institution which is new among the many possessions of the historic town. "You can leave London," says he, "and in seventy minutes step out into what seems like a town of the Middle Ages, or the land of the lotus-eaters, where it is always afternoon. Men go into the college gardens and they feel the soft turf and note its beauty, and they think of the centuries that have gone to the making of the turf, and the many more to the making of the place. Men come to see a university and what they find is a City of Colleges. The colleges constitute the university, but they did not create it; for long before any college was, the university existed. Who made it, no one can tell; in a sense it never was made, it only grew; and its roots go down into a past so remote that men call it mythical."

And yet, in spite of the dignity and glory of the university, the town persistently refuses to take a second or even a subordinate place in historical interest. In the early part of the tenth century Oxford held its own in name and importance. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle tells us that in the year nine hundred and twelve, "King Edward took to himself Lundenbyrg (London) and Oxnaford and all the lands that

were obedient thereto." From the fact that it lay on the border of Mercia and Wessex, holding the communication by river from London and guarding the great main roads, north to south and east to west, which still cross each

it was ever a Roman station does not appear, inasmuch as the Roman roads pass it at considerable distance, but a settlement made by the Britons was destroyed by the Saxons and rebuilt by Vortigern about the end of the fifth



THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL, OXFORD

other at Carfax, its topographical position gave it strategic importance. As may be readily guessed, it owes its name to the fact that near its site, the fine gravel bed of the upper Thames presented a safe ford for oxen. That

century. Before the Norman conquest the city erected a chain of fortifications which enabled it to resist the incursions of the Danes, and even in these early days, Oxford was the meeting-place of the Gemote, or Great Council of the





THE QUADRANGLE, CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD

nation, and here the illustrious Harold Harefoot was crowned. It was at Carfax, in the churchyard of St. Martin's, that the early Town Councils were conducted, under the name of Portmanninotes. For centuries this spot was the very centre of corporate life, and in medieval times, was conspicuous as the rallying-point of the citizens in the frequent, and sometimes the sanguinary, conflicts between town and town. The very hero of chivalry and romance, Richard Coeur de Lion, was born in the Royal Palace of Beaumont, built by Henry I., and from which the present Beaumont Street was named. Here fair Queen Eleanor dispensed most gracious favor and bounty from the palace where she often resided, and at the foot of this famous street stands Worcester College, on the site of Gloucester Hall, a thirteenth century construction, where lay the body of the beautiful Amy

Robsart, after her unfortunate and untimely death.

It was in the reign of Henry III. that the city walls, following the lines of the old fortifications designated in Domesday Book, were constructed, and the grounds of New College show today a fragment of those walls which holds an irresistible fascination for every student who visits the quaint and venerable city. This fragment of ancient masonry forms the boundary line of the gardens of New College,—the remains only of a formerly strong, perhaps in that day invincible, fortification against the inroads of marauders,—but gaze upon it—think upon it—recall the hands and the minds which built and designed it, and if you are blessed with one spark of imagination, or with one emotion of reverence, you will be transported in thought across centuries of history, and will live for a while in a past which is hoary with age. The university church, which is also the parish church of St. Mary-the-Virgin, not only charms the beholder with its unique and picturesque beauty, but offers a rich mine of interest to the historian and the antiquarian. In the seventeenth century the curious porch, with its image of the Virgin, was wrought, under the influence of Laud, who suffered a martyr's death. Here in the fourteenth century the brave and conscientious Wycliffe boldly proclaimed the spiritual freedom of mankind. In this church, in the year 1554, Ridley and Latimer were cited for trial and condemned to martyrdom, and within these walls in the year 1556, Archbishop Cranmer made his final and pathetic address before going to his death by fire. Here were preached the dogmas, the tenets, the hopes of various schools of thought and learning through many generations, and here men dared to speak what they believed to be true, with the full knowledge that the reward of such speech would be a speedy and an awful death.

Yet the well-trodden street and the common road are as eloquent of wondrous deeds and sublime fortitude as

any monumental pile. Aye, the very stones in the pathways cry out and will not hold their peace. O ye who hasten and bustle in and out of garden and college,—who hurry and jostle each other upon the highways in your laudable desire to accomplish as much of sight-seeing in one morning as is possible for the busy man,—who pass by, with careless indifference, the spots which are sacred landmarks in the development and civilization of humanity and the progress of the world,—who crowd into a few hours that which

bulwarks, which have withstood full many an onslaught, and to remember her honorable sons, who have made her one of the most renowned cities of history. Mr. Marriott speaks without partiality and exaggeration in the memorable words: "As frontier town, as venerated shrine, as fortified burgh, as gemote place both before and after the Conquest, as Norman fortress, as royal residence, as the seat of Priory and Abbey, as a famous market and possessor of a Merchant Guild,—Oxford was a famous city before it was



THE SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS WINDOWS, NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD

months could not suffice,—is it nothing to you that men have suffered and died for the blessing, the privilege, aye, the right, which is to you to-day as free as the air you breathe, and as broad as the common light of day! Yours, in sooth, without the asking,—yours for all time and indeed for all eternity. The things you see are but the worn and cast-off vestments of that soul which once dwelt within them, and you have not learned the lesson they offer to you, until you have felt the throbbings of that great soul which alone renders them worthy. As its present Chancellor, Lord Curzon, aptly names it, "this ancient and immortal place,"—calls upon you to consider her ways, and mark well her

the home of a still more famous university."

It is not difficult to realize the numerous and imperative demands which are made upon the brain and the heart of the ambitious student in this busy and clamorous twentieth century. Insistent and importunate, who shall be able to resist them? The present calls us with a thousand voices, and reaches out to us ten thousand hands. Let the dead past bury its dead,—the present only is ours, and we must labor in earnest and unceasingly if we would possess the future! Aye, but it is the past which both foretells and interprets the future, and whoso scorns the past, shall comprehend little of that which shall be. The student who re-



fuses to hear and heed the lesson to be read in the things that were, who finds not the soul in the things which have been, shall hardly discern the true teaching of that which is to come. The white cross which lies upon the great highway of Broad Street, in the famous old university town, calls aloud to every passer-by to mark the wondrous deed which still sheds its light throughout a naughty world. The very words of the martyr Latimer are ringing in the air if we will but listen: "Be of good courage, Master Ridley, and play the man; for this day we shall light a candle in England which shall never be put out!"

To-day this candle shines for you, O ye toilers in the living present, and how clear, how bright is its flame! By its unfailing light how many a mystery ye shall read and how many a new candle shall be kindled until the whole world shall be full of light! Great ones have died that the soul of things might be made visible to you, and they have not died in vain if ye are but willing to see. Already across the ocean, full many a flame, lit at this venerable shrine, is burning with ever-increasing light. As Marie Corelli, the well-known novelist, says: "You may call it a romantic notion perhaps, but I should like to think that the house of John Harvard's mother was a link with John Harvard's university, and a sign of friendship between the two nations." It was from Cambridge, on the banks of the beautiful Cam, that John Harvard, through the benevolent patronage of Mildmay, himself a Cambridge man, drew his inspiration, and from that reverend university which makes the town of Cambridge famous, he acquired a love of learning and the power to see and feel the soul of things, and doubtless by its spirit was incited to plant in the Cambridge of the new world the scion which was to grow into the noble tree which now stands upon the shores of the Charles.

The author of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson, was not slow to perceive the soul of things made manifest by the great universities

of the old world. In them and by the light they shed, he read the lesson which pointed the way to the true greatness of a nation. He realized that mere statistics of material possessions neither constitute a people's wealth nor reveal the nature of a people's inner life. In a nation as in the individual, it is the being rather than the having which goes to the formation of character and power as the result of character. Hence, the great statesman felt as much pride in the establishment of the university of Virginia as he did in the writing of the Declaration of Independence with which his name and fame are forever associated. In death as in life its weal was one of the dearest desires of his heart, for in its prosperity he saw the well-being of Virginia and of the whole nation, and to-day in the universities of Germany,—institutions which Jefferson so profoundly admired—it is not unusual to hear the noble seat of learning which is the pride of Virginia referred to as a sister university of which Germany is proud.

From another state in New England, the University of Yale calls upon the citizens of the Great Republic to see the soul of things, rather than material advantage—to realize the things which make a nation truly great, and east and west, and north and south, not only in Europe, but in this the new world, behold how many a light a little candle has kindled!

Yet picturesqueness is so deeply ingrained into every view of the ancient city of Oxford, that the relentless hand of Time seems unable to destroy it. Lo, imagination comes at once to the rescue of college and street and garden, with such insistent and with such beguiling voice, that the stranger who gazes upon them is laid under a spell which all the utilitarianism of modernity cannot break. It is the voice of the wonderful Past, which will be heard over and above the clamorous tones of the Present. He can but harken to the bells of St. Mary's and of Carfax clanging the good tidings that the Spanish Armada had gone down be-

fore the might of Elizabeth's fleet,—he must needs hear the shouts of town and gown, who have forgotten their own quarrels in one common rejoicing and clap hands and toss caps as they drink the health of good Queen Bess. As he stands upon High Street and beholds as Wordsworth wrote of it: "The stream like windings of that glorious street," he can almost see before him the pathetic figure of Charles I. who refuses to forget that he is king by a right divine. Scarcely four hun-

of the past will be seen in the Oxford of the present, in spite of the ravages and amendments of time. A poet of the olden days, even in these latter days of railways and automobiles sings in our ears the lines so well known and loved in his generation:

"Trust me, Plantagent, these Oxford  
schools  
Are richly seated by the river-side:  
The mountains full of fat and fallow  
deer,



NEW BUILDING AND DINING HALL, KEBLE COLLEGE, OXFORD

dred yards away Ridley and Latimer died for the truth of the Eternal God, and lit the candle which has flooded the world with light! The towers of Merton and of Christ Church,—the spires of All Saints and the great dome of the Radcliffe Library are calling and telling the wondrous deeds of yore. The long line of the green-muffled hills of Cumnor and the dark wooded heights of Wytham are still beautiful with the charm of romance, and still eloquent of the deeds and sorrows of hero and heroine. The Oxford

The battling pastures lade with kine  
and flocks,  
The town gorgeous with high-built  
colleges,  
And scholars seemly in their grave  
attire,  
Learned in searching principles of  
art."

The soul of things is immortal, manifesting itself to all who have the eyes to see. The spirits of the great ones who have lived and labored for the welfare of mankind are truly the presid-



ing geniuses of the venerable city and colleges. What boots it that King Alfred may not have founded University College,—munificence which the bygone ages loved to believe was his? What if this belief, once so fondly cherished, be an exploded myth? One needs not that belief to cherish faith in his greatness, nor, indeed, to look upon King Alfred's jewel, which is exhibited in the new Ashmolean Museum, to realize that his genius, so to speak, still presides over all and everything which helps to make the greatness of Oxford. There was that in the character of King Alfred the Great which shall always make itself felt throughout England. His life and his words taught the English people to discern the soul of things, and not without reason was he called England's Darling, who endured the slings and arrows of misfortune with a fortitude which was sublime, and saw the bow of promise behind clouds which were black with gloom and threatening. It is indeed wonderful how the mind of the commonplace visitor to the city of colleges loves to revert to the life and virtues of the great Saxon king, and would fain accept the traditions which would make him the vital breath of all good and sound learning. Was it not he, forsooth, who invited scholars of foreign countries to come to England? Can one think of Werfrith, bishop of Worcester, of Æthelstan and Werwulf, of Mercia, of Plegmund and Asser and Grimbald without remembering the fact that they were called the scholars of King Alfred the Great!

One can hardly forget how the poet Shelley was impressed with the atmosphere of Oxford, and how, like a tonic, it acted upon his own spirit. Its water and its wood were to him an unfailling source of joy. Although his stay in the great seat of learning was comparatively short and his expulsion as humiliating as it was unjust,—a cruelty under which his soul never ceased to writhe,—he never denied or forgot the charm which the revered spot held for him and often repeated the lines written in the last half of the sixteenth

century by a poet as gentle as he was quaint—Ralph Aggas:

Ancient Oxford! noble nurse of skill!  
A citie seated riche in everythinge:  
Girt with woode and water.

In his daily walks by stream and through the paths of garden and wood, he would seize his companion by the arm and burst forth into rapturous admiration: "What city is so fair as Oxford? What gardens so enchanting? What nightingales ever poured forth such song?" Like Keats, he often declared High Street to be the finest street in Europe, and the entrance to the city over Magdalen Bridge unsurpassed in beauty by any highway in the world. How bitterly he deplored his departure none knew or appreciated except his most intimate friends. The whirligig of Time has indeed brought in its revenge, we are compelled to realize when we gaze upon the beautiful monument of the drowned poet, which now occupies a niche in University College, not remote from the apartment in which he lived while he was a student in the same college. How fair it is! How vividly the sight of it recalls his passionate love of Oxford's rivers and waterways, and how prophetic seems the rebuke of his friend, who, warning him against his dangerous and too frequent adventures, earnestly said to him: "Shelley, some day you will be a victim of the water you love so much!"

Not far from this shrine, which is visited every year by more than twenty thousand tourists, is the chamber in which he reviled the cruel and unjust mandate which drove him from the place he loved above all others. The friend who shared his expulsion from the university describes him as sitting with bowed head, and hands over his face, exclaiming in very agony of soul: "Expelled! Expelled! Think of it. Expelled!" In vain did this friend seek to calm his perturbed spirit, and not until they were well on their way to London was the unhappy

victim of prejudice and injustice won over to a calm acceptance of his fate. From every part of the world,—the natives of India, Arabia, and Egypt, as well as the scholars and artists of Europe,—come those who love the poetry and name of Shelley. As they gaze upon it, the cold marble seems to leap into life, and they can almost hear from the lips of the statue those lines of Shakespeare which were so often on the lips of the poet:

"Nothing  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange."

vision beholds the soul of things. The hated, rejected and disowned is now restored to his own—the expelled and contemned, cordially welcomed with eager and loving hands.

It was Shelley who thought, as all admit now, that no approach to Oxford was comparable to the old coach road from London, by way of Henley over Magdalen Bridge, which itself is a thing of beauty. Railways and railway stations are sadly destructive of the picturesque, and the modern visitor was wont to lose much of the charm of the grand old city by taking the train rather than the coach, but



HIGH STREET, OXFORD

To-day the visitor to the world-famous Bodleian Library is requested to examine the Shelley Memorials,—“the disjecta membra” of manuscripts and personal belongings of the poet, bestowed, as was the monument, by Mrs. Shelley. The delicate, literary handwriting is at once recognizable by all who have seen the fac-simile. The presence of those memorials, now esteemed so precious and exhibited under glass case, is indisputable proof of the clearness with which the modern

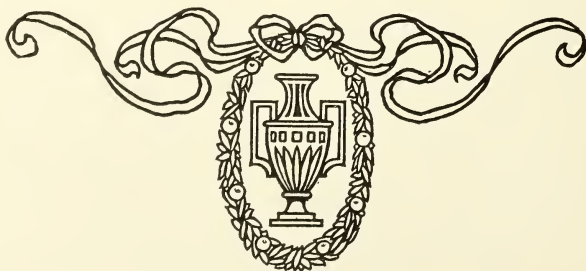
history loves to repeat itself, and in these latter days, the automobile is conveying the sight-seer over the same road so much traveled in the coaching days of yore. No city in the world has so beautiful an entrance as Oxford, over Magdalen Bridge by the noble tower and the famous college which King James was accustomed to speak of as “the most *absolute* building in the city,” and which the historian Anthony A. Wood called “the most noble and rich structure in the learned world.”



The first view of the many towers and spires bursts upon the beholder like a vision of enchantment, and he is almost seized with the conviction that nowhere in all the world can river-banks seem so fair or gardens so fit for nightingales, and in no other land can one see a town so rich in court and tower! Surely the face of the earth does not show such a union of beautiful streams! The Isis, the Upper River and the Cherwell combine to make good the ancient city. By distinction, the Isis is commonly called "The River," and many a mood she takes through the winter and summer, but never one which does not possess a charm for the students who have learned to love her; hence it was but natural that Keats should think with Shelley concerning the plenitude of beauty which belongs to this historic seat of learning. It could not be that these kindred spirits should differ in opinion, as we find in the hearty and generous confession made by Keats in his letters: "This Oxford I cannot doubt is the finest city in the world,—it is full of old Gothic buildings, spires, towers, quadrangles, cloisters, and groves, and is surrounded with more clear streams than ever I saw together." Besides the particular interest which perforce attaches to such a great variety of architecture, there is a gentle and puissant influence which nothing can escape, harmonizing Gothic and Norman and Modern in such a way that the *tout ensemble* can be characterized only as Oxford Architecture. History, romance, learning

adventure, and peace and war speak to us from road and garden and church and pinnacle, not only of hero and heroine—not only of martyr and saint, but of the soul of things which more and more reveals itself to every succeeding generation. The radiant glass, which repeats the story of the past, holds eye and heart by an irresistible spell, and yet the wonderful window designed by Sir Joshua Reynolds is scarcely more eloquent or more beautiful than the work of Burne-Jones in Manchester College, where the figures seem to leap into life and fill the whole chapel with exquisite color. The chapel of Keble College, too recent to possess the charm which antiquity bestows, is a marvel of beauty, adjusting itself, so to speak, to its noble environment in fresco, mosaic, and reredos. He, for whom it is named, knew and loved the ancient seat of learning as few loved it, and felt as few could feel the soul of things in all its glorious history. Lesson and prophecy he read in every monument and in none more than in the Martyrs' Memorial, which he voices in the words:

"Their God was with them and the  
glare  
Of their death-fires still lights the  
land to truth  
To show that might is in a martyr's  
prayer.  
Read and rejoice: yet humbly, for our  
strife  
Is perilous like theirs, for death or  
life."



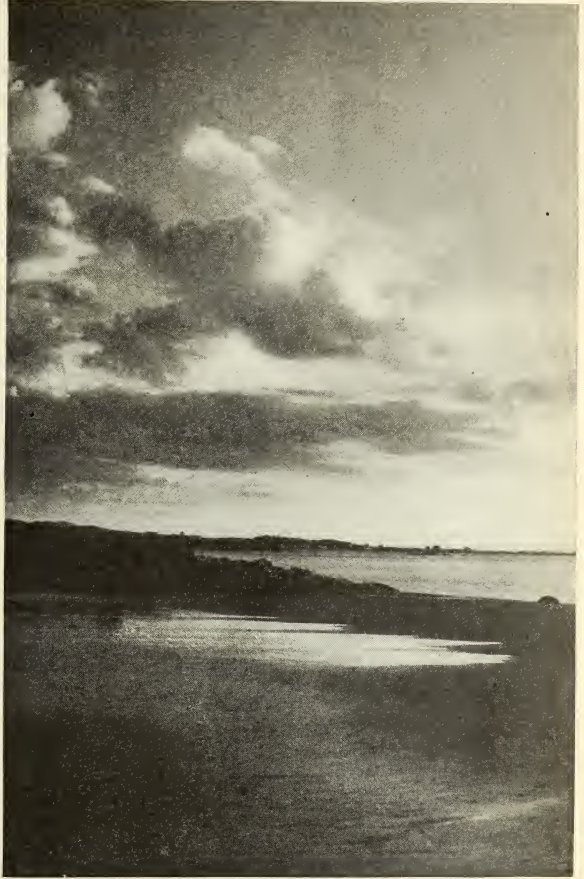
# GATHERING SHADOWS

By PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVE

O glories of the sunset!  
O lights across the sea!  
In the long, long, sad twilight,  
When you have gone from me,  
And like a lost child in the  
night  
I dream of bird and tree,—  
In the long, long, sad twilight,  
How strange, how strange  
'twill be!

O gold of morn and evening!  
O silver sheen of night!  
When the dark veil of shadows  
Shall wrap you from my sight,  
The memory of your beauty  
Shall cheer the lengthened  
gloom  
That hides the dear, familiar  
things  
In my close-curtained room.

Then in my spirit's vision,  
Each blade and bud and tree,  
And every gentle, tender smile  
That used to gladden me,  
Perchance in that long twilight  
May bloom and bless me still,  
Fadeless and tender always,  
Safe from all change and chill.



O glories of the sunset!  
O faces loved so well!  
These sightless eyes shall keep you  
By that most wondrous spell  
Of Love that bears, uplifting  
The broken wing's last flight,  
And gives blind eyes fair visions  
Through the long, weary night!



# AUTOMOBILIA

*Timely Motor-world topics by William D. Sohier, George L. Ellsworth, W. Mason Turner,  
J. H. MacAlman, and Le Roy Cook*

## THE AUTOMOBILE AND THE ROADS

By COLONEL WILLIAM D. SOHIER

*Member Massachusetts Highway Commission*

EVERYONE admits that the motor vehicle has come to stay. Its importance is constantly increasing; its use is developing large sections of country, not only near our cities, but in rural communities—in territory that heretofore has been inaccessible. Its rubber tires, speed and the tractive force it exerts on the roads are forcing road engineers throughout the world to seek methods of construction which will withstand this traffic.

Not only is the use of the automobile increasing as a passenger carrier, but the use of the motor truck and the long-distance motor express wagon, with their heavy loads and solid tires, is raising new problems in road building, which must be met and solved in the near future if we are to maintain good roads.

The increasing importance of the automobile in its relation to road construction and maintenance is shown by the fact that in London in 1904 there were 51,000 motor vehicles registered, and in 1907 there were nearly 124,000.

In 1903 only 3000 automobiles were registered in Massachusetts, in 1906 6500, and in 1909 24,000.

The average increased cost of maintenance in the seven counties which adjoin London, from 1901 to 1907, was 48 per cent. On some of the roads the increased maintenance cost was 70 per cent.

In Massachusetts, and probably in

all the New England States, the same conditions exist.

The weight and power of automobiles are constantly increasing. In 1903 only 14 per cent. of the automobiles registered in Massachusetts were over 10 horse-power, and in 1910 probably more than 50 per cent. are over 20 horse-power.

The importance of the automobile and its relation to the problem of road construction and maintenance is clearly shown by a traffic census which was taken by the Massachusetts Highway Commission in 1909 for fourteen hours a day every day for one week in August and one week in October, at 240 stations located on state highways throughout the Commonwealth. The average daily traffic at all stations is shown below:

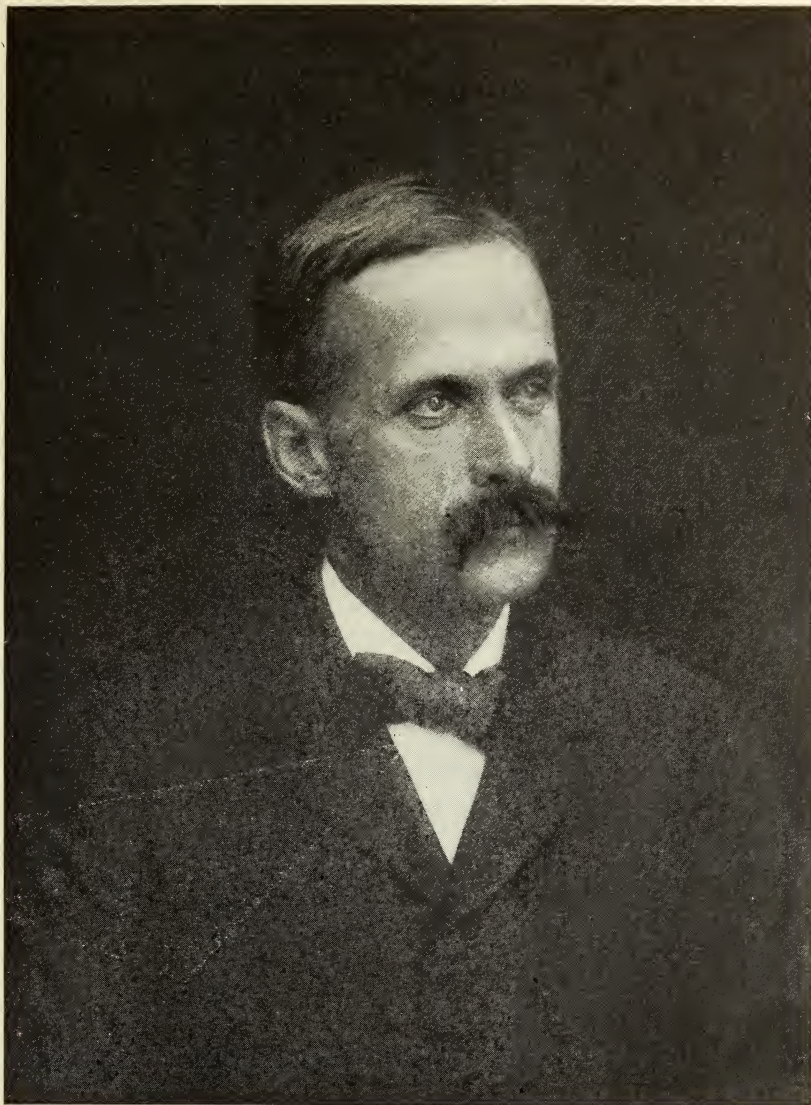
### AVERAGE DAILY TRAFFIC AT ALL STATIONS:

#### Horse-drawn vehicles—

	August Census	October Census
Light.....	19,622	16,456
Heavy.....	17,969	17,967
Totals.....	37,591	34,423

#### Automobiles—

Runabouts.....	5,922	3,995
Touring cars....	21,387	14,514
Totals.....	27,309	18,509
Total vehicles of all kinds.....	64,900	52,952
Percentage horse-drawn.....	58	65
Percentage automobiles.....	42	35



COLONEL WILLIAM D. SOHLER

This shows an average traffic at all stations of 274 vehicles per day in August, of which 115 were automobiles, and in October 221 vehicles per day, of which 77 were automobiles.

While the average automobile traffic on the state highways varied from 42 per cent. in August to 35 per cent. in October, on the main routes, especially near the large cities, the automobile traffic was much greater.

For instance, at the Saugus River bridge, out of a total of 1300 vehicles per day in August, 1177, or 90 per cent., were automobiles, and out of a total of 715 vehicles in October, 640, or 90 per cent., were automobiles.

On the state highway in Beverly, out of a total of 1611 vehicles per day in August, 976, or 61 per cent., were automobiles, and out of 1475 in October, 611, or 42 per cent., were automobiles.



The same was true at other stations where counts were made. For instance, on the Metropolitan Parkway in Milton, 53 per cent. of all travel was automobiles, and in Somerville 66 per cent.; on Commonwealth avenue, Boston, 84 per cent. was automobiles in August and 74 per cent. in October; at Jamaica Plain, 70 per cent. in August and 69 per cent. in October.

The number of automobiles per day on Commonwealth avenue was in excess of 2000.

In this connection it is interesting to note that these main highways and parkways near Boston have traffic that is comparable with the traffic on some of the main routes out of London. For instance, on the main trunk road from Watford to London the traffic averaged 1254 vehicles per day, which is about the same as the traffic on the state highway in Beverly, and less than half the traffic on Commonwealth avenue, in the city of Boston.

This large amount of automobile travel has a very destructive effect on our macadam roads. In Massachusetts, however, the automobile owner is paying a substantial sum of money for registration fees, and this money is all used for repairing state highways. It is estimated that in 1910 the fees will probably amount to about one-half the money it is necessary to spend for maintenance of the 800 miles of state highways.

This traffic does, however, require new methods of construction and maintenance. The rubber tires and their tractive force tend to ravel the macadam roads and to suck off the binder.

The roads must be adapted to this new mode of travel.

Various methods have been tried to keep the surface of the roads from being torn up. On old roads this has usually been done by treating the surface with oil, tar or some dust-layer. In the building of new roads some bituminous binder has been used. This has either been spread upon the top of the stones, or the stones have been coated with the material before being spread upon the road.

It is possible that some entirely new materials and new methods of constructing roads will be discovered.

Any method that is used will undoubtedly increase the cost of construction and maintenance in the first instance, at any rate; but it may be found that the use of such binders results in longer life for the road, and a consequent decreased yearly maintenance cost.

It certainly seems probable that the use of these binders and dust-layers, which are made absolutely necessary by the large amount of automobile travel, will result in making more and more miles of road dustless and conditions more comfortable for the other users of the highways, as well as the people who dwell upon the roadsides. It is probable also that, while the automobile will undoubtedly, for the time being at least, increase the cost of road building, the influence of automobile owners will lead to a great demand for better roads and better methods of construction, as did the bicycle, and will result in lasting good to the community, as a whole.



# THE AUTOMOBILE AND THE LAW

By GEORGE L. ELLSWORTH

*Assistant General Counsel, Automobile Legal Association*

**D**ESPITE the comparative novelty of the automobile as a means of transportation upon the public highways, it has already produced a far-reaching influence not only upon commerce and industry, but also upon legislation. Only a few states have failed to enact a motor vehicle law of some kind. In all the other states the legislative enactments have been constantly receiving accessions until there is now a vast accumulation of statutory law governing the use and operation of the twentieth century conveyance.

Starting with few restrictions less than a decade ago, the regulation of the automobile has steadily increased until it now seems that the highest point has been reached by our law-making bodies in the control over the subject. It is but natural that, owing to the great mobility and high power of the automobile, considerations of public safety should have prompted and necessitated the passage of laws regulating its speed and requiring the equipment of brakes and signal devices, together with adequate means of identification, such as number plates, licenses, and registration.

The enormous increase in motor traffic has been marked by a more extensive notice from the courts. Questions concerning the rights and liabilities of automobilists have constantly arisen, and a solution of these has been frequently sought by resort to the judicial tribunals. Many of these suits have reached the courts of last resort, and in consequence the reported cases are fast becoming rich in automobile law. The courts have already decided many questions of

vital importance; but, strange as it may seem to the layman, the decisions, almost without exception, have called for the application of long-established principles and rules of law—thanks to the great adaptability of that immense legal code, known as the common law. Thus the frequent and numerous questions affecting the liability of owners for the acts of chauffeurs, the status of the public garage, the rights and liabilities attaching to the keeper of a garage and the status of the motorist as a traveler upon the public highways have been readily referable to the old English common law as adopted and followed in the United States.

The status of the automobile as a means of locomotion on the public highways has been held by all the courts before which the question has arisen to be the same as that of any other mode of transportation and travel. Priority of use of the highway by one means of transportation cannot be exclusive of later and improved methods of transportation even though inconvenience may result to the earlier modes of travel. The reason is obvious. Inasmuch as the highway is established for the general benefit of passage and travel, its use must be extended to meet the modern means and improved methods of locomotion, the means of which, it cannot be assumed, will be the same from age to age with the growth of civilization.

But perhaps the most striking point of special application to the motor vehicle and its operation yet announced by the courts is that the automobile is not necessarily and inherently a dangerous machine. In the language of one court: "It is no more dangerous





GEORGE L. ELLSWORTH

*per se* than a team of horses and a carriage, or a gun, or a sail-boat, or a motor-launch." It is not, therefore, to be classed with combustibles, explosives, inflammable substances, vicious animals, and the like.

This judicial announcement should be of much interest and significance to the layman, inasmuch as it tends to correct the common but mistaken view that the automobile is a machine the operation of which upon the public

streets and highways is necessarily dangerous. The soundness of this judicial view must be admitted where the expedition and facility with which the motor carriage may be stopped, controlled and guided, together with its unlimited sphere of action, are considered. Obviously it is the personal element in motoring rather than the nature of the machine which tends to make motoring hazardous.

This decision also means much to

the automobilist. It justly removes him from the application of the extreme doctrine rendering a master responsible for the unauthorized acts of his servant to whose management the custody and control of a dangerous appliance or agency is entrusted.

Although the automobile has been in use on our highways for scarcely more than a decade, certain tendencies in legislation can be seen out of the great mass of statutory law that has accumulated. There is the movement to have enacted uniform laws in the various states as evidenced by the joint request of the Governors of the New England States of less than two years ago to have adopted a uniform motor vehicle law in these states.

While exactly uniform motor vehicle laws among the several states seems impossible owing to the variety of conditions obtaining in the different jurisdictions, much can be accomplished in this direction to facilitate interstate motoring and commercial travel. This suggests the much-mooted question of Federal control over interstate motoring, which promises to reach solution in the near future. There is no doubt that much of the difficulty now resulting from the widely differing state provisions concerning registration would be remedied by the enactment of a Federal registration law.

Another tendency manifested by recent state legislation is the abolition of arbitrary speed limits for motor vehicles. When the public recognize the fact already adjudicated by the courts that the automobile is not necessarily dangerous and that danger in most cases to which the public safety may be exposed arises from the personal part played in motoring, the necessity for absolutely fixed limits on speed will disappear. The primary

object of speed regulation is to render the highways safe to the traveling public by the prevention of dangerous driving. The test of dangerous operation should not be confined to the rate of speed, since even a very low rate of speed maintained by a careless or unexperienced driver might be hazardous. The determining test should be the surrounding circumstances of the case, including the condition, use and character of the highway and the traffic actually at the time, or which the operator might reasonably expect to be on the highway. Such a rule or standard is both logical and consistent with the spirit of our laws in general, since it imposes the duty upon the motorist to act at all times as a reasonable person.

While at first there was unfortunately a manifest tendency on the part of the courts to reflect the transient public sentiment against the motorist, there seems now to be a growing disposition on the part of the courts to reflect rather the calmer public judgment uninfluenced by any local or temporary agitation in the community resulting from some accident. The tendency is to place the automobilist on a plane of equality with other users of the highway.

The spirit of equality and fairness may be fostered in the future by a larger measure of co-operation between the motorist and the state in the solution of all those problems which might affect the manufacture, construction, and use of the motor vehicle. In this way we expect those wise and sensible laws which will secure the greatest benefit to all the public, and leave untrammelled the expanding field and influence of the horseless carriage as one of the great civilizing agencies of the twentieth century.





# THE CAR OF TO-DAY

By W. MASON TURNER

WHEN we look back ten or eleven years, the time when automobiles were called "horseless carriages," and compare that product to the cars of to-day, what do we find? We find that the average motor car now on the market is almost as far advanced over its early predecessor as the crude type of machine was in advance of the horse-drawn vehicle. In those days we sold automobiles by comparing them to horses—in many instances the purchasers were often compelled to send for a horse and drag the machine home. It is a rare sight nowadays to see a car hung up on the wayside except it be for tire troubles, and we find very little of that to contend with in modern motor cars.

As an illustration I will refer to a trip I made last summer from Boston to Lake Sunapee, N. H., and return, the same day, a distance of some two hundred and fifty miles. I took with me six passengers and brought back three. The only extra tire equipment were two spare inner tubes. Fortunately, I had no occasion to use them, as I discovered that I had forgotten the keys to my tool box, which contained the tire-pump and jack; but it only goes to show how we have improved in this important detail and have also eliminated the many mechanical annoyances.

In the early spring of 1900 a great road race was talked of and finally held on Long Island, N. Y.; the distance, which at that time seemed almost impossible to be made without a breakdown, was for only fifty miles. The best time made was in the neighborhood of two and a half hours, and very few of the starters finished this race. To-day we see racing cars clipping off fifty miles in less than fifty minutes, and see

them run almost twelve hundred miles on a circular track in twenty-four consecutive hours, which shows not only a wonderful speed average, but great endurance.

Many of us will recall the endurance run held about eight years ago between New York City and Buffalo. The writer was the official timekeeper on this run, and remembers many interesting details, too numerous to mention here. The running schedule averaged only seventy-five miles a day, with six days in which to complete a distance of only four hundred and fifty miles. About fifty cars started from New York and only seventeen finished the run. In the recent Glidden tour the course was nearly three thousand miles, over all kinds of roads and through fields where roads had not been laid out. The time set for this run was three weeks. Almost every car, regardless of price or horsepower, finished with a splendid average to its credit. We have seen this business spring up and make great strides. Various motive powers have been thoroughly tried out, including electric, steam, compressed air and gasoline, each branch using different systems. The last one—gasoline—is now most generally adopted, although some of the others have value in their particular phase of the business. The most interesting, however, is by far the gasoline motor. Before speaking of motors, however, we think it would be well to mention here that, aside from the clever work automobile engineers have done to bring their motors up to the present high standard, the cars in general have been improved from two other sources—one is the interest carriage builders have taken in body building, and the other is the ever-present public demand. The carriage builders have



W. MASON TURNER

given us all the present refinement of the business, and have helped to place it on a more rational basis. Many of the old-established carriage concerns are now just as prominent in building touring cars, limousines and special bodies. When a customer wants something out of the ordinary we do not, as a rule, call upon our factory for this work. We all know special work from the factory is exceedingly expensive, but we do call up the carriage builder

and furnish him with chassis specifications, and let him proceed to design and make suggestions and finally build and mount the body. They have done much to keep up the standard of cars by refinishing them and making them look almost like new; and in speaking of our present-day car we must not lose sight of the old-established carriage builder. The public has, in many instances, been used in a way to experiment on. The early demand for cars



was so great, however, that factories turned out cars to supply the demand, and did not have the time to build and perfect what they had started on. Consequently, the public, to their sorrow in many cases, offered numerous suggestions which they had learned through their own experience would be an improvement on the car which they were using. The wise manufacturer and the most successful have been those who have tried to satisfy their customers. For instance, the public demanded a quiet-running car. You will recall the early cars of 1900, especially the chain-driven foreign cars, and the noise they would make. The quiet car in those days was an exception—now conditions are reversed. The public demanded a shaft-driven car, and we find cars of this type well in the majority, regardless of the mechanical merits of either type, chain or shaft driven. It is not the intention of the writer to state his views; however, we do know that the shaft-driven car is more popular and that the foreigners are now building them; which signifies, in a way, that it is not impossible or impractical to make them as strong and flexible as those which were driven by the single and double chains. The strongest argument in favor of the propeller shaft seems to be that this system is used in ocean liners, and it is simply a question of getting enough of the right material in the right place, properly assembled.

To go back to the subject of motors. As we have said before, the most interesting type is the gasoline motor. We have been using them for many years in stationary and marine work—that type of motor was not at first applicable to a motor where flexibility of power and speed were necessary; consequently, the marine engine was temporarily laid aside and the four-cycle engine was adopted; first, in the form of a single cylinder, air-cooled. Cars using this style of motor were not smooth-running, as they would almost snap your head off and fairly lift off the ground when first starting away. Then some bright engineer

produced a motor with two such cylinders and tried cooling them with water instead of air. The double cylinder seemed to be the right solution and we were given two types to choose from—those of the horizontal opposed cylinders and those whose cylinders were vertical and known as the upright type. It was not long, however, before three-cylinder motor cars became prominent, only to be quickly discarded for those with four cylinders; to-day this type is in the majority. However, there are a number of firms producing six-cylinder motor cars and with very strong-talking points in their favor. For those who enjoy reading about automobile motors, but do not care for technical articles, perhaps I can briefly enlighten you on a few points of interest in regard to gasoline engines.

First of all, let me state that we are talking now about four-cycle engines only, and do you know what four-cycle means? Not four cylinders, as many would naturally suppose, because a single-cylinder engine can be made of the four-cycle type. It means this: At every fourth stroke of the piston traveling up and down in the cylinder, one explosion takes place. The four strokes are called: suction, or the first downward stroke; compression, the first upward stroke; explosion, the second downward stroke, and exhaust, the second upward stroke. Therefore, after the piston has made the suction, compression, explosion and exhaust strokes, the shaft and fly wheel have made two complete revolutions, but only one explosion has taken place during the four strokes. Now you know the meaning of four-cycle.

Now, then, you may ask how is the gas led into the cylinder and again exhausted at the proper time? The answer is: By the use of valves. These are operated by springs and push rods, which in turn are forced up by cams on a cam shaft and forced back again to their seat by a heavy spring. The cam shaft has to be driven by gears off the main shaft and runs just one-half the speed of the main shaft. There is

one inlet and one exhaust valve on each cylinder. In the early days the inlet valves were operated automatically by the suction of the piston traveling downward in the cylinder and closed automatically by a spring and also by the compression in the cylinder; however, the exhaust valve has always been mechanically operated. In the present four-cycle motors we find both the inlet and the exhaust valves mechanically operated. Some types of gasoline motors place the inlet and exhaust valves on opposite sides of the cylinder—others place them all on one side. This necessitates using a smaller valve in order to get them both on, side by side, though one cam shaft with timing gear is eliminated. Then, again, we see the valves in the head of the motor. This type was designed to give more firing power directly over the piston head and do away with the firing chambers on the side. A greater compression can be obtained, of course, but it is necessary to have exposed rocker arms over the cylinder heads. Some difficulty, however, was experienced in keeping the valves sufficiently cooled to prevent warping. It seems that every possible means to improve the four-cycle motor has been tried. Starting in with the single cylinder, then the double cylinder, both opposed and up-

right types; next came the three-cylinder, followed closely by the four, and now many six-cylinder motors are in use, and even those with eight cylinders are being tried. Valves have been placed on the opposite sides of the cylinders, on one side alone and in the heads of the cylinders, all such methods resorted to to obtain flexibility of power, which means a smooth, quiet-running motor. However, we are living in the age of rapid investigation, not only in this line, but in all feasible lines—schools, colleges and universities are better equipped to-day with valuable appliances for further research than ever before. The perfecting of electric ignition generators has made it possible for us to advance as we have in motor building, and now we find ourselves abreast with the demand for a gasoline motor which must be flexible, but at the same time free from complications.

Perhaps in another article, at some future time, the writer may have the privilege of talking with you again about motors of the two-cycle instead of the four-cycle type, which subject is most interesting and very simple, so that any one may grasp the principle very quickly. Like all great inventions of to-day, the most wonderful are in reality the simplest.

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## THE FUTURE OF THE AUTOMOBILE

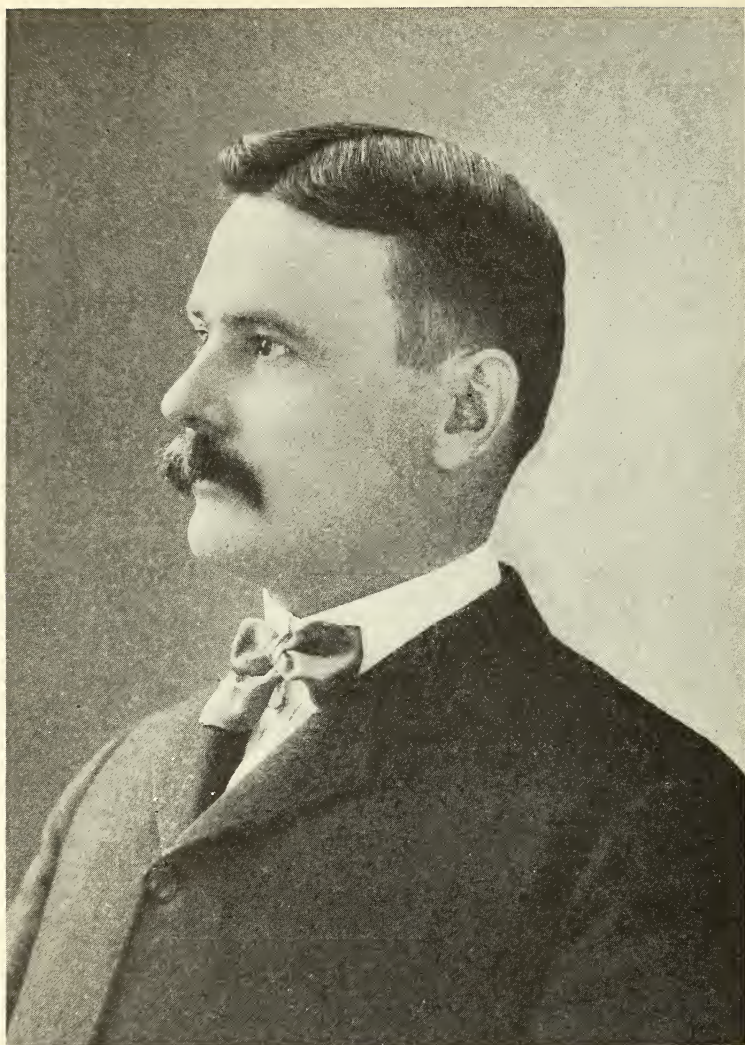
By J. H. MACALMAN

*President Boston Automobile Dealers' Association*

**W**HAT is the future of the automobile? That question has been asked by thousands in recent years. Men who own cars, prospective owners, and others who never will have a car have seen the industry blossom from nothing into one of the world's greatest industries and they are interested to know what the future will bring forth. This is but natural

when one recalls the bicycle industry, that for a number of years flourished, but eventually declined rapidly, and so with that in mind people wonder if it will be a similar story with the automobile. That has been the prophecy of many who saw in the motor car a fad for the man with lots of money. These prophets, however, did not and would not take into consideration the vital distinction that divided





J. H. MACALMAN

the two industries, the underlying principles, namely, that the owner of the bicycle had to apply his own motor power while with the automobile the power was supplied and therein was useful for more purposes than that of mere pleasure.

To look into the future and predict the outcome one must necessarily become retrospective first. Glancing back over the few years, less than a decade and therefore within the memory of everyone who has reached man's estate, that covers the history of the

automobile industry in this country it reveals a marvel of progressiveness unequaled the world over elsewhere. When the present century began there was little thought of what the next few years had in store for America. The motor factories in this country at that time could be counted on the fingers. Automobiles were so novel that they attracted attention wherever they went and the owners were looked upon sometimes with as much curiosity as their machines.

It certainly is a far cry from half a

dozen makes representing a total output of a few hundred to two hundred and ninety firms that will put on the market for 1910 something more than 300,000 automobiles. Recent figures show that 145 cities in 24 states are now benefiting from the introduction of the motor cars, for the production of cars alone will reach nearly \$500,000,000 for the year. Added to this are the many factories in which accessories are made. Also the garages by the thousand, while the changes necessitated in real estate would easily show a total of \$1,000,000,000 invested in this one industry. Thousands of skilled workmen are employed the year round, making excellent citizens of them, for they get good wages.

The advent of different makes each year brought about the needed competition to produce the present car with all its refinements. Makers saw that even though the country could absorb all the machines for some years to come, that it was imperative that something more than a motor on four wheels with any old kind of body was needed to build up the business. Experts were secured. Men were sent abroad to study developments there. Carriage makers were forced to take cognizance of the new industry and build suitable bodies, so that gradually the users of the cars found that they were getting something better each year and they continued to buy them. All this brought about the splendid results we see to-day. The best evidence of the stability of the industry was proven in 1907, when we had the financial troubles, for no other industry weathered it so well and came back so quickly as did the motor industry. That is the story of the past and the present.

Now we may glance at the future. No industry founded upon such a basis is going to crumble, for there is too much stake. Looking ahead one may see the motor car much the same as it is at present. The gasoline motor has been perfected so that it does more than is asked of it by any except the owner who expects it to leap chasms and do the un-

believable. There will be further refinements, to be sure, but not in the nature of any radical changes. The motors may become somewhat smaller and yet develop the same power, for compactness from which may be derived lighter machines is what the designers are aiming at. Economy, too, is getting its share of consideration. So that from the mechanical point of view the future car will embody lightness, power and a longer mileage per gallon of gasoline.

The styles may vary, but not to any great extent. That will depend upon the motorists, for if they insist on certain types of bodies the makers will turn them out. But the standard promises to be a light car that will carry four passengers. The heavy machines will always be in demand. So will the runabouts. Gradually there will be a demand for the closed car and the future will see the ordinary motorist with a car that combines two bodies, interchangeable quickly, for all sorts of weather so that it may be in use the year round.

Any consideration of the future of the automobile would not be complete without reference to the commercial field. Compared to the manufacture of the pleasure car, the commercial vehicle has been given less attention than it deserved, but the future of the latter is very bright. Where one truck or delivery wagon was seen a year ago there are now a dozen, and the ratio is bound to increase even to a greater extent. Nation, state, city, and town finds the motor vehicle more economical than the horse-drawn one, and now we have mail wagons, ambulances, fire wagons, etc., in many places propelled by motors. They cover a greater area in quicker time than was formerly done, and as this is an age when the value of time is of greater importance than ever the necessity of the motor wagon is making itself felt.

Business men are now taking cognizance of this and they are rapidly falling in line with the progressiveness of the age. In every large city all



sorts of merchandise is being hauled by the motor truck. Weather has no effect upon them and business is expedited. This does not mean the extinction of the horse, for there is room for both. Where the volume of business is increasing rapidly the firm that can deliver larger quantities in quick time is certain to find its orders increasing faster than the firm that is satisfied to plod along in the old way.

Correlated with the motor car of the future will be the aeroplane. Some people are inclined to think that the perfection of the aeroplane will cause a decrease in the popularity of the motor car, but time will prove this erroneous. Within a few months I have advertised an aeroplane and of the many answers received requesting information about it the majority came from owners of motor cars. Interviewing them brought out the fact that

they would like to own flying machines and at the same time continue operating their motor cars. Weather conditions may have some effect on the use of the planes when they could not affect the motor car, and therefore the owner of both would have something to use regardless of whatever turned up. Natural timidity will prevent the aeroplane ever becoming as popular as the motor car, and for that reason there will be room for both. Prices for both will reach a figure that will put them where the man of ordinary means will be able to own them, but that does not mean there will be any tumbling of prices, for the makers must put the best materials into their creations and pay for skilled work, so that will prevent bargain-counter prices. It is a future with a glorious outlook that means much for the welfare of the country.

## THE MOTOR-CYCLE

By LE ROY COOK,

*Secretary of Federation of American Motor-Cyclists*

**M**OTOR-CYCLING, as a sport, has taken a strong hold in this country, and is becoming more and more popular with the younger element, especially of the motoring public. For real, genuine enthusiasm the motor-cyclist can give the automobilist cards and spades and then beat him. There are other ways the little two-wheelers can trim the automobiles, too; but perhaps the less said about it the better, for no driver cares to be reminded of the many times he has been overhauled and passed on the road by some of the "little brothers of the rich." This recalls the story told of one wealthy A. C. A. member. He couldn't understand why a \$250 motor-cycle could cover ground faster than his \$5000 car, and after a most conclusive demonstration that it could, he sputtered in indignation: "Confound those

road-lice, anyway," and more to the same effect. Even now the name brings a smile wherever it is mentioned.

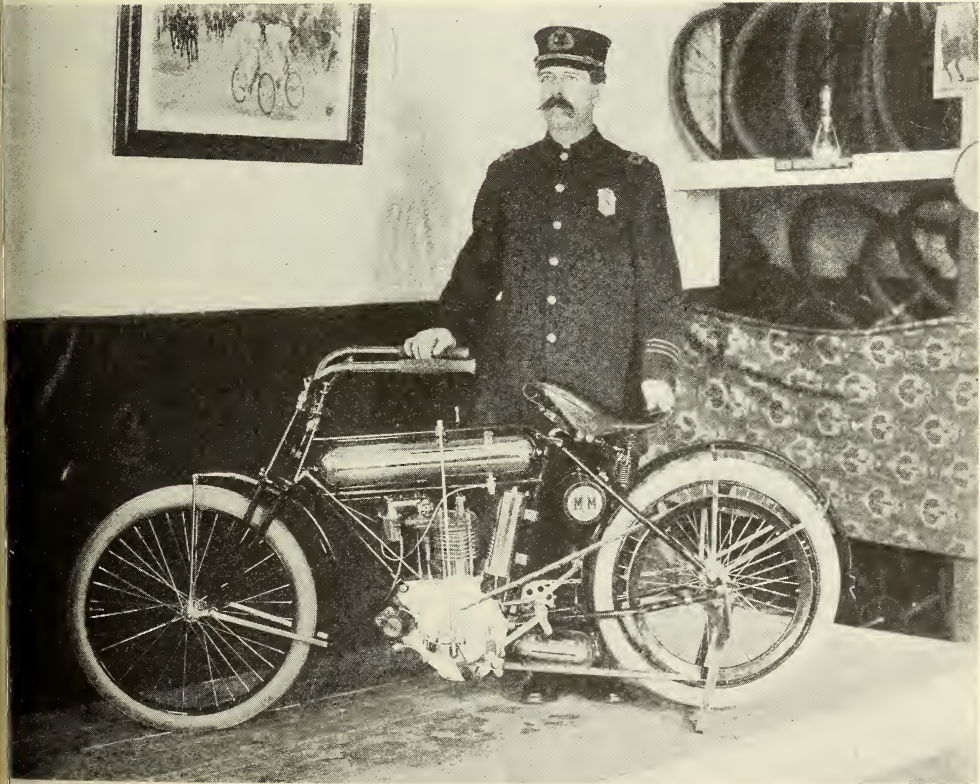
Motor-cycling as a business has grown more slowly than the manufacture of automobiles. There are at present twelve or fourteen large concerns members of the Motor-cycle Manufacturers' Association, and their total output this year will be close to 40,000 machines. Nearly one-quarter of this number will be made right here in New England by two manufacturers. The balance will come mostly from Chicago and the larger cities near there.

Track racing is rapidly assuming great importance. Banked board tracks are being built all over the country and promoters are planning a circuit that will bring racing into the limelight in the East in the summer and on the Pacific coast during the winter months

In the near future the motor-cycle is bound to take its proper place as a utility vehicle. For the delivery of light packages the motor-cycle tri-car cannot be equaled for rapidity, economy and general satisfaction. It is so simple that any boy can run it, and his wages need be only half what a chauffeur can command. Maintenance costs are low, and one gallon of gasoline will drive the car fifty to sixty miles. At present the motor-cycle is used by the police departments of all the larger cities, by telephone and telegraph linemen, and quite extensively by R. F. D. letter carriers. In Boston and in Worcester, for instance, the traffic police are mounted on motor-cycles made by a Brockton (Mass.) concern—the American Motor Company. They have been in use for several years, and in

their annual reports the police commissioners have always praised the efficiency of the traffic squads and recommended the purchase of more motor-cycles for enlarging these departments. This is true also in the other cities where the motor-cycle has been given a trial.

The objectionable features of the earlier motor-cycle have been done away with. Manufacturers have discarded the bicycle-with-a-motor-attached idea entirely, and the up-to-date motor-cycle is quiet, clean, comfortable to ride and strongly built. It is heavy enough to be substantial (150 to 200 pounds), and is fitted with spring suspension, large tires, a clutch or two-speed gear, etc., very much as the automobile is equipped.



GEORGE H. HILL, LIEUTENANT WORCESTER POLICE DEPARTMENT, AND HIS MOTOR CYCLE



# THE BRAVE REWARD

By F. J. LOURIET

"It is not yours, O mother, to complain,  
Though no more the birth of me whom once you bore  
Seems still the brave reward that once it seemed of yore."  
—R. L. S.

ALL the little town of Welden knew that Mrs. Hooper had a son, although the younger generation had never beheld him. For twenty years John Hooper had followed the sea in remote parts of the globe and in all those years not even his mother had seen his face. Yet "my son" was a living presence in the Hooper household now that it was comprised in one person no less than he had been when it numbered eight members. He figured in all Mrs. Hooper's simple business transactions, he had determined her attitude toward her married daughters and her sons-in-law, and his imagined tastes and desires had guided her along many a path where no stern figure of duty stood to point a clearer way. Five daughters had grown up around her and married; some had moved away, two had died; one still lived on in Welden with a home, a husband, and a little family of her own. There had been no mystery about any of these. Welden had known them to be its own and as its own;—a staunch, steady-going, country strain, born of the hills and the green woods and fields and never living far out of sight of them.

But with John Hooper it had been different. He was a precocious child, as precocity went in Welden. When he was seven years old he was appointed to "speak a piece" at the Baptist Sunday School Picnic and he startled his family and tickled the village sense of humor with a recitation on the "trials of an only son with a

host of sisters and all old maids," as the refrain ran. He was fond of reading and the village library supplied him with the long procession of heroes of *The Young America* and the adventures of *Robinson Crusoe*. He read one of the Rollo books and passed the rest of the series by without comment. A little later he found Herman Melville's *Omoo* and *Typee*; *Gulliver's Travels*, which had, innocently enough, fallen into the same classification; and Thomes's *Gold Hunters* and *Life in the East Indies*; and from all these books the airs of strange seas and foreign lands blew upon him and kindled a ready imagination.

When he was sixteen he went on a visit to Boston. His uncle and his staid, self-contained cousins—Phillip-  
ses and his mother's stock—interested him little. He used their gravely hospitable home at his convenience, but all day long he roamed the city's busy waterfront; he went through the Charlestown navy yard; he slipped aboard many a dingy tramp steamer and splendid full-rigged ship and peered into more than one forbidden corner ere he was discovered and ordered off. Before he left the city he had held converse with a few loitering Jack Tars and had even put certain momentous questions to a good-natured second officer and had been answered. So when his fortnight was up and he went back to Welden it was with his resolution made, his career chosen.

It took a year and a half of unyielding obstinacy to bring his father and mother to his point of view. Argu-

ment proved useless on either side, but, where something must obviously be done, John pursued a triumphant course of passive resistance. He refused to go to school; he effectively shirked every labor that was imposed on him; he turned a deaf ear to all persuasions of local industries or emoluments; and he finally and completely exhausted the library's stock of travels and adventure. His mother was the first to yield, her own sequestered spirit of romance answering to the boy's desperate longing. The issue once decided, she made ready his outfit and packed his trunk with her own hands, and though the carefully folded garments were spotted with her tears, all the while she felt the little unaccustomed heart-stabs of quickened fancy and ambitions as vague and bright and groundless as his own. When they said good-bye at the railway station John's father was the first to turn away. It was the mother who slipped into the boy's hand an extra twenty-five dollars, the fruit of quiet self-denial, and watched him board the train with all the hopes and prayers that could not, in these last moments, find utterance, shining in her eyes.

Thus the voice of the deep had called John Hooper and he had obeyed it. In the middle bureau drawer in Mrs. Hooper's room lay the packets of his letters, a goodly number in all these years, with their strange, foreign stamps and postmarks—Buenos Ayres, Yokohama, Manila, Bombay, Singapore, Batavia, Sydney, Papeete. The earlier ones were fat and bulky, many sheets covered with bold, plain, boyish script and full of the delighted vision of wondrous scenes. The envelopes were worn and frayed with much handling. Perhaps the neighbors could estimate how many times those descriptive passages had been read aloud, but they had no clue to the number of silent perusals that had fixed their lines indelibly in Mrs. Hooper's mind, so that there were days when the woman went about her austere New England life in a glow of of tropic sunshine, breathing strange

perfumes and looking inward on bright, unfamiliar pictures. There was one envelope more strained and spotted than the rest. The letter within told of his first command, the captaincy of the little South Sea trading schooner that seemed to mean so much to John Hooper's ambitions, and on the last page was the postscript that acknowledged the news of his father's death.

"I suppose you think I would be more use to you now if I had been a farmer instead of a sailor," he wrote. "As it is, I am just on my feet to make something; at last I can help you a little now, when you need it, and after a few years of this I shall be where I can afford to think of a change, and coming home, and taking things a bit easier."

If help would sometimes have been welcome, the fact was never mentioned in Mrs. Hooper's letters and John sent no money then or in the six years that followed. Nor was there urgent need of any. Weddings, funerals, and grandchildren coming into the world laid their tax at one time and another on the modest estate, but with the dwindling of the home family the every-day expenses had diminished in proportion, and with careful management and frugal living the rental of the two brick stores in town and the income from the few acres of farming land had sufficed for all purposes. More than for money Mrs. Hooper had wished for an occasional gift that should be representative of the strange lands in which her son was so much at home. It might be valueless in itself so that it offered tangible evidence of countries and peoples undreamed of in Welden. Abby Hunter's sister Rose, who lived in Florida, had sent her a beautiful collection of dried and pressed sea mosses. Mrs. Colton's daughter, who had married a rich New York lawyer, had brought her mother from Europe a dress pattern of black silk of a weight and luster that had dazed the Welden dressmakers. Back to the years of her childhood Mrs. Hooper dimly remembered the legends



of an aunt in New Bedford whose husband was a sea captain. From every voyage he had brought home some treasure—a real India shawl, a parrot, a wonderfully carved box of sandalwood. Others than Mrs. Hooper noticed this omission. Sophia Peck said boldly to her one day, after listening to a description of some South Sea curiosities:

"It's funny John never sends you any souvenirs of his travels. I should think there'd be lots of trinkets he could pick up, sailing around the way he does."

"John knows I never cared much for trinkets," answered his mother with loyal falsehood. "Besides, I don't suppose it's very safe sending bundles all the way from where he is. 'Tisn't as if he was just across the Atlantic."

But the spoken words left a sting that was hard to be borne. A delicate pride had kept her, in the past, from suggesting any wish of her own. A stronger pride impelled her now to break this reticence. The hint was conveyed timidly, but in terms of unmistakable desire, and six months later the Pacific mail brought her a small box bearing the imprint of a firm of London and Sydney jewelers. It contained a handsome brooch of Australian opal set in Australian gold. Carping tongues were silenced and if, in her own heart, Mrs. Hooper would have preferred some more barbaric ornament, a specimen of primitive craftsmanship, the ungrateful thought was buried without speech.

One day a rumor stole out from the local telegraph office and ran quickly through the village street, kindling speculation and discussion as it passed. When it reached the ears of Miss Peck she waited for no idle conjectures, but put on her hat and started for the railway station. It was an hour when no train was due and the place was almost deserted. She looked in at the office door and saw Mike Flannagan, the operator, sitting on the station agent's high stool and catching flies with a dexterity bred of long practice.

"Mike, what's this I hear?" she

asked. "Is it true you've had a cablegram for Mrs. Hooper?"

"That's right," affirmed Mike cheerfully. "All the way from Sydney, Australia. Cable to New York, telegraph from New York to Welden. We don't get many of them around here!"

"No, I guess you don't," asserted Miss Peck. "What did it say?"

Mike pushed his straw hat a little further back on his head and eyed her quizzically.

"See here, Miss Peck," he said at length. "You ask Mrs. Hooper that question. She'll tell you quick enough. Then I won't get meself into trouble for telling what I've no business to."

"Seems to me you're terribly afraid, all at once," observed Miss Peck, with scepticism.

Mike smiled at her ingratiatingly. "I'm not afraid *you'd* do anything to make me harm," he said. "But there's others in this town wouldn't mind stepping into my job and I'm pretty well suited with it meself. So I'm on the safe side if I mind the rules. See?—It's no bad news!" he called after her as Miss Peck withdrew from the door.

The station agent looked over from the operator's chair by the window where he sat fanning himself. "What's struck you?" he asked.

Mike swung around to face him. "Don't you suppose she'd like to be the first to tell that news herself?" he demanded. "I wouldn't take that pleasure away from the old lady for a farm."

Straight to her friend's house went Sophia Peck and, without stopping to knock, opened the door and walked in. It must have been three hours since the message had been delivered but Mrs. Hooper sat by the window, a slip of yellow paper in her lap and wiping her glasses as if for its first perusal. There was no need for questions. At the sight of Miss Peck she laid down her glasses and lifted the paper with a little flutter.

"My John is coming home!" she said.

That was all the data Welden had for its gossip during the following

month. It was all that Mrs. Hooper herself knew. The cable message had stated only that he should sail from Sydney the next day and was coming straight home. Welden puzzled over the news and guessed blindly at the lacking details. Mrs. Hooper was neither surprised nor, outwardly, impatient. She had always expected that her son would come home some day to her, she had waited long and now he was coming she could wait the few remaining days in calmness.

Mike Flannagan dropped in to see her one evening, his pockets stuffed with steamship and railway timetables. He showed her that John must have taken the Vancouver steamer, figured the earliest possible moment that he could arrive, pointed out the various possibilities of delay and gave her a local folder on which he had checked the train most likely, in his estimation, to bring the wanderer home.

"You don't remember my John, do you?" asked Mrs. Hooper, as he was leaving. "No, of course you don't!" she added, laughingly. "You was only a baby then. I remember going in to see your mother the day after he went away. It seemed as if she had a houseful of babies and you was the youngest of them all. I've never seen John since and here you are, telegraph operator." She laid a hand kindly on his shoulder. "You've been a good boy to your mother, Mike," she said. "And now my boy is coming home to be a comfort to me in my old age."

A week before the earliest date noted on her folder Mrs. Hooper began watching from her trellised doorway as the daily Accommodation from Montreal drew in to the station. Across two empty fields she could see the smoke of the locomotive rising from the hollow where the station lay and her eyes would travel from this to the corner where John must leave Depot Street and turn into the quiet, shady road that passed her door. So she stood on the seventh day, gazing intently down the street, when a man sprang over the low paling directly opposite and crossed the road. He was a tall,

well-built figure of a man, full bearded and of a ruddy complexion. She looked at him for a moment, half startled, as he approached her—then with a little cry she ran down the steps.

"My boy!"

"Mother!" said John Hooper, and folded her in his arms.

"You remembered the old path!" she said wonderingly as they mounted the steps, his arm still around her.

"Of course I remembered the old path!" he cried. "I remember everything. There never used to be any fence there. Did you suppose I'd forgotten how all the old things looked?"

In the shelter of the porch he placed both hands on her shoulders and held her away from him. He looked at the slight frame with its drooping shoulders, the worn hair streaked with gray, the flushed cheeks and the fine wrinkles on the delicate skin, the eyes so moist and bright and his own blurred. Memory rose up and smote him. He pulled her to him and hid her face against his shoulders and kissed the gray hair tenderly.

"Never mind, Mother. Home at last!" he said with a choking in his throat.

Inside the house he sat down opposite her, his hands on her knees.

"What do you suppose it was that did the business?" he asked her. "What was it that made me as homesick as a goat, so I threw up my berth without a day's notice and went out and bought a ticket for the first steamer home? Guess, now!"

"Why, John, I haven't the faintest idea!" said his mother blankly.

He laughed. "Well, you're the guilty party. And this is just what did it. See here!"

He took some papers from his pocket and sorted out a letter. She recognized her own handwriting. He spread it open before her and she saw it was the last one she had written, under date of May fourteenth. "Here," he said, "read this!"

She read her own words: "The Spring is beautiful now with new grass



and apple, peach, cherry and pear trees in full bloom. The air is loaded with fragrance. I am growing some lettuce under glass and from the South we are getting our first supply of strawberries and asparagus. Dandelions are plenty in the meadows."

She looked up in dismay. "But, John!" she cried, "that was in May. Strawberries and asparagus are all gone by long ago."

John's face fell. "By Jove, that's so. Dandelion greens, too, I suppose? And I've been thinking all the way home how good they were going to taste."

"I never imagined you'd think of dandelion greens," said Mrs. Hooper, "after all the wonderful things you've had to eat—pineapples and breadfruit and cocoanuts off the trees—"

"Cocoanuts!" roared John. "Mother if you ever name cocoanuts to me there's going to be trouble! I never want to hear, see, or smell cocoanuts again as long as I live. You don't understand that, do you?" he added, seeing the look of perplexity on her face. "Well, I don't know myself what it is about the stuff we get there. It's not like fruit and nuts at home. For one thing, it's all the same the year round, year after year, and you get horribly sick of it, but you have to keep on eating it because you can't get anything else."

"Do you have green corn down there?" she asked, almost timidly.

"What! Is green corn ripe? O, I say! I'm glad I missed the strawberries! What else is there? Tell me, Mother. I've clean forgotten my farming, that's a fact!"

He took a boyish delight in every item of the possible menus unfolded to him and his mother's spirits rose as she saw opportunities multiply for giving him pleasure.

His boxes came from the station, great, yellow camphor-wood chests, and were taken up to his chamber. He threw open the blinds and let in the flood of warm, afternoon sunshine. The room was spotlessly clean and bright, the old-fashioned feather bed standing high under its snowy counterpane and

ruffled pillow shams. The bowl and pitcher of blue and white ware were the same he had used as a boy. The wall paper was modern, but the old steel engraving of Washington Crossing the Delaware and the lithograph of Napoleon at St. Helena still hung in their respective places. At the head of the bed stood a small table on which were a night lamp and a Bible.

While Mrs. Hooper busied herself in the kitchen, John wandered through the house, finding now and then, among much that was old and familiar, the modern touch that told of renewal and repair. He sauntered out into the piazza and around the house to the garden. There were rows of larkspur and sweet peas and beds of petunias and mignonette, with a background of string beans and tomatoes and lettuce, no longer under glass. He looked in at the kitchen door and was driven away by his mother, who threatened him with floury fingers, in a glow of happy excitement. He found the last number of the *Weekly Courier* and sat on the side steps reading it while the sun declined in the west as the big maple at the rearward corner of the house sent a lengthening shadow athwart him.

When his mother came to call him to supper he seemed already to have lost something of his first brusqueness and to be more in accord with the pleasant quietness of the place. To the restless sea-farer the impressions of peaceful home life culminated fittingly in the table set between two long windows, with the low, western sun shining full on its white napery and china, and the delicate fragrance of home-made bread and fresh butter and cream hovering over it. At one end of the table stood a large, old-fashioned chair with rounded back and arms and cushioned seat. Mrs. Hooper paused her hand resting on its back.

"This is your place now, John," she said.

It was the first allusion to his father. She had tried to speak naturally but her chin quivered. John was at her side and suddenly her composure broke and

the tears streamed down her face. "It has been lonesome," she said, and clung to his shoulder and wept for a moment. Then she lifted her head and wiped her eyes. "I mustn't spoil your supper," she said, struggling to smile at him, "now I've got you back. I cooked a little extra because I thought you'd be hungry after your journey."

They sat down and the gladness came back to her eyes under John's praises of her supper. There were cold veal loaf and currant jelly and hot creamed potatoes and green peas and ripe sliced tomatoes and delicious bread and butter and sugar cookies and a custard pie.

"Wait a minute, John," said his mother as he stretched out a hand towards the pie. "There's something else perhaps you'd better see first."

She disappeared into the kitchen and presently returned bearing a plate whereon rose a feathery mountain of hot, flaky, white shortcake, all stained and ripping with the rosy juice of crushed raspberries and topped by a snowy mound of whipped cream. She set it down before him.

"That's the nearest I could come to strawberry shortcake," she said, apologetically.

John drew a deep breath. "Mother, I've been the biggest kind of a fool all these years," he said.

They were still at the table when Ella walked in, John's sister, who had married George Bascom. She was a slender woman of about thirty-five, in whom her mother's delicate vigor was considerably attenuated. There were leevish lines around the thin nostrils and the corners of the mouth showed tendency to droop.

"I suppose you're brother John," she said, advancing to him with evident nervous embarrassment.

He kissed her with hearty assurance. Mrs. Hooper drew a chair up to the table and insisted on giving her a piece of shortcake.

"I've just finished my supper," Ella protested. "I left George putting the children to bed and I've got to hurry back and wash the dishes. I'd given

up expecting we ever should see you again," she added to John.

They asked and answered questions, talking in the desultory manner of people who have nothing in common, but are bound to keep up an appearance of mental interest.

John pushed his chair away from the table, tilted it back at a comfortable angle, and drew a pipe and tobacco pouch from his pocket. The two women watched him, aghast, as he filled the pipe, stowed away the pouch, and drew forth a box of matches.

His mother gave a little gasp. "You don't mean that you've taken to smoking, John!" she cried.

He looked up in the act of striking a match and held it suspended in blank amazement. "Taken to smoking!" he repeated. Then he threw his head back and laughed immoderately. "That's right!" he said. "Father never did smoke, did he? I've forgotten. Why, yes, Mother dear, I took to smoking just about twenty years ago and I've smoked like a chimney ever since. Father never knew what he missed!" He lighted his pipe and turned to his sister, puffing gently. As he caught the expression on her face he paused. "Hey! Don't George smoke, either?" he asked.

"I wouldn't go so far as to say George *never* smokes," answered Mrs. Bascom stiffly. "He may buy a cigar occasionally when he's out with other men. He certainly never smokes in the house in my presence."

"Oh-h!" said John. He took another puff in sheer abstraction. As the thin cloud drifted across the table his mother coughed mildly, behind her hand. He leaned forward and laid the pipe down upon his plate. "All off!" he said, trying to speak cheerfully, but he was heard to sigh as he settled back in his chair.

There was a minute of awkward silence, then Mrs. Hooper rose. "I must clear away the things," she said. "John, don't you and Ella want to sit out on the porch? It's just the pleasantest time of day now."

"No," said Ella, "I must run home, I'd stay and help you with the work,



Mother, only I promised little Georgie I'd be back and hear him say his prayers before he got to sleep. You must come over, John, and see your nephew and neices as soon as Mother's looked at you long enough. You'll find George down at the store all the time week days. I hope you won't find life in Welden too dull for you."

John picked up his pipe and went out to the garden, where he paced back and forth and smoked while his mother washed the dishes. It was, indeed, a pleasant hour. The sun was down but streaks of crimson still lingered in the west and overhead the clouds were tinged with faint, rosy pink. The high horizon was embroidered with foliage of elms and maples and their tall shapes loomed in the twilight at once strange and familiar, like those of some oft-repeated dream. Instead of the salt pungency of the sea in his nostrils there came from the garden a cool, earthy smell, mingled with the faint fragrance of sweet peas and mignonette. It was New England; it was home; peaceful, pleasant, shut-in.

His mother called to him from the porch. Inside, the shades were drawn, the big lamp lighted.

"Now tell me about your voyage," she begged. "I want to hear all the 'sailor yarns' about where you've been and what you've seen."

He began with some of the common-places of the South Sea trader's life, but her quest for adventure was not to be denied. He told of copra and pearl shell and low coral atolls and rugged, volcanic mountains; and then he told of the hurricane in the Paumotus where his vessel had so narrowly escaped being driven upon the reef, of his trouble with the socialist sailor who shipped from New Zealand and mutinied because he had to work with a Chinaman, and of the exciting rescue of a missionary who was attacked by the cannibal natives in New Guinea. Some things, of course, he kept back, but in the main his narrative was free and open and always it was unconsciously eloquent of hot sun and tingling brine and rushing trade winds.

It was late when they went upstairs and John's light was soon out. A minute later his mother stole softly into the room and tucked him in with a kiss and her blessing as she used to do when he was a boy. Yes, it was home!

For a few weeks John was a celebrity in Welden. The old residents who remembered him as a boy dropped in casually to hear his adventures; the younger generation of men scraped acquaintance with him wherever opportunity offered. The older women were inclined to look askance at him, after a few stories had gone abroad, and the young ones, who saw little of him, meditated the more on the varied and piquant rumors that filtered down to them. Two great, fluted, white shells appeared as ornaments flanking the Hooper front door steps. On sunny days Mrs. Bascom's wide piazza was carpeted with a finely woven mat of something that looked like palm-leaf, with a zigzag design in black and a fringe of bright red and yellow wool. Callers at the house saw the genuine tortoise shell he had given his mother,—not a *piece* of shell but the entire armor of the animal. They saw, too, the long strips of queer, papery cloth made from the bark of a tree and colored in bold squares and circles, and triangles, which the savages of the South Seas wore for dresses. Sophia Peck was granted a private view of John's dress suit, a rarity in Welden, and could describe it in detail. Mrs. Donovan, the washerwoman, spread the report of his pongee silk underwear, and more than one staid matron and curious damsel found an excuse to pass the Hooper homestead on washing day and thereby catch a glimpse of the outlandish night-garments, which he called *pyjamas*, as they fluttered on the line. On the second day of his arrival, John had created a sensation by strolling through the village attired in a white drill suit, most suitable to the hot August day, but unusual and thereby improper in the eyes of the villagers. When his mother, urged to the point by Ella, re-

monstrated with him on the score of making people stare, he replied with a grin, "Let 'em stare, Mother. I'm not bashful. It'll do 'em good to have something new to talk about," and he continued to wear white during the hot weather.

The first Sunday brought about a more serious difference. Mrs. Hooper asked John to accompany her to church and he flatly refused. This time she did not accept defeat so easily. Arguments of duty and conscience were so obviously unavailing that she soon fell back on pleading for the mere looks of the thing and her own feelings.

"I'll go if you let me wear a white suit," said John teasingly.

"I want you to go looking so I can be proud to be seen with you," retorted his mother. "I don't want folks to think I'm taking the miller to church. When Susie Colton and her husband visited here they went to church with Mrs. Colton and he wore a Prince Albert coat and a stovepipe hat and kid gloves."

"My, what a howling swell!" said John. "But I haven't a frock coat to my name, so that let's me out."

"Haven't you got a tall hat?" asked Mrs. Hooper, wistfully.

"Nary a bell topper," said John.

"Of course," she hastened to add, "it's not to show off clothes that I want you to go. Your blue suit looks nice enough. It's because I want you with me and I shall feel terrible if you make me go alone."

John yielded finally, with bad grace. He fidgetted in the pew during the long sermon and at the close of the service refused to go up and speak to the minister and hurried his mother home without stopping for chat with anyone.

"Never again, Mother. Never again!" he said firmly. "I'd do a good deal for you, but that's asking too much."

"I'll never ask it again," said Mrs. Hooper, almost in tears.

Welden was not tolerant in the matter of church going. Respectable people went to church; those who did not go ranged from "queer" to downright disreputable characters, and Mrs.

Hooper knew well that John's attitude would place him before the community in an unfavorable light.

But in this as in other matters, outside the house or within, John established his own habits with small regard for precedent or the "speech o' people." After a few nights he discarded the voluptuous feather bed provided for him and insisted on sleeping upon the hard mattress. This seemed to Mrs. Hooper no worse than a perverted taste, but when he fell into the way of going to his room for an hour or two every afternoon and lying on top of the bed she was moved to reproach.

"I'm afraid you've forgotten your early bringing up," she said sorrowfully.

"I've been a long time away from home," John admitted. "Other lands, other manners, you know."

So the ruffled pillow shams followed the feather bed and every day after dinner Mrs. Hooper climbed the stairs to turn back the white counterpane and spread a steamer rug of John's over her patch-work quilt. "Ship shape and comfy," as John expressed it. Here he would lie and smoke his pipe, for he respected his mother's wishes sufficiently to refrain from smoking in the rooms below. But strong navy cut is not to be confined by the closing of a door and the insidious aroma percolated out through cracks and keyholes and stole downstairs, where it lingered in the hallway and clung to the curtains. Mrs. Hooper caught a whiff of it now and then to her alarm, and then it seemed to disappear, for she no longer noticed it. One day John came across some choice specimens of coral in one of his boxes and called to his mother to come and see them. She sat for an hour looking and listening to new tales of tropic seas and marine wonders before she realized that he had been smoking all the time.

The very next afternoon Sophia Peck came in. Her visits were rarer now than of old and she was no sooner inside the house than her nose went into the air, sniffing vigorously.



"Well, I must say that don't seem natural in this house," she remarked.

"What, can you smell it down here?" cried Mrs. Hooper.

Sophia looked at her steadily. "Do you mean to tell me that *you* can't smell it?" she demanded.

Mrs. Hooper's eyes dropped like those of a guilty child. "No—I can't," she faltered. "I—I guess I must be pretty well used to it. I don't mind it a bit any more. But he never smokes in the house, except in his own room."

"I never thought you'd allow smoking in *any* room in your house, Lydia. But I guess John's been used to a pretty free life," commented Sophia.

Mrs. Hooper straightened up. "He's been master of an ocean vessel for a good many years," she said, "and I don't expect he's been in the habit of being dictated to much by women folks. Sea captains have the responsibility of too many lives on their hands for that. And I can tell you," she went on warmly, "it seems pretty good to me to have a man around the house once more to take a little responsibility. He's finished haying down in the Stratton lot and I didn't have to give it a thought, and he got three tons more than I did last year. And he looks after all the rents and repairs."

"Yes," assented Sophia drily. "I heard he told the Appleby's he'd raise on their rent if they didn't pay up quicker."

"So he did!" cried Mrs. Hooper. "And to-day they're paid up in full, for the first time in months! They'd worried me almost to death, dragging behind so all the time."

Two months sped by and the cool, October days drew on. The village street flamed with the warm reds and yellows of its maples, but the air breathed of frost.

"Mother, how do we keep this house warm in winter-time?" asked John one morning, coming down to breakfast with a blue nose and chattering teeth.

Mrs. Hooper looked at him in concern. "You poor boy! And it hasn't begun to be cold weather yet! Why, we never have heated the chambers.

I'd like to have a furnace put in but I don't know as I can afford it just now. We can set up a stove in your room, or get one of those kerosene heaters."

The oil heater was installed but John took no more siestas in his room and spent more and more of his time, both afternoon and evening, away from home! Mrs. Hooper asked no questions, but she was troubled in mind, fearing not so much for anything he might be doing as for unfriendly criticism thereon. The voice of the outside world, once communicated by Sophia Peck, seldom reached her ears now and it was not until Ella Bascom suddenly burst into complaint and reproaches that her worst fears were confirmed.

"Do you know where he spends his time, Mother?" demanded Ella passionately. "Down at the hotel, playing cards and spinning yarns and drinking with drummers and all the riff-raff of the town! It's a shame! George says there isn't a day passes that someone doesn't say something to him about it, till he's so mortified he don't want to look anybody in the face! And the stories he tells! Do you know what he's got, that he's showed to men there at the hotel? Fishhooks made of human bones! Bones of men that have been killed and eaten—and he bought the fishhooks from the very cannibals that did it! Did you know he had such things?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Hooper with a shudder. "He's shown them to me. Other things, too."

"Well, wouldn't you think, now he's got back to civilization, he'd be glad to forget about them? But he seems to take delight in parading his association with savages before the whole town, as if it was something to be proud of."

"Ella, I'm surprised at you!" said Mrs. Hooper sternly. "You talk like an ignorant child. John hasn't associated with savages any more than a missionary associates with them, or any more than George associates with Tim Muldoon because Tim trades at his store. And you ought to know that there isn't a man in Welden that has

seen one-tenth part of the world that John has or that knows one-tenth as much. It would look better in you to stand up for your brother a little, instead of running him down as if he was a stranger."

"He's worse than a stranger," retorted Ella. "He does things a stranger wouldn't dare to. Down at the store the other day he was helping George unload some barrels of phosphate and one dropped on his toes and he swore at George *dreadfully*. George said he never even heard of such language as he used. And, anyway, Mother, what right has he to loaf around like this, living on you? Why don't he settle down to some work, if he's going to stay here?"

"That," said Mrs. Hooper, "is John's business—and mine. There's no call for you or George Bascom or anybody else in Welden to worry themselves on that account. John Hooper never cost his father or me a cent from the day he was eighteen years old and he never so much as set foot in his father's house from that day till last August. You and all the rest of the girls lived at home till you was a good deal past eighteen; you had money regularly from your father as long as he lived, and you've had more than a little from the estate since. George is doing well now, I understand, and if John wants to stay here awhile and do nothing except take some of the burdens off my shoulders, that's his privilege."

Bravely as she had defended the breach, Mrs. Hooper was, nevertheless, driven to take counsel with John himself. "I hate to think that you're giving 'em that much excuse to talk about you," she concluded. "They're so ignorant, and they don't understand."

John swore under his breath. "They're such a pack of tattle-tales!" he said. "George Bascom's store is worse than a woman's sewing circle. Talk about the hotel! Once in a while there's a man with some sense down there, but that crowd at the store is a regular gang of tabby cats and sissies and George is the worst one of the lot. Not one of them was ever

fifty miles from Welden in his life and they have about as much idea of the world as an intelligent clam."

"You haven't got much saved up, have you?" asked Mrs. Hooper irrelevantly."

He laughed ruefully. "No!—the more fool I! But Jack ashore is a foolish chap, and the captain's not much better. That sounds like poetry, but it's fact."

"I've been thinking," she pursued, "that if you wanted to go into some kind of business here I could borrow two or three thousand dollars from Mr. Wellman at the bank. The Applebys said they thought of giving up the store. You understand trading and perhaps you'd be happier if you had something to take up your time."

"How would you borrow the money?" he asked. "On what security?"

"I'd have to give a mortgage on the brick stores, I suppose. They're mine, to do as I please with," she added with a touch of defiance.

John fell to brooding. "I'll have to think about that," he said. "I'll have to think it over, Mother."

Then he came over to his mother, and, kneeling clumsily on the floor, put his head in her lap and his arms around her.

"Well, my son?" she asked.

"I've got to go back, Mother," he said. "I've been fighting it, and fighting it, but it's no use. This town would drive me mad. But that isn't it. The cold weather freezes me to my marrow and I hate it. But that's not it, either. I took a long walk to-day, up to the top of Stearns' hill, and looked around. Why, I'd give two fingers off my hand, right now, for a sight of open ocean, with a sail overhead, and a coral reef with the surf rolling in, and the salt in the air, and a blue lagoon with a trader's shanty on the beach, and some bare-legged natives, and cocoanut trees growing—yes, by Jove! Mother, cocoanuts! and I'd eat 'em and be grateful, too!" He rose and began pacing the room. "Of course I know I couldn't hang around here forever do-



ing nothing. Ella was right enough about that. I'd soon go to the dogs. But what is there for me to do? Shut myself up in a brick store and sell ribbon by the yard to Minnie Freeman? or listen to such an insufferable pack of duffers as George Bascom has around his place?—Oh, no!" He halted before her. "Why, Mother, I'm not forty years old yet. I'm a seaman by profession and I've been captain for six years. I'd look pretty settling down to tend store in a Vermont village, wouldn't I? I never figured this thing out when I left Sydney. I just took a notion I wanted to see the old place and you once more and I started off without giving it two thoughts." He resumed his walk. "But if you remember how I wanted to go to sea when I was sixteen years old, take that and multiply it by the older I am and the more I know and you'll have some faint notion of how much I want to go now."

Mrs. Hooper sat in her chair very straight and still, her hands again clasped in her lap, when he spoke no more.

"You're of age, John," she said.

He came quickly up to her and caught her hands in his.

"You helped me to go before," he said. "You've got to say I may go this time."

She rose with a hurried movement. "I couldn't keep you then," she said, "and I can't keep you now," and withdrawing her hands from his clasp she went out into the kitchen and shut the door.

As they sat at the supper table, the meal nearly over, Mrs. Hooper suddenly asked:

"Can you get your old ship back again?"

"I don't know," answered John. "No,

probably not. I wish I hadn't been such a fool and had saved up my money. If I had five hundred pounds I'd buy a schooner of my own and ask no odds of anybody. But I don't worry about that. I'll get a command, all right. They know me pretty well, down there."

A week later Mrs. Hooper stood on the porch bareheaded in the frosty, November sunshine, her hands clasped behind her, watching an express wagon loaded with two great camphorwood chests as it rattled away from before the house. John came running up the steps from the walk, where he had helped in the loading.

"I'm off!" he cried, taking his mother in his arms.

She drew back a little and brought her hands forward. There was a bulky envelope in one of them. "This is for you," she said.

"What?" John took it curiously and peered into it. It was full of greenbacks, he caught sight of one hundred dollar denominations. "What is this, Mother?"

"It's the mortgage." She choked a little but recovered and went on. "I want you to have it. I want you to buy a ship of your own and call her the Lydia Hooper. The sea is your life, I know. I have dreamed of it, sometimes. Be a good man and write to me. That's all I ask."

He held her tight and kissed her forehead before he could speak.

"She'll be a good ship, Mother," he said.

He stumbled down the steps and hurried off down the street. Mrs. Hooper turned and felt blindly for the door-knob. She entered the silent house and groped her way across the empty room to her chair by the window—a frail, bent, gray, old woman.



# THE BIOGRAPHY OF A TROUT

By JOHN W. TITCOMB

**H**AD you suddenly dropped down in Vermont at the time this story begins you would not have believed that it was midwinter. The proverbial January thaw was so thorough that the ice which covered the streams for two months had broken up and "gone out" in a freshet. The snow was still deep in the dense woods, but only a few patches were to be seen on the open hillsides.

The wife of the mayor of a small city among the Green Mountains had just filled a bowl with water from the tap. In it she saw a little round thing no larger than a small pea and of a pale pink color, with two little dark spots on it. She took it in the palm of her hand and looked at it closely. The warmth in her hand caused something in this strange little ball to move. The two spots moved and then the whole inside of the little ball seemed to move. When replaced in the bowl of water, after an hour or so, the little ball had split open and now had a tail. The tail wiggled and pushed the ball around in the bottom of the bowl; then a shell-like covering dropped off and there was a little fish.

Unlike larger fishes, it had a very big sac on its stomach which was almost as large as the ball had been. The lady had never seen a newly born baby fish and did not know what to do with it. As it had come with the water, she put the bowl under the tap and letting the water drip into it, it was just what the baby fish needed. The room was warm but the fresh water from the tap keeps the little fellow cool and each drop carries with it into the bowl a bit of air. Fishes need air just as much as boys and girls do.

The lady tried to feed the little thing,

but it did not touch the crumbs of bread which she gave it. Most of the time it lay very quiet, but when disturbed it wiggled its tail and tried to swim. It could only circle around in the bottom of the bowl and even with much more space it could not do much better because the big sac is a clumsy load for it to carry.

Now have you guessed that the little ball was a fish egg and the two little dark spots in the egg were the eyes of a baby fish? The little fish had been curled around the yolk in the egg and when the shell broke open it uncurled. First the tail stuck out of the crack in the shell, for you must know that it is the usual thing for fishes to come into the world tail first, otherwise they do not live. Our baby fish could not back away from the shell because its little fins were still inside of it. So it just wiggled its tail until the crack in the shell grew larger and then the shell fell off.

The sac on its stomach is the yolk of the egg and is called the umbilical sac. Have you ever seen the yolk of a hen's egg? Well, eggs of fishes also have yolks, which become the food sacs of the fishes when they hatch. With some kinds of fishes this yolk or bread sac contains enough food to last from three to six weeks, and our baby fish is one of this kind, for it is a trout.

But we are getting ahead of our story. Where did the egg come from? Have you heard of fish stories? Well, this is a true fish story.

Away back on the hills is a fine trout stream made up of a number of little brooks which have their start still farther up in the hills. In the fall of the year when the leaves of the trees



take on such brilliant hues the trout in the brooks also have bright colors. The male trout are the brighter, but both males and females have more vivid colors at this time than at any other. It is at this season that the trout gather, like children, in schools. Those in the lakes and ponds move to places where the water is not deep or

wild at this season but it is best not to let them see you nor feel any jar on the banks. Now look sharply into the water. At first you see only the water and the bottom of the pool. Then something moves quickly as a fish darts at one of its mates; another fish almost leaps out of the water and you feel just a bit of a sprinkle of cool

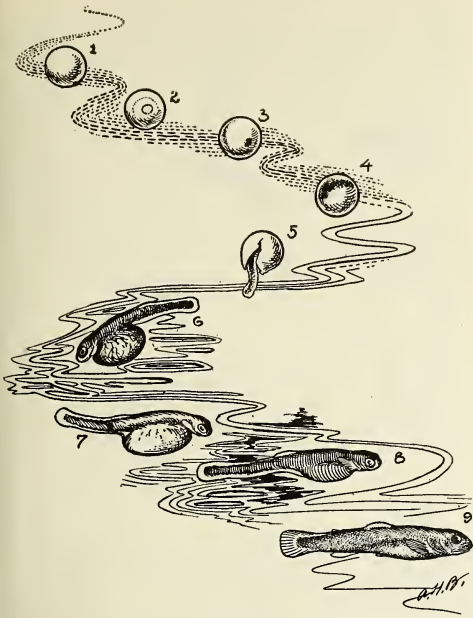


PICKING OVER EGGS IN THE HATCHERY

towards the mouth of a stream, while those in streams gather in pools and move up against the current of water.

Let us follow a school of trout which has just met at the mouth of a brook. Get down on your hands and knees and creep softly to the bank just where the water tumbles over a log into the pond. The fish are not very

water on your nose; then the two fishes become quiet. Now that your eyes have become used to the light in the water, beside the two frisky trout you see ten or twenty more. All of them are heading toward the place where the water gurgles over the log. Each fish slowly moves its fins back and forth just enough to hold itself



STAGES OF EGG AND FRY

from drifting away with the current of water, and now and again one trout darts after another like children at play.

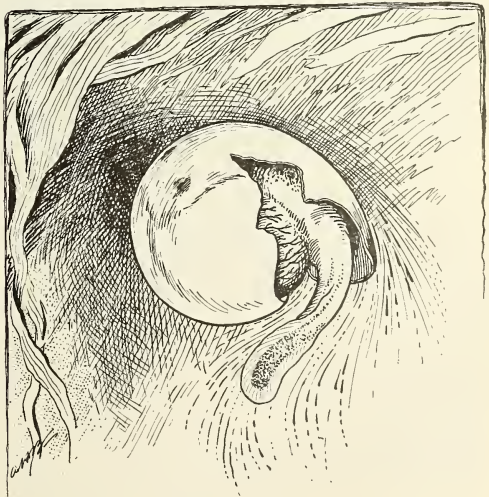
But the trout are not playing. A Mr. Trout has sidled up to a Miss Trout and he wants the other fellows to keep away from his chosen mate. Sometimes the lady trout has many admirers and in such cases the one who can fight away the others claims her as his bride, so Mr. Trout has to fight more or less during all the trip up stream.

The journeys of the trout usually occur at night, when they move up stream a little way until they find a nice, sheltered pool. Then follows a period of lazy but happy days spent in this or other pools still farther up the stream.

They do not feel very hungry but still have appetite enough to snap at insects which may be so unfortunate as to drop on the water above them. It is pleasant also to eat an angle worm which may have fallen into the water from a crumbling bank. Now and then a trout is deceived and strikes at a make-believe fly which some angler

has dangled over the pool. The make-believe fly is fastened to a hook, and although he feels the prick of the hook in his jaw it does not pain him much; but he sees he is caught and struggles to escape. His mates scurry in all directions; some hide under the banks, some rush up to the next pool, and others rush down stream. The fish on the hook rushes about in the deserted pool until he succeeds in winding the snell around a root. The excited angler pulls just a little too hard. The line breaks, leaving a short piece attached to the root but the trout is free. Quickly he rushes under the bank and hides his head with its torn jaw. We may imagine he is thinking how foolish he was and that he will not again be deceived by an artificial fly. But who knows whether he will not be the first one in the pool again to get caught on a hook?

The angler on the bank has been doing some thinking about the good fight this trout made, and he can tell you about another trout which once got on his hook but which slipped back into the water when he was taking him off. However, his eye was torn out and remained on the hook. The angler had been told that the eyes of fishes make good bait; so he just left this eye on the hook and cast it into



THE HATCHING



the pool. Soon he had another bite and when he landed a small trout he found it was the very fish which had lost its eye. We shall have to excuse the trout for being so greedy as to bite its own lost eye on the ground that he was a little fellow and did not know any better. I tell you about it in order to assure you that fishes apparently suffer little or no pain when hooked.

Now where did we leave our trout? Oh, yes, he was hiding under the bank. Well, he does not mind the torn jaw much and soon looks about for his friends. One by one the school assembles again and Mr. Trout finds his mate.

The water in the little brook is growing cooler every day and finally, when the stream swells with the rain until its banks are full, the whole school of trout moves up stream. A heavy rain, raising the water in the stream, is always a signal for the fish to move on.



MORE LITTLE FISH



FREAKS

The two in which we are interested are an odd-looking pair. Mrs. Trout is now five years old and weighs a pound. She was born in this brook and did not grow very fast until two years of age. Then she found herself in a pond which had been made by a fisherman.

There were deep places in the pond much like the pools in the brook, and there were shallow places where pond lilies and water plants grew. Here, too, the water was warmer in the summer time and many insects laid their eggs in it or on the plants and these kept hatching out. The warmer the water the faster the insects hatched out. Among these were caddis worms, which turn into flies and rise to the top of the water and fly away—if they can—before a fish catches them. You will find some more about them farther on. All these insects and their eggs or larvae make food for the fishes.

So Mrs. Trout had more room and more food and as a result she had grown into a fine, large trout when five years old.

Mr. Trout is only a little over two years old and weighs only a quarter of a pound. It is really funny to see how fierce he can be when other trout come

near his mate. Some of them are big fellows, but he drives them all away. He has lived the most of his life in the brook, where he must exercise a good deal in order to get a living. As a result he is more active than the lazy big fellows who loafed around in the still, deep waters of the pond.

When Mr. Trout is not fighting away other fish he busies himself in making love to his mate. He does this by circling about over and under

out in the gravel by Mr. and Mrs. Trout is their nest. In nest building the trout family prefer a hard and gravelly bottom, where they brush off all moss or other water plants, and any loose sticks and stones. Sometimes they cannot find such a good place, and may have to dig a deep hollow through thick weeds until they reach gravel, making a nest six or eight inches deep, surrounded by beautiful green water plants. In lakes,



PACKING TROUT EGGS, GRAND MESA, COLORADO

her. Sometimes he bites her gently about her throat as if trying to caress her just as a child does to his mother.

They both like to rub their sides on the gravelly bottom, and, with an occasional flirt of the tail, they make the pebbles and gravel fly until the spot over which they rest becomes a hollow, and quite clean and bright compared with its surroundings. Perhaps it is not known that many kinds of fishes have nests. This clean, bright spot hollowed

where the bottom is mostly fine sand, they have been known to make nests a foot deep by rubbing away the sand, the pebbles settling to the bottom.

At first Mr. and Mrs. Trout work on their nest only at night, but later on they become more absorbed and remain on the nest during the day as well. Usually as they lay side by side their heads are looking in opposite directions—perhaps the more easily to watch the approach of enemies. At



this time almost every living thing is an enemy ready to eat the eggs that Mrs. Trout is about to lay.

One evening, when rubbing over the gravelly nest, Mrs. Trout lays a lot of amber colored eggs called spawn.

Then Mr. Trout swims over the nest, and expels a liquid called milt, which comes like a flash, and instantly spreads over the nest, giving a milky hue to the water, and then rapidly vanishes as it follows the current down stream.

All the eggs which are touched by the milt are made complete. Although there is more than enough milt to reach them all, much of it is carried away by the current, so that many eggs are left untouched.

This process in nature is called fertilization, and the fertilization of fish eggs may be compared to that of flowers.

The egg is to the fish what the seed is to the plant. The seed of the plant is not complete until it has been united with the pollen. Bees and other insects when in search of honey shake off the pollen and carry it from one flower to another, thus bringing it into contact with the seed. The milt of the fish corresponds to the pollen of the flowers and it is carried to the eggs by the water instead of by insects.

Mrs. Trout does not lay all the eggs at one time and it is several days before the last egg has been deposited and she is ready to leave the nest.

From the moment that Mrs. Trout makes her first deposit of eggs until this task has been completed there is great excitement among the inhabitants of the pool. There are not only a lot of idle fish hoping for an opportunity to seize any eggs which do not adhere to the nest and which may be carried away by the current, but there are also some which are very jealous of Mr. Trout and want to take his place by the side of Mrs. Trout. Thus Mr. Trout must not only furnish milt for each lot of eggs as soon as laid, but he must keep up the fight begun with his courtship.

Most of the eggs adhere to the grav-

elly ridge on the lower side of the nest and there become imbedded. Had not some of them floated away we might count about one thousand, but allowing for what are eaten—and even Mr. and Mrs. Trout occasionally eat eggs which float away from the nest—perhaps five hundred are fertilized. It is more than likely that less than two hundred are destined to hatch into little fish and that the rest of them will soon die or be devoured.

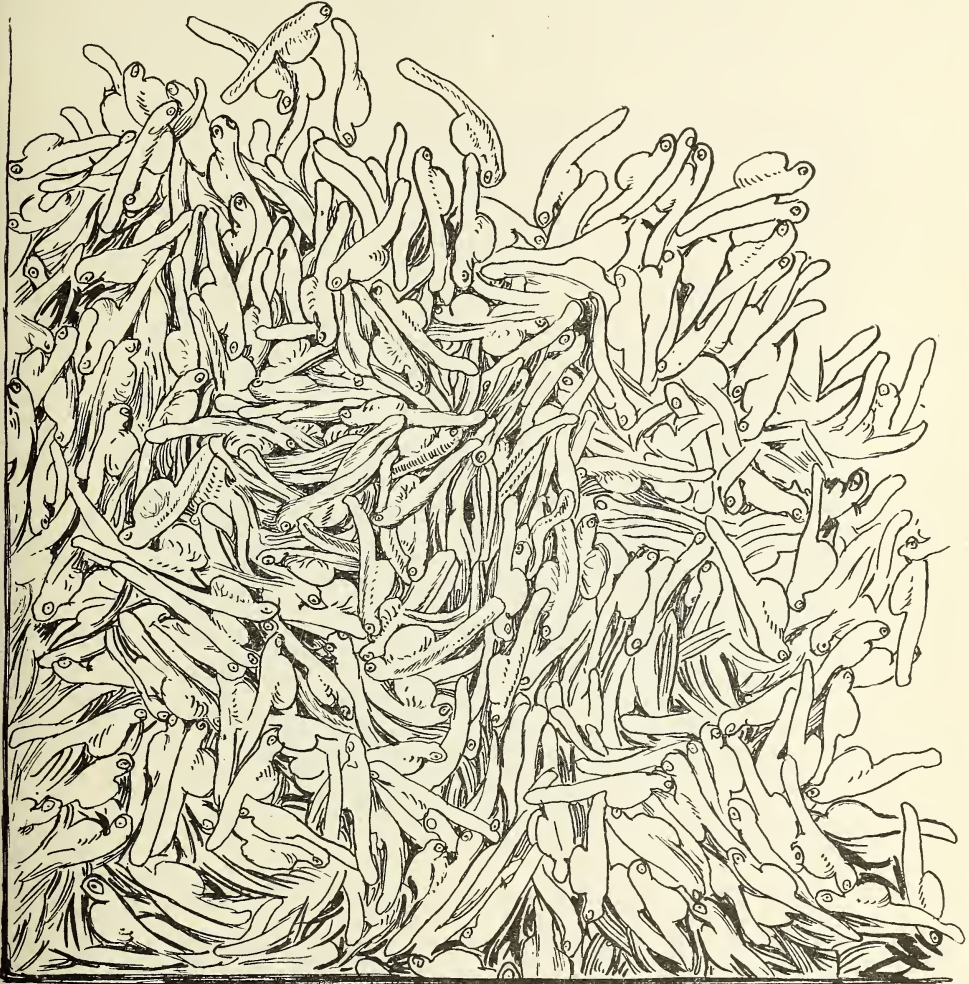
Now follows the strange part of the story, for Mr. and Mrs. Trout having performed their duties as they know them, leave the nest and no longer feel any interest in the eggs or in their children which may hatch from them. But that is the way of most cold-blooded fishes,—not to think any more of their own children than of other fishes'; indeed, if a baby fish should cross the path of Mr. and Mrs. Trout they would not stop to inquire its parentage before making a meal of it if they happened to be hungry. So these cold-blooded parents gradually work their way, tail first, down stream, very likely robbing the nests of other trout as they go, until they find a congenial place to stay for the winter. Here we lose sight of them, for they became separated and, just like all the other trout, with no individual interest for us.

Other trout which ascended the stream in the same school or in other schools pair off, make nests, and deposit eggs on them just as did our Mr. and Mrs. Trout. This mating and laying of eggs lasts for nearly two months. Before the season is over three other pairs of trout have cleared up the nest on which Mr. and Mrs. Trout left eggs. Each pair eat some of the eggs which become exposed while they are rubbing over the nest. Thus you see that it is very difficult to keep track of a family of trout, for we now have what remains of the eggs of Mr. and Mrs. Trout and of three other pairs of trout all on one nest. Let us see what became of them.

All of the older trout leave that part of the stream and settle down in deeper

pools in the main stream or in the pond from which the school started. The water flowing over the eggs grows colder and colder until the stream is covered with ice and snow. The cold water does not injure the eggs; it only puts off the time when they will hatch and the colder the water the longer it

the nest of eggs is not without its enemies, for there are young trout born a year ago which must have some food. One of them can eat several eggs a day. Then there is a peculiar little fish called blob, chucklehead, darter, miller's thumb, star gazer, and a dozen other names indicative of his



A CROWDED CORNER

takes for the little fishes to develop and break through the eggs. In fact there are some advantages in the cold water, for fishes and other water animals which are fond of fish eggs are not so hungry or active during the winter when the streams are icy cold. Yet

appearance or habits. This little fish of many names hides under the stones with his head out or lies on the gravel. Being of the same color as the bottom of the stream, he is not easily discovered and when anything good to eat floats toward him he opens his mouth



and draws it in, or if necessary darts after it. As a result many little trout disappear in its capacious maw, and if it happens to have a home near a nest of eggs it does not wait for them to turn into little fishes, but greedily devours them.

Then again there are many kinds of minnows in some trout streams; two kinds live in the stream where our nest is, and as they consider trout eggs a great delicacy, they eat as many as they can find.

Last, but not least, the caddis worms are abundant in nearly all trout streams. Izaak Walton says, "Several countries have several kinds of caddises that indeed differ as much as dogs do; that is to say, as much as a very cur and a greyhound do."

Caddis worms build curious little houses, shaped like a hollow cylinder, out of sticks, straw, pieces of bark, or sometimes of small pebbles, fitted together as neatly as a mosaic. In these they live and hide themselves in times of danger. The boys call them stick-baits because they are used for bait and their homes often resemble small decaying sticks. When in search of food the worm extends its head and with front feelers drags the house along the bottom of the stream. You have read how they turn into flies and how Mrs. Trout enjoyed catching the flies as they rose to the top of the water. Mrs. Trout also enjoys the worms and it is fine play for her silently to dart up behind a caddis worm crawling along on the bottom, with a quick turn seize the head and shoulders in her mouth and shake it so violently that the little stone house falls off, and the worm slides a delicate morsel down Mrs. Trout's throat.

But now the caddises have their revenge upon Mrs. Trout, for they like nothing better than trout eggs and baby fish with umbilical sacs, like the one which came to the wife of the mayor, and many a fine meal they make off them.

All these and many more forms of aquatic life are fond of fish eggs, so you will wonder that any eggs were

left in the nest when the freshet came with the January thaw.

Notwithstanding all these enemies some eggs survive and during all this time little fishes are developing inside of them until two little eye spots show through each amber colored shell, first very faintly and later on more plainly.

Then the outline of the little fishes curled up in the shells can also be seen, at first of a whitish color and later of a distinct brown shade.

It was at this stage that the January thaw caused the snow on the hills to melt and the water to pour into the little stream until it became a raging torrent and the nest of eggs was washed out. Some of them are smothered under the sand and debris but others find resting places. As one little egg goes whirling along in the foaming torrent it is sucked into a whirlpool; it spins round and round and then all is dark but it rides rapidly along in the water and darkness, the passageway growing narrower and narrower, until with a final rush it comes again to daylight and falls through the tap into the tender hands of those whose table it is to grace, as you learned in the beginning of the story.

It might have lived here for several weeks or until the absorption of the umbilical sac, but it happens that not far from the city is a fish hatchery where a paternal government makes a business of hatching and taking care of little fishes.

The mayor's wife, full of curiosity over her discovery, calls in the fish man and he takes the little fellow to the hatchery. In the hatchery are many rows of troughs through which a gentle current of cold water is constantly flowing. Some of them contain thousands of eggs just like those laid by Mrs. Trout and little fish are hatching from them every minute.

There are some troughs in which the eggs have all hatched, leaving a mass of fry from a few hours to a few days old, and all have big umbilical sacs or bread baskets where their stomachs ought to be.

Into one of these troughs the fish culturist puts the little waif from the city. What a wriggling mass of fish it is to which this little stranger is introduced. Not until the trough is darkened by a cover do they become quiet.

Every day the fish man looks over each trough to see how the eggs and fish are getting along. The minute a cover is removed the fry begin to

In his daily rounds the fish man cleans the screens at the lower ends of the troughs placed there to prevent the escape of the fry. Otherwise they will become clogged with egg shells and dead fish.

Of course, there are some dead ones each day, for what else can be expected from 40,000 baby fish crowded into one trough 12 or 14 feet long and as many inches wide? There are many oddly



"PICKING" EGGS AT FIELD STATION, GRAND MESA, COLORADO

wriggle—first one, then those next to him, and so the motion spreads until the entire mass is moving. Each one spins around on his portly abdomen, at the same time struggling to stem the current. Thus there is a tendency of the entire mass to move towards the head of the trough where the falling water assists the whirling movement, and this the fish man describes as rhythm of motion.

shaped little fishes which do not live after the bread basket is all gone, so the fish man picks these out—fishes with three heads or two heads and one body, Siamese twins, and humpbacks. Of these and other deformities too numerous to mention, the fish man always finds from ten to one hundred in every trough of fish.

After a month or six weeks the umbilical sacs have been so nearly emp-



tied that you cannot see what has become of them, and all the time the fish have been growing stronger and larger. You might not notice the growth because of the disappearance of the bread sacs, which are so prominent when the fish first pop out of the eggs.

The troughs become overcrowded, and this is a favorable season of the year to plant some of the fry where they can seek natural food when they become hungry, and hungry they surely will be soon after the bread sacs have been absorbed. So one-half of the fry are taken from each trough, measured out just as you might measure a small dipper of berries, and placed in large cans of water. The fish man has first counted out one dipperful of fish, in order that he may know just how many he is distributing. Then, too, it is desirable for him to measure them, for he must be careful not to overcrowd the cans, or the fish will be made sick or will smother. The cans are loaded on to wagons and hauled to little spring brooks, where the fish are carefully distributed, with the expectation that as they grow larger they will work their way down into larger streams.

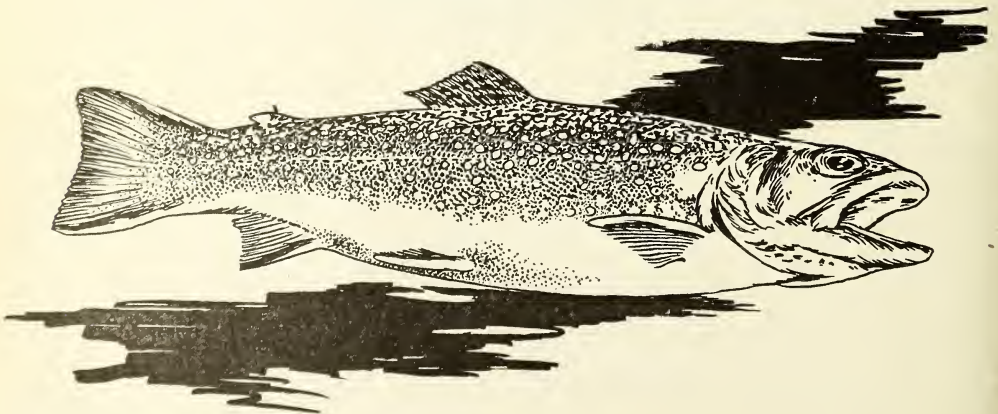
You will perhaps wonder how the fish man can count a dipperful of wriggling fry. He first fills the dipper with the little fish until they crowd it full to the brim and there is very little room for any water. Then he empties them into a pan of water. All this is

done so quickly that the little fellows do not suffer any injury from being crowded. While the fish are scattered in the pan of water, they are dipped out, a few at a time, by means of a small, flat net, and then counted as they are dipped. Having counted one dipperful, he uses it as a standard for measuring the others. There are other ways of getting at the number of small fish, but this is a quick and fairly accurate one.

At the end of another week the fifteen thousand fry in the trough with our orphan show signs of hunger by snapping at any particle floating on the water. Instead of wriggling about in the bottom of the trough, they are now full-fledged little fishes, swimming at various depths from the bottom to the top.

Now is the critical time with the fry, for they must be fed several times each day. The food usually consists of liver, ground very fine and then strained, only the liquid part being suitable for the baby fish. This is scattered in the water, and most of the little fish learn to take it eagerly, but there are always some weaklings which do not eat and must be removed. At the end of ten days the fish have grown so rapidly that they are again thinned out, a part of them being placed in out-of-door troughs.

*(To be continued)*



# THE LABORING MAN OF TO-DAY

## AS COMPARED WITH FIFTY YEARS AGO

*Comparison of Wages and Cost of Living in the past Fifty Years*

By RICHARD OLNEY, 2d

A COMPARISON of the condition of the laboring masses in 1900 with that of fifty or sixty years ago redounds to the benefit of the working people of the present generation. The working hours of the wage-earner are much shorter, his wages higher, his opportunities greater than those of his ancestors of fifty years ago. He is better able to provide his children with an education and certain advantages of life, which things were almost impossible a few years before the Civil War and for many years after. Whether the advent of organized labor or natural causes have played the more important part in the betterment of labor conditions is the question. There is no doubt that labor unions have proven an important factor in shortening labor hours and in raising wages. While the average wage-earner apparently enjoys the same comforts and advantages which he had in 1900, how much longer can he thrive under the existing condition of affairs, where the cost of living is proportionally higher than the increase of wages since 1900, and how much of his earnings can be laid by for a rainy day, as prices for real necessities of life were never higher, and they have been soaring every day?

Investigations among the woolen and cotton mills from 1850 to 1860 show that seventy-five hours constituted an average week's work, and the average pay for the operator per week was six or seven dollars. The spinners in the woolen and cotton mills were paid about \$25 per month, and pay day came once in three months. In 1856, and for some years after, the whistle blew at

5 o'clock; breakfast was had from 6:45 to 7:30 A.M.; dinner from 12 M. to 12:45 P.M., and at 7:45 the day's work was over. On Saturday the mills closed at 5:30 P.M. In the summer season the hours of employment were from 6 A.M. to 12 o'clock, and from 12:45 to 6:30 P.M., and on Saturdays the machines stopped at 5 o'clock.

In 1866 a spinner in the woolen mills received forty dollars per month and a weaver twenty. In the late seventies the factory employes were summoned to work before 6 o'clock and twelve hours constituted a day's work. In 1858 seventy-five cents a day was the average pay for a farm hand. Strange as it may seem, statistics show that while wages were extremely low, and the hours of labor long, before and some time after the Civil War, the actual cost of a few of the real necessities of life was considerably more than it is to-day. While prices on all commodities were excessively high during and just after the Civil War, yet prior to 1860 flour was sold at \$18 per barrel, tea at \$1.20 per pound, hardwood \$9.50 a cord, Franklin coal \$16 a ton, Lehigh coal at \$12 and \$13, and kerosene oil at 50 cents per gallon. In those days corporations conducted their own stores, where the employes were expected to purchase their goods. To-day the corporation store exists in some localities.

The question naturally arises: How could the laboring classes of forty or fifty years ago so husband their resources as to make both ends meet and keep out of debt?

The child-labor law was not then in



existence; consequently, the children worked in common with their parents. The employer of labor acted as a savings bank for the family, and quite a handsome sum would be forthcoming to the employes on pay day.

In the days before and after the Civil War the butcher had no difficulty in getting rid of the low qualities of meat, while to-day he finds the laboring man purchasing many of his best cuts. Forty or fifty years ago those of very moderate circumstances were not paying \$18 per barrel for flour, but were using a much cheaper cereal—rye meal—for bread.

Tables taken from Massachusetts reports showing the fluctuation in wages in various important branches of trade, and retail prices for commodities between 1860 and 1897, indicate a higher wage rate in 1897 than in 1881, while a general decline appears between 1872 and 1897.

In order to ascertain whether wages have really increased or declined, the prices of commodities and the purchasing power of money must be taken into account. From the report of "Statistics of Labor," a Massachusetts document published in 1897, it is noted that all articles under the head of "Groceries" show lower prices in 1897 than in 1881 with the single exception of "green Rio coffee," which shows an increase. Under the heading, "Provisions," lower prices in general are also shown, the exceptions being certain grades of beef, veal cutlets and mutton chops.

Lower quotations appear for fuel in 1897 than in 1881 or 1872, and the same statement applies to dry goods. Men's footwear was also less in 1897 than in 1881 or 1872. Under the head of "Rents," the rates are considerably lower in 1897 than in 1872, and slightly higher in 1897 than in 1881. The board rates for men and women were lower in 1897 than in 1872, and for men slightly lower than in 1881. For women, however, the rates were slightly higher in 1897 than in 1881.

It is plain, from what has been said as to the decline in prices, that for most

commodities larger quantities were obtainable for a dollar in 1897 than in 1881 or 1872. Some of the percentages of increase are very large, whether the figures for 1881 or 1872 be taken for a base; e. g., the quantity of flour purchased for one dollar shows an increase of 50 per cent. in 1897 as against that of 1881, and an even greater increase as against that of 1872. The increase in the quantity of granulated sugar purchasable for one dollar in 1897 as compared with 1881 was 96½, and as compared with 1872, 114½ per cent. The quantities of many articles of provisions, coal and dry goods thus purchasable also show large percentages of increase.

Upon the basis adopted by the congressional committee, which in 1892 presented an elaborate report on wages and prices, the results indicate a decrease in the price of groceries of 30 per cent. in 1897 as compared with 1881. Provisions show a decrease of 18.53 per cent. in 1897 as compared with both 1872 and 1881.

The improvement in the condition of the laboring man up to 1900 can be easily and briefly explained. The chief causes of the advanced cost of living since then are doubtless more difficult to fathom and determine. Shorter hours of labor for the laboring people, gained through legislation, concessions of capital and energy on the part of the labor unions, a more enlightened and intelligent workman, the large number of American workingmen who own their homes or other real estate—all bear witness to the improvement of the condition of the laboring man over that of twenty years ago. Increased prosperity in the business interests of the United States, steady employment of labor, a general and healthy demand for our goods abroad, the growth and upbuilding of the great West, the gradual enlightenment and broadening through education of the laboring people, new and important discoveries of minerals (principally gold and copper), have all been determining factors in bringing to the laboring masses an improvement in their condition within the last quar-

ter-century. Laws working detriment to labor, or at least not advantageous to its interests, have been gradually replaced with legislation which tends more to ameliorate its condition without causing estrangement between it and capital.

Several causes have determined the high cost of living to-day, and among them is the enormous increase in the production of gold, and the natural result has been a great advance in prices. The advance in prices has not been confined to any one section of the civilized world, but it is world-wide in its operations. The London *Economist* says:

"A bitter cry from far-away Budapesth! In no civilized country does the laborer and the skilled workman pay so much for the necessities of life as in Hungary. Everywhere the masses of the people are insisting on being better housed, clothed and fed."

Still another cause of the present high prices may be due to the practical exhaustion of the free public lands of the West; i. e., the tillage is declining in proportion to the number of people to be fed, which would inevitably produce an upward tendency in the price of agricultural produce. Throughout the East, particularly New England, the rapid growth of cities has been due largely to a general exodus from the farms, leaving a disproportionately small part of the population on the farms to produce the food of the nation. The constant demand of the city population has tended greatly to advance the prices of the articles of common consumption. The price of milk has steadily advanced for years, as the city demand has increased, while the enormous consumption of eggs at the soda fountain has been a large factor in the advanced price of eggs. The middleman is blamed for high prices for the necessities of life, and it is found that "butter sold at retail in Boston at 40 cents costs but 22 cents in Vermont, and that a ready-made suit which commands a retail price of \$15 costs but \$7.37, of which the cloth, presumably from New England mills, costs only \$2.60. The total cost of pro-

ducing a woman's skirt is \$4.85, yet it sells at retail for \$10. For dress goods selling at retail at 70 cents per yard, only 39 cents is received by the manufacturer." "In the decade from 1896 to 1907 a tendency towards extravagance by rich and poor alike stimulated business and elevated prices. Hitherto the habit of the people had been along the line of careful saving, but to-day the enjoyment of comforts, even of luxuries, is part of the every-day life of the so-called working classes, while more and more money is going into education, better attire, into good homes."

Doubtless, one of the causes of the higher cost of living expenses over that of ten years ago comes from the shortening of the hours of labor, with the same standard of wages maintained or increased. This can well be illustrated in the government of a town or city. If a town or city which has been employing day laborers at a fixed wage for ten hours a day so amends its by-laws that eight hours shall constitute a day's work, the natural consequence will be that it costs a little more to run a town or city, and the extra burden is borne and felt by the taxpayer, who is taxed a little more on his personal property and real estate. The same holds true in the mills and factories.

Compared with ten or even five years ago, famine prices now prevail, and the deplorable condition of affairs is going to hit especially hard the day laborer, unskilled mechanic, the clerk in the bank or store, the salaried man, and the girls and women in department stores. Wages have not increased within the past ten years commensurate with the great increase in prices of food and clothing. It really seems a preposterous statement to make, but a careful analysis of statistics shows that it is no exaggeration to say that it takes almost 85 cents to-day to pay for what 50 cents would buy ten years ago; e. g., let us compare the prices of a few important commodities of to-day with those of fifty years ago.

Ten years ago you could go into a country store and buy a barrel of flour for \$5.80; now the same brand costs



\$7.25; beans that now cost 15 cents a quart brought 7 cents in 1899; corn-meal to-day costs the same as ten years ago (this is some consolation); kerosene oil is about 40 per cent. higher to-day than in 1899; roast beef in 1899 cost the consumer 14 2-3 cents, as against 28 cents to-day; the best rump ten years ago was worth 25 cents—to-day it is worth 35 cents; corned beef, the "poor man's meat," has almost doubled, from 9 to 16 cents; veal fore-quarters worth 13 cents now bring 22 cents; fresh pork has jumped from 10 to 16 cents; smoked hams from 13 to 20 cents; sausages from 11 to 15 cents; lard from 8 to 16 cents. The brand of butter that sold for 26 cents now brings close to 40 cents; milk was 5 and 6 cents then, now 7, 8, 9 and 10 cents. Coal is up, wood is up; gas as fuel and light holds its own.

In the clothing line, shirting ten years ago at 8 cents was thought dear; now you call it a good trade at 15 cents a yard. Brown sheeting was 8 cents, now it is at least three times that, or 25 cents a yard; bleached sheeting was 9 cents, now it is 36 cents; ticking was 11 cents, now it is 16 cents.

Shoes are from 25 to 50 cents a pair higher, or if, for trade reasons, the price holds the same, the quality has deteriorated, and the same might be said of clothing. While it is quite possible to buy suits of clothing from \$10 to \$20 ready-made, the material must be largely of cotton or "shoddy." On account of the high tariff on wool it would be almost impossible to produce an all-wool, ready-made suit for less than \$25 or \$30. Under the Wilson bill, with free wool, it was quite possible to buy a tailor-made suit for \$30; the same goods to-day made up costs about \$50.

One very important commodity—oil—is really cheap to-day, even at 13 cents per gallon, compared with thirty or forty years ago, when it sold for 40 or 50 cents a gallon at retail. Yet within ten or fifteen years this same commodity sold as low as 6 or 8 cents a gallon.

Henry Cabot Lodge thinks that high prices are not made by the tariff, and

the world's prices have been advancing for the past fifteen years. He further states that "in manufactured articles some are cheaper here than abroad, because inventive skill and domestic competition have brought them down. Other articles made here cost more than elsewhere, because the labor costs more, and just there is the whole tariff question."

Other writers on the economic question think differently. Professor Harry Thurston Peck, in "Twenty Years of the Republic," in writing of the after-effects of the McKinley bill, which became a law October 1, 1890, states that: "Everywhere the pinch of higher prices was quickly felt, while no increase in wages was perceptible."

It is fair to state that wages were generally increased throughout the country after the passage of the McKinley bill, but not in proportion to the increased cost of living.

While wages fell off generally and perceptibly during the second administration of Grover Cleveland, from 1893 to 1897, the purchasing power of the dollar became much enhanced, and most of us can remember how really cheap the real necessities of life amounted to during the Cleveland administration. The hard times and panic of 1893 will ever be remembered by those who lived in that period. Business was generally stagnant in all trades and professions; mill machinery was silent for months; failures and suspensions followed one another; and when confidence was finally restored, business was conducted along more careful and conservative lines than ever before. The American people were remarkably blessed in having for their President during that panicky period a man of the honesty, ability and courage of Grover Cleveland. It was he who, on account of an almost depleted treasury, inherited from the previous administration, was compelled to issue bonds to maintain the credit of the nation. Early in 1894 the government gold fund had sunk to \$70,000,000, against which there was outstanding nearly \$500,000,000 of paper money, all

of it, according to the Cleveland policy, redeemable upon demand in gold. This step — the issue of bonds — had been contemplated by President Harrison at the close of his administration, for the drain upon the gold reserve had begun even then; but the necessity had been postponed by Secretary Charles Foster, who got a temporary loan of gold — about \$8,000,000 — from a group of New York bankers. Undoubtedly the slow progress of the Wilson bill prolonged the feeling of uncertainty in the business world and depressed all forms of industry. The Wilson bill became a law August 28, 1894, without the signature of the President. Mr. Cleveland, in a letter made public afterwards, thought the Wilson act better in some of its provisions than the existing tariff law.

The Wilson bill, as enacted, was far from a free trade bill, as some orators falsely preach, effecting an average reduction of duty less by 11 per cent. than that of the McKinley tariff. Mr. Cleveland's idea of a tariff measure was to give American manufacturers free raw materials, enabling them to produce as cheaply as the foreigner, and hence enhance the market for American-made goods, and that tariff charges should be reduced upon the necessities of life. A measure embodying these ideas, the Wilson bill, passed the House, but when it emerged from the Senate it had been so amended and modified that its original character was almost completely destroyed. Coal, iron ore, lumber and sugar were removed from the free list altogether, leaving wool and copper the only raw materials to be let in untaxed. While in the House of Representatives of 1893-94 there was a Democratic majority, the Senate was more evenly divided, having only a slight Democratic majority. Mr. Cleveland was probably not the most popular man with the United States Senate during his presidency. He had enemies in his own party, and because four or five of the Democratic senators allied themselves with their colleagues they were enabled to so cripple the Wilson bill as to make it practically unrecognizable as a

tariff reform measure. The practical defeat of this measure was undoubtedly one of the keenest disappointments in Mr. Cleveland's political tenure of office.

The heaviest deficit under President Cleveland's administration (\$69,000,000 in 1893-1894) occurred while the McKinley act was still in force, showing plainly enough that the Wilson act was in nowise responsible for the loss of the revenue from 1893 to 1895. Soon after President McKinley was inaugurated he called Congress together to restore the "high protective tariff," in spite of the fact that the treasury showed an actual surplus of nearly \$9,000,000. However, the question was not one of revenue. The old protected industries were crying for the favors which they had formerly enjoyed. The Dingley bill became a law July 24, and on the whole it resembled the McKinley act of 1890, though the average rate of duty on imports was slightly increased. The trusts and highly-protected industries were, of course, delighted.

The Payne-Aldrich bill, supposedly a step towards revision of the tariff downwards, was enacted into a law in the midsummer of 1909, and the trusts and highly-protected industries are still hugging themselves with glee. The Payne-Aldrich act, as far as it may operate to lower the prices of manufactured goods and the real necessities of life, promises to be a farce and a subterfuge. While the bill provides a moderate reduction on various articles of daily consumption, it seems as if the protected interests had been looked after very faithfully and carefully at Washington, and that material reduction in certain articles, while making good reading and having a tendency to fool the public, still keeps those articles safely protected from foreign competition. The writer has dwelt at some length on the tariff question, because he firmly believes that herein lies one of the main causes of the high cost of living, and that a high, protective tariff does not mean the greatest good to the greatest number.



We are surrounded with a tariff wall so high and impregnable that we are apt to come to industrial war with other nations. Germany is already discriminating against our meat products, while England, which has been prosperous under "free trade" for years, is agitating the tariff question through the Unionist party. It would not be at all surprising to see England adopt a moderate tariff within the next few years.

When wool was admitted free of duty under the Wilson act, it was predicted that the sheep industry would be ruined in the United States. The sheep industry in England has enjoyed almost uninterrupted prosperity for years under free trade. American manufacturers, besides using all the wool of this country, are obliged to import as much more.

Sugar is a product of Louisiana, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands. England does not produce sugar, yet this important article of consumption is sold as low, if not lower, there than here. Let us take the case of tin. The high tariff excludes this necessary article from Wales, and the domestic manufacturer gets the exclusive benefit.

A comparison of the cities of Detroit and Windsor (just over the border from Detroit) furnishes an example of the difference in cost of living. In Windsor the best butter is 28 cents a pound; eggs 34 cents a dozen; beef 30 per cent. less; pork and bacon 7 cents lower; vegetables are cheaper, also poultry. As a whole, it costs 25 per cent. less to live in Windsor than it does across the river in Detroit. The tariff on each article, if brought into the United States, just about accounts for the difference in price.

The original principle of protective tariff in this country meant the protection of our resources and energies against foreign competition.

The whole system of the Payne-Aldrich bill is one by which not the country at large is profited, but certain beneficiaries.

The writer has found from experience that in some localities in New

England the employes in mills and factories are better housed and clothed and better paid than in other localities. In the smaller towns, as a rule, rents and commodities are lower, and wages, if anything, a trifle higher, than in the cities. In the larger cities and towns, where, as a rule, the big woolen and cotton mills are hived, on account of a plentiful supply of help, labor is cheap, and the wages are apt to be lower.

There has been a remarkable influx of a mixed foreign population into the cities within the past ten years, principally of Slavs, Poles, Hungarians, Russians and Armenians.

In its present condition this class of labor lowers the standard of living among the working people, as well as the standard living wage.

During the panic of 1907-1908 wages suffered most notably. There was a wide curtailment in the production of manufactured articles; mills and factories ran on short time, and wages were reduced quite generally all over the United States. Now that prices have recovered, and in some cases of commodities have soared beyond the prices of the early months of 1907, have *wages increased proportionately* to meet the demand?

A report issued by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor shows that among 1000 men who had been compelled to ask aid the average yearly wage at full time varied from \$525 to \$515, and these were strong, able-bodied men with families, desirous of work, the percentage of skilled and unskilled laborers being about half and half.

A recent study of economic conditions in New York city under the Sage Foundations fixed \$800 as the sum necessary for a decent standard of living for a family of five or six (the average size).

"Another investigation, conducted by the Federal Bureau of Labor at Washington, shows the average income of 1415 workmen in the North Atlantic States to have been \$834. Against this average yearly income is placed an expenditure of \$778, leaving an apparent

balance of some \$50 for the annual surplus; but as the Washington investigations include a large majority of skilled workmen, the conclusion has not the force or pertinence of the New York inquiry."

Undoubtedly, it costs more to live than it ever did, and, while the house-keeper and storekeeper will never agree as to how much it costs, they both probably are of the opinion that people are living in greater comfort and luxury than ever before.

The workman may scoff when told, even by the Secretary of Agriculture, that "the average laborer is to-day living better than Queen Elizabeth did in her time." Secretary Wilson had just returned to Washington from a month's vacation on his Iowa farm, and was much impressed by the luxury in which the farmers lived. In the secretary's opinion, the workingman is inclined to live high, too.

"Take the meat bills of the laborer in Washington to-day," he said. "You will find that they eat meat three times a day—most of them—and, what is more, they are not contented with any kind; they want the best cuts. They can afford them. As a result, the price of meat is away up."

From opinion gathered from wholesale grocers in Boston, food necessities to-day, compared with five years ago, show the following increase: Beef, 30 per cent.; butter, 20 per cent.; poultry, 20 per cent.; eggs, 20 per cent.; cheese, 20 per cent.; potatoes, 20 per cent.

A mercantile agency announces that the cost of living is 49 per cent. more than in 1896; i. e.:

"The strain of higher prices for raw products," says Bradstreets, "is not only being felt by the manufacturers, who are in turn forced to advance prices on finished goods, but it is also inducing demand for higher wages by

employees, who are using the increased cost of living as a basis for enhanced remuneration.

"Notwithstanding the increased cost of living, Boston savings banks gained 5.24 per cent. in deposits last year, the total amount on hand October 31 being \$232,125,000, or nearly as much as the savings banks of the Western and Pacific States combined had in 1908. Some people's income have more than kept pace with their outgo."

The high cost of living caused by a prohibitive tariff wall, the intricacies and inefficiency of the Payne-Aldrich bill, "reciprocity with Canada," and the vetoing of an eight-hour law applying to public employers by a Republican Governor, were the main issues upon which the Democratic orators expatiated and brought to the attention of the voters in Massachusetts in the fall election of 1909, and that the people are considering these questions is evident from the great reversal of the state vote of 1908. In 1908 the Republican nominee for Governor was elected by 60,000 plurality and his running mate by 96,000. In 1909 the Democratic party, thoroughly organized and united, put forward a representative ticket and came within 7000 to 8000 votes of electing both Governor and Lieutenant-Governor.

These facts show clearly enough that the people are thinking for themselves these days, and that while a boom in general business may redound to the benefit of the few, and a partisan press may cry "Prosperity," yet it does not solve the problem of a high cost of living nor amelioration of the conditions of the great mass of our laboring population, which problem should call for most careful consideration and earnest action on the part of our most humane and public-spirited citizens and philanthropists.





# A TYPICAL YANKEE BIRD

By MARGARET WENTWORTH LEIGHTON

**T**OOT, toot—toot, toot, I come, I come; make way, make way," sounds a joyful shout as a grey-blue arrow shoots across the snowy field. "Toot, toot, I say, I say," the answering calls ring out on the crisp March air.

All the senses of our forest kin being so much more highly developed than our own, these jolly jays have perceived a hint of spring in the air, which is in nowise revealed to our duller senses, and are exulting in their discovery. There goes the troop of eight merry blue-coats. Watch them clutch the bare boughs, jump up and down and shout exuberantly.

The jay is a bird with a many-sided character. Some of the most eminent authorities on the subject assure us that he and his crow cousins possess larger brains and more wit than any other members of the feathered tribe. Certain it is that blue-coat is a philosophic fellow and readily adapts himself to all manner of hardships and privations for the sake of remaining in his northern home throughout the year. The very fact

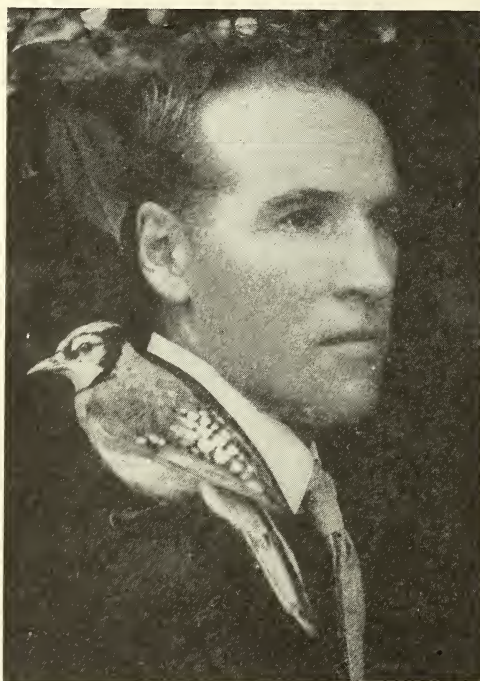
of his choosing to brave our severe winters is greatly to his credit.

The jay has many enemies, more perhaps than any other feathered New Englander. When autumn arrives, with its surcease from toil and its bountiful tables spread everywhere by nature's lavish hand, Sir Blue-Coat's

misdeeds are forgotten—or forgiven—and he is received in the best society. This is truly the birds' playtime. The cares and responsibilities of parenthood are over for the year and they feast and frolic to their hearts' content. Their autumn songs have a different quality from their spring raptures. Less ardent, but not less sweet, are these soft songs of thanksgiving.

During the nesting season the garrulous blue-coat has been silent as a Trappist monk, and Madam Jay

has talked to her babies in the softest of gurglings. Well they know that it would never do to betray, by ever so slight a sound, the whereabouts of their most precious possession—the nest of brown-spotted eggs, or the cradle of helpless young. In the autumn the jays seem to feel that they must com-



Photograph by Charles P. Price

OUR PET JAY ON A FAVORITE PERCH

compensate for their long silence, and, like imprisoned savages set free, with wild war-whoops these handsome scamps dart across the meadows and flit about the forest. They resemble the Indian in their vanity, their love of finery and their predacious habits.

Emulating their industrious neighbors, the squirrels and field-mice, they make a pretence at laying up a winter store of food, but it rarely serves for more than a quick lunch now and then,

They have a habit of frequenting the pinyon trees, and burying in the ground large numbers of pine nuts, which eventually grow into trees. Anyone who chooses may go into a woodlot, or even a backyard where there are oak trees, in early autumn, and watch the jays pluck the acorns, fly with them to some tree at quite a distance (loudly tooting all the way, as if to advertise their good work), and wedge them into cracks or crotches. Mr. For-



Photograph by Ernest Harold Baynes

#### BLUE-COAT

when blue-coat happens to remember where he has deposited a nut. He is particularly fond of acorns and chestnuts, and no one is more clever at opening a chestnut burr than this forest rogue.

The bluejay is a planter of trees, inadvertently, of course; yet this is a fact to be set down on his credit side. An old wood-chopper assures us that the jays originally planted thousands of the trees now growing in Arizona.

bush, state ornithologist for Massachusetts, tells us that he came across a young pine tree growing in the fork of a maple, ten feet from the ground, and there were no other pine anywhere near. There is no doubt but this was the work of a mischievous blue-coat.

How do the birds that brave New England winters live through the terrible storms that are sure to visit us during the inclement season? It has been truly said that the bird has not



where to lay his head. The evergreens are Nature's hostelrys for the homeless ones, and to some thicket of pine or cedar they usually betake themselves on the approach of a storm. But this is not always the case. One January morning, a few years ago, a severe northeast snowstorm set in, with the mercury only four degrees above zero. By noon it was raging with terrific force. At the south side of my home stands a group of birches and white oaks. One of the latter, still clothed in its garb of withered leaves, stretched a branch toward the house, which reached to within a couple of feet of a chamber window. Happening to glance from this window about two o'clock, I saw a bluejay nestled cosily among the brown leaves, one little twig just above



Photograph by B. S. Bowditch

#### A JAY'S CRADLE

his head forming a canopy. His feathers were fluffed out and his bright eyes peeped confidently at us. As the day waned, the storm increased. Twice the jay stood up and shook off the snow which had drifted over him, and settled himself in as comfortable a position as the circumstances would allow. How many times I wakened during that night to think of the little corpse, in its blue winding-sheet, which I should find beneath my window in the morning! As soon as it was light enough to see I looked apprehensively at the ground. No small, white mound, with a blue feather sticking through here and there, revealed itself. Eagerly

I glanced up and there, still clinging to the branch, his eyes as bright, his spirit as undaunted as ever, sat my brave bird. Who could help admiring such courage as he displayed? By eight o'clock the snow had ceased falling and a broad beam of sunshine shot through the parting clouds. I had the pleasure of seeing blue-coat, after a final shake, spread his wings, and, with a joyful shout, sail away in search of his breakfast, apparently no whit disturbed by the strenuous twenty-four hours he had just passed through.

Many persons assert that the jay is a robber, or cannibal, even. There was so much agitation among the farmers and the rural population in general that a few years ago our national government took up the subject and made an investigation. The stomachs of three hundred jays were examined during the nesting season. Out of this large number only three contained traces of the egg-shells of small birds, and but two the remains of nestlings. It was found that 76 per cent. of the jay's diet was vegetable, and of the 24 per cent. of his animal diet a large part consisted of injurious insects, such as caterpillars, wasps, grasshoppers and beetles.

The jay has been a great aid to our state entomologists in exterminating the overwhelming hordes of brown-tail and gypsy moths. Not only does he eat the caterpillars in the open, but I have seen him poke his inquiring beak beneath the burlap petticoats, which now adorn most of our shade and fruit trees, and secure the clusters of gypsy larvae and cocoons. He is especially fond of the pupae of these moths, and regards a bunch of the juicy morsels with the same feeling that we should devour a luscious bunch of grapes. What if blue-coat does steal a little corn or filch a few berries now and then? Does he not more than compensate for his pilferings by the good he does the farmer and the pleasure he affords the farmer's wife and children? How his constant presence, his cheerful tootings and his lively antics brighten the dreary winter days!

Blue-coat is an altruist, ready with-

out an instant's hesitation to take up the cause of any bird in the community in which he lives, even if it be at the risk of his own life. One morning in May I heard the unmistakable alarm cries of the jays, and hurried out to see what was amiss. In one of the tall oaks at the back of the house an enormous crow sat on the edge of a robin's nest, calmly devouring the blue eggs, while the robins cried piteously, and the jays, with angry screams, darted at him

One certainly would not attribute to the jay family any great skill in the musical line, yet were he to make a careful study of the *Corvidae* he would find that some members of the group possess remarkable vocal ability. Did you ever hear a jay talking, either to himself, to a companion, or speaking in a jay council? Truly, I know of no bird who seems to approach so closely to having a language of his own as does this garrulous fellow. Many persons



Photograph by Wilbur F. Smith

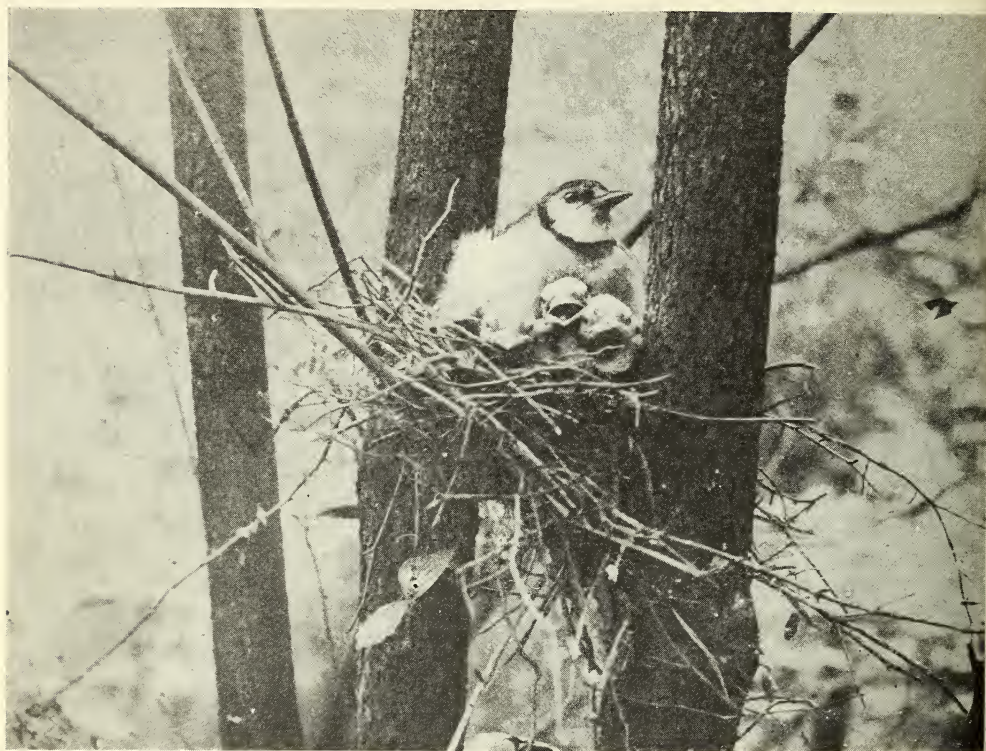
MADAM JAY INSPECTING HER COMPLETED NEST

from all sides. He was forced to leave his repast unfinished, and as he started for the woods he was pursued by the robins and jays, the latter darting and pecking him as rapidly as possible. I have seen an enormous crow vanquished by a single jay in mid-air, the latter, so much quicker and more agile in movement than the former, dropping on him from above and pecking at him till he was glad to seek shelter in a neighboring tree.

know only his harsh "jay-jay" scream—his alarm cry or his toot of triumph. Others are aware that he is a good mimic, sometimes uttering a hawk's cry so perfectly that the birds who hear it hasten to cover. Blue-coat is so full of mischief that this performance causes him huge delight.

I believe the people who have heard a jay sing in a clear, musical voice a truly charming little song are few and far between. It was my good fortune





Photograph by Wilbur F. Smith

#### MADAM JAY WITH HER BABES

one June to be presented with a young jay, which had been blown from the nest during a high wind. The bird was uninjured and readily adapted himself to the changed conditions which life with a human foster-mother necessitated. Before the end of a week he was following me about the house and grounds like a devoted puppy, and great was his delight when I crawled beneath the piazza to capture daddy-long-legs for him. How gayly he tripped up to receive each one from my fingers as I called to him.

Every morning I spent a half-hour before breakfast practicing singing. This performance interested the little jay immensely, and as soon as he heard the first notes struck on the piano he hastened to the parlor, settled himself comfortably on the lower rung of a chair and listened most intently. Before long he began making the most ludicrous attempts at singing that one

can imagine, but he improved daily, and by the end of his third week of practicing his performance was really remarkable. He improvised as he sang, but every now and then, in the midst of a delicious warble, he startled us by uttering a savage scream, which seemed not to mar the effect of his song in the least from the jay standpoint. Certain sounds and certain tunes always moved him to express his feelings in song; thunder storms, the whirr of the sewing machine, the faucet when running full force. James Hogg's "Skylark" was an especial favorite of the young jay, as were also selections from Mendelssohn's "Ninety-Fifth Psalm," "Dixie" and "Bonnie Laddie."

I have heard that the jays are especially kind to the old and infirm members of their tribe, feeding them, leading them to water and warning them of danger. This I cannot vouch for,

but I have seen a jay fly to my ears of corn, tied among the trees, fill his beak with the yellow kernels, flit to another jay who sat at her ease on a fence near by, and in a most gallant manner pass her the kernels one by one, till she had devoured them all, and then return and bring her a second beakful.

Why is it, I wonder, that so many of the birds, jays among them, continue to feed their young when the children have grown to be larger than their parents, and are entirely competent to provide for themselves? This summer I watched a pair of jays who

seemed to have assumed a double burden, for between every two beaksful of food brought to their young, who had left the nest, these devoted blue-coats stole a few moments to break dead twigs from the oak trees to weave into a new nest which they were hastening to complete in preparation for a second brood.

I think if one should say to me, "Your feathered friends are to be destroyed. You will never see them more. From among them you may choose one to remain," that one should be the blue-jay.



Photograph by Wilbur F. Smith

LITTLE BLUE-COATS



## "CHILE TROUBLE"

By JOSEPHINE COMPTON BRAY

**H**AS I ever seed any trouble? 'Deed I is!" replied Mammy, in answer to Miss Car'line's friend, who was seated on the opposite side of the laundry table, and was watching mammy as she slowly folded the clean clothes after she had sprinkled them from a large bowl of water beside her. "'Deed I is! An' my cup is done overflow'd wid it mo' den once. I done 'sperience it in both war an' peace, an' it come jes as nateral to me in one as de yuther. May be yo' don' know nuthin' 'bout dem darksome days when two big armies come in collision wid one 'nother an' didn't leave nuthin' but dissolution in dyah tracks an' consternation ev'rywhere. But dat is all over now an' de Bible tells us, 'Let de dade bury de dade.' De grass is done grow'd an' covered it all up; we's done shet our 'eyes an' put dem times behin' us, an' mos' all dem dat suffered den is done gone down to peaceful graves. De people has riz up from dyah prostration; dyah ain't no mo' weepin' nor gnashin' uv teeth kaze de sun is shinin' in dyah do's ag'in. Da has took dyah harps frum de willow trees an' is singin' de ole songs uv Zion ag'in.

"But yo' can't allurs forgit, no matter how hard yo' try. My ole Marster never did, an' after de war wuz over nobody didn't never durst mention it in his presence. But 'twa'n't no wonder, kaze my ole Marster had trouble same as de sparks dat fly upwards, only da wan never 'stinguished, which is most liable to us all. He sade hissself dat his cup wuz full of nuthin' but dregs up to the ve'y brim.

"I allurs thought he mout hev lived up against all dat if yuther trouble hadn't pressed so hard upon him, kaze

he wuz one uv de peacefullest, contentedest, happiest men yo' ever seed. He wuz allurs playin' wid de younger chillun, an' goin' on expeditions wid de older ones, 'specially Miss Virginia. Miss 'Lizabeth had been goin' roun' wid young Mr. Carter ever since da wuz chillun together, an' she wuz 'gaged to be married to him off an' on frum dat time till she married him. So she didn't take da same intrus' in things dat Miss Virginia did, 'ceptin' in de intermediate times when she done broke off her 'gagement; den she wuz ready to jine in wid every thing goin' on, and wuz de fuss to lean out de winder when de serenaders come."

"In dem days de girls 'gin to have beaux soon as da enter da teens, an' da didn't pay no 'tention to de governess when she try to tighten de reins. When da come home from boardin' school an' bring yuthers wid um, de young men couldn't do 'nough for dyah pleasure. Gittin' up ridin' parties an' sendin' over dyah bes' horses fur de visitors to ride, an' 'vitin' um to crabin' an' dancin' parties, an' goin' sailin', an' I don't know what all. Sometimes at night, when yo' soun' a-sleep, yo' heah suthin' wakin' yo' up like music; den me an' Tilly would jump up from our pallets on de flo' an' help de ladies slip on dyah dressin' gowns. We didn't make no light, but peep out de winder an' see in de moonlight de horses tied to de trees, an' shadows under de winder an' voices singin' suthin' 'bout 'Come Wid Me, Love,' an' 'How Can I Leave,' an' all dem kind uv songs.

"De girls clasp dyah han's an' whisper, 'Ain't it pretty?' an' 'Who does yo' think they are?' an' da name fuss one an' den de yuther, till de serenaders

come to de las' one, 'Farewell, My Love.'

"Sometimes ole Marster open de do' an' let um in to git a taste uv wine an' brandy dat wuz allurs standin' in de decaners on de sideboard. Dem curt'ny wuz happy times," Mammy said, meditatively. "Mars John had learned so fast dat he cotched up wid his tutorer an' wuz sont off to school, but it were 'tirely indifferent wid de girls. Miss 'Lizabeth wuz mostly occupied wid Mr. Carter, an' Miss Virginia wuz constant wid her father. He was mighty proud uv her an' well he mout be, fur she was a perfect beauty. Ev'ry body know'd it, an' tole her so, but it didn't spile her one bit. She wuz allurs ready to help every body, white or colored, an' singin' 'round de house jes like a mockin' bird. Ole Marster took her wid him on de long journeys to de cou't house, an' jurin' de intercession uv de Legislature, when de town wuz lively as a camp meetin'. Tilly wuz allurs busy gittin' her clo's ready an' packed, an' she allurs went wid her to wait on her.

"She wuz de foremos' in de fox hunts, an' dyah wan' nobody could set a horse like her; never movin' a inch frum de saddle when de horse leaped de ditches an' fences, an' she mostly brought home de bush hangin' frum de pomel uv her saddle. Ole Marster wuz close by her side, an' he kep' a steady watch on de young men dat crouded 'roun. I don' b'lieve he thought de king hisself wuz good 'nough fur her.

"Dis wuz 'fore de war; an' when all we fuss hyrd dat de bugle done soun' an' de people wuz risin' up, we didn't b'lieve it; but bime by ole Marster sade he wuz gwine git ready fur de wuss, an' Mars John comed home, an' da wuz all talkin' an' got 'cited, an' ole Miss and Miss 'Lizabeth wuz cryin' till da bof went away. Mars Richard wan' to go, too, an' beg an' beg; but he wa'n't nuthin' but a boy jes turnin' fifteen, tho' he wuz so big an' tall, an' old Marster s'waded him to stay at home an' take kere uv de res' uv de family.

"When de day come fur um to start,

an' da an' dyah horses, too, wuz dressed up in dyah new uniforms, ev'ry body went out on de piazza to see um off an' bid um good-bye.

"Ole Miss an' Miss 'Lizabeth couldn't stan' to see um go, an' da took de chil-lun an' went in an' shet de do' but Miss Virginia an' me an' Tilly watched um ridin' down de yard, de horses so proud uv dyah bridles and fringed saddles dat da wuz archin' dyah necks an' prancin' 'long wid dyah feet hardly techin' de groun'.

"Miss Virginia stood dyah laughin' an' wavin' her hankcher' high as she could hole it over her hade, an' me an' Tilly wuz hine her wavin' our aprons till da went thro' de big gate an' wuz out uv sight.

"De whole plantation know'd den dat war wuz gwine on, but we didn't heah nuthin', an' ev'ry thing went on jes' de same. At fuss ole Marster an' Mars John comed home once in a while; den da didn't come no mo'. We hyrd de big guns roarin' 'way off yonder somewhar', an' den da come nearer an' nearer, till it' peared like da wuz close by. We wuz so skeered dat didn't nobody go out de house 'ceptin' Mars Richard, an' he allurs took his gun an' 'clare he gwine shoot de fuss one dat come on de plantation. De colored people at de quarters sade dat de army wuz campin' right back uv de woods, an' dat da went over dyah to see what wuz goin' on, an' da kep' goin' an' goin', till Mars Richard sade dyah wan' many mo' lef', 'scusing dem at de house.

"We wuz gittin' on as bes' we could after dis, when early one mornin' we wuz waked op by a great noise. De house wuz shakin' like thunder, an' de cheirs sot to rockin' an' we couldn't stop um. It wan' worth while to try to eat nuthin', kaze de china rattled on de table like it wuz gwine jump off. We all sot down speechless an' we couldn't talk, but shook like de cups. We could heah de bugle soundin' an' de people shoutin' an' callin' an' de horses screamin', and we sot still jes like we wuz dade. Mars Richard stood close to ole Miss an' kep' tellin' her not to



mine it. Den sudden we hyrd a great shout, an' frum de winder we seed um comin' like a swarm uv bees, gallopin' dyah horses, an' some runnin', an' when da reached de fence roun' de lawn da didn't min' it no mo' dan if da had foun' it as low as da laid it. It wuz de same wid de big front gate—wan' nuthin' lef' but de two marble pos'es. When Mars Richard saw dis he picked up his gun an' run. Miss 'Lizabeth call to me an' Tilly, 'Go! go! an' save him! Da won' shoot yo' kaze yo' is black.'

"I took hole uv Tilly an' went fas' as we could, but da wuz shootin' when we got out in de yard, bof Mars Richard and de solgers, an' when de smoke cleared 'way Mars Richard wuz on de groun'. I runned to him an' kep' callin' 'Mars Richard! Mars Richard!' but he wouldn't speak; he lay still. One uv de solgers took hole uv me an' sade:

"'What is yo' doin' out heah? Go in de house!'"

"'Is yo' done kill Mars Richard?' I ax him. 'Is he dade? What old Miss gwine do? Is yo' done kill my marster?'"

"'Yo' ain't got no marster!' he answer; 'yo' is jes as free as I is!'"

"'I don't kear if I is free!' I say. 'Dis is my ole Misses' chile, an' my marster.' I looked at Mars Richard wid de blood runnin' out his mouf an' felt jes like I gwine drap dade, too. I wuz mad, too; an' while me an' Tilly wuz callin' dat solger names an' sassin' him, another one come up to us wid epataphs on his shoulders an' ac' like he wuz tearin' mad. When he call 'Who done dis?' de fuss solger looked skeared an' took off his cap an' call him captain, an' 'low dat de rebel shot fuss; but de captain 'clare he wan' gwine take no 'cuse fur dis barbarous ac' an' he gwine see jestice done. He 'peared dreadful sorry an' kneeled down by Mars Richard an' took hole uv his han's an' say he gwine carry him in de house an' do what he could; but somebody call an' heah come Miss Virginia. When she git up to where we wuz, she sade to de captain:

"'Don' yo' tech my brother! Yo'

done kill him! Don' yo' come nigh him!'"

"He tried his bes' to tell her how it were an' dat he wan' to help her, but she wouldn't listen to nuthin', an' put her arms 'roun' Mars Richard an' tole me an' Tilly to help, an' we took him in de house. I never know'd we could do it, he wuz so big, but sorrow made us strong. Nobody dat ain't never been in no war can't never feel what dat day wuz to my ole Miss, not 'cusin' de res' uv us.

"De captain come to de door mo' dan once an' ax fur Miss Virginia, but she wouldn't see him. Den he writ to her. At fuss she wouldn't read it, but when she did she went out an' talked wid him. After dat she let him tend to every thing 'bout buryin' Mars Richard in de family graveyard dat wuz 'tached to de garden.

"Before we wuz ready de sun had gone down in de red sky, an' de moon wuz sailin' 'long de clouds, when old Miss an' every body, white an' colored, come out de house an' kneeled down roun' de grave, while Miss Virginia read de Bible an' prayed. De captain wuz dyah, too, mournin' wid all we, an' de mockin' bird wuz singin' in a whisper like he was sorry, too.

"After dat de captain couldn't do 'nough fur none uv de family. Dyah wuz so many solgers dat he couldn't subject um all de time, an' da soon 'stroyed every thing on de plantation, but he kep' a watch on de house, an' didn't nuthin' 'sturb us.

"Ole Miss wouldn't 'low fur him to come in de house, an' Miss Virginia had to 'municate wid him at de do'.

"When de war wuz over an' peace an' silence wuz pronounced, ole Marster and Mars John come home fur good. Mars John didn't have a scratch on him, but ole Marster had been shot in de lef' bres' bone uv his back, an' though de doctor had extricated de ball, he allurs had to walk wid a cane. He didn't laugh like he used to, an' never sade nuthin'. We know'd what wuz on his min', and dat he wuz thinkin' 'bout de destruction uv de plantation an' Mars Richard's grave.

"Some uv de colored people dat went 'way comed back an' wanted to stay home, an' 'gin to tell ole Marster why da lef', but he sade: 'Stop right dyah! I don' wan' to know nuthin' 'bout it; go to work an' I will give yo' justice.'

"Den every body went to work; Mars John, he help, too, an' ole Marster did what he could. Miss 'Lizabeth kep' school wid de chillun an' wuz de cheer-fuls' one uv us all.

"De reason why wuz, she told all we, dat Mr. Carter done fight through de whole war, an' had his cloze full uv bullet holes, an' been commoted, an' he hadn't los' nary leg nor nuthin' in de combat. So she had suthin' to ric-concile her. But Miss Virginia 'pear like she couldn't settle herself to nuthin', an' when she talk low to her mother ole Miss seem like she gwine 'stracted. I sade to Tilly dat I b'lieve Miss Virginia gwine in a decline. Tilly answer, 'Deed she ain', but Miss Virginia tole her dat she wuz 'gaged to be married to de captain, an' she mus'n't say nuthin' 'bout it, kaze she is 'fraid to let ole Marster know.

"When Tilly sade this my teeth 'gin to rattle, an' I tole her she done put me in a perfec' ague, but I know'd it goin' to kill ole Marster. But ole Marster done notice himself dat' strange letters been comin', an' he know'd, too, if ole Miss couldn't drink her coffee suthin' mus' be de matter, an' he ax what it were. Every body wuz so frightened dat da couldn't speak an' ole Marster axed ag'in, an' speak so sharp dat Miss Virginia stood right up an' tole him all. An' when she see dat look come over his face, like he gwine trap dade, she run to him an' put her arms 'roun' his neck, an' cry an' beg him not to take it so hard, an' to forgive her.

"He groaned a long time, an' den he sade he done have to stan' a heap uv trouble, but dis wuz de wuss uv all. Den he put his han' on her hade an' kissed her, and sade dat dis were a terrible shock, but da gwine furgit all 'bout it an' never mention it no mo'. But when she shake her hade an' don'

speak, he pushed her frum him, an' he blame ole Miss an' rage an' carry on so dat me an' Tilly run an' hide.

"Miss Virginia stood like a rock 'g'inst de whole family. She done allurs had her own way, an' she wuz boun' to have it now. When ole Marster hyrd dat she done took Tilly wid her an' met de captain mo' dan once in some exclusive place, I cert'n'y wuz sorry fur him. He couldn't stan' it no longer, an' he locked Miss Virginia up in her room an' wouldn't let Tilly go nigh her, nor 'low ole Miss to let me take her nuthin' to eat but what he put on de plate. An' he 'clare nobody shouldn't speak to her till she promise dat she wouldn't see da captain no mo'.

"I know'd, an' ole Miss did, too, dat Tilly wuz sendin' up things to eat in a basket dat wuz tied to a string an' went up an' down frum her winder wid letters. But nobody didn't say nuthin', an' bime by things took a turn.

"It wuz gittin' nigh 'lection time, an' ole Marster had to go down in de county to vote. He allurs started early in de mornin' an' didn't git back till night—every body know'd dat; an' when da day come an' he done rode away, Miss Virginia called to her mother to come to de do', kaze she got suthin' to say to her. Den she told ole Miss dat she gwine off to git married dat very day. Dat de plans all done made an' she wuz 'spectin' de carriage to come fur her any minute.

"Ole Miss was so frustrated dat it took some time fur her to collec' herself, an' den she say she ain' gwine to have nuthin' to do wid it; dat ole Marster gwine put de whole blame on her. So she ordered de kerrige an' took de res' uv de fam'ly an' Sally Ann to spen' de day wid her cousin. Da had no mo' dan driv' out uv sight when Miss Virginia sade: 'I see dus' 'way up de road an' I think da is comin'. Tell Peter an' Jackson to bring de long ladder an' put it up to de winder, so I ken come down.' When da com erunnin' wid it, Peter sade:

"'Oh! Miss Virginia, what ole Marster gwine say if all we put it up dyah?'



"'Don't tech it den,' she answer; 'lay it down right dyah. I ain't gwine to bring trouble on nobody else.'

"By dis time de kerrige done dash up to de gate wid de horses all in a foam, an' a tall, slim young man dat I know'd wuz de captain jumped out an' run under de winder an' ax, 'Is yo' ready?' an' she say, 'Yes, I is; put up de ladder an' I will come down.'

"He called de coachman an' da put de ladder up, an' he went up hisself an' helped her down jes' as tender as if she had been a baby. While he wuz puttin' her in de kerrige an' gittin' in hisself, de coachman rushed de trunk down de ladder, an' 'fo' yo' could take yo' bref da wuz gone, tearin' down de road, wid Tilly an' her ban' box settin' up in front wid de coachman.

"We wuz 'fraid to throw rice or ole shoes after um, but when Miss Virginia looked frum de winder an' waved her han'k'chief we took off our ap'ons an' hats an' waved um an' called, 'Good-bye, Miss Virginia! De Lord bless yo', honey! Good-bye!'

"Dyah wan' no need uv um rushin' so, kaze dyah wan' nobody to chase after um, an' da mus' hev got half-way to Washin'ton 'fo' ole Marster done cas' his fuss vote or take his fuss dram; an' it were 'way off yonder todes night 'fo' he come home.

"Ole Miss done make sure dat she wan' gwine git dyah fuss, an' it were a blessin' dat she let de storm bus' 'fo' she did, fur ole Marster wuz mos' 'stracted out uv his senses.

"As de days went by he quieted down an' gived up, jes' like people 'bleged to do when da done bury dyah dade. He jes' sot still an' read de paper an' his hade turned white. It was jest de same wid de res' uv us, but we didn't make no complaint. It wan't dat we minded so much she had runned off an' 'loped to git married, kaze dat wuz nachral 'nough wid all we down ole home; de young people wuz constant vanquishin' away when dyah wan't no 'jection raised 'ceptin' dat de young man wuz a little wile or suthin'; an' den come a letter sayin' da done got married. Da wuz allurs soon back

home ag'in an' treated wid love an' happiness.

"But dis heah case uv Miss Virginia wuz 'tirely indifferent. It wan't only dat de man wuz a total stranger, but he had been a solger fightin' on de yuther side, an' it wan't nach'al fur none uv our family to countenance him, nor see no good in him, even if he had been lined wid gold; but, 'stead uv dat, we hyrd dat he didn't have nuthin' but a half-pay office under de guv'ment, an' it wan' no mo' dan a year 'fo' somebody bring de word dat he done los' even dat, kaze he was sick.

"Den de news come dat he had consumption an' wuz gittin' wusser an' wusser, an' dat da wuz as po' as a church mouse. Ole Miss 'clare she ain' goin' stan' it no longer, wid Miss Virginia starvin' an' she 'bleged to speak to ole Marster. But when ole Marster foun' out what she wuz leadin' up to, he wave his han' an' turn away.

"Bime by a ominous letter bedout no name to it come to ole Miss, sayin' de captain wuz dade an' Miss Virginia wuz mos' dade, too.

"Ole Miss took dat letter an' put it in ole Marster's han', an' when he done read it he put it on de table an' laid his white hade down on it, an' yo' could see him shake all over. Den he sade to ole Miss, 'I gwine dyah an' bring her home,' an' he started off dat very day; an' when da come back he had to take her out de kerrige in his arms an' lay her on her own bade. She wuz so reduced to nuthin' dat we didn't know her fur Miss Virginia. She smiled when she looked 'roun' de room an' seed us all dyah, an' sade she wuz so happy in her married life till sorrow come; an' now dat she done seed us all once mo', she was wuz ready to die, too. Dat made us turn our hades an' go out de room—all but ole Marster, an' I hyrd him say:

"'Don' yo' talk dat way, kaze in a little while we is gwine have yo' out in de sunshine.' Sure 'nough, it wan' long 'fo' she wuz settin' out do's under de big trees in de easy Morrison cheir, an' ole Marster wuz 'side her radin' suthin' dat would mak her laugh an' singin' de

ole huntin' songs; likewise he would take his fiddle out dyah, an' he could make it ring, too, playin' 'Dandy Jim' an' 'Ole Dan Tucker' wid sich a hasty turn in de corner uv de chune dat yo' would almos' think it were my Uncle Moses, who wuz a nachral-born fiddler, an' no mistake.

"Ole Miss would sometimes take her knittin' out dyah, too; but she wuz so broken down dat she couldn't stan' nuthin'. All we know'd well 'nough dat Miss Virginia done made up her min' she wan' gwine to stay heah. Every day she got weaker an' weaker; she didn't 'pear to care no mo' fur de rose dat Miss 'Lizabeth fotched her, an' de chillun had to play quiet.

"But old Marster kep' on readin' an' singin' an' playin' when he wuz wid her, 'ceptin' he did it easy now; but when he lef' her an' come in de house he pulled down de blinds an' laid down on his face on de sofa.

"One mornin' (it was de las' day, an' she done tole us so), when she lay back in de big cheir wid de sun makin' long shadders, an' de birds singin', she called fur us all an' sade she wuz mos' home; dat she been mighty happy in dis worl', but she gwine be happier in de yuther one. Dat she wan' 'fraid to cross de river kaze Jesus wuz wid her, an' she gwine wait fur all we on de yuther shore. Den she couldn't say no mo', an' she shet her eyes herself an' wuz gone."

Mammy paused here to heave a deep sigh; then went on:

"Yes! my ole Marster had a heap uv trouble, but he wan' de onliest one whose cup done brim over, 'specially rouble 'bout chillun; I done had some sperience myself, like my mother befo' me.

"She had thirteen chillun an' mostly very one uv um wuz infants at de same time; an' when de las' one come le Miss sade she done search an' earch an' couldn't find no mo' names, an' she sade dat my mother done have no' dan her share already, an' dat dis ne mus' be called Lastly.

"Every body know'd dat thirteen uz a unlucky number, an' da didn't

'low fur Lastly to live de fuss year out; but she kep' on an' grow'd up in spite uv all de 'zasters she wuz subjec' to, but which never overtook her. We wuz allurs 'spectin' dat Lastly would fall out de cherry tree an' brake her neck, or git drowned in de branch, or dat de rattlesnake would bite her, or suthin' else would bring her to a timely en'; an' when I comed up heah wid Miss Car'line I kep' sayin' to myself:

"'Lastly done already live to a good middlin' age an' she has allurs been right smart an' well, but sometime dyah is sure to come a change, an' I ain't gwine be surprised if I outlives her, to heah some day dat she has been took wid some kine uv 'zease an' is gone.'

"Sure 'nough, I hadn't been up hyah mo' dan ten years 'fo' de Lord in his mercy thought bes' to cut her off in her prime, an' my sister Rosetta sont a letter to say dat Lastly done lef' a orphanless little girl, jes' lackin' eight years an' one month, an' she sade dat although she had ten chillun in her own right she wuz willin' to add one mo' to de lis', 'vidin' de res' uv de 'lations would sen' in a perscription fur to support her. I cultivated dat question over an' over in my mine as to what wuz bes' to do fur Dinah Matildy.

"Yo' see, dis chile wuz named after both me an' Tilly, so in case we wuz to die she would be a livin' monument. When my mine got settled I sont word to Sister Rosetta dat I didn't feel jested in prescribin' fur Dinah Matildy, fur de reason dat ever since death delivered me from my first husband I had 'cided never to enter into no mo' partnerships, an' I wan' willin' to do nuthin' under de accusin' circumstances but to take de whole uv de chile.

"My sister Rosetta an' Miss 'Liz'beth both sont word dat Dinah Matildah was bes' off where she were, Miss Car'line jined in wid um, an' 'low we had 'nuf chillun in de house now an' couldn't have no mo'. I sade I wuz goin' to git some good 'oman to take keer uv her fur me, an' sen' her to day school an' Sunday school, an' raise her up to be a fust class 'oman. I 'quired



'roun', an' Mrs. Benson, who lived down in de village, sade she wuz jes' what she wanted to wait on de table an' de do' bell, an' dat she would sen' her to school, too.

"Miss Car'line didn't raise no second 'jection, so I sont de ticket an' forwarded word fur um to sen' her by express, wid an attachment on her uv a card, fastened wid her name an' destitution. When I hyrd she wuz on de way, an' she didn't come at de 'p'inted time, I went right into Boston an' asked de chief in de depot why de chile had not been delivered. He sade dat an accidental had tracked de car on de side, but da wuz all right now an' had started ag'in, an' wuz liable to come any minute. While he wuz tellin' me dis de train come bus'in in de station. When we foun' dat chile she wuz layin' down on de seat, too sick to hole her hade up. All 'roun' her wuz piled up bags an' bags uv cakes an' doughnuts an' 'nannas an' candy, an' I don' know what all.

"Dyah wuz a kine 'oman wid her, who tole me dat ev'ry body in de car noticed dat she wuz plackarded, an' da 'peared like da wuz 'fraid she would git lonesome an' hungry an' kep' s'plyin' her wid things, an' she had been eatin' ever since de fuss day she started, an' nobody didn't let her res' day or night. She sade, too, dat I ought to be thankful dat dyah wuz any life lef' in her, an' I better take her home soon as I could, 'fo' she die on my han's.

"I tole de lady dat she highly recommended herself to me, an' I wuz gwine to pray fur her dat she might hev one mo' star added to her crown. Dis prayer wuz likewise extended to de policeman who helped me to git her home 'fo' she died, an' I wuz mo' dan a week, 'sisted by de whole family, added to de doctor, gittin' dat chile's stomach qualified and settled in de right place. When she got well I sade to her:

"'De Lord is done raised yo' frum a bed uv woe an' set yo' on yo' feet ag'in; he done 'liver yo' frum de lion's mouf an' de fiery furnace to give him thanks. Kneel down dyah an' lem me

heah yo' pray!' She couldn't say a word. I call Miss Car'line an' tole her how I had weighed de chile in de balance an' foun' her wantin' Miss Car'line 'scused her an' sade de chile wuz skeered. I didn't wan' to 'cept dat 'pology, kaze every las' one uv our chillun can speak sunthin' at de fuss call. When I took de twinzes to class meetin' at my church an' ax de preacher fur de privilege uv lettin' um give in dyah testimony, he tole me he wuz struck speechless wid 'mazement when Sweety an' Honey stood up an' sade, 'I had a little poney!' No wonder he wuz! kaze our chillun ain't no dummies, an' we don' let um keep dyah light concealed under a bushel, but is allurs pinetin' fur um to go up higher, an' dat's what I wanted to 'press on de mine uv Dinah Matildy.

"After I done learn her to pray, I made her set down every day an' tole her jes' like I tells our chillun: 'Yo is goin' to school an' learn frum de books, but yo' ain't gwine to fine it easy. De Lord planted de tree uv knowledge hisself and' put de fruit 'way up on de top, so yo' got to climb to git it. Yo' wants de bes', too, dat is hard to pull off, an' not dat what falls on de groun' an' any body ken pick up.' But Dinah Matildy kep' cryin' and 'clarin' dat she didn't wan' to clime no trees but dem in de orchard down ole home.

"After she went to Mrs. Benson's she cheered up some, an' 'peared to take right smart intrus' in de school; but bime by, when I 'gin to question her 'bout de condition uv her soul, I foun' out dat Mrs. Benson wuz learnin' her prayers out de book, an' I couldn't stan' dat an' went right over dyah an' brought her home. Mrs. Benson tried to argufy wid me an' ax, 'Does yo' say de prayer, "Our Father"?' I answer, 'Curtny I dose.' Den she say, 'De Lord made dat prayer fur yo' and yo' gits it out a book; de prayer yo' preacher makes fur yo' ain't no mo' yourn dan dese!' But I tole her dat I didn't b'lieve in no prayer dat didn't come frum de spontaneous soul.

"But it didn't 'pear like trouble wid dat chile wuz ever gwine cease, fur it

wan' six months after I got her settled in another good home when I went to see how she was gittin' 'long an' foun' out dat she wan' gwine to neither church nor school—jes' stayin' home rockin' de cradle an' takin' keer uv de yuther chillun an' runnin' erran's, till she wuz so thin dat she wuz de same as a whippo'will. De lady sade dat Dinah Matildy didn't wan' to go to school kaze de chillun laughed at her bein' so big in de infantry class, an' da wouldn't call her Dinah Matildy, but gived her de nickle name uv Dinny, fur short, an' so she thought it bes' to hev her read to her nights. Wuss dan dat, Dinah Matildy wan' gwine to no church bekaze de 'oman wuz a specialist in 'ligeon, an' didn't have to 'pend on nuthin' to help her gain de victory; she jes' had to set down an' 'clare she gwine do suthin' an' she did it bedout movin'; an' she tole Dinah Matildy dat she would do mos' uv de prayin' fur her herself, an' all dat Dinah Matildy had to do wuz to think it out at de 'p'inted time; an' she sade it didn't make no difference where she were, dyah mines would jine an' testify together jes' de same as if da wuz side an' side, an' dat da could battle 'g'inst sickness an' health an' keep on livin' an' 'joyin' daselves, an' nuthin' wan' gwine 'sturb um no mo'.

"When dat lady tried to 'splain all dis to me, an' sade she wuz a preacher uv de word an' had been glorified, I wuz so 'mazed dat I wuz sturck dumb wid silence, an' kep' saying to myself, 'When yo' speaks, don' be hasty; let yo' answer be yea! yea! nay! nay!' When I had cultivated my mine to a easy state I sade to her:

"I is dis chile's mother an' likewise her father, an' stands 'sponsible fur her, so dat I feels obligated to 'nounce dat she is certny on de broad road to distruction. I don' trus' nobody to come twix' me an' my maker, kaze we can allers settle it bes' twix' ourselves, an' don' want no interference frum outsiders dat keep patchin' up one thing an' another, callin' it 'ligeon an' makin' it so easy fur yo' to git to heaven dat yo' ain't even got to knock at de do',

fur de reason dat de angel dat usually stands dyah keepin' guard wid de flamin' sword an' axes fur yo' testimony has done 'sert his pos', an' all yo' got to do now is to walk in an' take yo' seat bedout even a weddin' garment on'.

"I tole her dat I felt convicted dat I hadn't foun' out befo' dat she wuz standin' on sich uncertain groun'; dat Dinah Matildy done already jepordize her soul, an' I wuz jestified in takin' her home' mediate, fo' de seed she done sow had time to bear fruit to de chile's everlastin' condemnation.

"Heah I wuz ag'in wid de chile on my han's, an' I wuz so 'sturbed in my mine dat I couldn't sleep night nor day; an' I 'gin to think dat I certny gwine loose my seat in heaven if suthin' wan' done soon, an' de onliest thing I could 'side on wuz to lay it all 'fo' de Lord in prayer, an' tell him dat although I done bring de case uv dis chile befo' him so many times, I know'd he would 'scuse me fur comin' ag'in kaze de Bible done tole us dat his patience wan' never 'zausted, an' I begged him to settle de vexatious subjec'.

"Sure 'nough, dat very night, while I lay dyah thinkin' 'bout it, de answer come right befo' me, an' it sade, 'Don' yo' hol' on to dat chile no longer; give her up an' sen' her where she belongs; leastwise yo' gwine to lose all de 'ligeon yo' got.'

"Next day I tole Miss Car'line 'bout it; an' she 'greed wid me dat I done been a faithful steward and done de bes' I could, an' de onliest thing now wuz to sen' Dinah Matildy back down ole home. Didn't nobody veject, an' Dinah Matildy wuz glad 'nough to go; an' when I got her ready I had a plackard writ an' tacked on to her, sayin':

"'Dis ain't no po' chile; she is got fren's bof north an' south, an' is goin' down ole home. She is s'plied wid every convenience an' plenty to eat, so please don' nobody add nuthin' to her; kaze if you do, it gwine bring her to pain an' sorrow an' likewise her fren's, as de pas' done testify; so please 'scuse her.'

"It wan' long 'fo' I had a chance to thank de Lord fur what I had done. De



news come frum down ole home dat a great revival wuz in opperation, an' Dinah Matildy was de fuss one dat sought de mourners' bench; an' although it kep' all de preachers an' deacons busy two whole days an' nights prayin' fur her, she got through at las', and wuz now changed frum herseli to a totally indifferent person. So I thanked de Lord ag'in an' washed her off my han's. Dis is why I sade dyah wan' no trouble like chile trouble, whether it come to yo' wid de dade or de livin'. People talk 'bout dis trouble an' dat trouble, an' mostly en's by 'clairin' dat marryin' is de wus uv all; but 'sperience done show me dat dyah ain't nuthin' like chile trouble; husban' trouble aint' no tech to it. Yo' chile is yo' own, an' if dat chile go astray, yo' claims him jes' de same as yourn; but da tells me dat yo' husband ain't no real 'lation to yo' nohow, an' dat mus' be de reason why yo' don' mine sometimes gittin' shed uv him 'tirely. When my fuss husban' died I done my juty by him an' kep' on deep mournin' fur over a year, which wuz mo' dan he deserved, kaze he wan' allurs what he wuz 'lotted out to be; but yo' know it is mostly allurs dat way—if da ain't one thing, da

is another, an' dat is what makes de trouble. How many times is I been married? Laws, chile, I ain't never been married but oncet! I ain't but one widder! An' ever since I wuz cast asunder I has never thought it bes' to obligate myself ag'in. 'Tain't dat I ain't had plenty uv chances to change my fuss lawful name; no, indeed! It were jes' las' winter dat Brother Hains uv de fuss Baptis' keep comin' out heah from Boston, tellin' me 'bout his great possessions an' hintin' like he wan' me to share um, when he sont me a letter jes' 'bout Valentine's Day wid suthin' like dis:

"'Deares' 'Sociate: When yo' receives dis epistle I hope yo' eyes will forever flow, not wid sorrow, but wid joy.' Honey 'clared dat he gwine git me a valentine to sen' him an' ax me fur de money; I tole Honey dat he wan' worth but five cents, but he 'sisted on ten. When he come home from school dat night, Honey sade he bought candy wid de money, kaze he 'cided dat Brother Hains wan' worth nary cent. I told him I know'd dat, 'specially since I done learn dat he had overgrown daughters an' a stepmother-in-law livin' wid him.

## MIDNIGHT

Noon by the shortened shadows at my feet,  
Noon by the tolling bells in yonder tower,—  
And yet I know full well it is the midnight hour!

'Tis midnight and from musky climes remote  
The slow-winged zephyrs steal an opiate breath  
And all the halls of life are hung with sable death.

I had not thought our mortal parts contained  
So still a place, a chamber so remote,  
That one should pace the street and hear its strident note  
Less than the drippings of Adullah's cave,  
Or as the highest branches of the tree,  
Or as a muffled oar afar upon the sea:—

A folded page, a tiny crest of gold,  
A word or two—alas what little things  
Can still the heart, close-pressed amid the strings!

# THE TRAGIC IN THE LIFE OF AARON BURR

By ROBERT N. REEVES

THERE is no character in American political history more mysterious, more tragic, and, for those very reasons, more fascinating than that of Aaron Burr.

Had Burr died at the close of the American Revolution, there would have been no element of mystery in his career to baffle inquiring minds. As a soldier he would have taken his place in history as one of the bravest of American patriots. His wonderful power to command, so ably exhibited in the long march on Quebec; his indifference to fatigue and hunger; his fortitude in sharing the privations of his soldiers; his courage in battle, as when under the heights of Quebec he seized the fallen body of General Montgomery and bore that dying patriot on his shoulder down the snow-covered slopes, amidst a hail of British grape-shot, entitles him to rank as a hero of the type of Anthony Wayne and Ethan Allen. Aaron Burr came out of the Revolutionary War, said sturdy John Adams, "with the character of a knight, without fear and an able officer."

The mysterious part of Burr's life—the part that is replete with vicissitudes, misfortune, tragedy and ill-conceived schemes that border close to treason—began after his election to the vice-presidency.

In 1801 Burr was Vice-President of the United States, having been elected to that office after a spirited contest with Jefferson for the presidency. To all appearances, his position was one to be envied.

There was but one note of discord in Burr's otherwise harmonious existence, and that was the continued hostility of Alexander Hamilton. Ever since they had served together as aides on General

Washington's staff, Burr and Hamilton had shown an ever-increasing jealousy and bitterness toward each other. During the years that Burr was Vice-President this enmity reached its height. Party strife was bitter in those days. Political quarrels were carried into private life. It was the era of ill-feeling, and in the bosoms of no two men was this spirit nourished and kept alive with such intensity as in Burr and Hamilton. Burr, in his quiet, secretive way, did all he could to undermine the political ambitions of Hamilton, and Hamilton, by open, vehement speech and voluminous correspondence, full of strong epithets, sought at every opportunity to prejudice the public mind against Burr.

At last, Burr, stung to the quick, set about to do the deed that was to be the cause of all his subsequent misfortunes. In a letter so worded that Hamilton could not escape, save by abject apology, he challenged him to a duel. Though opposed to duelling (for a favorite son of his had been killed in a duel fought a short time before), Hamilton was too lofty-minded to apologize and too courageous to refuse the challenge. He therefore reluctantly accepted it. The tragedy that followed is too familiar to dwell upon. July 11, 1804, at sunrise, in the woods of Weehawken, near the banks of the Hudson, they met. At the command of Pendleton, one of the seconds, Burr raised his pistol, took deliberate aim and fired. Hamilton instantly sprang convulsively upward, reeled a little, discharged his pistol involuntarily into the air and then fell forward, mortally wounded. A few days later he was dead, and the nation had lost a brilliant and popular statesman and Burr had wrought his own ruin.



The sudden and tragic death of Hamilton produced a universal feeling of sympathy and sorrow, and brought down upon Burr's head a storm of condemnation. When the correspondence that passed between Burr and Hamilton prior to the duel was published, the public, for the most part, felt that Hamilton had been trapped to his death. The friends of Burr and the enemies of Hamilton alike deprecated the act.

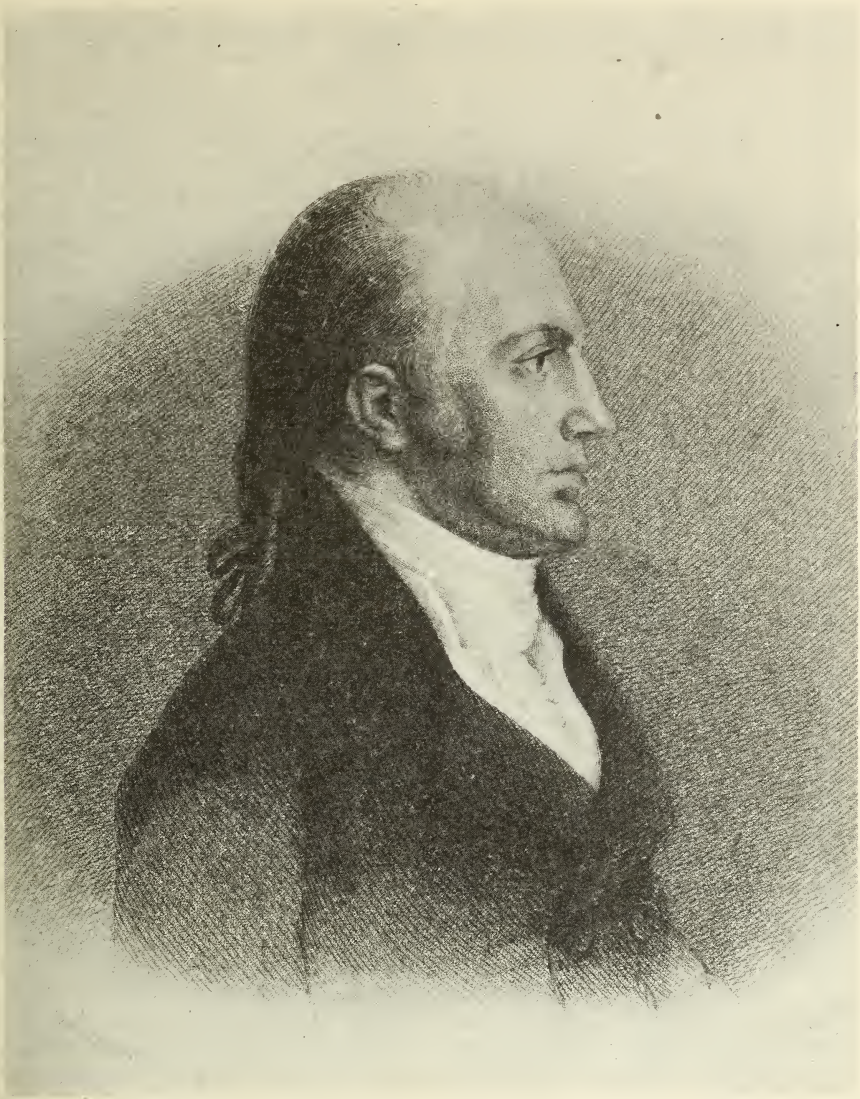
To escape the storm of disapproval about him, Burr fled stealthily by sea to Georgia. Here, where the custom of duelling was still highly regarded, and where Hamilton was not so well known, the Vice-President was soon transformed from a fugitive from justice into an exiled hero. After a month's stay, during which time he was mostly occupied in attending fetes and receptions, he returned to Washington to take his place at the head of the Senate, welcome his successor, De Witt Clinton, and say farewell to his fellow-senators. This was his last appearance upon the political stage, and a pathetic one it must have been to a man of Burr's talents and sensibility. It is said that his farewell address, for grace, depth of thought and affecting leave-taking, is one of the most impressive ever delivered in the Senate.

At this time New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and the New England States were, politically, the nation; and as Burr had now lost his popularity in these states, he turned his eyes toward the West. Two years before, the government had purchased Louisiana from France. This opened up the mouth of the Mississippi to the settlers in the Southwest, who for years had been forced to pay heavy tribute to Spain, who held the mouth of the river. The tardiness of the government in bringing Spain to terms created much dissatisfaction amongst the people of the Southwest. There was, besides, much dissatisfaction amongst the people of Mexico, who chafed beneath the Spanish yoke. To this section of the country Burr now eagerly directed his steps.

On his voyage down the Ohio River he stopped at an island about three hundred miles above Cincinnati, the home of the now historic Harman Blennerhassett, an eccentric, wealthy Irishman, who had spent many years and a fortune in carving for himself out of the wilds of nature a home of remarkable beauty. Charmed by the magnificence of the island, Burr determined to make himself acquainted with its owner. He found Blennerhassett surrounded by books, paintings, statuary, instruments of science and all the evidences of intellect and refinement. Captivated by all this, he welcomed the invitation of his host to remain over night, and his host, captivated in turn by the fame, intelligence and vivacity of his guest, formed for him a friendship which in an incredibly short time was to result in the loss of honor, fortune and friends. To Burr this chance visit meant much; but to Blennerhassett it meant everything.

Continuing his venturesome voyage, Burr floated down the Mississippi until he came to New Orleans, where a great reception awaited him, and where for nearly three weeks he was treated like a conqueror. No doubt his popularity in this section of the country had its effect in determining his future actions. His mind teemed with schemes for the independence of Mexico, and he looked about for assistance. Stationed on the borders of the Spanish provinces, and intrusted with the defence of the southern frontier, was General James Wilkinson, then general-in-chief of the armies of the United States, with whom Burr had fought in the Revolutionary War. To him Burr confided his project, and, from all that can be learned, Wilkinson seems to have eagerly become a party to it.

In the winter of 1805-1806 Burr was back in Washington, his mind now set on the conquest of Mexico. In a few months he gathered about him hundreds of people who were willing to risk their lives and their fortunes in such an expedition. Not only did he recruit a small army from the hardy inhabitants of Kentucky, Tennessee



AARON BURR

and neighboring states, but he also obtained the aid and support of such men of wealth and influence as Marinus Willett, afterward mayor of New York; General Dayton, General Adair, General Dupiester, and even General Andrew Jackson. To Harman Blennerhassett, Burr presented the glory of conquest so vividly that that gentleman gave up everything to join the invading forces. Of all the people

throughout the country whom Burr succeeded in aiding him, few knew his real plans. They knew that Spain had ruled tyrannically over Mexico, and that Burr, in some way or other, was to assist the Mexicans to obtain their independence. Only to a very few did Burr make known the fact that he contemplated something far more ambitious. In letters which he wrote in cipher to General Wilkinson and to Blennerhas-



sett he revealed his real design. It was to conquer Mexico from the Spaniards, place himself at the head of the new government as emperor, and then leave it to the states of the West to decide whether they would go into the Union or become a part of his new government.

The government, however, began to scent danger, and a United States district attorney, located at Frankfort, Ky., seized the opportunity to gain fame for himself by demanding that Burr appear before the court in that district and answer to the charge of being engaged in an enterprise contrary to the laws of the United States. To his surprise, Burr answered the summons fearlessly, came to Frankfort with his counsel, Henry Clay, and left the court completely victorious, to return again to the Southwest and continue operations.

His victory, however, was short-lived. General Wilkinson, becoming alarmed at the possible consequences likely to follow an attempt to revolutionize Mexico, suddenly changed front and dispatched a messenger to President Jefferson, revealing everything. The President, fearing a revolt of the Western states, at once issued a proclamation and suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*. Instantly the entire country was aroused to a high pitch of excitement at Burr's disloyalty to the Union. A reward of two thousand dollars was offered for his arrest. He was soon captured, and after a tedious and perilous march through the swamps and wildernesses of the Southern states, brought to Richmond, Va., and placed in jail.

Most men would have been disheartened by this sudden change of affairs for the worse. Burr, on the contrary, maintained the same easy, genial and convincing manner that made people admire him in spite of themselves.

"I hope sir," said his jailer, "that it would not be disagreeable to you if I should lock the door after dark."

"By no means," calmly replied Burr; "I should prefer it, to keep out intruders."

His only apprehension at this time seems to have been that the news of his arrest and imprisonment would unduly excite his daughter Theodosia, the one great object of his affections.

On May 22, 1807, Burr was placed on trial for treason before Chief Justice Marshall. Then began one of the most remarkable trials in the history of this country. Never before had a greater array of legal talent or a more distinguished throng of spectators appeared in an American court-room. William Wirt was there, John Randolph, Edmund Randolph, Luther Martin, Andrew Jackson, Washington Irving, Winfield Scott, and a host of Burr's friends from New York. The trial lasted all summer and ended in an acquittal, as there was no conclusive evidence that Burr intended to sever the Western states from the Union.

Though acquitted of the charge of treason, Burr was now ruined both in fortune and in name. His home on Richmond Hill, that historic mansion overlooking the Hudson River, with its wealth of books and art, had been sold to satisfy his creditors; his person was still subject to imprisonment for debt, and he was also liable to arrest on a government indictment for a misdemeanor. For several months after his acquittal he remained concealed in New York to prevent further prosecution. While his expedition for Mexican independence had thus far proven a disastrous failure, he by no means abandoned the project, but resolved to visit Europe and seek foreign aid. Bidding an affectionate farewell to Theodosia, and intrusting to her his private papers and the collection of such debts as were owing him, which were in a measure to provide for his maintenance while abroad, he secretly left New York and made his way to Nova Scotia, where he boarded a British mail packet, and under the name of G. H. Edwards sailed for England.

On arriving in England he was greeted with news that for the time completely shattered his hopes of securing the aid of either England or France, the two nations from whom he

most expected it. Two days before his arrival Joseph Bonaparte had marched into Madrid and been proclaimed King of Spain; and England, so hostile to Napoleon, at once took the part of the dethroned king. There was, therefore, slight chance that England would in any way assist Burr in a scheme detrimental to the Spaniards, nor could he hope that Napoleon would listen to any overtures toward the independence of a country that was part of a nation he had conquered. The indefatigable Burr, nevertheless, sought out George Canning, Lord Castlereagh and other British officials, before whom he laid his plans, but received in return not the slightest encouragement.

While the government frowned upon him, British society, on the other hand, received him with open arms. He was the lion of the drawing room, the banquet table and the platform. His bravery as a soldier, his former position as Vice-President, his duel with Hamilton, his Mexican expedition and his sensational trial, together with his magnetic personality and wonderful conversational powers, made him an object of interest and respect wherever he went. He was welcomed as a guest by William Goodwin and Mary Woolstoncraft; by Jeremy Bentham, the philosopher; Feseli, the painter, and by such literary lights as Henry Mackenzie, Charles Lamb and Sir Walter Scott. William Cobbett was so impressed with Burr's talents that he discussed seriously how the ex-Vice-President of the United States might be made a member of the British Parliament.

In the midst of a season of gayety in Edinburgh, Burr was informed by friends that he must return at once to London, as the government evinced great distrust of him and was about to take some active measures. Suspecting that he was under surveillance, and having a presentiment of impending danger, he immediately on his return to London packed up his papers, and under the name of "Mr. Kirby," took quarters in a cheap lodging-house.

About a week after his change of

residence four officers of the government entered his room and informed him that he was under arrest by virtue of a warrant issued by the English premier, Lord Liverpool—in other words, he was a prisoner of state. His trunks, containing all his papers, were taken from him and he was detained as a prisoner for three days. Then came a polite note from Lord Liverpool, apologizing for the occurrence and in the most diplomatic manner possible conveying to Burr the fact that his presence in Great Britain was embarrassing to the government, and that he was expected to leave its jurisdiction.

From England, Burr went to Sweden, where he remained five months. Fearing the rigors of a Swedish winter, he left that country and traveled leisurely toward France, enjoying everywhere the same social triumphs that he had enjoyed in England and Scotland. In Germany he was warmly received by Niebuhr, the historian, and by Goethe, the latter entertaining him for several evenings at his home in Weimar. Learning that Napoleon was considering the independence of Mexico and the other Spanish colonies, Burr hurried to France and sought out the Emperor's ministers in an effort to have an interview with the man who was then the greatest power in the world. He wrote lengthy letters; he waited in the ante-chamber of numerous ministers, in the hope of securing some encouragement. He sent a messenger to Prince Talleyrand, who, of all ministers, stood closest to the Emperor; but that shrewd diplomat, whom Burr had once toasted and feted at Richmond Hill, sent back this reply: "Say to Colonel Burr that I will receive him to-morrow; but tell him also that General Hamilton's likeness always hangs over my mantel." It is needless to say that Burr did not call. In desperation he addressed a memorial to the Emperor himself, praying for an interview. But there came no response from Napoleon. Disappointed at the ill success of his efforts, he decided to give up entirely his scheme for the independence of Mexico and re-



turn to America. When he applied for his passports he found to his great surprise that these were denied him. No explanation was forthcoming, save that he would not be permitted to leave the country. It did not take Burr long to learn that there was a conspiracy amongst certain American residents of Paris not only to keep him in France, but also to make his life there as miserable as possible. It was agreed that any American citizen who should converse with or even salute him was to be shunned in turn by his fellow-countrymen. His mail, too, was intercepted, and captains of incoming and outgoing vessels were forbidden to deliver any letter or package to him, or take any from him. He was to be an exile in the fullest sense of that word.

Cut off from remittances from America, and with apparently no hope of receiving assistance in France, he soon found himself in a serious predicament. His finances were already at their lowest, winter was approaching, and his prospect of even existing was gloomy. Yet he took his condition philosophically, attributing it entirely to the influence and machinations of Talleyrand and the American ambassador at Paris. "How sedate one is with only three sous," he wrote in his diary. He took quarters in the cheapest of lodging places, and purchased only the absolute necessities of life, often going without fire in order that he might be able to purchase food.

Extracts from his diary written during this period indicate the privations that he was forced to endure. Under date of November 23, 1810, we find this item: "Nothing from America, and really I shall starve. Borrowed three francs to-day. Four or five little debts keep me in constant alarm." And again, a few days later, he writes: "Went at Denon's; thought I might as well go to St. Pelasgie; set off, but recollected I owed the woman who sits in the passage two sous for a segar, so turned about to pursue my way by Pont des Arts, which was within fifty paces; remembered I had not where-

with to pay the toll, being two sous; had to go all the way round by the Pont Royal, more than half a mile."

His diary is filled with similar details, and yet there is not to be found anywhere in it a single melancholy or disconsolate expression. Suspected and watched by the French government ostracized by his own countrymen, without occupation, money or friends, this remarkable man continued cheerful, firm and dignified. Amongst the American colonists in Paris, Burr soon discovered a friend in the person of Edward Griswold, a former member of the New York bar, who advanced him a sum sufficient to meet his expenses, and promised also to pay his passage to America, provided a passport could be obtained. A small portion of the money thus advanced Burr laid aside for the purposes intended by Griswold, but the greater part he at once, with characteristic generosity and imprudence invested in expensive presents for Theodosia and her son, "Gampillo."

He now changed the course of his solicitations. Instead of seeking Mexican independence, he now sought after his own. For months his days and nights were spent in writing letters and seeking audiences with ministers and court officials in an almost vain effort to secure the necessary passport. Again he addressed a memorial to Napoleon, eloquently setting forth his circumstances, but again there was no response. At last Count Denon, who had been with Napoleon in Egypt, and for whom the Emperor had a profound regard, learning of Burr's deplorable condition, interceded in his behalf and secured Napoleon's consent, and Burr was permitted to quit France. In some mysterious way, however, the passport, which required the signatures of various officials of the French government, was lost or stolen before it reached Burr, and he was forced to wait patiently six long months before he could obtain another one. When a second one was finally made out a new obstacle presented itself to prevent his departure. He had during his enforced stay in Paris existed only by the grace



THEODOSIA BURR

of numerous creditors who, as soon as they learned that he intended to quit France, demanded that their accounts against him be first settled. Burr again appealed to Count Denon, who, not being a man of wealth himself, obtained a loan for him from the rich Duc de Bassano.

Eagerly he took passage for America on the "Vigilant." Wherever he had gone and whatever misfortunes had befallen him, he had always been sustained by the encouraging letters of

Theodosia. In France the government had prevented many of her letters from reaching him. Her enforced silence had been a source of great pain to him, and it was with the anxious, hopeful heart of an affectionate father that he now turned his eyes oceanward. His hopes, however, were mingled with fresh fears. Difficulties had arisen between England and America, and Burr realized that vessels leaving France for America were in danger of capture. The "Vigilant" had scarcely reached



the high seas when it was seized by a British frigate and taken to England as a prize and Burr found himself an unwilling inhabitant of a country from which he had been driven two years before. With but little money, he now made his way to London, where he eked out an existence by selling his books and a collection of coins, and pawning the presents that he had purchased for his daughter and his grandson. He still continued to keep a diary, and in it he records his London experience.

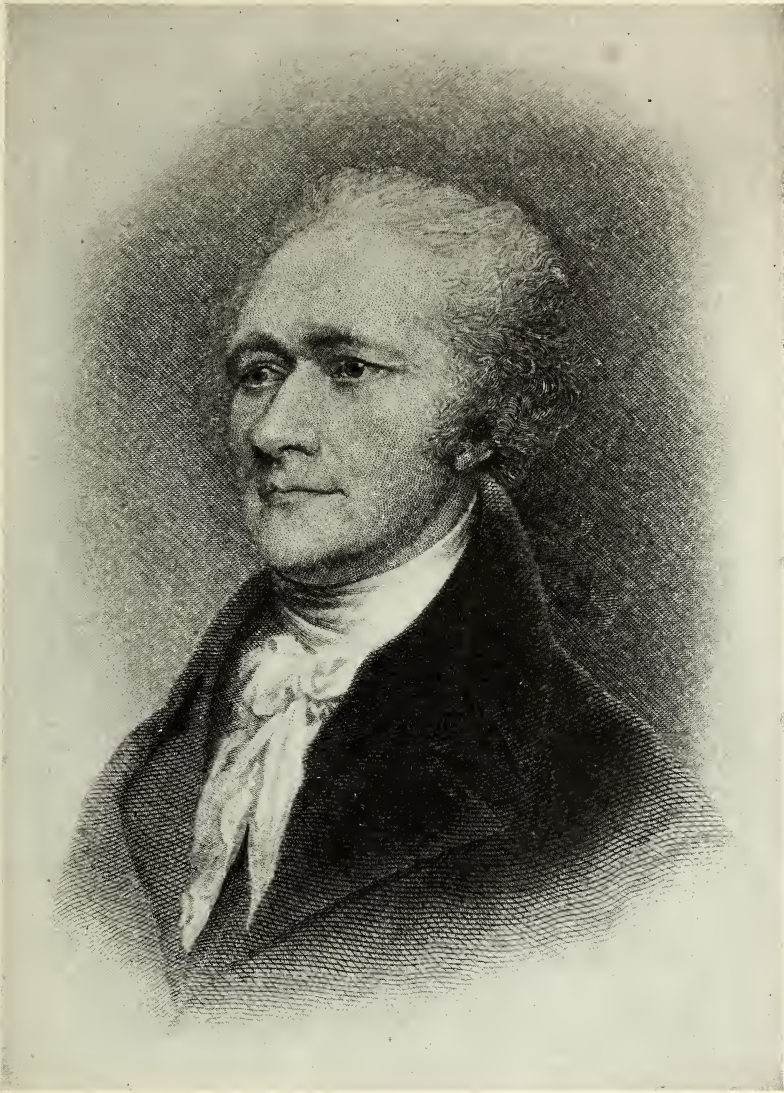
"I find my appetite," he says, "in the inverse ratio to my purse, and I now conceive why the poor eat so much when they can get it. Considering the state of my finances, resolved to-day to lay out the whole instantly in necessities, lest some folly or some beggar should rob me of a shilling. Bought, viz., half a pound of beef, eightpence; a quarter of a pound of ham, sixpence; one pound of brown sugar, eightpence; two pounds of bread, eightpence; ten pounds of potatoes, fivepence; having left elevenpence, treated myself to a pot of ale, eightpence; and now, with threepence in my purse, have read the second volume of 'Ida.'"

Upon this supply of food he lived for eight days, cooking his own meals. After months of this life he finally succeeded, by selling the balance of his books and borrowing from friends, in securing for a second time passage to America. His life in London had been one of extreme poverty and he left England without regret, remarking that he hoped never to visit that country again, unless at the head of fifty thousand men.

It was not without danger to himself that Burr landed in Boston. Government prosecutions still hung over his head, and numerous New York creditors were anxiously waiting for the opportunity to put him in jail for debt. He, therefore, concealed his identity from the public. Disguised with a wig, false whiskers and strange garments, and under the name of A. Arnot, he took lodgings at a small boarding-house kept by the widow of a sea cap-

tain near one of the Boston wharves. But Burr was a man of great activity, and this life of seclusion that he was compelled to lead soon proved exceedingly irksome. Throwing aside his disguise, he went to New York, determined to risk the consequences. With a capital of ten dollars and a large law library which he borrowed from a retired lawyer whom he had once befriended, he opened up a law office at number 23 Nassau street, and boldly announced that fact in the newspapers. In earlier days he had been associated with Hamilton and others in some of New York's most important cases, and his reputation as a successful advocate had not been forgotten by the people of New York. His office was soon crowded with litigants, and within twelve days he had been given retainer fees amounting in all to over two thousand dollars.

In high spirits he wrote to Theodosia, telling her of his prosperity and his hopeful future. To his cheerful letter came a heartbreaking one from Theodosia, stating that Gampillo, his grandson, of whom he was so passionately fond, and for whom he had walked the streets of London and Paris in search of pretty trinkets, was dead. The shock was a severe one to Burr, and he never ceased to grieve over the child's sudden death. Then came the great climax of Burr's unhappy, tragic life. The grief of Theodosia over the death of her only child was insupportable. Her health failed her and her mind became bewildered. The letters she wrote to her father were full only of grief and despair. At last, Burr, thinking his influence would restore her health and happiness, determined to have her visit New York, and for that purpose he sent a physician to Charleston, S. C., to accompany her on the journey. They embarked for New York on a pilot boat, the *Patriot*. It was a staunch craft and was expected to make the trip in five or six days. Soon after departing, terrific storms raged all along the Atlantic coast, and the *Patriot* was never heard of again. What was its fate or the fate of its pas-



ALEXANDER HAMILTON

sengers was never learned. It was often rumored that the boat had been captured by pirates and the passengers and crew murdered. Years afterward two criminals executed at Norfolk Va., gave some substance to this story by declaring that they were members of a band of "bankers" who had wrecked and pillaged the Patriot.

When it was suggested to Burr that the Patriot might have been captured by pirates, and that Theodosia might

still be alive, he replied: "No, no; she is indeed dead. Were she alive, all the prisons in the world could not keep her from her father." She was his realization of an ideal woman, and all his hopes and affections had been centered in her and her child. Now that they were dead, hope, happiness and ambition no doubt died within him. Yet to the outside world he bore his heavy affliction stoically. He was not of a nature to give way to open grief or de-



spair. It was a part of his creed to make fortitude a virtue, and to take the inevitable without a murmur. The seal that he most frequently used upon his correspondence was a rock, solitary in the midst of a tempestuous sea, with the inscription: "Nec flatu nec fluctu"—neither by wind nor wave.

Often he was seen walking along the Battery, gazing wistfully oceanward, with the fond, faint hope perhaps that some day his Theodosia would return; and passing pedestrians at night often noticed an old man sitting silent and alone before an old baise table in a dusty law office. But Burr never prated his sorrows to the world; never gave voice to remorse or despair, either by mouth or pen, and the world was kept in ignorance of the thoughts that must have surged through the old man's brain as he sat alone without a wife, brother, sister, child or lineal descendant and reviewed, perhaps, the strange triumphs, tragedies and misfortunes through which he had passed.

The Patriot was lost in 1813. For twenty years after, Burr continued to live in New York a life of unusual activity. He was up at dawn and at his office, working zealously in the interests of his numerous clients; for despite the odium still attached to his name, his wonderful ability as an advo-

cate brought him many intricate cases involving large sums, and enabling him to make enormous fees, which were almost immediately eaten up by his numerous creditors—most of whom were holders of Mexican debts—who had a habit of falling upon him from time to time with such vindictive fury that it required all his ingenuity to keep out of jail. What his creditors did not get, charity obtained, for Burr was always a lavish giver to those who appealed to him for aid. His home was a rendezvous for men like Luther Martin and Dr. Hosack, whom age or intemperance had rendered unfit to continue the battle of life.

In 1883, while walking with a friend down lower Broadway, Burr suddenly came to a halt and sank heavily into the arms of his friend. "What is the matter, colonel?" asked the friend "I don't know," was the reply; "something seems to be the matter; I can't step. There's no feeling in my limbs."

That was the beginning of the end. For three years Burr suffered uncomplainingly with paralysis. In the end he was himself an object of charity. September 14, 1836, at the age of eighty, he breathed his last in a lodging house, where he was sheltered by the daughter of an army officer whom he had once befriended.

## HOOKER: ON BEACON HILL

By FREDERIC MERRILL PYKE

How grimly, in the grey, uncertain dawn,  
 He sits his shadowy, midnight steed,  
 Enwreathed in night-fog, but writ deep upon  
 His brow the daring of the dragon-breed,  
 Like some dark specter which the dreadful womb  
 Of night casts up into our peaceful morn,  
 Breathing of wars and fratricidal gloom.  
 Destiny incarnate, yet unborn,  
 He looks abroad, implacable and stern,  
 And steadfast, bending somber, sightless eyes  
 Beyond the baubles that our times display,  
 Into the glowing East as to discern,  
 Amid the splendors of its flaming skies,  
 His country's fortunes brightening with the day.

# THE EXTERNAL FEMININE

By JANE ORTH

With the fast-disappearing bits of snow from the bare, brown earth come new flashes of color in the field of fashion. Brown in many shades, green—mainly in the emerald tones—queer tones of red, some of them on the brick and mahogany blend, and black, black, black! Black in the dull taffetas, black in the lustrous silks and crepes, and relieved in many instances with slight gilt trimming and dead-white somewhere; at the throat, perhaps, or white plumes in the black hat. Old rose, too, will have its share of recognition among spring and summer colors.

One new gown in a modiste's show-room was of leaf-green crepe satin. The long-pointed tunic fell over a skirt formed of a side-pleated flounce. The tunic, instead of falling loose from the skirt, was caught to it in a slight puff. The front of the tunic was embroidered in black, dark green and blue:

The top of the bodice betrays the drooping shoulder line, which is back in fashion and likely to remain for several seasons.

The sleeve had a short cap and cut in one with the bodice. This, of course, lengthens the shoulder effect.

The décolletage is shallow and square, and there is an extra-wide band of the embroidery around the figure, under the arms and across the edge of the short sleeve.

Another new model is of grass-green mousseline over deep-cream satin the skirt bordered with deep-green velvet. A tunic that drips from shoulder to hem on one side and is slashed up to the hip on the other, of dotted-green mousseline, bordered with braid embroidery in the same color.

Above the belt—there is sure to be a belt these days—the material is drawn

up in folds to the shoulder, and in wider folds around the arm to the elbow. A line of brown fur runs like a mad hare from waist to shoulder, back and front. The rounded yoke with stock is of darned net. The belt is of turquoise blue velvet, drawn up to the slightly high waist line in the back

Belts are essential this season; even coats for street wear have them of the material, or of soft patent leather. Coats for motoring and driving have heavily-stitched belts attached to the foundations and lifted slightly above the waist line.

The belts of the season are neither simple nor inconspicuous. They are resplendent and expensive, suggestive of all the eastern gorgeousness. They are of metal net, heavily embroidered in gold and silver, in crystals and beads, taking the form of Egyptian characters and symbols.

Many of the very dressy belts are outlined at both edges with a band of brilliant sequins in such colors as turquoise, peacock green, blue, Burgundy red and black. Others, massive and heavy, are made of linked metal, set with heavy stones and ending in huge buckles. One cannot call them artistic, but they are fashionable. They can be prettily imitated with the heavy metal mesh nets, which hold any amount of embroidery worked out in attractive designs. These fit into the form with more grace than do the metal ones. The stiff belts are no longer worn. They were very well in the days of slender waists, but now, with the statistical twenty-eight-inch measurement, well, they simply won't do—that's all.

While patent leather is the preferred stock for leather belts, there is



a great deal of saddle leather used. There are two distinct ways of wearing these belts, and the preferable one is that which lifts the waist line without destroying its curve. This is easily managed by the strips through which the belt runs.

The new sleeves are indeed radical, to say the least. To see one sleeve trimmed with lace and the other studied with jet and metal is sufficiently eccentric, but a shivering shudder is produced by the sight of one sleeve in lace and pink chiffon and the other of green velvet and marten fur!

The sleeve used chiefly in blouses has its fullness confined in a cap at the top, and is finished with a long, tight cuff. Some of the very dressy blouses have sleeves of a short kimono shape, over a long, tucked cuff of transparent fabric. The three-quarter sleeve is on the way. It is seen in coats, house-gowns, smart blouses and top wraps.

The sleeves of the new evening gowns are very picturesque. A sort of scarf drapery sleeve, which is very effective, made of metal tulle, embroidered. This sleeve is put into the arm-hole with folds at the under seam; is cut three-quarter length under the arm and long enough to reach the hem of the gown at back. This is finished with galoon or satin. In the majority of ball dresses the sleeves are made of the dress material and garnished with lace, embroidery and jewels, or embroidery and lace.

### About Tailor-Mades

The new tailor-mades have the usual variety of novel touches that a change of season is apt to bring. The shortening of the coats is no longer a rumor; the play on tunic draperies, collars and cuffs handsomely embroidered with silk and metallic threads, or blended with embroidery and braid, with the prevailing touch of gilt is endless.

Some of the coats close with a half-dozen buttons, taking only the space, however, occupied by three or four larger ones in other garments. Few buttons, seriously and in a matter-of-fact style, down the front. More coats

with two and three buttons are seen than of anything else. In some of the elaborate tailor-mades in which braid is used lavishly, braid or cord frogs close the front.

Linings are again ornamental. In tailor-mades they are otherwise severe, as well as in elaborate ones; the linings are vivid—cherry-colored, green, rose, pale tan, or they are polka-dotted or figured.

Many coats are cut to slope from the front toward the back, and other fancy shapes are daily appearing. It looks now as though little fancy coats would be dressy coats. The skirt is gored and plain.

As to belts, there is an endless play on the ingenuity of the manufacturers. A good many patent leather belts, or belts in which patent leather and cloth are combined, are seen with Russian blouses, which are strong at this moment. In other cases the belts are handsomely braided or gorgeously embroidered to match the collar or repeat some color scheme in the rest of the suit. Belts are in many cases in direct contrast to the coat, and, it might be added, are also contrasted with waist and skirt in gowns.

Some of the three-piece suits are especially effective. An entirely new idea is to have the upper part of the princess gown of polka-dotted silk, while the lower part below the hips is of cloth like the coat. In such cases the lining of the coat is like the upper part of the gown.

Until early vacation time novelties will continue to arrive in the suit departments, and it is far from probable that the majority of innovations or the most interesting ones have as yet appeared.

### Truly Summer Things

There are scores of filmy, white frocks which, while following the general lines of the lingerie models, include no lingerie material at all—which are built up of hand-embroidered white silk mousseline and fine hand-embroidered net and laces.

Irish lace, which showed signs of

waning vogue, comes boldly to the front again in connection with such frocks, but the Italian laces have an increasing vogue, and where expense need not be considered, real Venetian plays a considerable part in these superb frocks of sheer white.

Princess lines are being adapted to this type of model, though the sheerer and less striking lingerie models show a decided leaning toward the one-piece blouse and skirt lines and to girdled effects. You see these latter ideas develop, too, in the heavily embroidered and heavy lace-trimmed models, but they are hardly so successful as the long, unbroken lines.

Sheer robes of mousseline or linen, fine lace and hand-embroidery, are often accompanied by superb coats of heavier lace, usually Irish; this heavy lace in small quantities being also mingled with the fine lace of the robe. A striking model of this class, shown in a Fifth avenue shop, has a novel feature in the studding of the handsome Irish lace coat, with brilliant cut jet disks, and the idea, though bizarre, works out more attractively than you would imagine.

As for the useful little lingerie frocks that will actually stand tubbing, they are already with us in great quantities; and, though the really dainty models are not extraordinarily cheap, they are not at all in the same class with the more gorgeous frocks such as are illustrated in the central group. For the average woman they are infinitely more desirable, and, luckily, even the home seamstress can, if clever, achieve excellent results along this line.

Cheap one-piece models are offered in the shops and are often altogether admirable in design, having more cachet than that same home seamstress is likely to obtain; but the difficulty is that these pretty, effective models are in cheap materials, and are usually so carelessly put together that they quickly go to pieces with laundering, or even with ordinary wear.

If you can afford the initial expense, it is nice, and in the long run economical, to buy the more expensive frock of

the same class made by some one of the little establishments that specialize in such tub frocks and in lingerie blouses, or to buy good material and have them made up carefully and conscientiously under your own supervision. Handkerchief linen, the French linon, while expensive, gives better service than any other very fine and dainty lingerie material, and is a better investment than batiste or mull; but either of these latter materials make up attractively and the fine cotton etamines and cotton crepes are also desirable and will be much used.

Some of the fine lawns, too, can be used, though most of them have too much body and not enough softness for the best effects. Good German valenciennes is the favored trimming and need not be real to be satisfactory; but the narrow cluny, or Irish, with which it is almost invariably associated, should be real lace, and it is far better to use a very small quantity of the real article than to lavish cheaper lace upon the frock.

The narrow Irish veining, narrow, plain crochet insertion and hand-tucks are not expensive trimmings, but give delightful effects; and there are expensive embroidery bands, motifs, edges and flouncings which may be combined with the lace, though the most attractive frocks of moderate price have only the laces and hand-tuckings. Hand-embroidery is, of course, an enormous addition if it is fine and beautiful but much of the sort used now upon the cheaper blouses and frocks is by no means beautiful, and cheapens rather than improves the garment.

There are plenty of little shops in unpretentious quarters now where such simple one-piece lingerie frocks, hand-made, trimmed in valenciennes, a little real cluny or Irish and perhaps a very little hand-embroidery, will be made to order from \$40 to \$50; and, though this may seem to some women a pretty high price for a very simple tub frock, it must be remembered that the simplicity is of a very dainty kind, and that the frock will serve many summer purposes and stand frequent journeys to



the laundry. From this price the well-made lingerie frock of good materials mounts in price until it reaches giddy heights.

The linen frocks come next on the list of serviceable tub frocks, and here you find temptation on every hand. Such delectable little frocks they are, now that weavers and dyers in combination have achieved altogether desirable things in linen. The range of colors this season is more beautiful than ever before and the weaves amazingly varied, though most of them have the softness which gives them the semblance of the hand-woven linens, and makes them both more beautiful and more serviceable than the stiffer, shiner-surfaced linens of an earlier day.

Some of the new weaves have a decided luster, but it is not the old shine. Rather, it is a mercerizing, which gives to the soft, loose-woven linen the appearance of a tussor. The makers vow that this luster remains intact after repeated launderings, but that must be determined after experience.

There are all sorts of diagonal-weave linens, embroidered linens, bordered linens, striped linens, checked linens, dotted linens, corded linens, etc.; but the linen par excellence is the soft, dull-finished weave of hand-woven aspect, and in this one finds innumerable lovely colorings. One of the most prominent and popular color lines runs through the gold and buff and citron and corn color tones into the light ecrus and natural tones at one extreme, and into the khakis, ripe peach and various light browns at the darker extreme.

Such cool, soft, lovely, yellow tones have never before been seen in linens; and, though they echo hues popular in winter materials, they come with a freshness and a surprise in the linens and in the cottons, where also they hold a conspicuous place.

A house whose linen frocks are noted is showing a large number of charming models in these yellow lin-

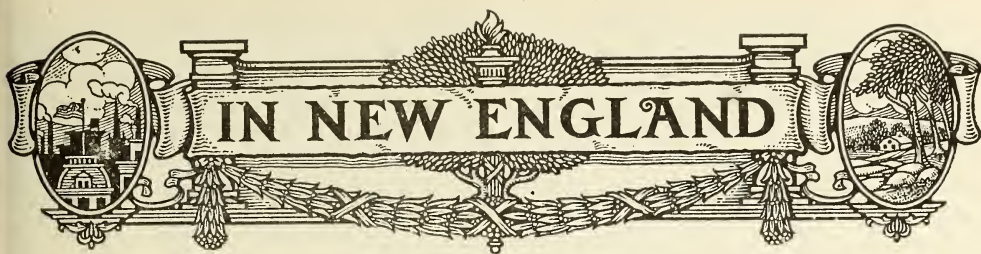
ens, usually with touches of white for relief, a little white-band embroidery, a collar of embroidered white linen or pique, a tiny collarless guimpe of white pique, set with rows of very fine, yellow soutache, matching the linen; a collar and frill of lingerie and lace or some such becoming device. A note of black, too, is most effective on these yellow tones, and is usually introduced in a cravat or tiny bow, though in coat suits the collar and cuffs, or merely the collar, may be faced with black, and a note of black may be introduced in the making of the buttons.

A little black enters into many of the white linen and natural linen coatsuits and one-piece frocks, and is usually very effective, but unless removable it makes cleansing instead of laundering a necessity. Cleansing is the better method for the linen coat in any event, for few are the laundresses who can do up such a suit without destroying its shapeliness; but a cleanser is not always available at short notice, and it is difficult to get much service out of a light-hued linen unless it can be put frequently into the tub.

The blues are to be immensely popular among linens and are always practical, because, save in the very light tones, they do not soil quickly, and the blue dyes stand the onslaught of the laundress more sturdily than most dyes do.

The dark tones of blue are particularly lovely this season. Never before have the manufacturers obtained such results, and we should see much of these darker blue linens, relieved and given coolness by a touch of white. A long line of pink and rose linens challenges admiration, and there are some delightfully cool, soft greens and grays.

Collarless neck effects are many among the linens, but even where the model is of this type it is usually possible to add a tiny guimpe of lingerie or lace for the woman to whom the exposed throat is unbecoming.



## THE CHELSEA BOARD OF CONTROL

One must read very carefully and thoughtfully the straightforward and modest account of the results already accomplished in Chelsea since the fire to foregather any conception of the herculean task which faced the Board of Control appointed by Governor Dwyer to meet that emergency.

Undertaken originally as a provisional arrangement, the type of civic organization which it represents is so thoroughly in line with the most sanely progressive ideas of our own time as to arouse the hope among thoughtful people that the arrangement may be continued after the present term of office shall have expired.

The personnel of the board in a large measure accounts for its success, and this is the strongest argument for the plan of municipal government of which it is a type, that it is able to command the services of such men.

Mr. W. E. McClintock, chairman of the board, is a civil engineer of high standing. He was for ten years chairman of the Massachusetts Highway Commission, has served as city engineer of Chelsea for many years, and is thoroughly familiar with municipal works and with Chelsea conditions and requirements. In other words the chairman of the board is an intelligent and experienced expert.

Mr. Mark Wilmarth of Malden, member of the board, is also a civil engineer. He is a graduate of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, and has been engaged in much important work, particularly as United States government inspector of large works, in which capacity he has become intimately familiar with contracts for public work.

Mr. Alton C. Ratchesky of Boston

and Beverly, member of the board, is a financier of high standing and long experience. He is president of the United States Trust Company and of the Chelsea Trust Company. He is also a member of the State Board of Charities and engaged in many lines of public activity. As financial adviser, his presence on the board is invaluable.

Mr. Alton E. Briggs, graduate from Dartmouth College, member of the board, was for many years a public-school teacher, and for twenty-one years in the Chelsea High School. He is a resident of Chelsea and an expert in educational matters. His efficient planning is seen in the broad lines that have been laid down for the future development of Chelsea's school system.

Mr. George H. Dunham, member of the board, is an experienced business man, for many years with the Cobb, Bates & Yerxa Company. His skill as an accountant and minute familiarity with market values, as well as his broad experience in the details of practical business, are of the highest value to the board.

Mr. Charles H. Read, city clerk of Chelsea for many years, was appointed executive secretary of the board. This appointment, aside from the high personal fitness of Mr. Read, serves as a connecting link between the board and the regular city organization.

We have given so much space to this statement of the personnel of the board because we believe it to be the important part of the story. The problem of municipal government is the problem of securing the right men in positions of official responsibility and authority.

If the Chelsea method can do this, as it has done so, it is a sign of the times most full of hope.



### FOREST PRESERVATION AS A HOME PROBLEM

The illustration printed herewith of lumbering operations within forty miles of Boston calls sharp attention to the pressing nature of the problem of forest preservation. We are free to admit that it is a problem, and a difficult one, however warmly our sympathies may be engaged on the side of preservation. The land here undergoing the process of denudation is the property of a farmer, who, without doubt, needs the

passing of laws and educational campaigns.

### THE RETURN OF THE BOSTON OPERA COMPANY

The Boston Opera Company, after a western tour that was by no means devoid of satisfactory results, has begun the second series of its first season in Boston.

The effort to keep close to the popular interest is even more apparent than at first. A new issue of stock is advertised and bids fair to be oversubscribed. The very best talent at



LUMBERING OPERATIONS WITHIN FORTY MILES OF BOSTON

money which the timber brings. "Intelligent forestry," as thus far understood and practiced, is for states and nations, or, at least, for large capitalists. If we are to preserve, not simply our great forests, but to some degree, at least, those lesser groves that occur here and there in our more settled districts, to the amelioration of our climate and the beauty of our landscape, there must be something more than the

the disposal of the management is offered for the popular-priced nights. The announcement is made that the first series of performances in Boston were carried out at a net profit over actual operating expense — permanent or partially permanent equipment being fairly regarded as capital investment.

The discovery is already made that the Boston public desire a very high-

class presentation, and that the opera company will be able to supply this, the most hopeful indication is not so much what has been done as the splendour *esprit de corps* of the organization that is evident from the zest and sincerity of the preparatory rehearsals

### THE SKIES FOR MARCH

The new comet, discovered by Professor Innes at Johannesburg, January 17, and known in astronomical circles as comet 1910-A (or the first new comet discovered in 1910), which was bright enough to be seen in broad daylight, has now become a telescopic object. Comet 1910-A had a length of 20,000,000 miles, and its nucleus, or the solid part, a diameter of 4000 miles (a little larger than Mars). The danger of collision is past for the time being, for the sudden visitor is rushing away from our system at the diminishing rate of 1,000,000 miles a minute. The spectrum of the comet showed it to be of the hydro-carbon type. Why this comet was not discovered before it attained such brilliancy is explained by the fact that it sneaked up behind the sun in a path like a lady's hairpin, so that it was hidden from observers on the earth until it rounded the sun. Many people have mistaken this comet for Halley's comet. Halley's comet is in the constellation Pisces for the first half of March, when it passes behind the sun to observers on the earth. It is still too faint to be seen with the naked eye, and will be visible as a naked-eye object about April 1. Astronomers have discovered the presence of the deadly cyanogen gas in the tail of the comet. As the earth passes through the tail, it is interesting to speculate on the result of the earth's immersion. The earth has passed through tails of comets before, the last time within the memory of people living now; and, aside from a night lighted up almost like moonlight, no evil effects happened. Astronomers predict with certainty a shower of meteors about May 19, when the earth passes through the tail. Another faint comet in the north, which will be vis-

ible to the naked eye, is being watched with interest by astronomers. The brilliant winter constellations, Orion, Canis Major, Canis Minor and Gemini, are now sweeping toward the west, promising spring to come. Venus, the bright evening star of January, will now be a morning star; Mars and Saturn, side by side, are moving toward the sun. Jupiter, the brightest object in the east, rises about nine o'clock, and is in a fine position for observation by telescope throughout March and April.



The past month has been notable for the number of plays that have held their own, week after week, with no sign of diminished interest. At the Park Theatre, "The Man From Home," with William Hodge in the role of Daniel Voorhees Pike, has been running to crowded houses since January 3. It is probably the most-talked-of play in Boston this month. "Have you seen 'The Man From Home'?" is the correct greeting in all manner of social gatherings. "Full of fun and with something to it as well, and without being a problem play," is the usual comment.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," at the Tremont Theatre, is another play that is enjoying a very successful run.

Maude Adams, at the Hollis, in "What Every Woman Knows," was a limited engagement but crowded the house at special prices.

At the new Shubert Theatre Lew Field's production of "The Midnight Sons" has enjoyed the same highly satisfactory experience.

The Colonial Theatre has been presenting limited engagement plays, but they have held to the limit with a good, hard pull.

It is difficult not to philosophize, turn a few wise saws as to what "the people" want and offer advice—but we refrain. These plays succeeded because



the people liked them, and they included about every kind and style of play that is attempted in modern times. They were all good plays and well acted, and that is probably one reason

engagement at the Hollis Street Theatre February 28. This will be followed by "The Traveling Salesman," which opens March 14. "The Sham" is a new play, "The Traveling Salesman"



HENRIETTA CROSMAN

for their success. They also succeeded because they succeeded, and the perpetual uncertainty as to what will and what will not succeed had best be accepted as so much addition to the spice of life.

#### MARCH ATTRACTIONS

Henrietta Crozman, in a new play, "The Sham," will open a two weeks'

not an old one, but already an old favorite. "The Sham" comes from Germany, which fact to thoughtful play-goers usually signifies firmness of technique and solid dramatic construction. When in addition to this the author has a real and humanly interesting story to tell, the result is about as satisfying as anything on the stage can be. "The Trav-

eling Salesman" is too well known to call for any descriptive account. It is the personification of good humor and deservedly popular.

At the Colonial Theatre, Kyrle Bellew, in a new four-act play, "The Builder of Bridges," by Alfred Sutro, author of "The Walls of Jericho," is booked for a two weeks' engagement, beginning March 7. The scene shifts from Mrs. Debney's drawing-room to the office of Sir Henry Killick and partners, Great George street, and the story is of London and to-day, strenuousness and *ennui*, high life and high finance. Kyrle Bellew is an attraction. Alfred Sutro has done excellent work in the past, and the combination looks good in advance. On the twenty-first "The Harvest Moon," a new play by Augustus Thomas, will replace "The Bridge Builders." No member of the cast is to be particularly starred in this production, and to many people this is a very satisfying arrangement, and seems to forecast a good, all-round production.

At the Park Theatre, "The Man From Home" shows no sign of waning interest, and the play bids fair to hold the boards through the entire month.

The same appears to be true of "The Midnight Sons," at the Shubert. The management are already making advance sales of seats well into March. "The Midnight Sons" is full of bright, playful music, and its descriptive title of "a musical moving picture" is correct, but gives little idea of its many bright features.

At the Majestic the March attraction will be "Is Marriage a Failure?" This is a merry comedy, adapted from "Die Thur Ins Freie," which is one of the current successes in Vienna and Berlin. Ten husbands, ten wives, a lawyer and a lady produce the uproarious complications. The scenes of the play are laid in Rosedale, a small country town.

At the Tremont Theatre, March 7, Raymond Hitchcock, in "The Man Who Owns Broadway," will be a very strong attraction. Play and actor are both well known and general favorites.



There is an unspeakable pleasure which comes from the intimacy, so to speak, which pervades the atmosphere of a recital by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. This pleasure was afforded a host of admiring friends on Thursday evening, February 10, at Steinert Hall. Mrs. Beach is always a favorite as a pianist and a composer. Excellent and scholarly musicianship, real artistic temperament and a delightfully genuine personality—a rare combination of qualities—breathes forth, through the medium of music and Mrs. Beach, an experience of realest and rarest delight. We often have our intellects musically fed; frequently feel the flame of emotion until our own catch fire.

Seldom are both experiences coincident. When listening to Mrs. Beach there is the coincidence, and more—a fragrance, as it were—as though she had handed you a tiny flower. And this means a certain intimate sympathy which is truly beautiful. Technically translated and applied, Mrs. Beach infuses into each portrayal a subtle fluency of expressiveness by means of a marvelous technical mastery and command. The English Suite in A minor, by Bach, was fairly alive with spontaneity. The churchly Bach was away on a vacation. We know much and hear much about Bach's tremendous and sanctified intellect, and it is a real delight to occasionally know him when a sympathetic and joyful heart is ruling and guiding his pen. The Casar Franck Prelude, Aria and Finale was another experience—one of beauty and full of awe and pity, and occasionally a very sane melancholy, and always a firm thread of faith. There is no need to pigeon-hole Casar Franck away as Neo-French. He is catholic nobleness. A great nature working with a master hand, weaving the colors into a tapestry—the tree of life. The Nocturne by J. K. Paine was full of gentle ten-



derness and atmosphere. The Walzer, Op. 6, No. 2, by Max Fiedler, are especially attractive, and were very enthusiastically received. The Goddard "Indienne" was marvelously rendered

suite for two pianos (manuscript). Mrs. Beach was most ably assisted by Mr. Carl Faelten. This is a most interesting work and most clever in its construction. The themes are full of



MRS. H. H. A. BEACH

and deserves especial mention. The Chopin Mazurkas were not the most characteristic ones, but were of interest and sympathetically played. The Chopin Etude in C minor was a brilliant ending to the second group.

The climax of interest and of achievement was the notable performance of Mrs. Beach's latest work "Iverniana," a

meaning and elaborated with brilliant virtuosic effects. There is a distinct folkish flavor present. It is a work full of spontaneity and the verve of activity. It is a picture of life being lived, rather than life in reflection or a mood. It tells of people—not a person. The work is thoroughly artistic and will undoubtedly be especially popular.

The hall was entirely filled and the audience very appreciative. Mrs. Beach is decidedly one of our most worthy pianists, and of America's truly authoritative composers.

The Handel and Haydn Society presented Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend" (first performance) Sunday evening, February 13, at Symphony Hall. This is a most interesting and dramatic work. This has been one of the greatest successes of this composer. The words are adapted from the poem of Longfellow. The work of Mr. H. Lambert Murphy deserves especial praise and mention. Mr. Murphy has a remarkable tenor voice of excellent quality. Although young in the musical world, he has a most sympathetic temperament, and sang with much finish. Mr. Miles had excellent opportunity—more than he took advantage of—to be very dramatic, in the role of Lucifer. Excellent work was done by Mrs. Kileski Bradbury and Miss Adelaide Griggs. Mr. Mollenhauer, the conductor, has every reason to be proud of the performance of this interesting and wonderful work.



An unusual degree of interest was manifested in an exhibition of water colors by F. Hopkinson Smith in Cobb's gallery, Boylston street. There is a firmness and assurance of method, or technique, in these productions, which, aside from its intrinsic value as a source of pleasure, removes one more obstacle from the interpreter's path. A strong and well-mastered technique becomes the vehicle for a thousand and one fleeting impressions that he of the more clumsy touch may receive but cannot present.

#### THE PHILLIPS BROOKS MEMORIAL

But the real storm center of artistic interest in Boston for the past month has been a little farther down Boylston

street, namely, the St. Gaudens memorial to Phillips Brooks.

Fortunately or unfortunately, we know just a little too much about this striking bronze to catch a fresh impression of its beauty and significance.

There are many men about Boston who knew Brooks most intimately. Their interest centers with the utmost intensity upon the portraiture. To them the great pulpiteer was a flaming spirit, and in comparison the most vitalized bronze must seem cold and dead. From the sadness of an impossible aspiration they turn, as is humanly natural, to piecemeal criticism: this hand, that foot, the forward thrust of it, and so on.

Then, too, we are far better informed than usual as to the artist's purpose, the inception of his idea and the manner of his working it out. For his son, most intimately familiar with his great artist-father's work, Mr. Homer St. Gaudens, has recently written in full on that subject, with reproductions of first sketches and a thousand and one touches that leave us quite fully enlightened. Too fully? I am afraid so. How we would love to know some of these somethings about the hand that carved the Medicean Venus! But, on the other hand, with what absolute impersonality, what utter freedom from prejudice we first gaze upon such works, unearthed from a forgotten past. They speak to us, as they were meant to, with their own voice, as the spirit that imagined them willed.

How many years will it be before the dulling of familiarity will work in our minds something of this finer and larger result of time—before we will become less mindful of the details, accustomed to the portraiture and open-minded toward the truth conveyed by the noble group that in years to come will be one of the most familiar features of Trinity?

However that may be, it is obvious to any who have followed with thoughtfulness the trend of criticism, that the present is no time for the passing of judgment upon this work.

It is quite generally known that for



the last few years of his life St. Gaudens gave his entire strength to what he chose to call "inspirational work"—that is to say, to the representation of the most subjective phases of thought. The Brooks memorial must be so classed. Rightly read, it has something to say to us. It is a Browningism in bronze. When we have read it, will the utterance be quite orthodox? Possibly not; but quite certainly it will be ennobling.

Rumor has it that the artist at first thought of an angel as the symbol of

This is evident: Boston has been enriched. A notable piece of work has been done—a work of greater fidelity to the inner spirit than is common in this too commercial age, and our own appraisal of its value is quite certain to increase with the years. It is an interesting fact that the casting of the bronze was accomplished by New England skill. The Gorham Company of Providence, R. I., successfully performed this most delicate and difficult task. A deed of trust from the citizens' committee conveys the custody of the



ILLUSTRATION FROM "AN ENTRANCING MOTOR TRIP"

the authority and impulsive power of the preacher. But with maturer reflection it became more and more evident to him that nothing but the figure of Christ would do.

To gather inspiration for the modeling of that great figure he travelled and studied for months, seeking hungrily all that might deepen reverence and enoble faith. We cannot pass judgment in a moment on the work of years.

memorial to the Corporation of Trinity Church.



#### AN ENTRANCING MOTOR TRIP

Motoring with Mr. Presbrey is a very delightful experience, which his latest book, "Motoring Abroad," will

permit many to enjoy, to whom the actuality is a very remote dream.

His own enjoyment of a tour whose perfect success was a real achievement is instantly infectious. A business man's efficient execution of carefully-laid plans is apparent in each day's itinerary, but no less important is his own determination to find a new source of delight in every new scene and new experience. Of Brittany he says: "The drink of the country is the French *cidre*, for which no charge is ever made at meals. To those accustomed to American cider, the French *cidre* is not particularly palatable, but it is a wholesome drink, and, after one becomes accustomed to it, quite enjoyable (if you like it)." That spirit will certainly make the rough roads smooth!

Of very touching interest to us today is his reference to the great inundated district:—

"If there is a more beautiful valley in the world, none of our party has even seen it. It was almost one uninterrupted stretch of fields of waving grain, great forests, superb chateaux set far back from the road and approached between avenues of trees, picturesque villages and long reaches of one of the finest views in the world. The air was sweet with the fragrance of the fields, the wheat was just in head and soon to be harvested, and waving in the breezes were great patches of bright-red poppies, which are found everywhere through the fields of France."

From France the scene shifts to England and Wales, and the account is full of the same bubbling good humor, observation of out-of-the-way but none the less significant scenes and incidents.

Through all this play of pleasantry and observation runs a continual, but not obtrusive, element of practical advice to the less experienced tourist in foreign parts. The prospective tourist could not fail to gain much from a reading of this book, which is attractively gotten out by the Outing Company.

## PASSERS-BY

In this thrilling tale of mystery and adventure by Anthony Partridge, which is one of the spring offerings of Little, Brown & Co., the author of "The Kingdom of Earth" turns to the strangely intermingled fortunes of a street singer, a hunchback, and a famous English statesman. He closes with the true ending of all adventure: "The road was narrow and the arching trees touched overhead. Their lips met for one long moment. Then she drew him a little toward her with an impulsive gesture.

"I do not want you to go out to look for any more such dreams," she said. "I am tired of wandering in foreign countries. I am tired of being nameless. I want to belong somewhere, Gilbert."

"A little reckless, he took her in his arms. 'You belong to me,' he said. 'The other days are finished'."

But before this desirable haven is reached there is adventure enough. The story is carried on by a running fire of fresh and breezy conversation, in the management of which the author displays great talent.

## AT THE COMMONWEALTH'S HEART

"Master Minds at the Commonwealth's Heart" is the title of a group of biographical sketches by Professor H. Epler, author of "The Beatitude of Progress," etc.

"I present these ten lives in a group with a purpose," declares the author in his "Foreword." "For zones of genius have always held their peculiar place in the history of humanity. . . . We speak of the Concord School, and properly. They were writers, authors, dreamers. But these in the Worcester zone of genius are not only writers and dreamers, but founders, creators, inventors, discoverers, 'doers of the word,' and not 'writers' only, and in this sense they are a greater zone of genius than that of Concord."

In telling his story, Mr. Epler reveals a dramatic instinct that seizes on the salient points and holds the attention of the busiest reader.





### LAWRENCE

The city of Lawrence, Mass., has no ancient history, but is a city of modern growth entirely. Sixty-five years ago there were then less than two hundred people living on the territory now included within the limits of Lawrence. To-day it has a population of more than 80,000, and the next two years will undoubtedly see that number increased to 100,000. The boom in the textile industries is now on for Lawrence to a greater extent than ever before. The new mills which have been erected in Lawrence during the past year, and which will soon be completed and in running order, will furnish employment for 7000 or 8000 new operatives. Several other mills are also planned for erection during the coming year, which will add still more to the number of operatives. Dwellings, stores and other buildings are being rapidly erected for the accommodation of this addition to the population. Public improvements have been, and are still being, made, which will add greatly to the advantages of Lawrence as a business center and as a home city.

The Board of Trade, which was organized in 1888, has had its fair share in helping to make the city what it is to-day. The leading business and professional men of the city are included in its membership, and their efforts in making Lawrence a better city for its inhabitants have been acknowledged and appreciated by all. One of its more recent efforts has been the inauguration of an industrial school for the benefit of the working people of Lawrence and vicinity. This school

was opened about a year and a half ago, with evening classes for those employed in the textile industries. In September, 1909, day classes were opened for boys and girls of fourteen years of age and upwards. The registration for this school was far beyond the expectations of those interested in its inauguration, and the results so far have been greatly to the advantage and improvement of those attending its sessions. The state and city have appropriated money for its support; many thousands of dollars' worth of machinery and supplies have been generously contributed by manufacturers who are interested in the principles of industrial education. Its great need to-day is for a large and suitable school building, where the classes and machinery may be all gathered together for better work. It is hoped that this will be accomplished in the very near future.

Lawrence has a very promising future before it as a great center of textile manufacturing. The value of its manufactured products makes it the second city in the state, being only exceeded by Boston.

CHARLES H. LITTLEFIELD,  
Secretary Board of Trade.

### BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

At a largely attended special meeting called for February 8 to consider the annual reports of committees, the Boston Chamber of Commerce put itself on record, by a vote of two to one, in favor of the proposed amendment to the State Constitution, striking out the words "proportional and" in that pro-

vision of that instrument relating to taxation, and permitting the classification of property for the purposes of taxation.

It will be remembered that only recently the state tax commission reported to the Governor against this proposed amendment, which has already been approved by one Legislature, that of last year, and is now before the present Legislature, in accordance with the law which requires that an amendment to the constitution, in order to become effective, must be passed by two separate Legislatures and ratified by the people at the polls.

This amendment is one of the most important matters which has come before the Legislature of Massachusetts in many years. It proposes to amend an ancient restriction imposed by the original framers of the constitution, and thereby place Massachusetts in a class with fourteen other states of the Union, which, having recognized the practical impossibility of enforcing a law which seeks to make intangible property pay its proportional share of taxation, have granted to their Legislatures the power to distribute the incidences of taxation in a way which has proved at once more just and more practicable.

This amendment has been favored by the committee on taxation of the Boston Chamber of Commerce since the consolidation with the Merchants' Association last June, and was also favored by the similar committee of the old Merchants' Association, of both of which committees Mr. John Chandler Cobb, now first vice-president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, was chairman. It has also been earnestly advocated by Professor Charles J. Bullock, professor of economics at Harvard University, and Mr. S. R. Wrightington, secretary of the manufacturers and merchants' committee on tax laws.

The decision of the Chamber of Commerce was not reached, however, until after a lively debate lasting for more than an hour. The report of Mr. Cobb's committee favoring the amend-

ment was vigorously opposed by Mr. Moorfield Storey and by former Mayor Nathan Matthews, Jr., two of the leading members of the Suffolk bar. They contended that the adoption of such an amendment would result in exempting the rich man at the expense of the poor; would pave the way for the exercise of pressure on the Legislature in favor of special privileges, such as were brought to bear at Washington by the beneficiaries of the protective tariff; would open the door to socialistic legislation of the most objectionable sort, and would, in fact, encourage the confiscation of property through an inequitable exercise of the taxing powers of the Legislature.

These arguments, ably and forcefully presented as they were, were successfully controverted by Mr. Cobb, by Mr. E. A. Filene, former Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., Laurence Minot and Mr. S. R. Wrightington. It was pointed out by them that the striking out of the words "proportional and" would not, as prophesied by Mr. Matthews, leave property at the mercy of the advocates of socialistic legislation, inasmuch as it was proposed to leave in the constitution the word "reasonable," which had been construed by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts as meaning fair and equal. They also insisted that unless the constitution was amended as proposed, the present unequal burden of taxation as imposed under present conditions would drive industries out of this state and thereby depress values generally, including those of real estate. Mr. Minot laid special emphasis on this point, stating that he had found in his experience that the value of real estate was always a reflection of the industrial and commercial activities in the place where the real estate was situated, and taking issue with the assertion of Mr. Storey that the amendment would depress real estate values.

In accordance with the decisive vote of this meeting, the influence of the Chamber of Commerce is now joined to that of other influential bodies of this state in favor of an amendment which, it is believed by its advocates,



will have a far-reaching effect upon conditions in Massachusetts, and do much to attract new capital within its borders and encourage further expansion on the part of great industries already here, which contribute so much to the prosperity of the commonwealth. The officers of the Chamber of Commerce believe that all those interested in this important subject of taxation cannot do better than study the arguments in favor of this amendment adduced at this meeting.

### HARTFORD LOOKS BACKWARD

#### Its Growth During Past Decade Unprecedented in Its History

The Hartford Board of Trade and Business Men's Association have taken the initial step toward consolidating as a Chamber of Commerce. It may be that the Manufacturers' Association and the Municipal Art Society will also come in, thus constituting a commercial body, working for the interest of the city, that will, in point of numbers and efficiency, be second to none in New England.

Already the Board of Trade and business men have declared in favor of the step. Each organization will preserve its identity and carry on its own specific work, except where co-operation is possible, as will be the case in the workings of all the general committees. Once a year the associated bodies will get together as a Chamber of Commerce and plan out the year's work. They will all occupy the same rooms, thus making it easy for a visitor to Hartford to get into immediate touch with the organization desired.

### EXETER

#### Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

At no time in its history has the business outlook in this town been more encouraging than at present Exeter, N. H., famous throughout the land for its schools and attractive homes, has quietly, but steadily, been improving and growing for the past five or six years. The growth has been so gradual that many of our own citizens are sceptical; but to prove the

statement it is only necessary to open one's eyes and observe actual conditions. More houses were built in 1909 than for any year in the past ten. In spite of this, tenements are in demand, and the very few which are idle are empty because of lack of modern improvements which are desired.

All our various manufacturing industries are running on full time and are enjoying great prosperity, with absolute freedom from labor troubles.

The Exeter Machine Company has recently changed hands, and the new management is actively at work cleaning up, rearranging and installing new equipment for business on new and enlarged plans. President Joseph H. Symonds of the new company will receive a cordial welcome from the citizens and business interests of Exeter. With the admirable location of his shops and the excellent foundry connected, it is confidently expected that this business will show rapid and substantial growth.

The Colburn box shop has recently been sold at auction and dismantled, but within a few days the purchaser, Augustus Young of this town, has sold to Vernon M. Hawkins the planing mill, shop and boiler house connected, which leaves to Mr. Young the large two-and-one-half-story building for storage or for sale for some new industry.

Mr. Hawkins, who for the past year as manager of the Poor lumber yard has made many friends, will install new machinery in the planing mill, and will soon be ready to operate the plant for the manufacture of lumber and boxes.

The usual spring inquiry for homes in this attractive town, and for farms in this vicinity, has started much earlier than usual, and it seems highly probable that real estate transfers will be many. This means some growth and much improvement.

By the will of the late Albert C. Buzell, who very recently died, the Robinson Female Seminary will profit by the gift of \$10,000, and the Exeter Cottage Hospital will receive \$30,000.

DANA W. BAKER,  
Secretary Exeter (N. H.) Board of Trade.

## WHERE NEW ENGLAND LEADS

There have been many changes in fashions of cooking and heating appliances since the beginning of things. In the early part of the last century there was little beside the old fire-place and brick oven; then came the Franklin Heater and wood burning cook-stove, and so on to the goods of to-day, that are found on the sales floors of house-furnishing and hardware stores, awaiting removal to the well-appointed post of honor in the American homes.

The old-fashioned New England kitchen, with its great brick fire-place, flanked on one side by the large brick oven and on the other by shelves loaded

will be interested in learning something about the ranges that are recommended by the leading cooking-school teachers throughout the country, and that have been the "Standard of Quality for over Fifty years."

The plant, consisting of twenty-three separate buildings, is located on Boston tidewater, and is connected by a single drawbridge with its wharfage which has a deep water channel and a frontage of 750 feet on the north shore of Chelsea Creek. The area covered by the Magee works reaches almost as far as the eye can sweep, embracing twelve acres in all, about the size of an ordi-



ONE OF THE GREAT CUPOLAS—SHOWING POURERS WITH CRUCIBLE LADLES

down with shining plates, pewter and glasses, all sparkling with cleanliness and indicative of thrift and neatness, never fails of interest, even in these days of modern apartments. Such a picture was presented to me in the old Fairbanks house at Dedham, Mass., the ancestral home of Vice-President Fairbanks. Here is a hearth that combines the old and the new — the open fire-place and a brick oven, with a Magee range.

New England cookery has long been considered the world's standard of culinary merit, and the housekeepers who read the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

nary village farm in New England. On the wharf are piled vast supplies of pig iron, moulding-sand, sawed and dimension lumber, coal, coke, limestone, and other materials used in the manufacture of modern ranges and heating apparatus. In fact, this foundry is supplied with material coming from territory as widely apart as Maine and the Mississippi, and the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

No one can appreciate the painstaking care necessary in the making of Magee cooking and heating apparatus until he has visited the factories where these goods are made. The individual

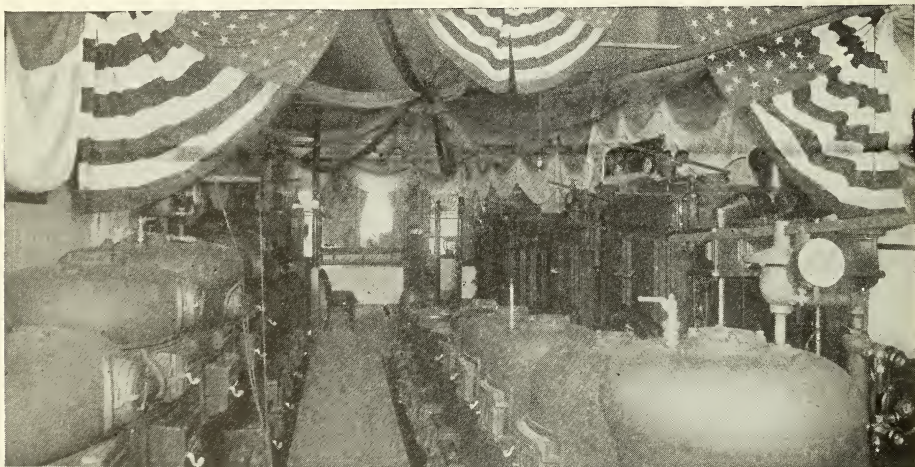


parts of Magee Ranges and Heaters are made largely of cast-iron, which has proved to be the most indestructible and heat-radiating material.

A large, fireproof building, located within 600 yards of the line ravaged by the great Chelsea fire of 1908, is the "pattern building," where all the Magee patterns, valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars, are stored. Here are preserved the original models necessary to make the castings. This building is the fortress that must be protected at all hazards, and the company's fire department had five streams playing on this structure during the Chelsea fire, realizing that the "Fire Proof," as it is called, must be saved if nothing else. The entire plant, however, was

nor too hard; too slow to take heat or too quick to soften under it.

The Magee Furnace Company believes in thorough mutuality with its trade, and in cultivating the closest acquaintance with their representatives everywhere. In the Boston office are reception rooms where dealers from all parts of the country are welcome to make their headquarters during their stay in Boston. In these reception rooms are hung photographs of public buildings, libraries, churches, and homes, situated from Maine to California, that have been perfectly equipped with Magee cooking and heating apparatus. There are also pictures of out-door signs painted in many languages; but the one



A GLIMPSE OF THE COUNTING ROOM THROUGH A VISTA OF MODERN HEATERS

providentially preserved, and hundreds of workmen were able to immediately resume employment.

The same quality of iron is used in the low-price Magee products as in the more costly, for there is but one standard of quality in their manufacture. A perfect stove can be made from no one particular kind of iron; a mixture or blending of cast metal made from various ores is necessary to secure a perfect casting and a durable product. Cast iron varies in its proportions of silicon, sulphur, manganese and phosphorus coming from the different iron mines, and the proper blend is a matter of the first importance at the Magee foundry. It must neither be too soft

word which all people alike have come to understand is one of five letters—"Magee"—embossed upon every product of the largest manufacturers of heating and cooking apparatus under one name in the United States; and the distribution covers all parts of this country, and abroad to some extent.

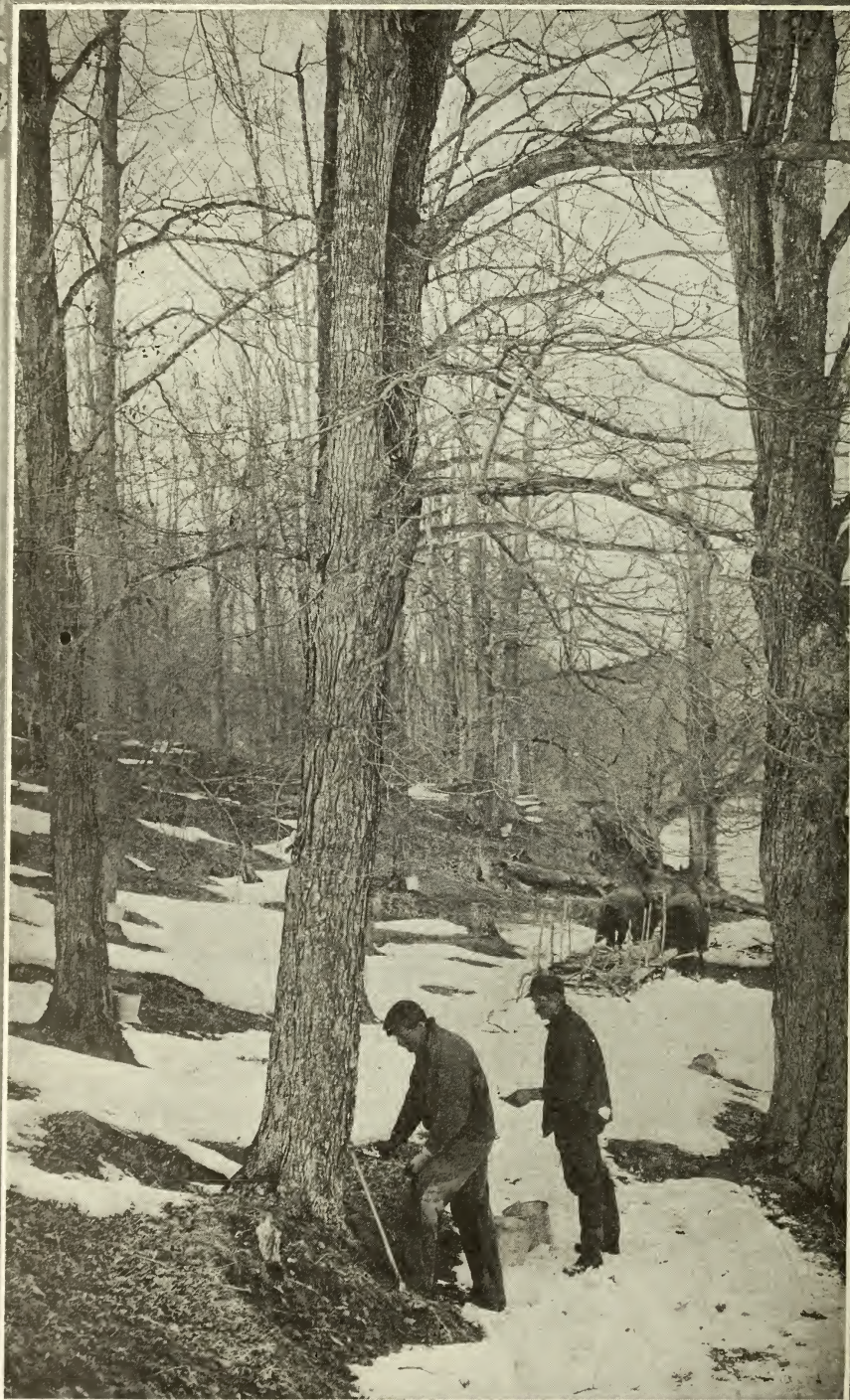
Upward of thirty gold medals and awards have been given the Magee products, beginning with the Centennial in 1876, at which the historical "Signing of the Declaration of Independence" was cast in iron and given out as souvenirs. The signatures and reading matter of the Declaration was marvelously clear and discernible.



# Beautiful New England







Photograph by Langill, Hanover, N. H.





Photograph by Langill, Hanover, N. H.





Photograph by Langill, Hanover, N. H.

GATHERING THE SAP





Photograph by Langill, Hanover, N. H.

THE SAP HOUSE





Photograph by Langill, Hanover, N. H.

THE KING OF THE MAPLE ORCHARD





Photograph by Langill, Hanover, N. H.

MAKING THE ROUNDS





From a photograph by Rockwood

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

# NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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## PRESIDENT TAFT AND REPUBLICAN PARTY PROMISES

By FREDERICK W. BURROWS

THE United States, we are told, is suffering from an orientalized administration, and they are quite worried about it — on the other side of the ocean!

The discovery was made by some under-fed European journalist, who, in his wild scramble for copy, remembering that Mr. Taft was once an administrator in the Philippine Islands, evolved the important thought that an era of orientalism has fallen on several Western nations, owing to the contact of their rulers with Eastern civilization, and of these countries the United States is at present the worst sufferer.

London journalists gravely recall that England has undergone the same experience under certain Indian-trained prime ministers, and now recognize the symptoms in the present American administration!

That, to be sure, is the least of our worries. But that the big, honest Ohio citizen who is now our President should have developed the ideas and methods of an Oriental potentate is no more absurd an idea than many expressions concerning his administration that arise from circles which should be better informed.

It would seem to be time to reflect for a moment and make for ourselves a more sober estimate, both of the actual

work to date and of what may be expected of the present administration.

In the first place, let us be careful not to underestimate the force of current criticism or the reasons for it.

The tariff bill is felt by a large part of the country to have been a failure on the part of the Republican party to redeem its platform and pre-election promises, and the activity of the President in seeking to reconcile the disaffected sections to the new law has led them to identify the measure as it stands with his ideals, and to place upon him personally the burden of responsibility for all its shortcomings.

And this responsibility the President has in no way sought to shift to other shoulders.

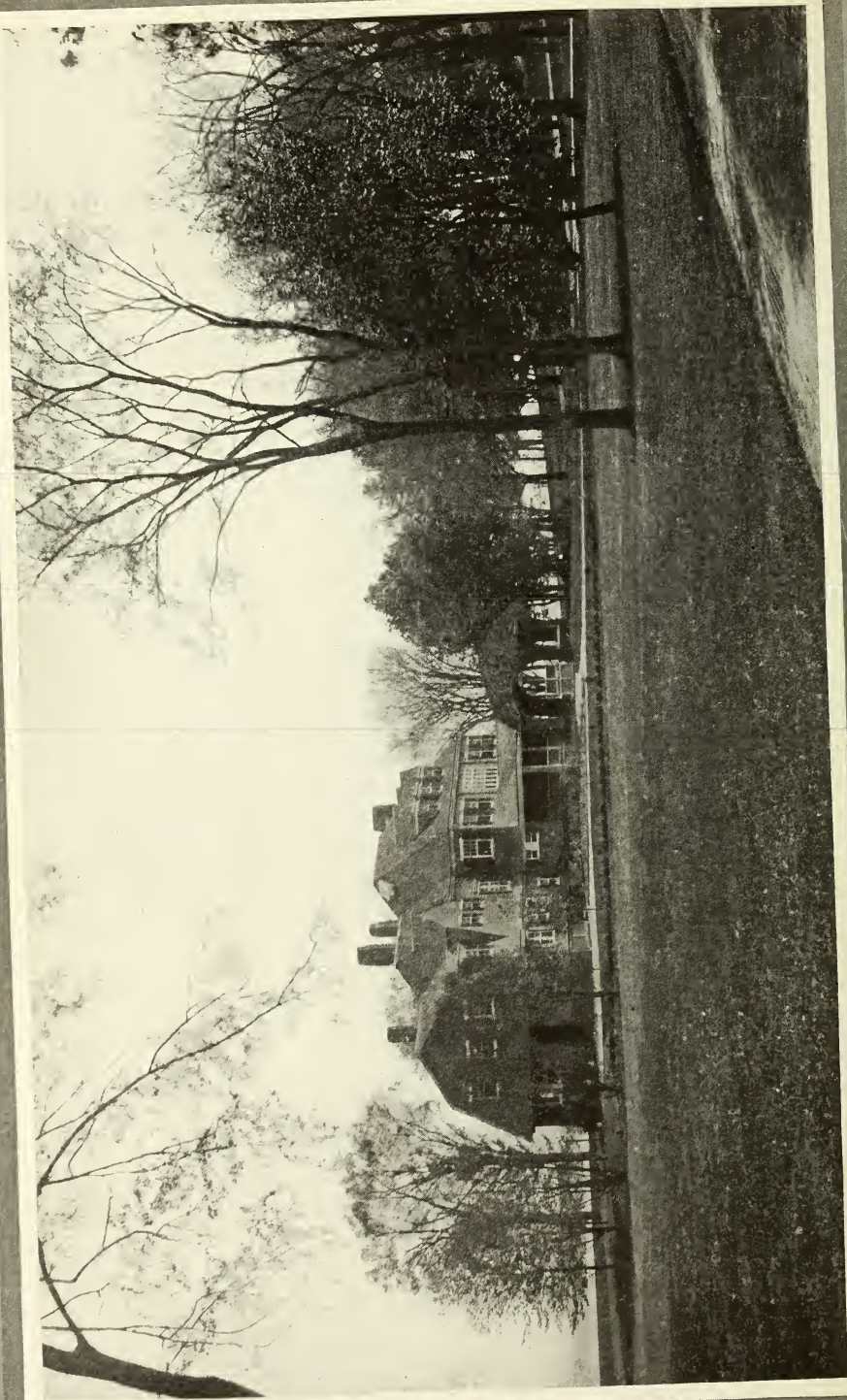
He has frankly assumed responsibility for the measure and attempted to defend it from its critics, who have forthwith become his critics.

Whether or not this stand of his is "good politics," it is typical of the courage, not to say the chivalry, of the man.

The tariff struggle, in conjunction with the efforts to reorganize the House, and, to some degree, the Senate, has left the Republican party on the verge of permanent factional disruption.

No shifting of responsibility by the





SUMMER HOME OF PRESIDENT TAFT, BEVERLY, MASS.

President could fail to place it in such a way as to greatly intensify the belligerency of these warring elements. His administration finds itself face to face with the possibility of three years of helplessness because of a disrupted party. With an honest zeal and heroic faithfulness to his friends, the President quietly assumes the responsibility for and personally undertakes the defence of the measure.

It is his sincere belief that the new law is better than the old one—and it is yet too soon to say that it is not.

Notwithstanding his evident sincerity in this faith, the country appears all too soon to have forgotten that the President labored night and day to secure a bill that would to any degree redeem the pledges made by his party, and to the faith in which, partially at least, his election was due.

Such a struggle between honesty and the interests has never before been waged on the floors of Congress. Whatever there is of good in the bill is due to his efforts; whatever there may be of fault in it is there in spite of his struggles. He toiled like a giant to redeem his pledges, or the pledges of his party, and give to the country a *bona fide* tariff reduction. He did not toil ineffectually. Something was accomplished—perhaps much. To say that some one else could have accomplished more under the same circumstances is not based on any rational ground of past performance.

In addition to the passing of a law which it is by no means proven is not a good law—at least, an improvement—he secured the establishment of a board or commission whose duty it shall be to remove the whole subject of tariff from the field of political jobbery and place it on a scientific basis. There is no reason whatever to say in advance that this commission will not be fruitful of great results.

Mr. Taft was elected as a successor to Theodore Roosevelt, and it was generally understood that he would “carry on the Rooseveltian policies.”

For seven years the country had been sitting under an unprecedented

era of presidential pulpiteering. The people were aroused to a state bordering on hysteria over all manner of corporate abuse and political corruption. But had anything been done to seriously alter the conditions? Had there been anything but words?

The passing of a tariff law, in spite of the increasing insistence of the people, was ingeniously—a little too ingeniously—postponed until after the election.

With the one exception of a law to increase the responsibility of employers for injury to employees—a minor detail—no great legislation had been accomplished in the furtherance of the “policies” advocated. The declaiming had all been done; the work was all left to be done.

It was left for the new administration to pass the required tariff law and to accomplish results; in other words, to practice what had been so effectively preached.

That the practicing has not been quite so easy as the preaching should not surprise any one.

Mr. Taft took hold, with immense enthusiasm, of the problem of securing such new legislation as seemed necessary for the actual furtherance of any of these “policies.” It is his urging of these measures a little more directly, or rather a little more openly and frankly, than was usual, which is characterized as “orientalism!”

No President has shown greater reverence for the constitution than Mr. Taft. He has merely done frankly and openly what others have done secretly to influence legislation.

He has urged on Congress seven measures, all of which are among the snags, and none of which seem likely to pass without serious modification.

These measures are the income tax amendment, the postal savings bank bill, the federal incorporation bill, the statehood bill, the Alaska bill, the anti-injunction bill and amendments to the railroad rate laws.

Each of these, it will be seen, is an effort to actually accomplish some-



thing along the lines of previous declamation. That they should have struck difficulties, and struck them hard, is an evidence that they have a business end that is feared by the powers that be.

That they are ideally constructed just as submitted is scarcely to be expected. Congress is supposed to be the law-making body of our government, and its machinery is supposed to be effective for whipping proposed legislation into shape.

It is more than doubtful if an equal amount of important legislation was ever before Congress at one time. That all of these bills should become laws is too much to expect. That they should become laws without modification is hardly to be desired. Their present status is harmless enough, and if they can be pulled out of limbo one by one and so formulated as to have their objectionable features eliminated, a great deal will have been accomplished in the right direction—*accomplished*, mind you; not simply preached. The fact that these measures have not all been railroaded through into laws is not a fair ground for criticism.

No single incident has so predisposed the public to a critical attitude toward the Taft administration as the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy. To those already hostile in feeling on account of the tariff law the President's apparent defence of Mr. Ballinger appeared to be another indication of administrative subservience to corporation influence.

The controversy has been a most unfortunate one, and Mr. Pinchot cannot be justified for throwing it on the administration at the time and in the manner which he did. His haste was, to say the least, unseemly. The high personal integrity of Mr. Taft was a sufficient guarantee that any serious departmental irregularity would receive proper attention. The plea that immediate action was necessary, that delay would result in irrevocably detrimental action, was a very lame one. No action of the kind involved could possibly be irrevocable. If fraudulent conveyance of land or granting rights or privileges could be shown at any time, the grants

or conveyances could very easily be withdrawn by proper legal action.

The manner of the attack on Mr. Ballinger was such as to arouse the President's keen sense of fairness. From his college days this has been one of his most conspicuous and lovable traits. To one acquainted with him, no other action than that which he took would have seemed possible, and no sensible person would desire in the presidential chair a type of man to whom any other action would have seemed possible.

Realizing that his administration was under fire, Mr. Taft, on Lincoln day, in New York City, made a speech, the absolute sincerity and open-mindedness of which must look for a counterpart in such great documents as Lincoln's first inaugural address and plea for national peace. Peace at that moment was not best, but Lincoln would not have been the great man that he was had he urged it a whit less earnestly and devoutly.

It is not from a conflict of arms or from sectional strife like that of 1861 that Mr. Taft would save us, but from a condition of faction in the ranks of the ruling party, which, if it is not healed, will result in legislative chaos for the next three years, and nobody knows what after that.

It is quite possible that the fighting out to the finish of the controversies now disrupting the party is more to be desired than peace. But whether this is so or not, the seeking of peace first is unquestionably the President's duty, and his Lincoln-day speech was in every way a broad and noble utterance.

The President is not responsible for all the sins of his party. He cannot be held responsible for the derelictions of a Congress which he did not neglect and can only control through the weight of argument and influence. He can only be held responsible for the faults of his own appointed subordinates in so far as it can be shown that due care was not taken in their appointment, or gross and repeated incompetence or dishonesty remains unpunished.

As a loyal man, as the head of a loyal

body of executive subordinates, it is his manifest duty to stand firmly in their defence until wrong-doing can be proven.

All in all, the conduct of Mr. Taft as a President during one of the most trying years that has faced any administration has been such as to give to the country a very deep impression of his greatness of soul, intellectual breadth and grasp, firmness and courage.

With such a chief executive, if there have been mistakes, they will be corrected, and if there are to be contro-

versies, the dignity of the nation will be upheld and the country saved from any pitiful spectacle of spitefulness and littleness.

Whatever disappointment may be felt in the tariff law, or the dragging of other legislative action, and whatever may be the judgment of any individual as to the merits of the Ballinger controversy, it should be frankly and cheerfully admitted, on the merits of the case, that Mr. Taft has well earned the confidence of the country.

“NO one has a motive as strong as the Administration in power to cultivate and strengthen business confidence and business prosperity. But it does rest with the National Government to enforce the law, and if the enforcement of the law is not consistent with the present methods of carrying on business, then it does not speak well for the present methods of conducting business, and they must be changed to conform to the law. There was no promise on the part of the Republican party to change the anti-trust law except to strengthen it, or to authorize monopoly and a suppression of competition and the control of prices, and those who look forward to such a change cannot now visit the responsibility for their mistake on innocent persons. Of course the Government at Washington can be counted on to enforce the law in the way best calculated to prevent a destruction of public confidence in business, but that it must enforce the law goes without saying.”

*Extract from President Taft's Lincoln Day Address.*





THOMPSON MEMORIAL CHAPEL

# WILLIAMS COLLEGE

By HON. RICHARD A. BALLINGER

AT that period of American history when the loyal citizens of His Majesty's colonies in New England were proving their soon-to-be-shaken allegiance to the British crown by gallantly repelling the invasion of the French, Colonel Ephriam Williams of the Massachusetts Militia, bethinking himself of the uncertain tenure on which human life is held in such troublous times made, while his forces were encamped at Albany, his last will and testament; and further realizing that patriotism consists quite as much in educating the youth of our country to good citizenship as in combatting its enemies, he incorporated a provision by which certain moneys and lands should be devoted to the establishment of a free school, "within five years after an established peace . . . in a township west of Fort Massachusetts, commonly known as the West Township, forever, provided, the said township shall fall within the jurisdiction of the Province of Massachusetts Bay."

Having thus settled his worldly affairs and proved his patriotism, in one way, he proved it in a second, when shortly afterward he fell at the head of his forces in the "Bloody Morning Scout" preceding the Battle of Lake George, September 8, 1755.

Williams knew the country well which he had chosen as a site for his school, having been commander, and, indeed, builder, of Fort Massachusetts, which was situated near by, and it is not improbable that the old Grecian idea of surrounding a woman as the time of motherhood approached with beautiful things, that she might bring forth a child possessed of beautiful qualities, might have influenced him. Certain it is that the aesthetic sur-

roundings of Williamstown should profoundly impress a maturing mind.

Williamstown is a village of spreading elms and colonial houses set upon a hill in the middle of a basin whose rim is a chain of still higher hills, piled tier upon tier, and tinted in all the gradations of color, from the rich green of the nearer landscape to blue, and from blue to hazy purple, until one can hardly distinguish cloud from mountains, and over all, the soft sky and fleecy clouds casting their shifting shadows on the nearer slopes.

It is a country of wonderful calm. It is the country Bryant knew when he wrote *Thanatopsis*. Here are:

The hills, rock ribbed and ancient as the sun;

The vales stretching in pensive quiet were between:

Rivers that move in majesty, and the complaining

Brooks that make the meadows green."

He who has been here, be it for ever so short a time, has tasted the lotus, and the craving to return can never be satiated.

"An established peace" was a long time in coming, for it was not until 1785 that the Free School was finally established. The "West Township," or West Hoosic, as it is frequently called in old records, had, in the meantime, become Williamstown, and the "Province of Massachusetts Bay" was the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The legislature did not, as it did in many similar cases at the time, offer the school any financial encouragement, rather calling particular attention to the provision in the will of the school's benefactor, that in case the donations "should afford an interest more than





PRESIDENT HENRY A. GARFIELD

sufficient for the support and maintenance of the School in Williamstown, the surplusage should be improved to the use of a school in the East Township, now called Adams."

As corporations, like individuals, are seldom troubled with a "surplusage" of wealth, it is needless to say that the school in Adams was never founded. At the first meeting of the trustees in 1785 a resolution was passed that "it is the sense of the corporation that the Free School in Williamstown be open and free for the use and benefit of the

inhabitants of that town and the free citizens of the American States," an expression, in passing, which serves to show the gravity and lack of the sense of humor in that august body—and further, that "it will best coincide with the liberal view of the donor and the intention of the legislature to admit no student to the Free School . . . not having been taught to read English well."

The word "citizen" in the first resolution seems to imply that the aim of the school was the education of white

men exclusively and not for the teaching of Indians as among many institutions of learning founded at that time; the second, at that time, and considering the school's location, apparently points toward collegiate ambitions.

However, in spite of the ambitious entrance requirements, the Free School thrived, for three years later we find the trustees petitioning the legislature "for the grant of a lottery to raise the sum of twelve hundred pounds" for the erection of a building in which to conduct the school. The lottery scheme being highly popular at that time as a means of raising funds for civic and collegiate purposes, the legislature granted the petition in the following spring. As a result West College was built in 1790. It still stands in its original position on a hill overlooking the rest of the college, a square, box-like structure with a much too large cupola, but beloved for its associations.

In 1792 a petition setting forth the

"several circumstances attending the situation of the Free School . . . peculiarly favorable to a seminary of a more public and important nature" was presented to the legislature, which in 1793 granted the trustees a charter, directing that "there be erected and established in the town of Williamstown, in the county of Berkshire, a college, for the purpose of educating youth, to be called and known by the name of Williams College."

It is not uninteresting to note as an example of local jealousy, and an instance of the strong hold which the doctrine of state sovereignty had upon the people at that time, that one of the reasons cited as an argument in favor of the establishment of a college at Williamstown was that Dartmouth and Yale, more conveniently situated to the people of Western Massachusetts than was Harvard, were drawing many out of the state for that reason. Whether or no this was the clinching argument with the Solons of this cod-



MORGAN HALL, AND GYMNASIUM



fish-fostered commonwealth, the charter, as has been said, was granted.

During the first years of the college's life, its growth was somewhat slow. In 1798 East College was built, but otherwise there were few improvements either in equipment or curriculum. William Cullen Bryant, writing to a friend in 1859 describes the institution in his day (1810) as follows:

"The college buildings consisted of two large, plain, brick structures, called East and West College, and the college

going out, I found one of these buildings in a blaze, and the students dancing and shouting around it. . . .

"When the number of teachers was so small (there were four in the faculty, consisting of the president, one professor, and two tutors) it could hardly be expected that the course of studies should be very extensive or complete. The standard of scholarship at Williams College, at that time, was so far below what it now is that I think many graduates in those days would be no



GRIFFIN HALL

grounds consisted of an open green between the two, and surrounding both. From one college to the other you passed by a straight avenue of Lombardy poplars, which formed the sole embellishment of the grounds. There was a smaller building or two of wood, forming the only dependencies of the main edifices, and every two or three years the students made a bonfire of one of these. I remember being startled one night by the alarm of fire, and

more than prepared for admission as freshmen now. There were some, however, who found too much exacted from their diligence, and left my class on that account."

Yet those days of struggle were not without their fruit. For, while our pious forbears were urging the benighted aborigines along the straight and narrow—very narrow—path of Christian rectitude, and not infrequently impressing upon them a vivid

example of the church militant in action by hustling their unprepared souls into the church triumphant with their trusty flintlocks, a little band of Williams students sighed for other worlds to conquer and founded the first foreign missionary society in America. The founding is one of the picturesque legends of the college.

One sultry Sunday afternoon in 1806 a party of students went out to a pine grove on the border of the village to hold a prayer meeting, but as they prayed a thunder storm came up so suddenly that they had no time to return to their rooms but sought shelter under a near-by haystack. While they were waiting for the shower to pass, the conversation turned upon the conversion of the heathen and one of the number suggested the need of missionaries in Asia. The suggestion met with instant favor and before the storm was over the society was formed. A monument now marks the spot where the haystack stood, and is known as the "Haystack Prayermeeting" monument.

It is not strange that the religious zeal should have been strong in these



HAYSTACK PRAYERMEETING MONUMENT

men. There is an awful grandeur about the towering hills that makes man feel his littleness and their calm serenity shows him his helplessness.

"The lofty domes and pinnacles of the hills point him to God, and the long-drawn aisles of the woodland lead his thoughts toward heaven." In this "spot where the Last Judgment might be held, with the universe assembled on the slopes of the encircling hills," may he fittingly cry: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

The great impetus to the growth of Williams College was given by Mark Hopkins, who became its president in 1836. His zealous efforts for the improvement of the college curriculum, and his great executive ability place him in the foremost rank of the educators of his day. During the thirty-six years of his administration, six buildings were completed, among them the Hopkins' Observatory, the first public observatory to be erected in America; the quaint, octagonal Library, and College Hall.



THE THOMPSON CHAPEL



The old East College was burned in 1841, and rebuilt the following year.

Mark Hopkins was, in truth, the second founder of Williams College. "The high rank of Williams as a small college," says an eminent writer, "is in large part due to the work and influence of Mark Hopkins." Himself educated at Williams, he knew the needs of the college; a scholar himself, he understood and sympathized with those who desired a wider and deeper range of study and did much to develop

Williamstown. . . . The town is built on a boldly undulating plateau of limestone, which, rising to a considerable height from the lower ground, affords magnificent views of the encircling hills, whose forest-covered crests tower to heights of three to four thousand feet. The valley is wholly settled by farmers; there is not a manufactory and hardly a retail shop in the village, whose pretty, white bungalows rise from park-like and elm-shaded stretches of turf, while the undulating main



KAPPA ALPHA HOUSE

the individual student; an able organizer, he revived a strong and worthy pride of the college among the students, and checked the practice of transferring to other colleges, which had formerly been so common.

It was during this administration that a noble English traveler described the town thus:

"A charming stage ride of four miles, following the Hoosac River past the foot of Greylock, brought me to Wil-

liamstown. . . . The town is built on a boldly undulating plateau of limestone, which, rising to a considerable height from the lower ground, affords magnificent views of the encircling hills, whose forest-covered crests tower to heights of three to four thousand feet. The valley is wholly settled by farmers; there is not a manufactory and hardly a retail shop in the village, whose pretty, white bungalows rise from park-like and elm-shaded stretches of turf, while the undulating main street is bordered at intervals by the halls, chapel, museum and library of Williams College. The college buildings are for the most part plain and without any academic air, but despite of a chapel, like the conventicle of an English country town, a very unpretentious library, and a number of barrack-like 'halls' where the men live, its romantic situation, park-enfolded houses, and peaceful atmosphere place Williamstown easily ahead of

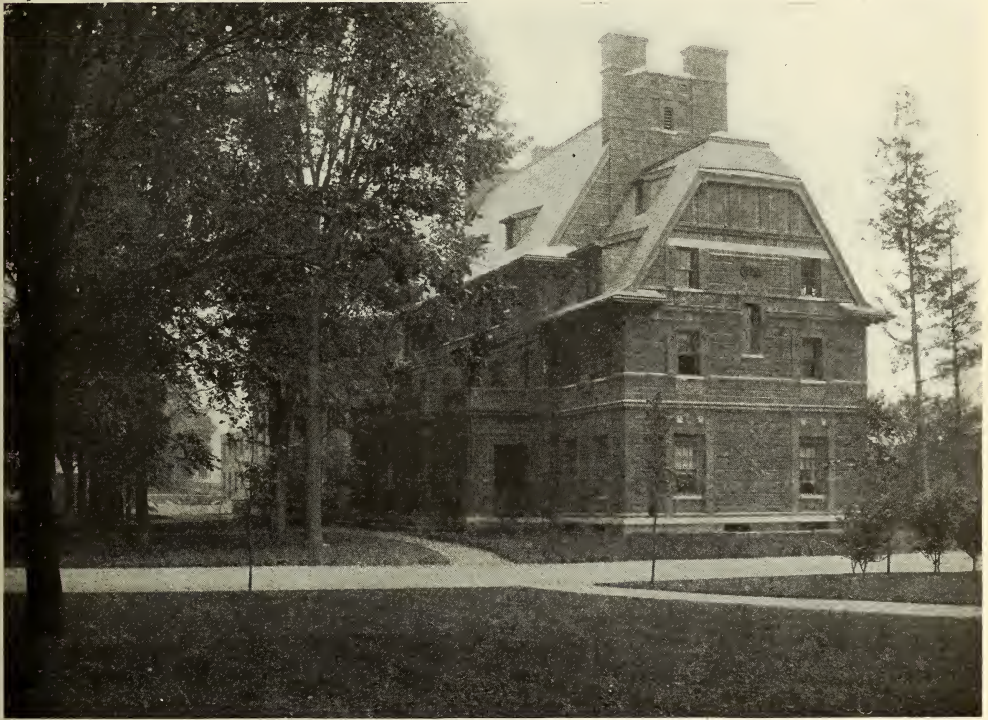
every other New England village for beauty."

"The Sabbath evening was still and peaceful as I sat on the veranda of the hotel, looking, by turns, up the wooded summits of East Mountain, the Dome, and Greylock, already tinged with sunset pink, around upon the white, lawn-bordered homes of farmers and professors, or down the dusty Hoosac valley, where a silver thread of water wound about, and was finally lost sight

some pleasant glimpses of American youth, and by the bright anticipation for its manhood to which these glimpses give rise."

How different is this from the college of 1810 with its two buildings and straggling green.

From the beginning of the administration of Mark Hopkins, the rise of Williams College has been steady, yet somewhat checked by a certain conservatism, not found in other col-



PHI DELTA THETA FRATERNITY HOUSE

of in the folds of Taconic's forest robe. On the porch of a fraternity lodge, just opposite, a group of students, picturesquely disposed, were singing the evening hymn in harmony, while above the great, gray hills a rising moon hung her silver shield against the sunset's crimson. Thus the May night fell lightly as sleep upon a scene of singular beauty and purity, closing a day made delightful to me by rest from labor and labor questions, by

leges. There seems to be a strong desire that it may retain its position as a small and somewhat exclusive college rather than that the growth should be rapid and the quality of its men sacrificed. Williams is eminently a rich man's college; it is, too, the college of the college man's son. It is estimated that over eighty per cent. of the students at the present time are the sons of college graduates.

If the worthy gentlemen of the first





DELTA KAPPA EPSILON HOUSE

Board of Trustees of the Free School at Williamstown, who so deplored the passage of Massachusetts gold into the coffers of colleges outside the sacred confines of the commonwealth, if, we say, these gentlemen had been gifted with vindictive temperaments and the power of peering into the future how they would have rejoiced in the knowledge of their revenge when they became aware that not only were seven and twenty states, to say nothing of Turkey and Persia, contributing their toll to this portal of the highroad of learning, but that the boys of Massachusetts were, in numbers, but a poor second to the sons of the haughty patroons of New York. Of the five hundred and thirty-seven students now enrolled at Williams, two hundred and two are from the Empire State; Massachusetts is represented by one hundred and ten; New Jersey sends fifty-two, and Illinois takes fourth place with thirty-seven. In order follow Ohio, Minnesota, Con-

necticut, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Maine, Washington, Indiana, Vermont, Colorado, District of Columbia, Michigan, California, Missouri, Oregon, Maryland, Nebraska, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Texas, Utah, Wyoming, Persia and Turkey.

As one runs over this list, it is seen that Williams is not a local institution, but a college of national importance, drawing its students from the entire Union. Why do these men come—many of them from under the very shadows of colleges and state universities? The reply is, the traditions of Williams have attracted them, the manliness of its students, the spirit of its alumni, the deeds of its sons. In all these things Williams is rich, though it is a small college. Its name may not be forgotten.

Considerable has already been said about the natural beauty of Williamstown, yet a few words are necessary regarding the college buildings which



play so prominent a part in the appearance of the village.

Without doubt, the most striking building in Williamstown, and the one which would attract the stranger's interest quickest, is the Thompson Memorial Chapel. Situated upon a rolling knoll and opposite the old chapel "like the conventicle of an English country town," its lofty tower overtops the elms and dominates the town. The corner-stone of this edifice was laid in 1903 by Dr. Garfield, and the building completed about two years later.

This is, without doubt, one of the most beautiful college houses of worship in the country. The chapel is built in pure Gothic style, of light gray granite, which, against the foliage of the trees, give it a singularly light and fairy-like aspect. It is built in the usual cruciform plan of church architecture, with a semi-circular apse, shallow transepts and a long nave. The roof is very high as compared with the width of the edifice, and the walls lightly buttressed. The tower itself, with its great arched bell-windows and battlemented summit, is a thing of the utmost beauty. The interior is even more beautiful than the outside. One should see it for the

first time, perhaps, at dusk, when the glowing windows cast their delicate colors over the dark oaken benches and upon the marble floor. And if, perchance, the velvet-toned organ is rolling its rich purple melody among the clustered pillars, its mellow notes soaring into the dim and lofty arches, it requires no great stretch of imagination to picture a procession of shadowy, black-robed monks pacing the dusky aisles of this old-world chapel.

The interior finish of the chapel is of gray limestone and the floor of Tennessee marble. All the woodwork is of dark oak, carved in imitation of early Gothic designs. It is seldom that an idea is carried to such perfection of detail as here, where even the wardrobes in the President's dressing-room are finished in the same pattern and with the same care as the pulpit.

Not the least notable feature about the chapel is the windows. These, with the Hopkins and Garfield memorial windows, are the work of John Hardman and Company, Birmingham, England. They are painted glass. Some idea of their delicate patterning may be gained from the photograph here shown, but it can, of course, give nothing of their richness and harmony of color. The Hopkins window, which



WILLIAMSTOWN FROM STONE HILL





LOUNGING ROOM — COMMONS

has already been mentioned, is in the south wall of the east transept and of German workmanship. It is in memory of Professor Albert Hopkins, brother of President Mark Hopkins. The Garfield window, by La Farge, in the west transept is in memory of the martyred President, James Abram Garfield, of the class of 1856, father of the present head of the college. This window, unlike the rest, is of stained glass and "in parts can justly hold its own in comparison with the best mediaeval windows for brilliance of color and harmonious balance of tones."

Both these windows were taken from the old chapel.

Almost immediately opposite the chapel are Lasell Gymnasium and Morgan Hall, a dormitory, both built of gray limestone in the style of the Italian Renaissance; the older dormitories are of yellow brick and some of the most recent have been modelled after them. All in all, the college architecture is of a pretty heterogene-

ous sort, comprising everything from the fine colonial proportions of Griffin Hall to the Gothic of Thompson Chapel and the nondescript variety peculiar to the dark ages in American architecture, namely, the eighth decade of the last century, as shown in Hopkins Hall. Yet all these varied types are under a charm which does not make them, incongruous as they often are, seem out of place. One thing they do have in common is a sort of academic restfulness and quiet which well accords with that calm country.

Six years ago a central heating plant was erected, from which all rooms in the college buildings are supplied with heat. This, of course, very materially lessens the danger from fire. It is to be hoped that an electric lighting equipment will soon be established in connection with the heating plant.

In 1896 the "honor system" of conducting examinations was introduced. That it has been successful, its present use amply attests. The method of

judgment of suspected fraud is, it seems, unique with Williams. "All cases of suspected fraud are dealt with by a committee of ten students, including representatives from each class, who have the power to decide on the question of guilt and recommend to the Faculty the penalty of dismissal from college in the case of a Senior, Junior, or Sophomore, and of suspension in the case of a Freshman." It is gratifying to know that the committee is seldom obliged to meet.

In athletics the Williams man has always been recognized as a hard player, but a gentle, manly one. It is this spirit that has made the teams so successful and so popular.

In basketball, Williams has long been putting out one of the strongest teams in the East, and her football and baseball teams are of such caliber that their schedules never lack games with the big colleges. The excellent opportunities for walking and mountaineering which the Berkshires offer, furnish the means of exercise for those who do not seek the laurels of fame. Thanks to this outdoor life, there is little serious illness at Williams.

As to the social side of Williams life, the college seems to be just the right distance from North Adams and

Pittsfield to offer the students all the pleasures of a larger place without its inconvenience. The fraternities are a very powerful social factor, also. Most of them own their own chapter houses which are fitted with all the conveniences of a luxurious city club. Several of them have their own dining rooms where meals are served to members. Within the last year the Commons has also been opened, where meals are provided for one hundred and ten men. Both table d' hote and a la carte meals are served, the prices being kept at a minimum. With the Commons is conducted a public lounging room, where fraternity and not-fraternity men can come together and prevent the rise of clannishness. It is a wise precaution for there is nothing more disastrous to a college than narrowness.

The work of Dr. Garfield has but begun; never had the world more new problems coming before it every day. Never had the executive of a college a more difficult task than now presents itself to each college president. The school must not only keep abreast of the times but advance a little way before them. The knowledge of to-day is the ridicule of to-morrow. We must not look back.



WESTON ATHLETIC FIELD



# THE PERSIAN RUG

By WILLIAM OLIVER REMINGTON

WE were seated about a little table in a Chinese restaurant on Harrison avenue, and rather expecting a story from the old ex-attache in whose honor we were holding our little celebration.

The celestial who had laid our service of delicate lacquer ware now stood at a respectful distance, like an image carved in mutton tallow.

"You preachers are a strange lot," began the old raconteur. "You don't know anything about, and, what is more, you don't care a rag for some of the most interesting things in your own religion."

The clerical member of our party lifted his brows inquiringly and the consul continued:

"If I was president of a theological seminary——"

"Monstrous!" ejaculated the cleric, but the other ignored him.

"As I was saying, if I was foreman of a preacher factory, I would import a good-sized Oriental village and let the students learn things."

For some moments his eye rested in silence on a great carved dragon that adorned the wall, and his mood grew more serious.

"I never see one of those things without a shudder," he said, simply. "They stand for an element in the actual experience of those people. I have never told you, I am sure, of the last days of Alice Leighton and the manner of her death. I have never felt that I could. You all remember Alice, I suppose?"

Involuntarily we laid aside our cigars, as if the mention of her name had brought her in person before us. We recalled the brilliant wedding, the leave-taking of the youthful couple for

Leighton's foreign appointment, and that sad, slow funeral a short six months later.

"Mind you, fellows, I don't undertake to explain any of the things that I am going to tell you; and if at any point of my story, which, I warn you beforehand, is a queer one, your curiosity begins to get the better of you just remember—it was Alice."

A more effectual appeal for an uninterrupted hearing no man could have made; at least to us, upon whom the beautiful girl had made that lasting impression which is as a rich legacy bequeathed by some rarely-endowed spirits.

"The particulars are as fresh in my mind as if it had happened yesterday and I am going to tell it just as I reported it at the time to the chief of my department; as it is, I suppose, stored away to-day in what must be one of the strangest documents in the archives of the State Department.

"Suitable residence property was at that time hardly to be found, even in the Chinese treaty ports, and I was very glad to be so situated as to be able to invite the young couple to my own compound until they should find something habitable.

"The Leightons, like most new arrivals, were at once seized with a violent craze for all objects of Oriental manufacture, and when they would get their heads together in a whispering fashion over some new purchase, I knew that its place had been assigned in the future nest. Leighton had money and his coming was a godsend to the merchants of the place.

"One day they came home intensely enthusiastic over the discovery of an antique rug whose history must have

dated back to the earliest incursions of the Tartar tribes. Nothing would do but that I must see it. And I am free to confess that it was a perfect mosaic of jewels, soft and brilliant. It was of what is known as 'the tree of life' pattern, but far more intricate of detail than any of that design that I had ever seen. The price was fabulous, but as my unconcealed admiration had confirmed their determination to purchase it, so my good offices and greater knowledge of Oriental ways succeeded in bringing the merchant to reason.

"Not until after the rug had been sold and delivered did the old rascal present himself at our house with rather a remarkable yarn. The rug, he said, was the abode of a 'shie kwei' (which is Chinese for demon, or evil spirit), and that ever since it had been in his house the spirit had greatly troubled his daughter. But as the rug was too valuable to be destroyed by one so poor as himself, he had not known what to do. Now we had purchased it, and he thought it right to tell us of these things, that we might either destroy the rug or sell it to some one else, if we so wished. When we questioned him further he could only say that he supposed that the person who wove the rug had wrought his own life into its warp and woof.

"This notion seemed to us at the time rather a pretty one, and I am sure that the story added much to the pride of the new owners of the rug. When we asked as to the nature of his daughter's affliction he so described it as to give us the impression of a rather severe case of epilepsy. When he added that since the removal of the offending rug she was entirely recovered, we could not but wonder at the strength of a superstition which was able to produce such persistent halucinary phenomena.

"At his leaving we were all a-buzz with excitement and gaiety. Alice insisted that the rug be brought out of storage and spread on the floor of my living-room. To this I was in nowise loath, as its beauty was of a most extraordinary character.

"No sooner was it laid upon the floor than we were again lost in admiration, both of the separate colors and their blending as well as of its lustrous texture. In a moment, like children, we were on our knees tracing the intricate patterns and commenting on their allegorical meanings. Alice, particularly, seemed full of such lore and fairly bubbled over with enthusiasm.

"She insisted that the rug was the handiwork, not of man, but of a beautiful slave girl, whose sufferings at the hands of a brutal master was the story that was woven, thread by thread, into the pitiful laboriousness of its design; while, if it were possessed by an evil demon, it could be no other than the soul of her tormentor, thus forever bound for the expiation of his sins.

"Into this interpretation Alice entered with so much earnestness that we all burst into hearty laughter.

"We had not moved from our kneeling posture on the rug, and no one had spoken since Alice's last word, when the door opened, apparently without cause, and immediately closed again—not with a jar, as by the wind, but softly. We stared first at it and then at one another, but without comment.

"Scarcely had we pulled ourselves together a little from the shock of this occurrence, when, with a peculiar, sharp movement, the center table was shifted a few inches, and a costly vase which it bore fell to the floor with a loud crash and was shattered to atoms.

"For some reason we never discussed these occurrences. I cannot but think that it would have been better if we had; but I at least felt a most unaccountable reluctance to face the facts, and I think that the others shared my feelings.

"Alice was the first to recover her self-possession, and soon had us all in the highest spirits with her unquenchable gaiety.

"These incidents, however, proved to be but the beginning of a long series of happenings that for the next few weeks destroyed alike the order and the *morale* of our house. Fire broke out in the thatch of the roof so often and so un-



accountably that we were compelled to keep buckets and ladders in continual readiness. Rattling, jarring and especially knocking sounds continually disturbed our sleep. Footsteps became audible in the quiet, and once or twice we even heard sounds like a low, chuckling, most forbidding laughter.

"More annoying, even, than these, we would discover foreign substances and even filth in our very food. And, indeed, in all the manifestations there was something not only impish, but unclean.

"Of course, the servants talked, as servants will. We quickly discovered that our neighbors were accustomed to look upon the presence of such a familiar spirit in our house as a family scandal. And we ourselves began to be conscious of a sense of degradation and shame, as if in some way both the house and ourselves were disgraced. It was not so much fear that possessed us as a deep abhorrence of the disgusting intimacy.

"Alice all this while outdid herself in brilliancy. But, closely observing the girl, I was certain that she was acting under a suppressed, but intense, excitement, and I became greatly concerned for her.

"I decided that things had gone altogether too far, and secretly resolved, upon the very first opportunity, to have the rug removed and placed in storage, only awaiting some rational pretence for such an action.

"Before doing so, however, I determined to make at least one effort to rid ourselves of the nightmare, obsession or whatever it was that possessed us, for I was unwilling to admit that it possessed the slightest foundation in reality.

"*'Alice,'* I said, *'let us invite in the whole American colony and make a big entertainment—one that will shake the rafters and be the talk of the town for the rest of the season.'*

"I gave no reason, but secretly I felt that the diversion of interest, the planning and preparation, the entertainment itself and the calling that would follow might change the tenor of our

thoughts, and perhaps entirely remove the painful notion.

"Alice visibly brightened and took up at once with the suggestion, and we entered with the utmost zest into the planning of a great party.

"For the next few days we were as busy as possible, and throughout this bustle of preparation the manifestations became less and less frequent, and finally, to my infinite relief, ceased altogether. Our table resumed its wonted gaiety, and even the stolid servants stepped about with a newsprightliness. Alice alone became somewhat depressed, which was a natural reaction from her overwrought state, and rather pleased both her husband and myself than caused us the slightest anxiety.

"Inside of twenty-four hours the incident began to appear like an absurdity, and I was ready to introduce it into our conversation as a jest. To add to this mirthful feeling one of the oldest of our servants, an aged but very faithful Chinaman, retained the terror that had lately possessed ourselves, and we were able to see mirrored in his conduct the utter absurdity of that which we ourselves had been doing. He would start and turn at the slightest noise, and pick up overturned objects gingerly and suspiciously, fumbling an amulet that he wore and muttering charms. It was impossible not to laugh at his ludicrous terror over the most ordinary occurrences.

"Once I inadvertently caught my toe in the edge of the rug, and, stumbling, fell forward, dislodging any amount of small belongings.

"Wee Ling let out a most terrible shriek and fled from the house at top speed; nor were we able to persuade him to return for many hours.

"Early on the evening of the entertainment we all partook of a light supper together. Suddenly, while we were seated at the table, I noticed that Alice was seized with an uneasy feeling—an uncontrollable restlessness.

"With a quick glance I called the attention of her husband to her peculiar actions.

"What is it, Alice?" he inquired. But she only stared at him with eyes wild and half-devoid of recognition. Then she arose, pushing back her chair with the quickness of her motion, and held out her hands appealingly. In an instant we were both at her side.

"What is it?" I cried, moved as never before by a sense of impending horror. She pushed us both back, at the same time swaying and staggering toward the door, until her husband gently restrained her.

"Alice!" he shouted. "Stop! Sit down! Where are you going? What is it? What can I do for you?"

"Swaying feebly and clasping her hands to her head, she gasped in a dry, forced utterance:

"It! We shuddered. I stepped to the sideboard for a glass of wine, but stopped as I heard her trying to speak again. Finally, slowly and with infinite effort she managed to articulate:

"It is telling—me—to—do—what—I—will—not—do." The words came with a tense, suffocating sound that was most distressing to hear.

"Then I saw her lips move again in a curiously mechanical way, as though she were no longer in control of herself, but were a mere automaton moved by the exercise of mechanical force; and the voice that came forth was not hers! As yet we knew scarcely a word of the native tongue, but enough to know that the words spoken were no more Chinese than they were English, but a Semitic tongue.

"All this while her countenance was changing. While I stood transfixed with horror she turned on her husband a look of indescribable repugnance that brought a cry of pain to his lips, for he most dearly loved her. A rigor seized her limbs and she fell, panting, to the floor.

"Rousing myself, I threw myself on my knees at her side. Assisting her husband, I chafed her wrists and he loosened her dress at the throat. Yet we could do but little.

"Somehow we felt that the darling girl was struggling for her very life with an antagonist against whom we were utterly powerless. Her limbs

were motionless. It was not with bodily strength, but with all the might of her will, that she was fighting as if against some foul and horrible embrace.

"Finding that we could expect no assistance from the panic-stricken servants, we quickly carried the sufferer to a couch, while I went for wine or a glass of cordial—I scarcely know for what, for I had a stupefied feeling that nothing could be of the slightest avail.

"When I re-entered the room I saw at a glance that the struggle was over. There was no mistaking the meaning of that marble stillness. In a transport of grief and rage I staggered forward to where her husband's figure crouched against the couch, his head buried in the folds of her dress.

"As I did so there arose from her body, and particularly from her lips, a murky emanation—as it were, a visible breath—that took to itself form and the semblance of a face—ruthless, evil, obscene.

"With a cry I sprang toward it, but my hands, that would have strangled a giant, closed on emptiness.

"Looking down at Alice, I saw with what of joy could be left that her features had regained their natural sweetness of expression, as if, through the veil of death, she was telling us that, whatever may have been the nature of that struggle and though at the price of her life, the evil spirit had been cast out, leaving her our unstained Alice.

"My eye caught sight of the rug. Poor little slave girl of Persia, I thought! How fearfully, after so many centuries, have your wrongs been avenged!"

As we left the place (for no one felt like commenting on the consul's story) we could hear the shuffling of feet in the dim, unlighted halls,—that curious, muffled scrape of the Chinaman's foot-gear,—and it was not until we had left the district and its strange inhabitants far behind us that we looked from one to the other as if to ask if it had all been real.

The old consul laughed bitterly.

"They are queer," was all that he would say.



# THE APOLLO CLUB OF BOSTON

By ETHEL SYFORD

MOST clubs or organizations are, to a certain extent, a sign of the times—blackboards, as it were, whereon a community chronicles its demands, its smiles of approval or its discontent. Every little while Father Time chooses for them a new mask, and they must wear it at least occasionally.

They hold out their hands to the *hoi polloi*,—they themselves are of it, and, whether they will or no, they are a more or less variable function,—a derivative, as it were, of the breath of the people.

In the case of musical organizations, which are, in a way, a power in the community, we may find several whose standards are high and of exacting order, whose achievements are annually excellent and worthy, and to whom an appreciative public always bows in respectful recognition. But when we attempt to subject them to analysis there is just a bit of disappointment and a tinge of the commonplace at finding them a composition of amalgamated atoms which must ever be fanned into life by a master baton.

Their current of life would stop should the sparks cease to fly from the magic stick.

I mean no disrespect when I say that on various occasions of most excellent performances of these *hoi-polloi* organizations of heterogeneous atoms, when I have seen a conductor struggling with one of these amalgamated masses, I have felt that there was a certain grotesqueness, an undignity, so to speak, about it all. Their efforts are usually extremely successful. However, it all seems not unlike the king in the role of gooseherd, with whip high in hand and

himself out of breath, trying to drive his flock into a certain compartment.

You may have already objected to my referring to these organizations as of the *hoi polloi*. You will argue that having rigid requirements of time, tone and rhythm and other adequacies of high standard and attainment, they are not to be decried. Even so, they are to be much lauded. I am merely trying to draw a dividing line of difference between the organizations composed of music-lovers, music-followers and music-workers who are able to pass muster into membership, and those few organizations which are of a more distinctive *familia*, and whose electorate presupposes time, tone and rhythm and is concerned with the spirit of art and the innateness of taste and refinement. It is to this distinctive *familia* type that the Apollo Club of Boston belongs, and it is this insistence upon the innately refined which engenders in an organization of the latter type salon-like possibilities.

If I were going to speak sweepingly I should say, without fear, the three essences of American *artistic refinement* are the Apollo Club of Boston, the Kneisel Quartette and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The two latter bring to right of the quintessence of masterly achievement; the Apollo Club of Boston by virtue of its achievement and distinctively Bostonian *esprit de corps* as well. The spirit of this organization is unmatched. One is consciously instantly that its audience is entirely in *rapport* with itself. It is a most unusual atmosphere of absolute sympathy, and a distinctive salon-like *eclat* marks the Apollo Club of Boston as unique.

Not only is the club composed of in

vited members, but its audiences are composed of invited subscribers only. This prime characteristic of Apollo concerts has existed since the beginning of the organization.

The Apollo Club of Boston is now in its thirty-ninth year. It was founded in 1871; the Chickering Club, a group of twelve men singers, forming its nucleus. The practice of giving concerts

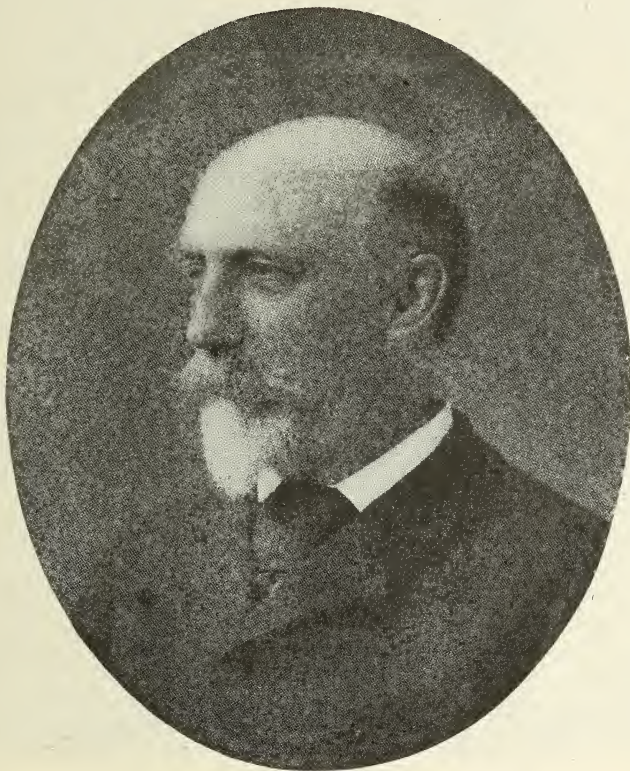
only to invited guests was a characteristic of the Chickering Club. To this nucleus were added more than a score of interested and enthusiastic devotees, and at the close of the last preliminary meeting a club of fifty-two members had been formed. Among the number were Allen A. Brown, who is well known in this country and in Europe as an indefatigable connoisseur of music and

musical literature; Dr. Samuel W. Langmaid, a well-known physician; George H. Chickering, of piano fame; Arthur Reed, an earnest, experienced and untiring worker; Charles James Sprague, bank cashier, poet and German scholar, who did the translations for the use of the club, and many others.

Mr. B. J. Lang, the well-known musician, was the first conductor. He continued as conductor of its choir of men from its beginning in 1871 to his volun-

tary retirement as conductor in 1901, whereupon he was made president of the club. From the first it was a group of intimate and sympathetic followers of art whose artistic tendencies had been highly cultivated. The Apollo Club of Boston sprang out of and was a part of the salon days of Boston. In its beginning it might well be called a salon of musical culture whose distinguish-

ing peculiarity and purpose as set down in the by-laws, was the practice and performance of part-songs and choruses for male voices and the cultivation of a refined taste in this class of music. It sprang from Olympus, — from that fragrant intimacy of congenial, intellectual and refined comradeship which was generous and unprecipitate, and which the few old Bostonians who

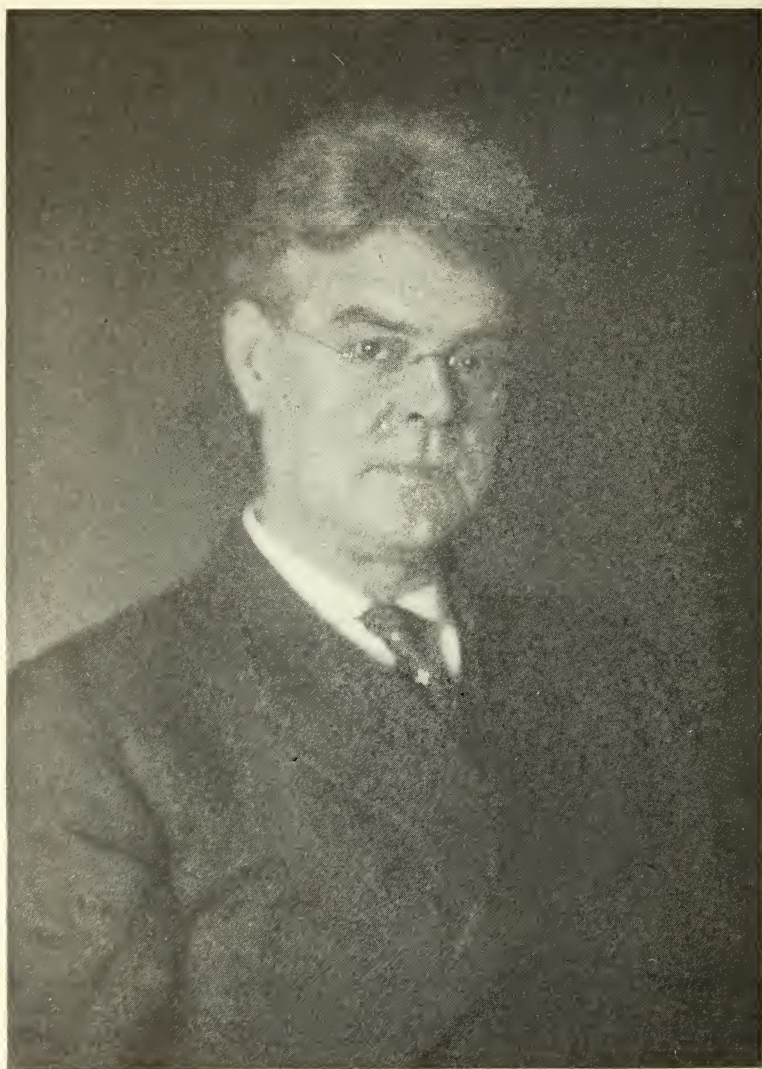


BENJAMIN J. LANG, FIRST CONDUCTOR

remain realize has well-nigh passed. And it is a passing of spirit as well as of flesh.

Perhaps no remaining function of that period has as well preserved its pristine contour and intent as has the Apollo Club of Boston. It not only *was* but *is* one of the choicest plants of the artistic florescence of Boston's Olympic Hill of that while now forty years past. It has refused to feed upon aught but the warm sunshine emanating from the sons of that same Olympic





EMIL MOLLENHAUER, PRESENT CONDUCTOR

Hill. It is that tenure to old properties, as it were, that constant claim which it has always made for the *aristos*, which has preserved it as unique, distinguished and cherished.

At the time of the first informal concert, on September 5, 1871, there were fifty-two active members, and but one hundred and ninety-three on the associate list. This first concert was a great success, and the associate list soon numbered the restricted five hundred. These associate (non-singing) members have the privilege of purchasing

tickets for the concerts of the club.

There has also existed an honorary membership, composed of persons distinguished for their interest in the purposes of the club, or who have rendered it valuable service. This membership numbers four—Allen A. Brown, Arthur Reed, B. J. Lang and Mr. Chickering.

The first president, who remained in office for eleven years, up to the time of his death, was Judge John Phelps Putnam. Following him were such representative men as Robert M. Morse, Hon. John Lathrop, Colonel Arnold A.

Rand, Solomon Lincoln, George H. Chickering, Charles S. Hamlin and B. J. Lang. None of these were active members. In 1904 Courtenay Guild was elected president, and since that time the club has realized and reaped the marked advantage of having an active and working president who is filled with an enthusiastic and generous interest in its welfare and who promotes its every interest. A genial humanism and genuine generosity and a kindliness which is unusual, characterize Mr. Guild and make him loved. His is a most fitting nature to preside over this band of brotherly good fellowship.

Horace J. Phipps, the present secretary, is a veteran active member. Mr. Arthur Reed, the original secretary, filled the office for twenty-five years. In the intervening period Mr. Henry Basford filled the office until his death. He was succeeded by Mr. Albert Harlow. Mr. Phipps has been secretary for the past eight years. The office of secretary invests its holder with a great burden of responsibility. The issuing of notices of every sort and importance are dependent upon him, and with a large associate list the task is not a small one for an otherwise busy man. Glancing over some of the calls to rehearsals, etc., sent out by Mr. Phipps, one finds some especially clever ones, and he has been an indefatigable and unusually efficient worker in the club's behalf.

The following is an example of his efforts to clinch the memory of the actives in obeying the call to duty:

"One hundred and eight years ago, on St. Valentine's day, Napoleon said 'Apollo is perfect'; two weeks ago Emil Mollenhauer said 'Not quite.'"

"To make Napoleon's statement true it will be appropriate to have a little brushing up of the dusty parts on Sunday, the fourteenth, at three-thirty P. M."

Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, the director of the club since 1901, stands among the foremost of his profession. Too much could not be said in regard to his efficiency as a conductor, or of his

masterly skill in interpretation. In the case of the Apollo Club of Boston the instrument which he has in hand is an alert and knowing band of voices, but every praise is due to Mr. Mollenhauer's efficiency and subtle command.

At the present date the officers of the club are: Courtenay Guild, president; John K. Berry, vice-president; Horace J. Phipps, secretary; Thomas H. Hall,



THE SEAL OF THE APOLLO CLUB

treasurer; W. F. Littlefield, librarian; Emil Mollenhauer, conductor; H. A. Dennison, chairman of the voice committee; George L. Parker, chairman of the music committee.

The last concert, given in Jordan Hall, on February 16, was the two hundred and sixth concert of the club. The first formal concert of the Apollo Club of Boston was given in December, 1871. From that time four formal concerts have been given each winter. In the earlier days each concert was repeated at least once, and there were public rehearsals, one each month. Even these latter were attended by invitation, and became events of first musical importance locally.

The first concerts of the organization were given in old Music Hall. An account which refers to the first formal concert in 1871 says: "Music Hall was packed with an audience composed of the *elite* of Boston." The report of the critic refers to the strong, resonant and fine quality of the voices, the light and shade, delicate pianissimo swelling into a storm of power with beautiful, smooth gradation; the clear, crisp



enunciation of all the words as with one voice; the mingling and wielding of the transitional expression as though one mind directed it. A glance at the chronicling of the critics on down to the present time reveals a most uniform set of decrees. Perhaps no other club has been so constant in its attainment of refined excellence. Article after article down the years refers to the more than apparent atmosphere of good-comradeship between performers, conductor and audience.

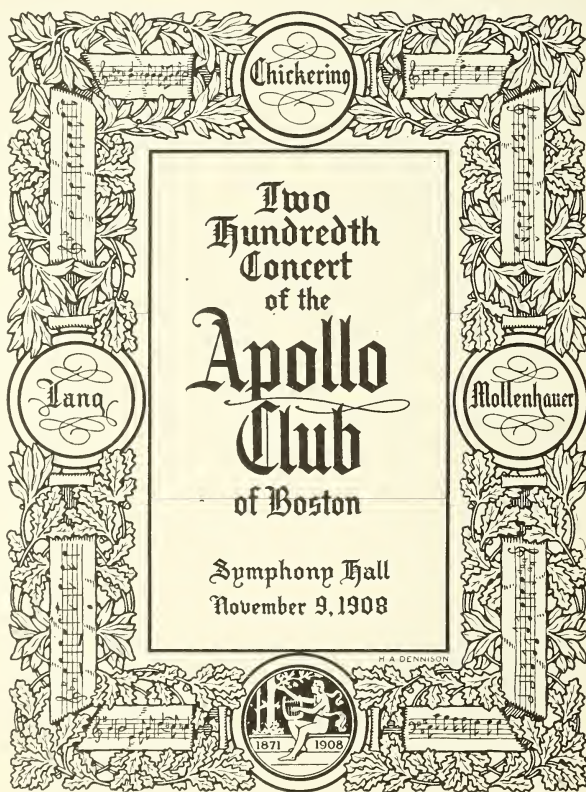
On November 9, 1909, the two hundredth anniversary concert was given in Symphony Hall. The club was assisted by Miss Geraldine Farrar and the Boston Festival Orchestra. It was a memorable event. Just before the second part of the concert the president of the club, Mr. Courtenay Guild, made a graceful and humorous speech, in which he paid tribute to the past services of Mr. Lang and Mr. Mollenhauer, the present conductor. Mr. Guild, with a few clever and well-chosen remarks (among which: "Although of the Apollo I need not apollo-gize for this") presented Mr. George C. Wiswell with a silver loving-cup. Mr. Wiswell is the only original member of the club who is now actively

connected as a singer, and who has sung in all but one of the concerts which have taken place since its organization.

This two hundredth concert was the first departure of the club from entirely quasi-private performance. It was a thrilling occasion, marked by the mutual loyalty of new friends to old and of old friends to one another.

Aside from the distinguishing features of this club, which have already been dwelt upon, its very nature makes it unique, and to pass in review its over two hundred programs is to gaze upon an especial corner of music's flower garden. This corner is for men's voices exclusively, and so the growth can never be a luxuriant one. But it is aglow with deeply and richly resonant colorings. Music for male voices is usually referred to as limited.

Yes, and no. Yes, where the reference is to the quantity of it. But upon reflecting upon the uniquely vibrant buoyancy one feels during the lifting up of the voices of a choir of over seventy men, I would rather say that such music is only sensitively characteristic, and that the rarity of its beauty is most subtly dependent upon attuning and alertly sensitive refinement. Such an



PROGRAM COVER DESIGN BY H. A. DENNISON

organization is acutely related to the solo viola or even the solo 'cello. In these cases the critic should not bemoan the sparsity of literature, but realize, demand and laud the acute musicianship necessary to make the performance of such works refined and without the rough edge of clumsiness.

Even granting the sparsity of such literature,—literature for male voices, for solo viola or even solo 'cello—there is vastly more of it than amateurs and even the average professional can exploit with finished grace and fluency.

After a concert by the Apollo Club of Boston you *have* realized an artistic exploitation characterized by virility and finish and life, and you ransack the musician's technical pigeon-holes and pull out resonance and excellent rhythmic attack and wonderful shading, from the most delicate pianissimo to a storm of volume and the ensemble as of one voice. It might be interesting, if not advantageous, to just feel its deep, dusky reds and its gleams of golden-yellow brilliancy as a vitally psychological emanance. Love songs, drinking songs, tramping songs, songs of glee—they are all experiences lived right out of the lives of any man in any age, either in spirit of desire or of actuality. The subject matter of music for male voices, for viola, for 'cello, is the music which comes nearest to being the cry of the human soul. The music for women's voices and for soprano violins is concerned with poetic imagery and idealistic fancy. Even the lullaby is not universally a feminine experience to which every woman is vitally alive. Love, to a degree, and comradeship, to a degree, is an experience of every man. A chorus of men's voices is really a symposium of brotherly experience. Ergo, the resonance and *verve* of rich, red blood. Add to this the blue blood of refinement of this particular fellowship which I am considering, and lo! the royal purple of artistic polish and acute sensitiveness to subtle niceties which the critics always accord its every performance.

The program of the one hundred and ninetieth concert, given in Jordan Hall

on February 21, 1906, contained an interesting feature. Six ancient folk-songs of the Netherlands, from a collection written in 1606, were given. They are stirring songs out of the lives of men struggling for free breath. There is a mood of sorrow and one of war; one of tender parting and of daring and the thanksgiving of hearts that have bled. On the same program is "Three Glasses," by Fisher; "Minstrel Song," by Zauder; "A Hymn," by Mohr, and a "Valentine," by Horatio Parker.

The concert of November 16, 1905, contains memorable numbers—Kremser's "Hymn to the Madonna,"—and Bruch's "Frithjof" cantata is another of their massive accomplishments. Attenhofers "Storm" is also a number which is tremendously impressive. This and "Sunday on the Ocean," by Heinze, are among their most effective numbers.

A very worthy achievement was the rendition of the Wagner "Knights of the Grail" chorus at the Boston Symphony Pension Fund concert in April of 1906. The "Soldier's Chorus," from "Faust," by Gounod, has been given several times, of course. At the one hundred and ninety-fourth concert in February of 1907 the "Rhapsodie," from Goethe's "Hartzreise im Winter," by Brahms, was given with contralto solo and piano and organ accompaniment, and the club proved its power to interpret this nobly eloquent and impressive work.

The assistance of orchestral accompaniment is many times noted. In the early days, it is said, B. J. Lang's suggestion of such co-operation was answered by some heads which shook negation at him, because they did not wish their hard labor and effective achievements to be "drowned out by a band."

At the one hundred and ninety-eighth concert the "Hymn" by Archbishop O'Connell, "*Praeclara Custos Virginium*," was given with tenor solo and organ and piano accompaniment. The rendering it received made Father O'Connell's music most eloquent. The



club has also given, with full orchestra and for the first time in Boston, Mendelssohn's "To the Sons of Art," "Antigone" and "Oedipus at Colonus," Max Bruch's "Roman Song of Triumph," Hiller's "Easter Morning," Brahms's "Rinaldo," Whiting's "Free Lances," "March of the Monks of Bangor" and "Henry of Navarre," Brambach's "Columbus," Paine's "Summons to Love" and "Oedipus Tyrannus," Foote's "Farewell to Hiawatha" and Nicode's "The Sea." Several of these were written for the club, besides smaller works and single choruses for male voices and orchestra, by Wagner, Strong, Gernsheim, Schumann, Sullivan, Beethoven, Raff, Goldmark, Rubinstein, Berlioz, innumerable part-songs of German, French and English origin, and many by our own composers—Paine, Chadwick, Lang, Whiting, Buck, Foote, MacDowell, Osgood and others.

Among the soloists who have appeared are: Richard Arnold, Gustav Danreuther, Fritz Giese, Thomas Ryan, Camilla Urso, Ernest Perabo, Ovide Musin, Carl Faelten, Leopold Lichtenberg, Adele aus der Ohe, Xaver Reiter, Giuseppe Campanari, Anton Hekking, Maud Powell, Lilian Blauvelt, Alvin

Schroeder, Henri Marteau, Marie Nichols, Franz Kneisel, Josef Hoffmann, Max Heinrich, Johanna Gadski, Pol Plancon, David Bispham, Mme. Szumowska and Geraldine Farrar.

The club in its earliest times was called upon to join in public functions of distinction. The first occasion of this sort was at the funeral services of the Hon. Charles Sumner in Music Hall, April 29, 1874.

On June 17, 1875, the club assisted at the services around the monument in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. Again, on June 23, 1877, they gave a concert in honor of President Hayes, who was visiting Boston then.

The homes of the club have been various, each, however, with the general character of having a music-room for rehearsals and a set of rooms

for social enjoyment. For a time they met at the Hallett's music-rooms on Tremont street; then for a longer time they were in the Chickering building; also in the Chickering Hall building on Huntington avenue, and at present at Three Joy street.

Interspersed between the programs are frequent sheets which chronicle the occurrence of dinners and suppers and



PROGRAM ILLUSTRATION FOR KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS  
BY DUDLEY BUCK

other jovial appeasings of the inner man. There is many a clever turning of verse written therein. The "Hymn Before Action," by Kipling, becomes as follows:

### Him After Auction

His mind was full of anger, his eyes  
were red with wrath;  
He walked along the Common and  
stamped along the path.  
Three hours he'd been in auction-  
rooms—it was his first offence;  
He failed to get the Persian rug—his  
bid was fifty cents.

At the supper following the one hundredth concert of the club, in 1886, some of the leaders of the club were sketched in humorous and brotherly fashion by Arthur Reed, the original secretary. He refers to himself as a well-meaning scribe, but an ever-present thorn in the flesh and whipper-in. Referring to Henry M. Aiken, he said: "The gleeful, of whom it is rumored that as he lay in his cradle on the second day of his life he was heard to lift up his voice, singing, 'Beauties, have you seen a toy,' followed immediately with 'Which is the properest day to drink?'"

On this same occasion Mr. Reed mentioned the fact that it was a rather odd coincidence that the club was formed in seventy-one; "that we now have seventy-one active members, and that every one of that number was present at the one hundredth concert given last evening (December 21, 1886)."

The club was incorporated in 1873 by a special act of the Legislature, during the presidency of Judge John Phelps Putnam. Robert M. Morse, Jr., was the five hundredth associate member elected in 1871, and was the second president, and is still a regular attendant at the concerts. With his election the limit of associate membership provided for by the by-laws was reached, and for the twenty years following there was a waiting list, and that is the case to-day.

Among the names on the list of the original fifty-two members is that of Henry Clay Barnabee of "The Bostonians" fame; also Myron W. Whitney, the great bass.

The club has acquired a musical collection of no small proportions. Aside from this source to draw from, they have always had access to the unequalled musical library of Allen A. Brown (which now occupies a spacious room in the Boston Public Library). Mr. Brown served for years on the music committee.

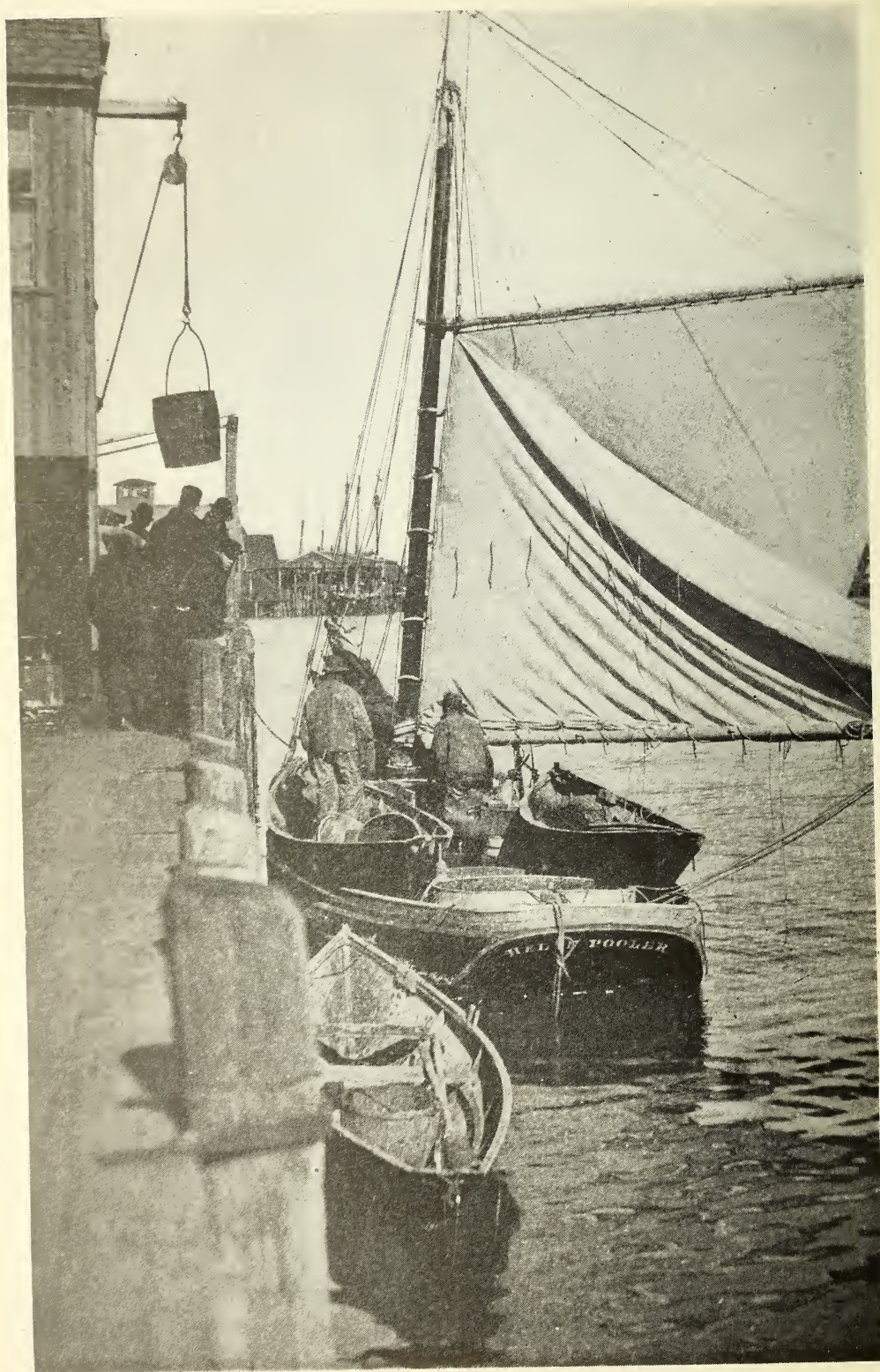
A reprint of the program of the first concert given by the Apollo Club of Boston in Horticultural Hall on November 7, 1871, may be of interest:

"Spring Night".....	Fischer
"Cheerful Wanderer".....	Mendelssohn
"I Long for Thee".....	Hartel
"Praise of Song".....	Maurer
"Soldier's Farewell".....	Kinkel
"Serenade".....	Mendelssohn
"Loyal Song".....	Kucken
"Lovely Night".....	Chwatal
"Miller's Song".....	Zoellner
"The Voyage".....	Mendelssohn
"Serenade".....	Eisenhofer
"Rhine Wine Song".....	Mendelssohn

The advent of quartettes, orchestras and other musical organizations furnished a competition which had to be combatted, but the Apollo Club of Boston has always held its own in achieving excellence and in demanding attention and support.

Since the presidency of Mr. Guild and the secretaryship of Mr. Phipps began, an ever-increasingly active ardor and enthusiasm has illuminated the organization. The active members now number nearly eighty men. And not only these eighty men, but their five hundred associated friends and also their unassociated allies, realize that the Apollo Club of Boston has always been, and is, and more than bids fair to be, one of the most constant and refining and cherished influences of Boston's musical history and of her artistic and intellectual life.





THE WHARVES OF GLOUCESTER





## LE BEAU PORT

### THE SEA-BROWNEED FISHING TOWN OF GLOUCESTER

By JAMES R. COFFIN

Illustrated from photographs by H. W. Spooner

OF the above titles, the first is that by which Gloucester Harbor was, with singular felicity, descriptively named by the great Champlain in 1606, this being his second visit to the point which he considered one of the most important, strategically and commercially, on the coast. The sub-title is from the pen of the Rev. Cotton Mather, who in 1680 visited the colony, which at that time had already attained to considerable importance.

Time has done nothing to change the aptness of either phrase. Gloucester is still a fishing town, sea-browneed, while its beautiful location attracts thousands annually, during the months of the great shoreward migration that is so engaging a feature of modern life.

From the beginning the Gloucester fisheries have been a force in the building of the nation. Passing over the earlier visits of white men to the shores of Cape Ann,—the semi-mythical landing of the Norsemen and the romantic but futile explorations of Captain John Smith, who named the harbor after the Turkish lady who had intervened for the saving of his life and the three islands from the three luckless Turks whose heads he had cut off,—we come to the settlement made by the "Dorchester Colony" in 1623.

The object of the settlement, in which wealthy English gentlemen were

interested, was the pursuit of the fisheries, which had been so profitably followed on the New England coast since 1606, and for which the location of Gloucester was and is so eminently well adapted.

The site of the settlement where was erected their "stage," or wharf, is that which is now known as Stage Fort, and is appropriately held as a public reservation. It lies just to the south of the present city, a fair eminence, rock-girt, and commanding a noble view of the harbor and the sea beyond.

In 1624 Roger Conant was appointed governor and the settlement attracted marked attention. The Plymouth colony claimed jurisdiction over it, and went so far as to attempt to make good their claim by force of arms, an expedition under command of the doughty Miles Standish himself laying siege to the strongly barricaded quarters of the independent colony. Conant succeeded in pointing out the way to peace without bloodshed, and a *modus vivendi* was established. The fisheries were successful, the first cargoes of Gloucester fish going to Bilboa, Spain, and proving very profitable. The agricultural portion of the colony, however, did not find the situation so favorable. The whole region is very rocky and the amount of arable land small. The farming part of the community accordingly moved southward, leaving





THE BELL-BUOY AT NORMAN'S WOE REEF

Gloucester a strictly maritime settlement. The name Gloucester, by the way, had already been chosen in remembrance of the beautiful English cathedral city from which so many of the adventurers had come.

Thus for nearly three hundred years Gloucester has maintained its character and still ranks as the most important fishing port in America. The seafaring life has bred a hardy race of men, who have played an important part in our great national struggles; from Bunker Hill, where two companies of Gloucester men were engaged in the battle, and the disastrous campaign before New York City, where the fishermen of Massachusetts, by their firmness and intrepidity, saved Washington's army from annihilation,

to the late Spanish war, in which five hundred Gloucester fishermen responded to the nation's call for skilled mariners.

This long period of continuous development along one line is unique in American life, and confers upon Gloucester a stamp of individuality that is as interesting as it is unusual, at least on this continent.

The growth of the city has been remarkably even. In 1873, after two hundred and thirty-one years of corporate life, the town government was changed for a city charter. The present population of the city is about 33,000. It is thirty-three miles from Boston on the Gloucester Branch of the Eastern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and is the metropolis of the great North Shore summer colony.

This summer life is certainly an important and growing feature of the place. Cape Ann, surrounded by water on three sides and perpetually swept by ocean breezes, is virtually free from fog, and its cool, clear atmosphere affords grateful relief to the city toiler. It is said that among the earliest summer visitors to this district were the Brook Farm Transcendentalists, who made Pigeon Cove the point for their annual summer pilgrimages, doing the distance from Boston by stage—a long, hard, day's journey—and that was only seventy-five years ago. To-day it is an easy hour's ride, and at least fifteen thousand people annually seek its salubrious summer climate and the refreshment afforded by its scenic beauty and varied recreations.

But what of the fisheries? Have they prospered? Are they followed to-day with the old-time vigor and enterprise?

I think that the contrary has been generally reported and believed. As a matter of fact, Gloucester-cured fish is a very much finer product to-day than it ever was, and the market is a growing one. The business is carried on by a number of very strong firms, and their trade is national in its scope. The method of conducting the business has unquestionably changed, and, as is al-

ways the case, the period of transition and adaptation to new conditions has been one of depression. But the past year has been one of the best that the Gloucester fisheries ever knew, and there is every reason to believe that this is but the beginning of a new era of prosperity.

There are three principal reasons for the renewed prosperity of this ancient trade. The first has already been re-

higher price for the product than they would if a portion of it had to be sold at a reduced price. In the packing of the fish, also, the scientific spirit of the age has introduced many improvements. Formerly it was not practicable to attempt to sell packed fish in the summer months. To-day Gloucester packed fish products keep in perfect condition throughout the summer months. And this lengthening of the



CAPE ANN LIGHT, SHOWING "MOTHER ANN" ON THE EXTREME POINT

ferred to. It is the improvement of the product. The packers no longer accept fish from the vessels unless they are in prime condition. Formerly fish were graded and cargoes that were in a very bad condition could still find a sale at some price. The adoption of stricter regulations has resulted in no hardship or loss to the fishermen, for they are simply compelled to take greater pains to properly salt and pack their catch on board and receive a

season is the second element that enters into the growing prosperity of the Gloucester fisheries.

The third important factor in this growth is that the great packers have entered upon a campaign of advertising that introduces their product into thousands of homes where it was formerly unknown as an article of diet, and this extension of the market seems to possess almost limitless possibilities.

But will the fisheries be able to





THE WINTER RIG OF THE GLOUCESTER SCHOONER

supply this increased demand? Unquestionably, yes. The fish are in the sea, and granted a market that will make their catching and packing remunerative, there will be no difficulty, and never has been any difficulty, in securing them.

As the question of feeding the immense human population of the globe becomes more and more acute, so tremendously important an element of diet as that of packed fish will assume larger and larger proportions in our national balance sheet. It is an interesting fact that to-day practically the entire Gloucester catch is sold to the home market. There is practically no export trade in Gloucester-packed fish, for the simple reason that the home demand absorbs the present supply at the present price; but the supply could be enormously increased at a very slightly increased price.

The prosperity of Gloucester is founded upon that bedrock foundation, a primary article of world dietary.

It has been quite widely believed by those who are only cursorily informed that the Gloucester fish business has been and is being steadily transferred to Boston. This idea is founded upon misinformation. Boston to-day, and not Gloucester, is the centre of the fresh fish trade. Gloucester still is, as it always has been, the center of the fish-packing business.

In this connection a few items of statistical information will be informing. Considerable pains have been taken to make the following figures authoritative. They are furnished in part by Mr. Arthur L. Millet, the expert statistician and commercial reporter of the fisheries; Mr. J. E. Lenhart, wholesale fish dealer and chairman of the publicity committee of the Board of Trade.

The Gloucester fishing fleet numbers about 275 sail, with a gross tonnage of about 22,000 tons. Large fishing schooners predominate, but there are many small craft; also small steamers and gasoline propelled craft. Some of

the large vessels and quite a number of the smaller craft are also fitted with gasoline auxiliary power.

The fishing grounds frequented by Gloucester vessels extend from Cape Hatteras to Greenland, and the length of trips varies from a day or two for the little boats to five and six months for some of the larger vessels which go for salt cod or "flitched" halibut, the latter up among the icefields and icebergs of the Labrador coast and Davis strait.

These figures for the number of vessels at this port do not include small craft under five tons, of which there are many.

The fisheries have been prosecuted here since the place was founded, but records of earlier losses have not been accurately reported. Since 1830 the figures are as follows:

Vessels lost.....	779
Tonnage.....	41,757
Value.....	\$3,952,996
Insurance.....	\$3,035,058
Lives lost.....	5,304
Widows left behind.....	1,064
Children left behind.....	2,144

From this it will appear that in a period of eighty years the entire fleet has been practically lost three times! These are solemn facts that throw a very vivid light on the dangers that surround the fisherman's calling. In an editorial paragraph in our New England Department will be found tabulated statistics of the catches.

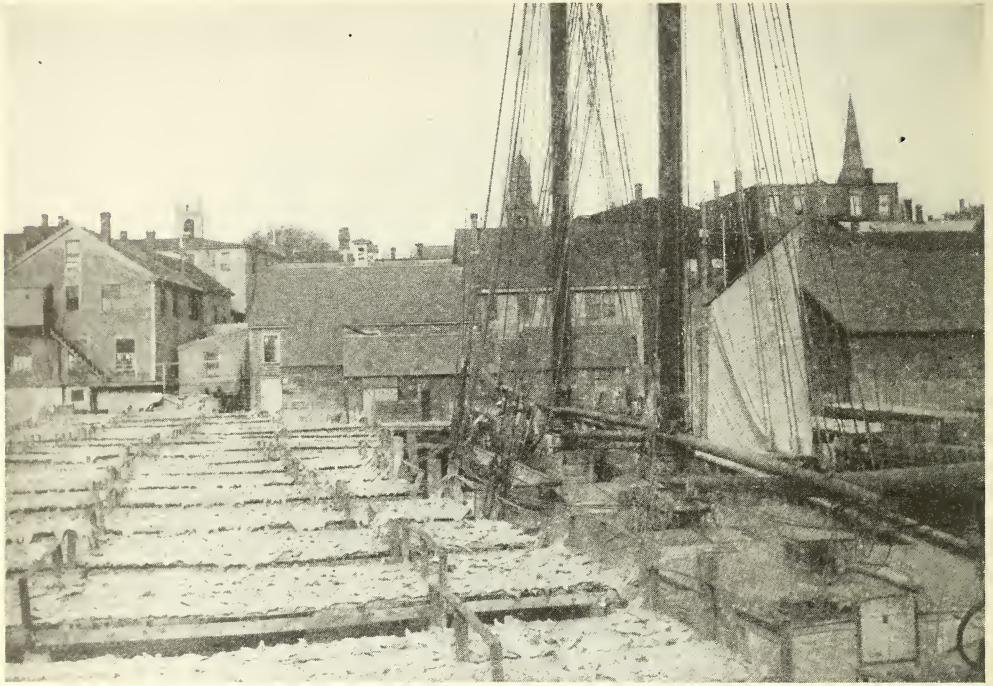
It will be but a small number of our readers to whom the Gloucester fishing schooner is not familiar. This swift, staunch and beautiful craft is the creation of these fisheries. Her great strength and stability tells of the dangers in the midst of which the fisherman's calling is followed. Her speed tells of the shrewdness and "smartness" essential to success. Her general rig and style tell of the ingenuity and inventiveness of those who devised this instrument for the conquest of the boisterous northern seas. No better or more beautiful craft ever sailed on any sea.

The manning of these vessels is by crews who work on a co-operative system that is both interesting and in-



A TYPICAL GLOUCESTER SCHOONER UNDER FULL SAIL.





THE FLAKES. DRYING SALTED FISH.

structive. Each man on board the boat takes his risk in the result and his share of the success of the trip. These shares are known as "lays." The system is a survival of the shares which the original adventurers took in the founding of the colony, and it is a case of the survival of fitness.

It is more than doubtful if any other system of payment would result satisfactorily. The business is one in which the individual workman needs the incentive of his own profit, for everything depends upon his energy, courage and skill. The game that he plays is one that requires a kind of fortitude and daring that is only bred of such an independence and sense of being his own master as this system produces. Whether or not the cash receipts are at the end of the year equivalent to wages may be a subject of endless discussion. So much depends upon so many ifs. Certain it is that it avoids all disputes and breeds intelligence, independence and manhood. Rough men these Gloucester sailors may be, but they are manly fellows. They certainly

lift the lid a little when they come ashore from a long trip; but there are some things that they do not do, and those things are such as might be grouped under the general heads of meanness and cowardice.

The old Yankee stock has very largely prospered out of the work, if I might be permitted to coin such an expression. They have made enough money to educate their children to callings involving less hardship, and but few of them are found aboard the fleet to-day. The crews are largely recruited from the descendants of the Scotch and English settlers of Nova Scotia. They become naturalized Americans, for they cannot hope to become the masters of vessels otherwise, and they recruit our population with a shrewd, hardy and honest body of men racially the same as our older Yankee stock. There are a number of Portuguese fishermen in Gloucester, and they are very highly thought of, too, but of other nationalities there are very few.

Thus co-operatively manned, and her decks piled high with nested dories

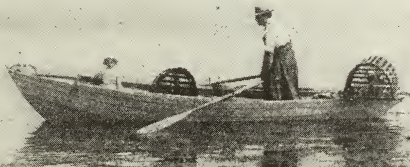
or the great seine-boats, and her hold laden with ice or salt or both, our beautiful schooner stands out for the Grand Banks or the treacherous, uncharted coasts still farther to the north, her canvas all set and drawing—a beautiful picture. More space than we have at our disposal would be required to describe the manner of taking the fish.

The cod fishery, which is the staple industry, is pursued with hook and line, with trawls, gill-nets and with jiggers. The greater part of the cod fishing is done with a trawl. The trawl is a long line from which shorter hooked and baited lines depend. At each end of the trawl is an anchor, and a buoy or marker by which to locate the trawl, which is kept very near the bottom. Trawls are baited and coiled in tubs and set from dories, usually manned by two men, the lines being skilfully tossed overboard by a little flirting fling with a short stick. The usual equipment of a large vessel carrying ten dories, is six line-tubs to each dory. Each line is 300 feet long and is fitted with from 80 to 100 hooks; so that, with all trawls set, a vessel is covering over 20 miles of fishing ground with some 30,000 hooks.

This method necessitates the dories being at considerable distances from the vessel, which is often left to be handled by the cook alone; and it is this disposition of the crew that is the principal source of the loss of life.

Next in importance to trawling is seining with the purse seine, which is the usual way of catching mackerel and sometimes of other fish.

The purse seine, as the name indicates, may be drawn together by a cord that is reeved into it top and bottom. The mackerel seine is about 225 fathoms long and is set from a seine-boat, which is a kind of large whale-boat of a peculiar Gloucester design. After a school of mackerel is sighted the crew take to the oars, and the game is to row swiftly enough to surround a good proportion of them with the long net, which is paid out as the men row in a circle and quickly gathered up with the pursing cords before the fish have an opportunity to escape. Mackerel are a fish of very peculiar habits, and there is much speculation of late as to the sudden disappearance of the great schools from their usual haunts. Whither they have gone no man can tell, or at what moment they will suddenly reappear.





The gill net, as the name signifies, is a net that is left suspended in the water for a considerable time, until many fish become enmeshed by the gills.

Under some conditions the simple hook and line are used, each man having his position along the rail of the vessel. "Jigging" is fishing with an unbaited and unbarbed hook, which is let down (two hooks being fastened to the same line and held apart and leaded) into schools of fish, which are caught by a quick, jerking motion of the hand. Sword-fishing is done with a harpoon, and is an exciting and dangerous employment. The fish sometimes weigh as much as 700 pounds and fight desperately. Good swordfish stories are part of every fisherman's equipment. They do not have to be invented.

The methods used in the curing and packing of fish are full of interest. Cleanliness and prompt handling are the great requirements. On all the longer trips now the fish are cured on board the vessel. They are split open, fresh from the water, cleaned, thoroughly washed, and packed in pure sea salt. When a sufficient catch is made the vessel promptly sails for Gloucester, where the fish are removed from the vessel, washed and packed in hogsheds holding about 1200 pounds each. Thus they are kept to await the demands of the trade. When needed they are taken out, washed again, piled up in "kench," a process which presses out a great part of the pickle. Then they are taken to the "flake yards," where they are spread out, each fish by itself, flesh side up, and dried by sun and wind—a process in which the climate of Gloucester excels. This process calls for experience and judgment, and the excellence of the product depends upon its being properly done.

The first step in the packing of the dried fish is that of removing the fins, backbone and skin. It requires expert workmen and much skill. The next step is to pull out the remaining bones. This is done with pincers by hand, the work being carried on by young women under the most cleanly conditions.

There remains but to cut the fish into the required lengths and to pack it into the neat cartons, wrapped in waxed paper, in which form, "absolutely boneless" and perfectly cured, it is marketed.

Mackerel are cured aboard the vessel and repacked in Gloucester into barrels of about 200 pounds each, in which form they are marketed. Of late there has arisen quite a considerable business of selling extra choice mackerel in the original package, for which purpose the finest fish are taken and packed in smaller packages.

Smoked herring are handled in the winter months, the business having very large proportions. They are brought from Newfoundland lightly salted in the hold of the vessel. They are then soaked out and hung in the smokehouse until cured to that rich, golden brown tint that has made the Gloucester product famous. They go all over the country under the name of "smoked bloater herring."

Another very important article in the line of cured fish is smoked halibut. These fish are caught off the dangerous Labrador coast by the trawling method. They are cured and sliced aboard the vessel. The vessels engaged in this trade usually leave Gloucester in May and return to Gloucester in September. The slices or "flitches" of fish are taken from the vessel at Gloucester and stored in pickle until needed. Then they are taken out, washed and a good part of the salt soaked out, the water pressed out and the pieces hung in the smokehouse, where they are subjected to the curing process from a smoke that is made by smouldering fires of sawdust and oak chips.

If this brief account of the Gloucester method of packing and curing fish shall have conveyed an idea of freshly-caught fish, firm-fleshed from the cold northern Atlantic, promptly cleaned and salted and carefully packed under the most cleanly conditions, it will have left a correct impression of the preparation of a very important American food product whose market is constantly increasing.

A number of very large and important firms are engaged in the business.

The Gorton-Pew Fisheries Company, which has been established by the union of several large concerns, has done a great deal for the enlargement of the market for Gloucester-packed fish. By judicious advertising and direct contact with the trade the consumption of cured fish products is greatly stimulated. The Cunningham & Thompson Company are large owners of vessels and very large packers,

make a specialty of selling high-grade packed fish direct to the consumer. This is a very important and growing line of business, in which others also are profitably engaged, notably the Consumers' Fish Company, of which Mr. E. K. Burnham, secretary of the Gloucester Board of Trade, is the managing proprietor.

The Davis Brothers Company produce a number of brands and sell to the wholesale trade exclusively.

William F. Moore & Company,



AN EASTERN POINT ROADWAY

putting up a number of well-known brands. William H. Jordan & Company are the owners of some of the finest vessels in Gloucester, including the Oriole, which is the crack fishing schooner of the world. In last year's race from Belle Isle she beat everything else by many hours. The firm is an old one and its brands are well known and synonymous with excellence.

The Frank E. Davis Fish Company

wholesale fish dealers, seek to develop the export trade. The Gold Bond Packing Company are successful developers of the high-grade hotel and family trade, while the Gloucester Salt Fish Company are both producers and jobbers in a broad line, including all of the usual Gloucester products, and Charles F. Warsar & Company deal in fish specialties for the high-class grocery trade. Hugh Parkhurst & Company are producers and wholesale dealers





GLoucester's ATTRACTIVE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

who make a specialty of Georges tongues and sounds and Georges slack-salted pollock.

Naturally, these men get together for the common good, and the Gloucester Board of Trade affords them the opportunity for so doing. A committee of the board, meeting regularly, establishes the price to be paid for fish from the vessels, a practice which tends to eliminate the old scramble from wharf to wharf, which was more entertaining to outsiders than profitable to the parties concerned.

Mr. Thomas J. Carrol, manager of the Gorton-Pew Company, is president of the Board of Trade. Mr. Fred A. Pierce of the Cunningham-Thompson Company, vice-president, and Mr. Edward K. Burnham of the Consumers' Fish Company is secretary and treasurer. The board is active in many ways useful to Gloucester. It engages in general advertising, issues a most attractive book on Gloucester, and seeks to develop the city's commercial interests along all lines. Industries seeking a location favorable for manufacturing would learn much to their advantage by communicating with them. It is

doubtful if equally available sites for manufacturing or a practical port of entry with established shipping can be found anywhere else within the same distance from Boston at anything like the same cost. Indeed, Gloucester has free sites to offer to firms that mean business.

The Business Men's Association, of which Mr. Chick, a large real estate dealer, is president, also works for the advancement of Gloucester's interests, particularly of the summer business, and the city government may always be counted upon to co-operate.

There are already established in Gloucester many forms of manufacturing outside of the fish business or closely allied to it.

One of the most important of these is the Russia Cement Company, which, as the manufacturer of Le Page's liquid glue, is known the world over. The high quality of the product of this firm is evidenced by the fact that their make of glue for the use of photo-engravers, a very exacting trade, is the world's standard. The process of manufacture is exceedingly interesting. Nothing is wasted. That which cannot go into

glue is sold to the manufacturers of fertilizer. The industry affords a profitable use for the by-products of the packing industry, and is a very important feature of Gloucester's industrial life. One may go through the Russia Cement Company's plant from end to end without the slightest inconvenience from those odors which are supposed to be inseparable from the manufacture, in so cleanly a manner is the work conducted. Not the least important feature of the success of the work is the neat form in which the glue is packed for the use of the small consumer and the skill with which the product is advertised.

The Robinson Glue Company is another very large producer of liquid fish-glue of high grade for all purposes. Formerly this firm sold only to large consumers and to the wholesale trade. Recently they have extended their marketing methods to include the small consumer, and have entered upon a campaign to put their goods before the public in that form.

E. L. Rowe & Son (incorporated), sail-makers and ship-chandlers, origin-

ally established for the supply of Gloucester shipping, have extended their business far beyond these limits. They are particularly widely known at present for the manufacture of Rowe's Gloucester bed hammock, a popular veranda luxury.

One of the largest plants in Gloucester is that of the Gloucester Net & Twine Company, which has successfully extended its market beyond the Gloucester demand, and is to-day doing a business in all parts of the world.

It would be obviously impossible to even mention all of the industries located in a city the size of Gloucester. The above have been particularly mentioned because of the very direct way in which they have developed from the fishing industry of the city. The same may also be said of the manufacture of oiled clothing by the Boynton's Improved Process Company and by the Gloucester Oiled Clothing Company, the C. R. Corliss & Son Company, the L. Nickerson Company and the J. H. Rowe Company.

While nothing could be more wholesome and natural than this develop-



CITY HALL AND DALE AVENUE, GLOUCESTER



ment of manufacturing out of the by-products of the fishing industry and to meet its needs, there is an opening for other lines of manufacture in the city, which is most advantageously located for any general line of manufacturing.

The early farmers of Gloucester found, as we have previously intimated, that they had indeed cast their lot on a "stern and rock-bound coast." They did not realize that some day those very rocks would be farmed more profitably than a kindlier soil. The granite industry of Cape Ann is a very important asset for Gloucester. It is a very durable and beautiful stone, and has been employed in many of the proudest structures in the country. It is also splendidly fitted for paving, as it is exceedingly durable and non-absorbent of moisture, which makes it a very sanitary form of pavement.

The fine old city of Gloucester is by no means absorbed in its industrial life. There is a broad and fine development of social activity along the lines that

minister to the higher life. There is a very fine choral organization in the city; an active camera club that produces work of unsurpassed artistic merit—for which, indeed, it has unsurpassed opportunities; two public libraries, a fishermen's institute, master mariners' association, a most excellently conducted working-girls' club, and many other institutions that are unique and possess Gloucester individuality, besides those usual to all New England communities and excellent churches and schools.

Again and again we find ourselves returning to the topic of the beauty of the district. Gloucester scenery is not to be surpassed by that of any seashore point in the world.

There is a warmth and range of color, a softness and clarity of atmosphere and an endless variety of detail that has won for it the love of a very large artist colony, including many of our leading American painters. If a more delightful place for summer residence exists, we have yet to discover its whereabouts.



THE SAWYER FREE LIBRARY AND UNITARIAN AND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES

# THE WHITE MASK

By F. WILBOR BROOKE

AS usual, he was down among the rhododendrons.

There were fifty of them,—glorious hybrids of sturdy Catawbiense stock, grafted to cuttings from all over the world—Nepaul, the Himalayas, the Alps.

On the veranda his young wife, dreamily looking out over the broad expanse of the valley, occasionally turned her eyes to where her husband remained so idly busy among the great shrubs.

She had married rich, as she had always meant to do. She believed also that she had married for love; but she had no idea that life could be so empty and meaningless up there in the great park of Glencairn.

Slowly the minutes dreamed themselves away.

It began to grow dark. Soon it would be time for dinner and they would be sitting face to face, alone, and, for the most part, silent. After dinner the inevitable opera or chance callers—the Pettigrews, perhaps.

Upton Hallowel, with his perpetual and puttering uselessness, was a fixed argument against the development of an "American aristocracy." Mr. Pettigrew, with his eternal pomposities of cheap wealth, was a perpetual argument in its favor.

After the call they would step out again to the veranda, arm in arm, and watch the lights of the city in files and battalions march out to their long night watches. That was always pretty, but, like everything else which Upton Hallowel touched, it had become too much of a function.

To him, doing the same things in the same way never seemed to become tiresome. Firmly convinced that the

Hallowel things were the best things, and that the Hallowel way of doing them was the best way, he appeared to find a childish satisfaction in their endless repetition.

Minnie believed that she was just as true to their first love (she was very sure that there had been such a thing) as he. But her nature required the excitement of action. It was only because she was inexpressibly bored, so she persuaded herself, by the life that they were leading that her hand would hang so listlessly on his arm, and that it was so difficult for her to conceal a yawn over his tender moods.

Hallowel had returned to the veranda now and made a lover-like place for himself on the arm of her chair. She drew aside for him, permissively, but wearily. To him, on the other hand, nothing could have been more utterly satisfying. The soft *neglige* of her habit pressed warmly against his knee. The lustrous fabrics that she wore, and their exquisite make, were luxuries afforded by his indulgence. The white hand that lay nervelessly on her lap was encrusted with costly jewels that were his gift, and little did he realize that in the heart of the woman at his side that soft, feminine yielding was divided by so slender a line from the bitterest repugnance. Even now he was playing, and playing rather roughly, with its delicate balance, and it was only the exertion of her will that preserved the equilibrium.

"I hear that Jimmy Marquand is coming home," he said.

She received the information listlessly and made no reply. Then two little pink spots stole into her cheeks. But, after all, what of it! They would



meet formally enough at some function and afterward he would call. There would be a little joking over old memories, a few stories of his achievements, a few warm congratulations on her success and happiness, and that would be all. Yet, somehow, she dreaded that inevitable meeting, and, as if thereby forestalling it, leaned more receptively toward her husband's caresses.

"Do you know," he said, "something in the air to-night reminds me of our excursion up the Nile?"

The reference was a fortunate one. On that occasion a beggarly robber fellow, caught in the act, had turned at bay with a weapon drawn, and it had been Upton who had met the situation with a promptness and nerve more to be expected of a man of another mould.

Now she snatched eagerly at the remembrance and patted his arm gratefully. She felt the balance swing a little in his favor, as she so thoroughly believed that she wanted it should do! If he would only help ever so little!

"Upton, do you remember the robber?"

"That I do—the tatterdemalion."

"You won something of me—of the real me—then. And just that much stays won. Just that much of me is really yours and always will be."

"How quickly the brag went out of him!"

"Yes; you outfaced him in a twinkling. You are not afraid of ruffianism—that I saw and know. And just so much of me as feels a need of protection from ruffianism is yours; but that is not much, for I seldom fear. There is a great deal more of me than that, and it is just aching to be won. But I don't suppose that you would think it worth your while?" Playfully, she reached up her hand, turning his face toward her and passing her fingers through his hair. And Hallowel understood her mood, but not her meaning. Had he grasped the latter, he would have been indignant; but as it was, realizing her receptive tenderness, he put his arm about her and drew her toward him.

"I am more than satisfied," he said, "with what I have."

"Which is rather a compliment to my behavior than a reading of my heart, and that is what, somehow, I feel that I want you to do. I think that you would not like it if you did, perhaps. But I know that if you read it all you would see that it is heart, and that what it wants is honesty,—simply to be all yours as really as I am partly yours."

"I thought that a woman was won before she was married."

"Sometimes; but more often she marries in the hope of being won. I used to long for all this." She moved her hand in a wide circle that indicated the wealth of Glencairn. "I thought that it would surely win me." Wrapped in the delicious, caressing tenderness of her mood, he was still unmindful of her meaning.

"And it surely has," he said. She bit her lips and hesitated. Yet she was not willing to give up. Not that she would have thought it best that he should see the whole truth, but if he might catch an inkling of it—enough to put him on his mettle and lift him out of his dullness, his indolence and the long, low, sullen fits that they bred—it might save her faith in her own loyalty to him. There was a touch of desperation in her mood. She was struggling to retain toward her husband a feeling, the retention of which lay very close to her self-respect. She straightened herself in her mental eagerness, and in doing so withdrew herself a little from him.

"Things never really win a woman, Upton. Not if she is a woman. Nothing ever really wins but the strength and goodness and truth. Sometimes other things seem to, but it is only for a little while. You may have all of these things and more, but it is doing that shows them. They never can appear so long as you are satisfied to spend day after day scratching around among the rhododendrons. And in the meanwhile what of me? Am I not worth a little effort—am I not worth

as much as they? You see, Upton, I have, too, rather a hard place and I am asking help. Am I in the wrong?"

"In the wrong? Why, no. I do not understand why you feel so strongly about the rhododendrons; but if you do, I'll have Jack dig them up to-morrow. I am not sure but that I am tired of them myself. As to the winning of you, I don't know just what you mean; but don't worry, I am perfectly satisfied." She smiled in spite of herself at his simplicity.

To her, born of a strenuous line of the old New England stock, nor ever far removed from the privations and toil of narrow circumstances, possession was synonymous with achievement. It was a thing needed to be maintained; to be won and held with equal endeavor. Not that she consciously viewed her relation to her husband in this light, but so basic was the principle to her character that unconsciously she cherished a certain resentment against the air of proprietorship which he was wont to assume.

To Hallowel, on the other hand, possession signified not achievement, but right. Achievement smacked of the market and vulgarity, but possession was a very dignified thing, into which a man came by inheritance. It was the very essence of security. Endeavor was its antipode. It was not in his nature to understand her present attitude.

She continued: "I see that I must talk to you as I would to a child. Well, then, suppose I told you that out by the golden-glows on the old garden path there was a bold, relentless robber, as bad as that one on the Nile, and that he was there to steal something of yours,—well, say that it was myself he wished to steal! Suppose that I tell you that he *is* there, and that I am terribly, terribly afraid of him, would you do something to help?"

"Do you mean to say, Minnie, that you have seen something in the garden to frighten you?"

"I have not seen, Upton, because I

have closed my eyes and refused to see. But I know that it is there."

"That what is there?"

"Memory."

"Memory?"

"Upton, I wish to be honest with you. You mentioned a name just now."

"A name? M—m, Jimmy Marquand?"

"Yes."

"What of it?"

"The old garden walk."

"Oh, I know. You and Jimmy used to walk there; but you were children then, and if I am willing to forget I should think that you might be."

"Willing, Upton? More than willing! But if I need a little help, is it wrong for a wife to ask for that?"

"I do not think that I catch your drift."

"And I am afraid that I have already spoken more plainly than is right. I have trespassed——"

"On my good nature?"

"No. On your stupidity—forgive me, Upton!"

"What is it that you want me to do?"

"I heard that you intended to spend the day to-morrow transplanting rhododendrons."

"I did—or, rather, I do."

"You know that tomorrow is election day. You know that there is a great struggle between those who would rule and those who would rob. You know that if Marquand was here he would be down in the city to-morrow doing a man's part in the fight. We live in a world of men, not of rhododendrons."

"I think that I prefer the rhododendrons."

"And I am afraid that in the end that is just what you will get."

There was nothing left but to conceal her vexation. She had opened her heart, or at least had tried to, and her failure angered her. He had not even cared to see. Perfect trust? Not at all. Just his habitual serene sense of possession. To his thought she was as any other chattel, and that she should



have any feeling in the matter did not seem to occur to him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Later, in her own apartment, while a maid arranged her hair for the night, her need of expression asserted itself.

"Marie, did you ever read of South America?"

"Why, yes; a little, perhaps."

"Is it not a wild country?"

"I think so."

"And many dangers of beasts and of climate and of savage men?"

"I have read that in the great interior it is much like that."

"And a man from our own people, toiling among those dangers for many, many years, must be moved by some very strong desire above the common wish for wealth. Do you think that anything, Marie, could so move a man?"

"For love, men have done as much."

"The braid a little looser please. That is better. Do you know, Marie, that many a woman whose outward life is far above reproach wears from her wedding day the scarlet letter on her heart?"

"Ah, yes; I know that very well; and I should think it were easier to wear it more boldly on the breast."

"If by doing so one might remove it from the heart? That is not the way of the world. We are not moved by ideals—we only talk and write of them. We are moved by fears. And fortunate are they whose hearts are naturally cowardly. They fall in without an effort with the world's morality, for they are moved by the same force that has determined it. But those of us who do not fear must choose, and the choosing is hard and either issue bitter. It is bitter to wear the fair outside that the world demands and live the lie within; and it is bitter to meet the world's gibes and reproaches for the sake of a pure heart."

"You are thinking of the wedding to-morrow night—of my friend, who is very pretty and marries the rich merchant, although it is Jean that she loves. You are thinking of her, perhaps?"

"Poor girl! Perhaps I am. Good-night, Marie."

Mrs. Hallowel's first meeting with Marquand after his return was by no means as formal as she had forecast. It was, in fact, very nearly all that she would have had it to be.

It was in the old garden walk, where the late blossoms of the golden-glow still lingered, that she suddenly found herself face to face with him. Their eyes had met and they could not decently withdraw.

"You take the air very early," he said.

"Yes, I do sometimes," she found voice enough to answer, and she dared not ask him of his being there.

"I find most things so changed in the old town that it is pleasant to go nosing around in search of something that is not," he said by way of apology.

"Your old friends are not changed," she answered bravely; "and now that you are here you must come in and have breakfast with us. Upton!" she called in a loud voice, "come and see. I have found a wanderer in the garden, and we must take him in like good Christians."

Rigid as marble and as white, she awaited some answer to her call. Presently they heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and it soon became evident that they were those of the young millionaire. Suddenly, when quite near, the sounds ceased. He had halted. Then they heard a low, impatient exclamation, a scraping of the concrete as he turned sharply on his heel and the sound of receding footsteps.

Not until those had quite died away and she began to realize that the situation must be changed did she steel herself to raise her eyes, dreading lest some uncontrolled softening of her glance might loosen the floodgates of speech.

"Ah!—gone!" she whispered; for, taking advantage of the intensity of her abstraction, Marquand had slipped away. Then she turned to meet her husband.

"Well, Upton," she said wearily, "you had one more chance and you de-

clined it. Now it is as I said: You have your rhododendrons."

"Where is Marquand?"

"On his way to South America."

"He said so?"

"Oh, no! Nothing was said. You did not come and he has gone. Did you imagine, Upton, that anything else could have happened? Oh, don't trouble to frame an answer! I only wish to make sure that you know all. He came and he has gone."

"And if he had remained?"

"It is as I said: You have your rhododendrons."

\* \* \* \* \*

"You will dress now?"

"For the opera, Marie."

"This?" questioned the maid, laying out her gown.

Mrs. Hallowel made a wry face. Then she laughed coldly.

"Yes, it may as well be that." Then she relapsed into a silence from which the voluble chatter of her assistant was unable to arouse her, until, dropping to her knees to smooth the pleatings of her mistress' skirt, she said:

"We were talking of South America the other day."

"But we will talk of it no more."

"Ah!"

"Yes, Marie; I, too, have played the coward part. I have chosen the Great White Mask,—the lie that is the pillar of our social order!"

"The pearls to-night? They are loveliest on satin. And the ermine coat?"

## BONNY BOY

By ANNE PARTLAN

### I.

Can you hear me calling, calling cheerily,

Bonny Boy?

Calling ever soft and low,

Over life's unquiet sea,

Over vale and hill and lea—

Bonny Boy!

As I called you long ago

From the heather home to tea,

Bonny Boy!

Where, ah where, the plans we made,

Years ago we as man and maid?

Far afield, alas, you've strayed,

Bonny Boy!

### II.

You must hear me calling, calling tenderly,

Bonny Boy!

Calling you to make a fight.

Your dead soul shall answer me

Through your sodden apathy,

Bonny Boy!

In your clear, child's eye, the light

Was no omen of this night,

Bonny Boy!

Wake from out your shroud of gloom;

Tell me it is not your doom

In this man to find a tomb,

Bonny Boy!



# THE GRANGE, ITS WORK AND IDEALS

By CHARLES A. CAMPBELL

Syn Satirday, I trow that he be went  
For tymber, ther our abbot hath him sent.  
For he is wont for tymber for to goo,  
And dwellen at the Graunge a day or tuo.—*Chaucer.*

FROM the above, with its spelling of knighthood and falconry days, it might seem that the grange, as we generally understand the term to-day, is an institution transmitted by the ages. Chaucer lived five centuries ago, when a "graunge" was a farming establishment attached to a monastery. Forty-three years ago, in December, 1867, the society known as the grange was founded in the city of Washington. As its name suggests, it is an order of agriculturists.

It happened in January, 1866, that Mr. Oliver H. Kelley, a clerk in the United States Department of Agriculture, was sent upon a mission of some sort through the South. While there he was stirred by the general condition of these states, lately in hostility to the federal government, and conceived the idea of a fraternal organization of farmers, North and South. He knew that the depressed condition of farmers was not confined to the South alone. In the Middle West, though rickety barns were full of grain, the products were handled in a way which forced the farmers to destitution, while merchants surrounded themselves with luxuries. Concerning the South, it was said that the devastated farms bore crops of cannon balls instead of cotton balls.

From Gettysburg to the Gulf, farms had borne crops of graves. Everywhere were grief and bitterness, and that a fraternal organization of farmers would promote a better feeling between North and South was the belief of Mr. Kelley. With six other men, most of whom

were clerks in the government service at Washington, Kelley completed a well-devised organization based upon a ritual of four degrees. Resigning his position, he started on a journey to Minnesota. Aiming to work his way west, organizing granges, he succeeded in establishing at Fredonia, N. Y., the first grange outside of Washington. Struggling and hoping, meeting with far more reverses than successes, the indefatigable Kelley traversed the prairies of the Middle West. In the North Star State, his home, he was the most successful, and Minnesota, soon having sufficient subordinate granges, was the first state in which a state grange was formed.

The decade of the seventies was one of achievement. Texas and Montana, Maine and California, all the southern and middle-western states had state granges in 1875. It will doubtless surprise younger readers that the southern states, in the first years of the grange, had the bulk of membership, and that New England was the hardest to organize.

Having now taken a glance at the origin of the order, we may inquire into its objects—profit and pleasure and the improvement of farmers as a class. In the early days its purpose was largely to bring material benefits, such as profitable marketing and advantageous buying; but now, while the grange is teaching the farmer to be a more successful farmer, as concerns the actual tilling of the fields, it is bringing, especially to remote sections, a broader and more

charitable life. "In essentials unity; in non-essentials liberty; in all things charity," is a motto familiar to Patrons of Husbandry.

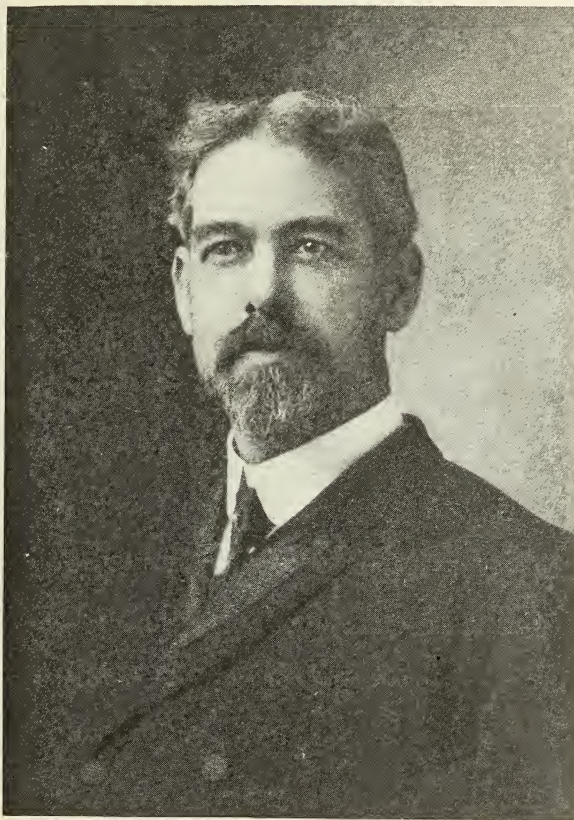
We find that members of granges are or have been organized to buy machinery directly from the factories. Such business arrangements are local and too varied for enumeration. In New England, as a whole, the chief aims to-day are social and educational. The grange breaks up the monotony of the farm home, strengthens attachments and inspires to a better manhood and womanhood. In Maine, many subordinate granges own their own halls, but in thickly settled districts, like Massachusetts and Southern New Hampshire, it is usually better policy to hire instead of to build.

Although a secret order, we may be admitted to some of its working principles. The following is found in a report of the United States Department of Agriculture, 1882-83, and in its beauty and purity is much too good to lie unnoticed among the tomes of libraries:

"Beginning as the humble laborer, who clears the forest, or digs the ditch, or prunes the vines, or turns the sod, a male applicant for membership is in-

structed that all honest labor is honorable, and has the doctrine inculcated upon him that he must 'drive the very ploughshare of thought through the heavy soil of ignorance, and thus prepare the mind for the growth of knowledge and wisdom.' Advancing one degree, he becomes a Cultivator, when his moral nature is educated and re-

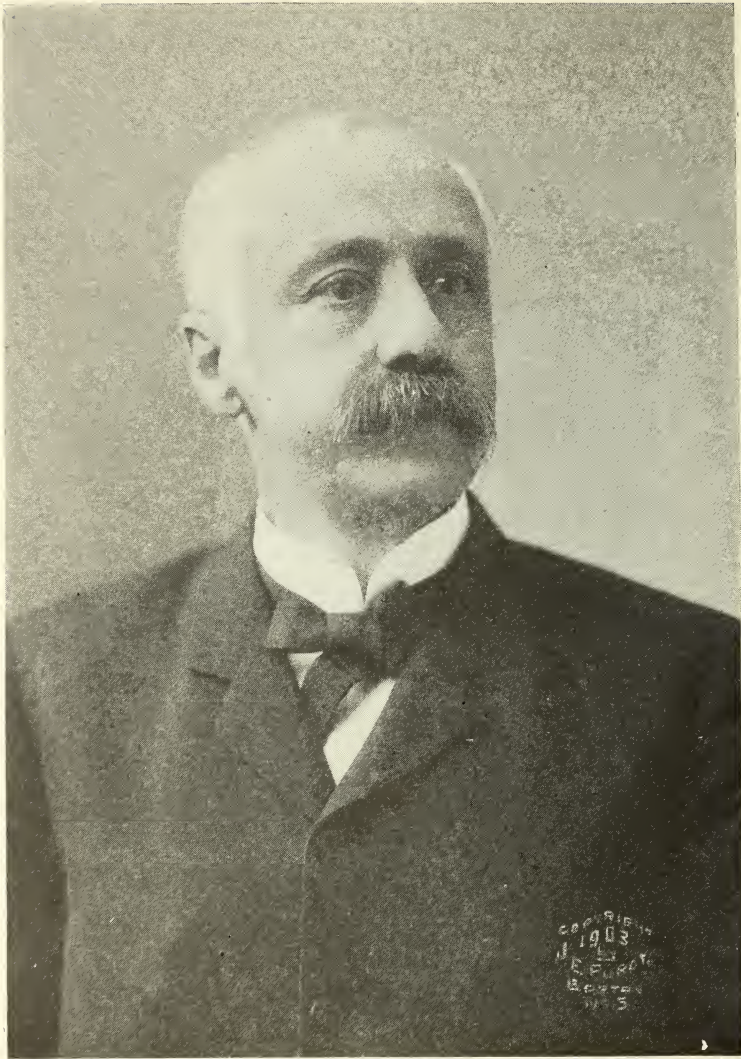
efined by repeated assurances that he who intelligently cultivates the growing plant is brought into close companionship with his Creator. 'As we see the beautiful transformation of seeds into attractive plants, we have but another lesson of the wondrous works of God; and if the beauties of this world, when rightly viewed, offer so much of the magnificence of the Creator to charm us here, what must be the sublime grandeur of that Providence



REV. ALBERT H. WHEELOCK, MARLBORO, MASS.  
CHAPLAIN OF THE STATE GRANGE

above?" Nor do the lessons of encouragement cease when the Harvester is warned that he must reap for the mind as well as for the body, because nature has made nothing in vain. 'Wherever she has made a habitation she has filled it with inhabitants. On the leaves of plants animals feed, like cattle in our meadows, to whom the dewdrop is an ocean without a shore; the flowers are



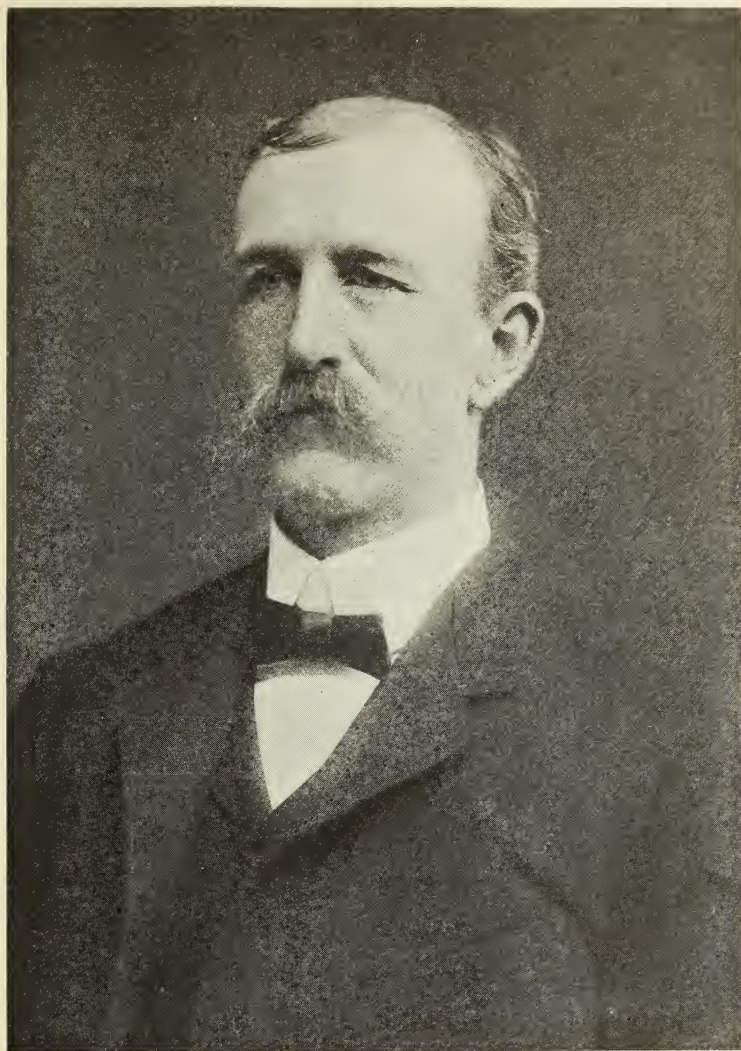


EX-GOVERNOR NAHUN J. BACHELDER, MASTER OF THE  
NATIONAL GRANGE

the elysian fields, decorated with cascades and flowing with ambrosial fluids.' Hence, the Harvester's duty is to cultivate an observing mind.

"But he who harvests must not rest content until he has by lawful means attained to some ownership of the products of his own toil, and thus become a Husbandman, who, while he was passing practically through the hardships of a farmer's life, and has had them emblematically riveted upon his moral nature, has learned to look with

careful solicitude upon children and encouraged in them a love of rural life by making its labors cheerful; for what children see makes the most lasting impression on them. 'We may tell them of the pleasures and the independence of the farmer's life; but if their daily intercourse with us shows it to be tedious, irksome and laborious, without any recreation of body or mind, they will soon lose all interest in it and seek employment elsewhere. We should therefore strive to make our homes



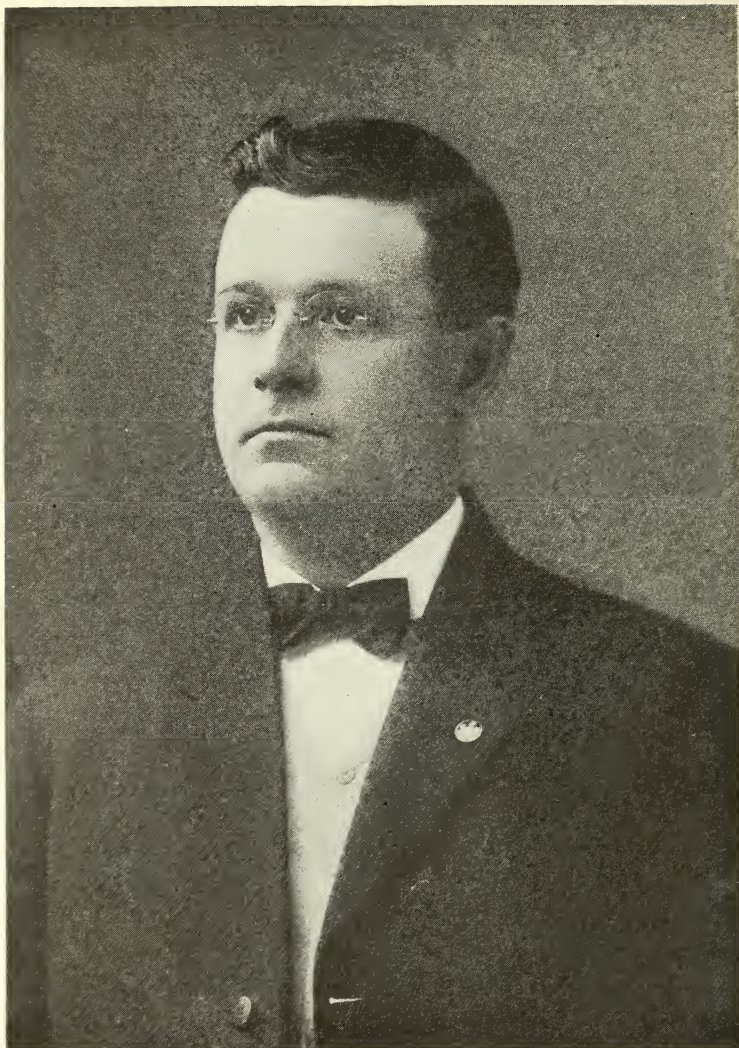
L. H. HEALEY, MASTER CONNECTICUT STATE GRANGE

more attractive. We should adorn our grounds with those natural attractions which God has so profusely spread around us, and especially should we adorn the family circle with the noble traits of a kind disposition, fill its atmosphere with affection, and thus induce children to love it.'

"But the attractions of a farmer's life are not within the keeping of the Husbandman alone. It is not his exclusive prerogative to fashion and shape the character of those plastic

youths who in the future are to wield the destiny of our country. It is the mother's influence that molds the child into noble manhood or bewitching womanhood. Therefore, the founders of the grange, reverently approving the Divine injunction that 'it is not good that the man should be alone,' introduced woman into the order; but in doing so they required her to enter as a Maid, whose station in the order involves the common and lowly duties preparatory to advancing to all that is



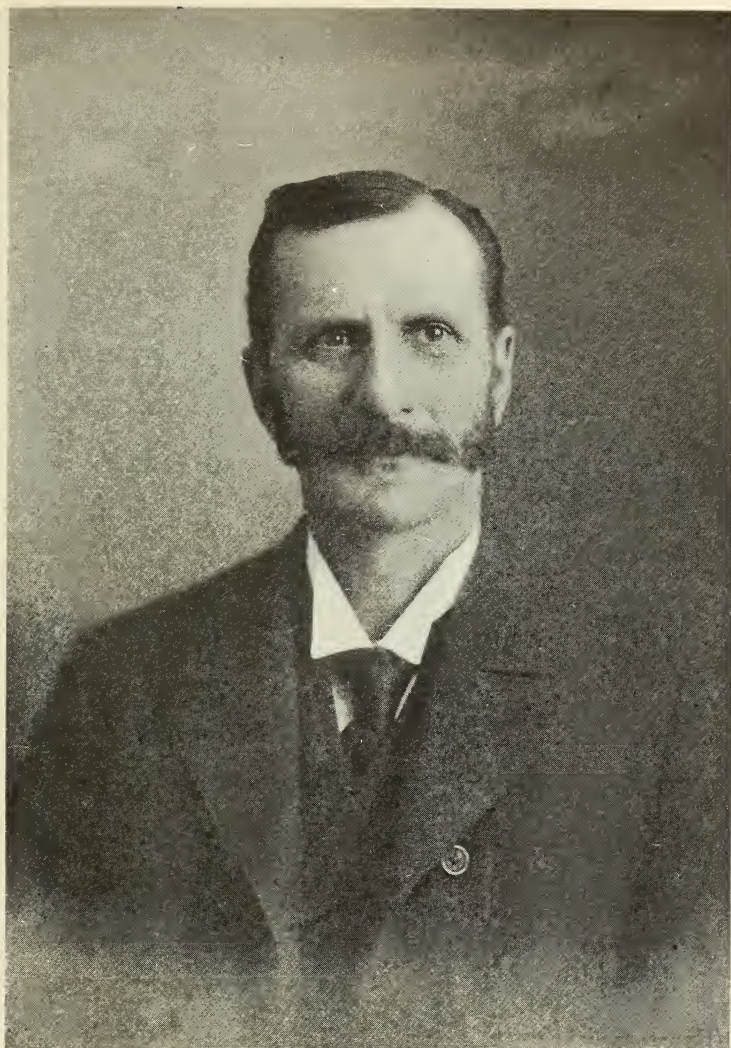


CHARLES M. GARDNER, MASTER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE GRANGE

most honorable and useful. As Shepherdess she is admonished that it is her sacred duty to reclaim the wandering, as well as to keep in safety those in the fold, and, as Gleaner, to glean only the good seed, remembering 'that our associations in life are the fields in which we reap.' And thus, when she reaches, through the successive degrees, the responsible position of Matron, she is solicited 'to wear garlands of noble deeds that shall adorn her life on earth and be crowns in immortality.'"

About thirty-five millions of our

ninety millions of people live upon farms—homes built upon a foundation which the first wave of adversity will not wash away. In the modern tendency toward urban concentration this solidity of the farm is no doubt often ignored; and many fail to see the natural beauty of pleasant hillsides and pine woods as compared to stuffy shops and offices. It is very evident that the grange desires to keep the boys and girls upon the farms. Yet how many of the young and vigorous, fondly hoping that better pastures lie just beyond, are



CLEMENT F. SMITH, MASTER OF THE VERMONT STATE GRANGE

rushing to the cities! Given a glimpse of the city's changing excitement, the average farm boy is at once possessed with the idea that his lot is as hard as nails and that glorious opportunities await him elsewhere. His dreams may come true and they may not.

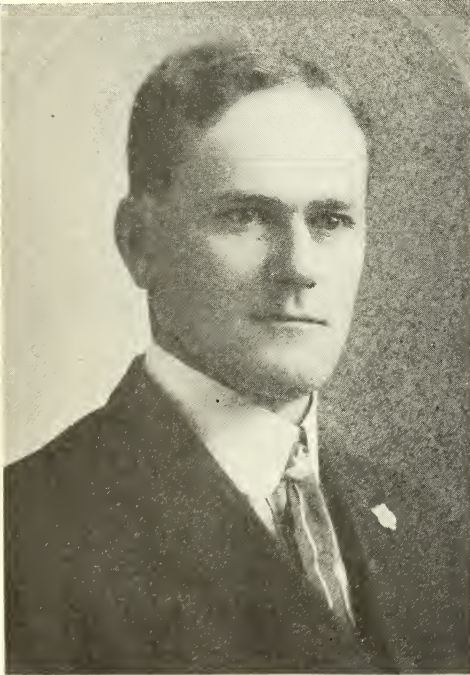
The army and the navy draw numerous recruits from the rural population. A few years at sea, with visits at foreign ports or army service in the Philippines, usually unfits the temperament of the young man, as far as any return to farm life is concerned. In the navy

he may fire a big gun, a single discharge of which may cost as much as his father's farm is worth, or he may cruise around the world; and these things tend to make the hills of his boyhood seem small and all too quiet. These young farmers are a direct loss to agriculture. The grange, which came into being at the close of our Civil War, whispering peace, whispers that message to-day—peace and good-will upon earth.

Robinson Crusoe, a famous sailor and afterward as famous an agricultur-



ist, for a long time lived peaceably among his grapes and his goats; yet, from one unlucky day when he discovered a human footprint upon the sand of his island, his mind was apprehensive. He worked overtime, planning and making fortifications; worked rather more at this than he did at agri-



WILLIAM N. HOWARD, SECRETARY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE GRANGE

culture. The savage and the civilized life are the two extremes, yet nations seem to be doing much to-day as did Crusoe. When we read that the armed peace of Europe since the Franco-Prussian war has cost nearly as much as the aggregate value of all the resources of the United States, the figures are so high that the mind cannot grasp them. Truly, if all humanity should "drive the ploughshare of thought through the heavy soil of ignorance," there would be no more conflict of arms.

The grange wages no warfare against classes, nor against interests which are economically fair. It seeks the greatest good to the greatest number, and

emphatically insists upon equity and fairness, protection for the weak, restraint upon the strong. Its workers are among the foremost of our times, as witness C. F. Smith of Vermont, L. H. Healey of Connecticut, Gardner and Howard of the Massachusetts Legislature and ex-Governor Bachelder of New Hampshire. These men have for years devoted much of their time in promoting the welfare of the grange; and, not mentioned here, there are other New Englanders whose grange services have been as active and as sincere.

Organized primarily for material benefits, the old idea of the grange was good as far as it went; but in these later years there has been a wonderful awakening to the fact that the greatest products of the farm are not merely the bushels of corn. Growing manhood and womanhood are the farm's greatest products; hence, in many towns, we find a day set apart for juvenile feasts and frolics, and known as children's day.

Nor is children's day the only one of the long year when children are lords and ladies of the hour. Who has lived in the country and not attended a grange picnic? For miles around they gather, not only Patrons of Husbandry and their children, but friends and their children as well, often representing several townships. The youngest romp and race till they are so tired that they come to mother for rest and quiet in some shady nook. Not so the older children; this is a gala day and must be enjoyed to its full measure. A ball game, lunch under the trees, a little boating, perhaps, and then the sun is low in the west and all must hasten homeward.

These days are remembered well by the youth of the grange; yet picnics, strawberry festivals and oyster suppers do not constitute the real social work of the order. The cordial grasp of the hand at every meeting, the disposition to help and love one another, are the truest tokens of fellowship.

The work of the grange is of such a nature that its accomplishments can be

cited in only a general way. We may state, approximately, how many dollars have been saved to the farmers of the country through co-operative trade arrangements and through mutual insurance companies, both fire and life. Something definite may be stated in regard to wise legislation secured or unwise legislation defeated through the efforts of the grange; but to give an estimate of what this order has accomplished in the development of noble principles is impossible. To a great pyramid, with its foundation stones laid for the interests of a broad humanity and the burial of sectionalism, we may liken the influence of the grange. Tiers of stones, near the foundation, were laid in the interest of barter; as the pyramid rises we might identify many stones. Through the grange the Department of Agriculture at Washington was raised to the dignity of other departments of the national government, to be presided over by a Secretary of Agriculture in the President's Cabinet. Through the same influence agricultural and mechanical colleges were established. The rural free delivery was largely the accomplishment of grange workers, for through intelligent presentation of the matter to Congress appropriations

were secured. But in this figurative pyramid the bulk of the stones represent the development of the highest enjoyments of the farmers' lives and the development of the heart.

In the complex affairs of modern civilization little can be accomplished without organization of a far-reaching character. While life lasts we have our perplexities as well as our pleasures; well may the farmer profit by joining the ranks of the Patrons of Husbandry. Though wagon roads, rivers and canals are a part of the transportation problem, the great railway systems hamper or make prosperity; in the ruthless destruction of forests the farmer is injured through diminished rainfall; taxation, with all its ramifications, is of vital importance—well may these subjects, and many more, be discussed by agriculturists.

In the broad thought of the grange, all are tillers of the soil who try to do life's work well; who endeavor, in some honest field of activity, to reap unto an abundant harvest. The grange stands, as a great educating force, for the making of more liberal, earnest and intelligent fellow-men and worthier sisters, ever seeking out and developing within its members that which is noblest and best.







THE ROAD TO CHATHAM RUNS AS STRAIGHT AS IF DRAWN BY A RULE

## THE MARITIME PROVINCES—II.

By WALTER MERRIAM PRATT

THE road from Digby to Annapolis Royal is good, but the country is hilly, and at times there is little room to spare to the edge of a drop of a hundred feet or more.

The scenery continues beautiful, and several attractive villages are passed, with fertile farms and comfortable homesteads. Three rivers are crossed, Bear River, Moose River and Lequille. At the last the roofs of old Annapolis Royal begin to show up, and then the green slopes of its dismantled fortifications, from which we later watched the setting sun, merged into a thousand glories as it sank with lingering twilight into the golden west.

The town itself is a sleepy old place, quite content apparently to rest upon its past laurels, and anyone familiar with the history of this quaint town can but admit it deserves the rest. It was for one hundred and fifty years a kind of football fought for by England and France.

The French first pitched their tents here in August, 1605, but it was not until after 1643, when Sieur D'Aunay built the first fort, that the century and a half of bitter conflict commenced.

The present fort has suffered ten regular sieges and three times has been captured.

In 1710 it was taken by Nicholson, and since then it has been held by the English. It is no longer used as a fort, and for many years has been allowed to fall into a state of decay. Instead of five hundred to two thousand troops, Sergeant W. A. Daniel of the Canadian regulars, the caretaker, is the sole occupant. This gentleman, the veteran of many years' standing in the English and Canadian service, is well posted

and points out many interesting details.

The officers' quarters within the fort quadrilateral is the only building which escaped the fire of 1831. It is very picturesque and artistic. In the ravelin that protects the west bastion are to be seen the remains of furnaces where shot was heated to be used against attacking ships.

The old sallyport is interesting, as is the magazine in the south bastion, which was built by Subercase, in 1708, of stone brought from France by Bronillan six years before; but perhaps of all, the prison in the west bastion is most interesting. It is a good illustration of the great hardships, privation and torture which prisoners in olden days went through.

We spent the night at the Queen Hotel, close by this fort with the memorable past, and if we did not dream of Argall, Wainwright, Nicholson and others, of battles and hardships, it was because one hundred and twenty-one miles for the first day was too tiring.

We left Annapolis for Wolfville at eight thirty the next morning, a distance of seventy-one miles, through the Annapolis Valley. The roads are excellent; the weather was fine and the country through which we travelled has an almost international reputation for its scenery, and, with the motor working well, every one was happy.

We met more horses than the day before, and they were more frightened. We made it a point to always stop the car, and, if necessary, the motor. In some cases one of the party would lead the horse by; but if the native saw us in time he would invariably turn into a field. No accidents occurred during



the day, but there were narrow escapes innumerable, and we were cursed out pretty thoroughly and some of the remarks were laughable.

Two elderly women passed us, disdainig an offer of assistance. The horse, after a few preliminary side steps, made a bolt and circled out around the machine, the off wheels of the carriage bouncing in and out of a six-inch ditch in rapid succession. "Rotten old thing!" was the ejaculation of one of the women, and "rotten old things" is just what most of the "Blue Noses" think of motor cars.

We passed Bridgetown at nine thirty, a distance of sixteen miles from Annapolis, and as we proceeded toward Middleton we were surprised at the number of colored people. From this point to Halifax many farms cultivated by negroes exist, and we were told that they are the descendants of negroes who escaped from the South before and during the Civil War via the underground railroad.

Middleton was reached at ten thirty, and practically the entire population of the town turned out to see the car, and we left sooner than intended, to escape the rapid-fire of foolish questions.

Beyond the town the roads became very sandy, and for ten to twelve miles are as bad as Cape Cod (Massachusetts) roads in olden days. The road branches out into a series of six or seven parallel lanes, covering half an acre. For miles there are no fences, and the country has the appearance of a western prairie, minus the cactus plant. After Auburn is reached the road again becomes good.

We arrived at Kentville at twelve forty-five, sixty miles from Annapolis, and after lunch at the "Aberdeen" we ran out to Aldershot, two miles away, where the big military camp is held each summer. At the time only one regiment of cavalry and one of infantry were in camp. We were cordially entertained by a captain in the regular service, who was detailed as an instructor, in spite of the fact that the colonel, to whom we had a letter, was out of town.

At three o'clock we left for Wolfville and arrived in time to witness a game of English Rugby at Acadia University. To an American who has played football, Rugby is very strange. Fifteen men, instead of eleven, and more like a game of association or of basket-ball than football. It seems, however, fully as rough a game, and the men wear much less protection. We put up at the Royal Hotel. Everything in Canada in the way of hotels is the "Royal," "The Queen's" or the "King's," with an occasional Victoria or Prince George. We found the accommodations rather poor; the name of boarding house would have better suited it. The town itself was interesting. Besides the university, there are several preparatory schools and a number of smart-looking shops which cater for the student trade.

Wolfville is built upon the site of an old Acadian town, and contains many relics of these unfortunate people. About the town cluster points of beauty and places of historical interest. To the west is clearly defined Cape Blomidon, which terminates the great North Mountain. To the south is the valley of Gaspereau, while to the east are the broad fields of Grand Pre and Minas Basin, where a race of people were finally gathered, to be banished from the country they had inhabited for one hundred and fifty years. The stories of the expulsion of the Acadians are somewhat contradictory, especially as told by the present inhabitants of this part of Nova Scotia, and the unsuspecting tourist has many purely fictitious tales told to him.

It was in 1605 that the French first settled in Acadia, which then belonged to France. When Nicholson captured Annapolis Royal, in 1710, it became a possession of England. The Acadians continued to live prosperous and happy lives under English rule until 1775, when they were accused of being unloyal to the King, because, being of French birth, they refused to take the oath without restrictions, and were forced from their homes by Colonel Winslow and his regiment, acting on orders from Gov-

ernor Lawrence at Halifax, and deported to various places along the Atlantic coast. Their lands left desolate, their habitation and buildings burned to make it impossible for them to return, and the fruits of their years of toil and industry left to other people.

At the time of their expulsion there were about seven thousand Acadians in the province, scattered among some thirty villages. About six thousand were deported; of the one thousand who escaped into the woods and joined

There were the French willows, a long line of them on either side of the lane up which we rode. There were the old French well, and the depression in the earth where the Acadian Church stood, and the great meadows taken from the sea; but what a disappointment, after all we had heard about the beautiful land of Evangeline. There were to be seen no "forests primeval," and "the murmuring pines and hemlocks" were not to be heard. Instead, it was a low marsh, and but for its history and Long-



THE CRUCIFIX APPEARS AT INTERVALS THROUGHOUT NEW BRUNSWICK

the Indians, many were afterwards taken and sent out of the peninsula.

In the morning we left Wolfville at eight thirty and ran to Grand Pre, four miles away, stopping at the Old Covenantan Church, begun in 1804 and completed in 1818. This church is in a bad state of decay, and has no especial historic value, but is a curiosity and is worth seeing.

At last we were at Grand Pre, the home of Longfellow's "Evangeline."

fellow's beautiful poem, which throw a romantic glamor over the place, it would be positively uninteresting. Time and the elements are rapidly obliterating all traces of the Acadians. But a movement has been started to create a commemorative park of permanent character. The idea is to restore the church, the priest's house, the well and the cemetery, and to erect a monument close by to Longfellow, incorporating a statue of the poet himself. The prov-

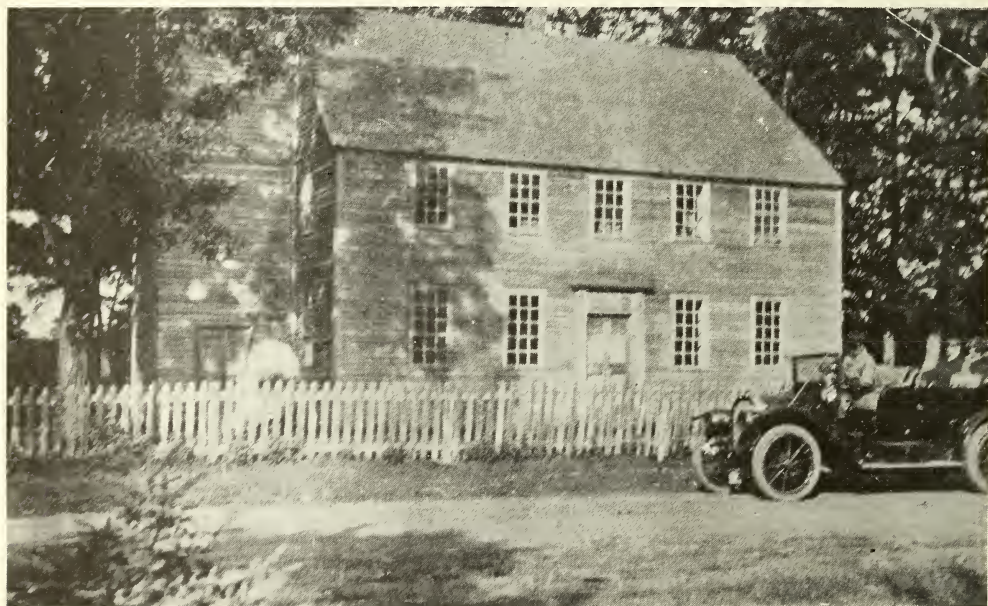


ince can surely well afford to do this, as his beautiful poem is certainly worth at least ten thousand dollars a year to the country. It is an interesting fact not generally known that Longfellow had never visited Nova Scotia when he wrote "Evangeline" in 1847.

From Grand Pre to Windsor we easily made twenty miles an hour, as the roads were good. At first Cape Blomidon, fifteen miles away, stood out prominently across the blue water of Minas Basin, and reminded one of the great cliffs at Dover, and might easily be taken for them but for the

Halifax it is six feet, while at Yarmouth sixteen is the average, Digby twenty-seven, Parrsborough fifty-three, while at the mouth of the Shubenacadie River it attains the extraordinary elevation of seventy feet, the highest in the world.

Windsor is the home of the famous old King's College, on whose rolls are names illustrious in Canada and imperial history, and the only fault the writer has to find with the town is for the fact that she has allowed the attendance of this aristocratic old college to run down until it has scarcely



THE OLD COVENANTER CHURCH, BUILT IN 1804

fact that the geological formation is red "boulder clay," instead of white chalk.

We reached Windsor at eleven o'clock, and found it the brightest, most up-to-date and at the same time interesting place we had seen. The tide was out and for the first time we saw a harbor without water, vessels resting high and dry on land, perched on mud flats twenty feet above the channel. Nowhere else but in the Bay of Fundy could this picture be reproduced.

At Windsor the tide has a rise of thirty-five feet, and on the coast at

enough students to pay to run. Among the other places of interest is the "Sam Slick" house, the home of Judge Haliburton, often referred to as the father of Canadian literature, and Fort Edward, nearly one hundred and sixty years old. The town has other places of interest, and, with its golf links and the beautiful nearby drives, is an ideal place for a summer vacation.

From Windsor to Halifax we followed the Great Western postal road over Mt. Uniacke, first built between the French settlement of Port Royal

and Grand Pre, and extended to Windsor and then to Halifax, upon Governor Cornwallis' arrival, as he depended upon French settlers for his support.

In 1816 the first stagecoach made the trip from Halifax to Windsor twice a week, and the round trip fare was \$12. We made it in three hours, but it took more than twelve dollars out of the machine. A worse road cannot be imagined after the summit of Mount Uniacke is passed. The ride up the mountain side is beautiful. It is a steady, steep climb for three miles, very wild, with now and then a farm, with a tremendous flock of geese never failing to amuse us, as their every movement was systematic. A well-drilled body of soldiers could not have executed movements better. First it was columns of four, then by the left flank and about face, perfect alignment with heads up, and as we passed all flapped their wings and screamed in unison. Great herds of sheep, with an occasional black one bringing to mind Will Carlton's "The one black sheep of his father's fold," grazed in the open country. As we rapidly ascended the mountain, with its perfectly good road, we little realized the mess which awaited us on the other side. It commenced with a few ledges and then a series of bog holes and places we had to fill up with rails and tree trunks. Repeatedly rocks had to be rolled out of the way to allow the car to pass. For ten miles there were quagmires and ledges, and it is remarkable that we at last got through. After we had once more gotten on a good road, but a very narrow one, which lay along the side of the mountain, we came face to face with a four-horse load of dynamite on its way to a quarry near by. It was a very embarrassing position; but as the horses were not frightened we were able to back the car some distance to where the road permitted us to turn out.

We reached Halifax at three o'clock, after a run of sixty-five miles for the day, the last ten being over a fine

stretch of road skirting the Bedford Basin. At times the road fairly hung over the water.

The two best hotels are the Halifax and the Queens. After riding past both we decided that the Queens was the better. Both are old, but quite a sum of money has recently been expended in remodelling the latter.

Halifax is the capital of Nova Scotia and the largest city in the Maritime Provinces. It impresses one as being much larger than it really is. Although it is the objective point for thousands of American tourists, it is very English in many ways, probably because it has so long been a garrison town, being the chief British military and naval station in America, and because its commercial relations have been so intimate with England.

We spent the remainder of the afternoon in going over our mail, which had been forwarded to the general delivery, and in equipping ourselves with swagger sticks and other souvenirs typical of the place and its people. We also took a short trip about the city and outlying districts in the car. As in the smaller places we had visited, the machine attracted attention, and we found out later that it had pretty thoroughly advertised our arrival. In the evening we visited a vaudeville theatre, the bill including, as our program asked us to believe, "Jim" somebody, or rather the funniest man in the world; the Messer Sisters, having the reputation of the best act in vaudeville; Miss Winnie Vincent, the mocking bird, and so it went. Everything was bigger and better than ever before.

The next morning friends of friends of our party arrived at the hotel with the keys of the city, and for two days and most of two nights we were on the jump. If anything was missed, we were perfectly willing to leave it to others when we departed on Sunday morning. The pace which Halifax hospitality sets would make the most hardened New Yorker seek a sanatorium. Clubs, theatres, dinners, yacht races and hodge podges, if the reader





THE PENOBSQUIS VALLEY, A DANGEROUS PLACE TO TRAVEL AT NIGHT

knows what they are, in rapid succession, until it would make even the most blase "sit up and take notice." We started out in a very quiet, matter-of-fact way by visiting the government building; were shown the Legislative Hall and even sat in the speaker's chair. Next came the Natural History Museum and the Dominion building; then the Government House and a very old and intensely interesting Episcopal Church; after this the City Hall, where we met many city officials; in fact, all along our way we were introduced. With the addition of the police commissioner to our party we were taken through the Public Gardens, consisting of fourteen acres of trees, flowers, fountains, lakes and cool and shady walks, equalling, in proportion to its size, the best parks in the largest cities of America and Europe.

We next found ourselves on the water front inspecting dry docks and marine railways, and going through great ship chandlery warehouses. To the person interested in these things nautical Halifax is the place to go: steamers arriving and departing at all hours of the day and night, and everything from a ferryboat to a warship or a fishing smack to a fine yacht.

Soon we were being shot down the harbor in a motor boat, around the point and up the Northwest Arm, to a bungalow, for lunch; back to the city again; more sights; then to one of the clubs for tea, or Scotch and soda, as you preferred. After this there was a dinner somewhere and a theatre party, and the management extended an invitation for us to come behind the scenes. The cafes are closed at ten to the stranger, but as guests of the first citizens nothing was closed. It is very simple; a bell is rung, up goes a slide like that in lodge doors; a magic word is spoken; back come bolts and bars, a rattle of chains, and the door is opened.

All day Saturday this cyclone of hospitality continued. We visited friends at the Wellington Barracks and climbed to the Citadel, which is built upon the top of a hill two hundred and fifty feet above the harbor. The fortifications were commenced by the Duke of Kent in 1800, and a mint of money has been spent on alterations and improvements since; but in spite of this they are now obsolete. Of course, the view from the Citadel is the finest to be had of the city and surrounding country. To the west is what is known

as the Northwest Arm, a body of water three miles long by a quarter of a mile in width, which, with the harbor, outlines the rocky peninsula on which the city is located. To the south and east is the harbor, which narrows as it reaches the upper end of the city and extends into the Bedford Basin, with its ten miles of safe anchorage, being navigable its whole distance. Directly across the harbor may be seen the town of Dartmouth, while in the harbor are two fortified islands, George's Island, near the city, and McNab's Island, at the entrance, three miles away. We were told that a thousand ships could safely anchor in the harbor, which we believed. We were also told that the hill upon which we stood was built by hand, and that an underground passage connected George's Island with the mainland, which we did not believe.

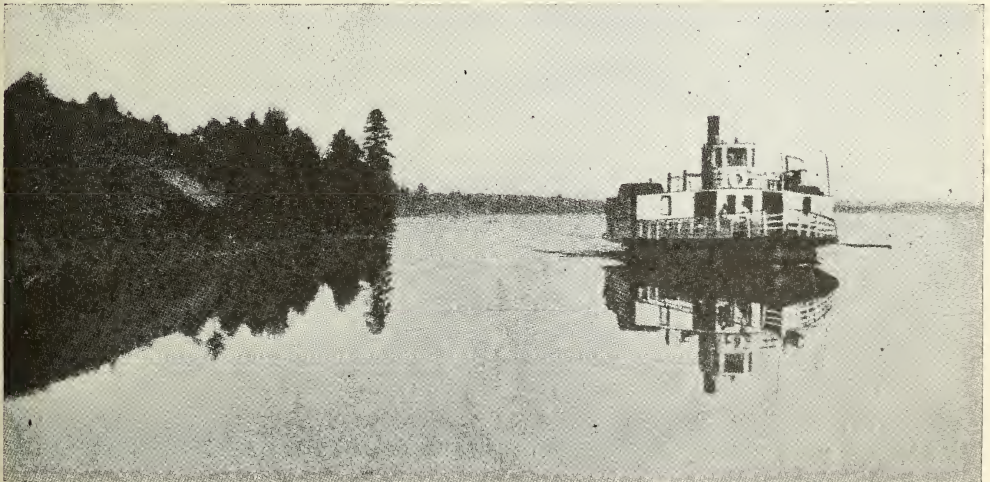
The one o'clock gun interrupted a sight which, once seen on a clear day, will not be forgotten, and which can never be word-painted. At three o'clock we were at the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Club, the leading club of its kind in Canada, finely located and beautifully appointed and full of trophies and souvenirs, which recalled the pleasant exchange of courtesies with clubs like the New York Yacht

Club and the Eastern and Corinthian of Massachusetts.

The final race of the season was to start at three thirty, and the club, its grounds and its floats were, figuratively speaking, alive. We were invited to sail on one of the boats, the "Nomad," but refused, as we knew we would be a handicap; but our hosts insisted and we went. The race started on time and the squadron ran to Leopards Rocks, then to Ives Knoll and then out to the entrance of the harbor, each boat having to jibe on this leg, and after coming about the stake a reef had to be taken in the mainsail—no easy task in a piping wind—while the boats made for McNab's Cove, anchored, furled sails, and then at a given signal made sail and proceeded to moorings of the club. Our boat took second honors, and it is hard to say who was more pleased—the owner or ourselves.

The race itself was very different from our conventional American races. In the evening the band played; there were songs, vaudeville and good things to eat, and everybody was happy.

The customary crowd which collected about our machine was missing the next morning when we left the hotel at ten o'clock. The paradox is this: it was Sunday and the streets were deserted. Across the harbor we



THE MIRAMICHI RIVER, A GATEWAY TO THE GREAT FORESTS OF NEW BRUNSWICK



navigated in a ferryboat that just permitted us to run aboard, and when the Dartmouth shore was reached a runway had to be improvised to get us ashore, as the weight of the car had sunk the bow about eighteen inches.

The first twenty miles of our trip was very fine. The road skirts the Dartmouth Lakes, Lake Fletcher and Grand Lake, and is good; but after Wellington is passed it becomes poor, and in places is very rough and hardly more than a wood road. The country is wild and partridges and wild animals of various kinds were frequently seen. Once an eagle with a three-foot snake clutched in its claws flew over our heads. This rough and wild stretch of country may be avoided and a better road found if the tourist will swing to the east just beyond Waverly and run to Musquodobit, and then turn and run due north, following the Gay River. The trip this way is a little over twenty miles farther.

We reached Elmsdale, a little village of two or three stores, and an adorable inn (which really had no excuse for its existence in such an out-of-the-way place), at one o'clock, having only made thirty-six miles, which made it look rather doubtful if Truro could be reached before dark. We stopped here for lunch, which, barring none, seemed the best meal during our entire trip, and long did we remember the griddled chicken and the pumpkin pie. At two o'clock we were again on the road, which improved from here on, and we made good time, passing the St. Andrew's River, Stewiacke, Alton and Brookfield without incident, and would have reached our destination by five o'clock but for several unexpected delays. First it was a barn which was being moved and had been left planted squarely in the road. The detour about it which we had to make was much more serious than it sounds. Then a strip of road some two hundred yards, with sharp, ugly rocks, over which no tire would survive a trip, and, finally, two miles from Truro, there was

that familiar and sickening sound as of a pistol report and the accompanying hiss of escaping air. It was our first blow-out and it used up thirty minutes, and, to make matters worse, it happened where there was a three-foot ditch on either side, with just enough room for a team to pass, but with no leeway for a nervous horse. Four teams tried to pass, then went over the edge and were upset. The horse of the fourth, instead of going by, tried to climb a telegraph pole, and upon our advice the owner waited for the repairs to be finished.

We entered Truro, or rather sneaked in, on a back street, more than half-expecting to spend the night in the police station. It was Sunday and the sun was not yet set, and we concluded the police could not make an arrest.

The place was absolutely dead. Our hotel was near the railroad station, and we were told that it was the leading hotel. It was the worst place called a hotel we encountered on our trip, and when we later read in a railroad guide book that one of the evidences that Truro was a live town was found in the excellency of the leading hotels, we got a pretty poor opinion of Truro.

All day Sunday everything is shut up tight, but at seven o'clock the stores opened and the freight cars began to be shunted about the side tracks. A case of sleep all day and lie awake at night.

The one redeeming feature of Truro—and this feature wholly apart from the surroundings of the natives—is the beautiful natural park, with its picturesque gorge, its wooded, wild hills, its cascade pouring over a barrier of rocks fifty feet high above the pool which the waters form at its base. God gave Truro a fine park, and when she tries to improve it the town will be something more than an uninteresting railroad junction.

We delayed our start the next morning, as we learned that Commander Peary was to pass through on his way from Sydney to Boston. We also had

the satisfaction of watching Lord Strathcona's (Canada's high commissioner) private car and special train fly past, en route from Montreal to Halifax.

The day was fine, as all the days had been. The run was to Amherst, and, if conditions warranted it, we were to push on to Shediac, one hundred and thirty-six miles. As the most direct road was reported very rough, being through mountainous country, we took the road which skirted Cobequid Bay and Minas Basin to Parrsborough. We passed Bass River at eleven thirty, twenty-nine miles from Truro, when unfortunately we ran over and killed a fine collie dog. All along our trip we had been bothered by dogs, who insisted upon running in front of the car; but, as they always managed to get out of the way, we had stopped worrying.

All through the morning the scenery was superb, and a fine view of the water was constantly before us. Just beyond Little Bass River a very steep hill was encountered, which would prove a Waterloo for anything but a high-power car. It is a mile long and very rough in places. A wonderful view of Five Islands, with Cape Blomidon, across the channel in the distance, presents itself when once the top is reached.

The Five Islands are as strange a geological formation as is to be found in this country. They rise out of the water at intervals of a few hundred yards and tower a hundred feet or more in the air; the sides are perpendicular and on top of these strange formation of rock is a heavy growth of spruce trees.

We reached Parrsborough, which, although it appears in black type on the map, is but a small village fifty-seven miles from Truro, at two o'clock. After lunch at a boarding house called the Grand Central Hotel, we started for Amherst, the road lying at almost right angles to the one we had followed during the morning. The culverts were especially bad on this run, and,

besides giving an auto and its occupants pretty severe jounces, there is great danger of breaking through. Later on our trip we broke through several, but with no serious results.

At a little after five we passed Macan and the Chignecto coal mines. The miners were out on a strike and the district was under a state of semi-martial law.

Amherst was reached before six o'clock. It was getting dark, however, and as the town looked pretty attractive to us, after ninety-one miles over rough roads, we put up for the night. We found Amherst one of the most progressive and substantial towns in the provinces. It has eight thousand people, and evidences of prosperity are on every hand. There are fine public buildings, large manufacturing industries, and as attractive a club as any city of one hundred thousand could show.

We went to the theatre in the evening, and upon our return to the hotel asked a native if they often had as good a performance, to which the enthusiastic individual somewhat ambiguously replied: "Why, yes; once a week, twice a month, for four or five days."

As we found ourselves a little behind schedule time, arrangements were made for an early breakfast, with the idea of making Chatham, one hundred and thirty miles away, the next day. We arose at daybreak and were ready to start long before the other guests at the hotel began to appear, but the car did not arrive. The magneto was not working and the batteries had gotten short-circuited in some way. If we had not known where John, our chauffeur, had been every minute the night before, we surely would have accused him of going "joy" riding. Instead of seven, it was eight thirty when we departed. We ran perhaps two miles, when one of the party stated that he had left a camera in his room at the hotel. Back we went and waited. In ten minutes he appeared, with a sheepish, ashamed look on his face, and in reply to a round of rather sarcastic



remarks admitted that he remembered packing it in his case. The second start was made after nine o'clock, and it is doubtful if we would have put back again even if a member of the party was missing.

In twenty minutes we were at Fort Lawrence and had crossed the boundary line into New Brunswick. For ten miles the road runs over low, flat, reclaimed land, closely resembling a western prairie, with hundreds of

institutions, among them the University of Mount Allison College, the Academy and Commercial College, the Ladies' College and the Owens Institute and Conservatory of Music. We passed through the town so quickly that we left it on the wrong road, and did not discover our mistake until we had gone four miles. Back we went to the town and out on the right way. Sign-posts are an unheard-of thing in the provinces, and even the informa-



WE BROUGHT UP ON A MARSH MILES FROM ANYWHERE

barns, all the same size and kind of architecture, about the same distance apart, which, from an aeroplane, must appear like a gigantic checker-board.

These thousands of acres of verdant marsh meadows around the head of the Bay of Fundy have been a rich heritage to the people, and have resulted in the raising of some of the finest cattle in the eastern part of America.

The road to Sackville is fairly good, but showed signs of being practically impassable in wet weather. Sackville is made up of Methodist educational

tion the natives furnish is rather unreliable. As incredible as it may seem, individuals were found in the back-wood roads who actually did not know where the road on which they lived led to. An experience of this kind happened after we left Sackville for Dorchester. We again in some way got off the main road and stopped at a log cabin to inquire the way. The woman who appeared at the door stated that she thought the road led to Dorchester, but did not know. In answer to our questions she said that she

had spent most of her life in the vicinity. We took a chance and pushed on, and at the first cross-road were held up by two armed prison wardens. It turned out that a prisoner had escaped from the penitentiary in Dorchester, and the country for miles was covered by guards to cut off his escape. The wardens put us on the right track again and we reached Dorchester at eleven o'clock, and once more found our location on the map we carried.

As we entered the town a dog ran barking after us. Soon he was joined by two more, and the noise they made attracted others. It seemed as if every dog in town immediately put in an appearance. There were black dogs and brown dogs, yellow ones and a white one, collies, bulls, St. Bernards and mongrels—at least fifteen in all—and such a noise as old Noah himself never heard. At the first chance we let the car out into a thirty-mile clip, and our carnivorous, four-legged friends, fighting among themselves, were lost in a cloud of dust.

The road from Dorchester to Memramcook is good, but from the latter to Meadow Brook it is a rough road, through wild country, with long stretches of nerve-racking corduroy road. At one point we came upon a load of hay, which completely filled the narrow way, and we were obliged to slowly follow it for a mile before there was an opportunity to pass.

We crossed the Seadone River at eleven thirty and ran out to Shediac and Point du Chene, getting our first view of Northumberland Strait. In the hazy distance we could make out the coast line of Prince Edward Island.

It was noon and we had covered only forty-five miles of our one hundred and thirty, so off we started again, skirting Shediac Harbor and heading through Cocagne and Gaily, over the Metadawoden River, to Buctouche. The houses we passed, if painted at all, were white, with red blinds and trimmings. There were many small vil-

lages; but, no matter how small the place, it always contained an enormous Catholic Church, painted like the houses—white and red. These churches were out of all proportion to the size of the town, and it was a constant source of wonder where the money to build and maintain these came from.

Buctouche was just half-way to Chatham, and here we stopped for lunch at a tavern called the Victoria. As we prepared to start away the landlady came to the door to say "Bon soir"; the stablemen stood and stared; two women washing clothes at the side of the door stopped their work, and a lot of funny-looking natives buzzed around, gesticulating in French-Canadian and trying to explain the mechanism of the car to each other. We lit our cigars and leaned back in a self-satisfied way. We had become so hardened to the stares of these little crowds that always assembled at our departure that we no longer noticed them. It was usually a case of one turn of the handle, the motor started and off we would go, with a nod to the natives. Not so this time, and we sat for twenty minutes while John cranked, examined different parts and swore alternately. First the mixture seemed too strong, and there was a back fire; then the batteries seemed to have gotten short-circuited, and then some other cause was suggested, until it looked as if Chatham would never be reached. It was two o'clock when we finally moved away and the car was limping badly. We could get no power and had to take the hills on the first speed, while as a rule most of them were taken on the third.

As we rolled along the long stretches of forest road, miles from any kind of habitation, the engine would occasionally skip, sending visions of a night out in the open flashing through our minds; but as the magneto got warmed up the engine commenced to work better, and when Richibucto was reached we had plenty of power.

*(To be continued)*



# THE CROWDED HOURS OF THE COLLEGE GIRL

By JEANNETTE MARKS

THE play-spirit of the American child is left over in the American college girl; it delights in college organizations, in class affairs, in college functions. But to the play-spirit of the college girl—far more than in the case of the college boy—has been added a sense of responsibility and sober self-importance. She makes and fulfils innumerable petty engagements with which a boy would not be bothered. Her receptions, "spreads," society meetings, church and prayer meetings, Bible classes, Y. W. C. A., student government, college settlement, athletic meet, musical clubs, choir, shopping, dances and games at a neighboring college, all become a part of her "schedule." Before she knows it she has an ordered system of crowding that would burden the shoulders of well-seasoned, overworked royalty. But she takes the crowding with noble fortitude, meets every engagement, accepts every invitation, goes to everything she is expected to go to—her parents have brought her up well, poor child—and she reads fifteen minutes a day, as she herself will tell you, for "pure enjoyment"—pure enjoyment a little interrupted, however, by glancing every five minutes at the clock to be sure that she is not over-reading.

This average American college girl, with her bursting schedule and distended conscience, is an intelligent, well-set-up, independent, resourceful human being. She is not a student *per se*; she averages about thirty-six hours a week on all the so-called academic or intellectual work of the college; she sleeps during the week some fifty-six

hours, and spends the remaining seventy-six in dressing, eating, religious, executive and social engagements, and in exercise. She does not over-eat, over-exercise or spend too much time in dressing; it would be far better for her if she spent much more time than she does on both toilet and exercise. Where she places the stress is upon her executive and social engagements, and of these two more emphasis is placed upon the executive work. One of my own students candidly confessed that in the week she had spent twenty-two hours and ten minutes in executive work alone; another fifteen hours in society work; another fifteen hours in extension work. These are, of course, instances of an extravagant use of time, yet they are not at all uncommon. Out of a class of eighty-eight juniors and seniors doing elective literary work, seventy-eight students were carrying executive work. From that same class thirteen students spent between seven and fourteen hours each, and there were twenty students who spent between five and six hours apiece a week. The highest expenditure of time socially that I found in the entire class was ten and one-half hours. Where her energy goes is plain to be seen; she is organized to death. One student planned out her week Sunday evening. Monday morning, with the frailty ever attendant upon human nature, she overslept, and, late, with difficulty got to breakfast. Thereby she upset her calculated plans by one half-hour. At the close of the week she was still running rapidly after herself trying to overtake the lost half-hour.

Despite the emphasis on the executive side, the social life presents its problems. Socially, the American college is a somewhat crowded whole. There is an effort on the part of the students to know everyone; students are heard to remark that it is their duty to know as many people as possible. This *omnium gatherum* attitude, which has in it something of the political demagogue, is not socially the highest. Perhaps, rather, their real duty lies in an essential relation to the people with whom they naturally come in contact. Then, too, there is the mistake of thinking that a social engagement constitutes social life: the crush and mad chatter of a crowded afternoon tea, or shooting comet-like down a line of dignitaries at a big reception. This is only the way academic society, too, gets credit, pays its monthly bills and manages to have its I O U's torn up. From that vital social life which has nothing to do with the commerce of society the college student might well take more pleasure than she does.

The condition of a man's life is certainty; the condition of this girl's life uncertainty. Perhaps she will marry; perhaps she will stay at home; perhaps she will teach—if she must. In parental minds probably most of the vagueness about the exact purpose of college life for a girl is due to the conviction that a woman's economic value is bringing children into the world. In the girl's own consciousness marriage is present; but she does not under normal conditions think much about it; however, she realizes that when it does come it will make a difference in her work. All the while a man is constantly expecting both to work and to marry. This instability of purpose on the part of the woman inevitably affects her attitude towards her work. She is intelligent and realizes quickly that the purpose of sending girls to college nowadays is so much unthought out that people cannot agree on what they think the end of that education really to be. Some girls come to college because of the pressure from home or friends; some because it is a "fad"; some for

vague, general reasons, and the minority for a definite purpose.

There is no ground for assuming, as some older people do, that students are satisfied with the present crowded conditions, and that they do not desire something else quite as much as those who are wiser. There should be, and I really think there is, perfect identity of interest between faculty and students. The dissatisfaction with the crowded life is mutual, but the desire of the faculty is, on the whole, towards the development of a more intellectual spirit. They see that students are admirably interested in "college life," without any corresponding admirable interest in work; that "college life" has come to mean to the average student something separable from work; that there is not the organic relation between the two which there should be. They know that the requirements of the best women's colleges are sufficient to make colleges, and that the attitude of the students often tends to make elementary schools of higher institutions. They know, too, whether they will admit it or not, that the ordinary curriculum deprives the conscientious girl of many opportunities she ought to have: abundance of good plays, good music and leisure for the best literature. They add their quota of influence to the damaging advice of certain educators for students to read fifteen minutes from some masterpiece. Fifteen minutes! As if human nature could be divided and subdivided indefinitely in its functions like some machine and set going by the pressure of a button. Such a thought ought to make every "pure enjoyment," every vital feeling, every literary or artistic sense run cold. Fifteen minutes, with the clock ticking you in the face!

The unspoken question in the minds of many college instructors is this: *If the college curriculum presupposed a certain amount of leisure and kept the atmosphere of an academic body valuing leisure, would the student then turn to an interest in letters, or would she increase her executive and social duties?* Uncertain of the issue, the college deliberately raises



its requirements as a safeguard for the intellectual life. The instructor feels, too, that any deviation from the normal way of living implies some particular purpose, some particular end in view. The home is the only normal human center; from the human point of view, the college can never be more than a makeshift. There may be some people so institutionalized, so accustomed to the crowded make up of a college dormitory, an evil further increased by many "gang" habits, that they cannot realize this. To repeat, the college instructor, forced to live an institutional life, is as convinced as any observer from the outside that this is a deviation from the normal way of living, and must, therefore, imply some particular purpose. That purpose he believes to be largely intellectual.

On the other hand, the desire of the students is towards—well, they hardly know—freedom, perhaps, first of all; release from nervous tension. They feel the crowded hours in various ways. Not any of them would have the courage to be found with empty hands, *merely* thinking. They would hurry to pick up a book or a paper, or to stir about their rooms as if busy. And yet the overwhelming majority long for changed conditions. They find it impossible to take things in a leisurely way. "It is necessary," says one student, "to jump from one thing to another, without doing entire justice to any one thing." They want time for rest, for thinking, for quiet reading. There is so much feverish rushing that some time every day to be spent unconstrained in idleness, or doing something unrelated to a class-room, or to an engagement, would seem almost too good to be true. Yet, in part, they are the makers of their own destinies. They demand responsibility on every side. As if life would not give them an overdose of responsibility before they finish a longer career than that of college! They must govern themselves; verily, they must, if they can, govern the faculty, and if they were not convinced that the trustees were a hopeless group of unsympathetic, elderly gentlemen,

with the one asset of bulging pocket-books, they would storm that academic height, too. But their predicament, even if it has its comic aspects, is a serious one—indeed, it is a serious problem for the entire college.

And the girls are right when they talk about "radical steps," only the trouble is they do not know which way to step; and while they are busy contradicting one another and their elders, and hesitating, the requirement for work shoots up higher because some college in the West has decided to take a "stand" and to increase the possibilities of considering forty-six different subjects in one year to fifty-six. The change is accepted—it has to be, for the students have quite as much pride as their instructors, and know just as well as they that colleges are not upon the stable basis of some absolute good, but, rather, upon the sliding scale of competition. With the extra crowding the process of assimilation becomes more sluggish. They do not realize, and their instructors do not realize, that close confinement on bread and water with one robust, medium-sized thought would sometimes be better for them than the vast anaemic note-taking of the class-room.

Eighty-six of the eighty-eight students I have mentioned added their voices to the plea for leisure, and a few have admitted at the same time that the great fault on the part of the students is a lack of plain common sense and power of selection. One student writes that the remedy for this life of rush and hurry must lie in the development of a sense of proportion. In their own words, they know that their weeks are "crammed, superficial and altogether unsatisfactory." But they do not take time to get "caught up" and start off again; so the vicious circle continues. They will not even attack thoughtfully the problems of their own individual lives, making such adjustment, such sensible changes towards betterment as are actually within their grasp.

Perhaps a few suggestions from one who has made many of the mistakes to which the average college student is

liable will not come amiss and will not be considered officious. The writer is all too aware that her ideal day may be another's anathema, but believes, however far she or the college may be from its realization, that there is such a quantity as an ideal day. Health, happiness, work, leisure—these are the four desiderata to which everything else must be subservient. If one pauses to think carefully about each one of these elements in a wholesome life, it will be seen that not one can develop without the co-existence of the other three. I give them in what is for me the logical order of their importance, with the frank expression of opinion that frequently it seems that the college plans its regime for the woman of thirty and not for the growing girl; that its provision for the maintenance of health is not sufficient; that its emphasis upon work is too insistent; that its disregard of leisure among faculty and students is to be regretted. To cut the Gordian knot of its multiplied interests, however, is not easy. I know, with all deference for those who have spent years in trying to adjust such matters, that it is simpler to criticize conditions than to solve a problem.

To the writer one thing appears uncontestedly true—that *whereas the world has no absolute need for students, its need for healthy men and women is absolute*. Six hours of concentrated mental work is all the average adult can do to advantage; it should certainly be all required of the college girl. Of course, six hours of dilly-dallying will accomplish nothing, when the same amount of time expended with the *verve* used in basket ball or tennis should be sufficient to give a student high rank in all her work. Such a schedule robs the twenty-four hours of only six; a wide enough margin remains so that one who needs more sleep than eight hours (as most people do) can have it—say, ten hours at least. Of the remaining eight, three or four must be spent in dressing and at the table. This leaves an ample margin—a chance for everyone to be out of doors for at least two hours. As things are now, the average

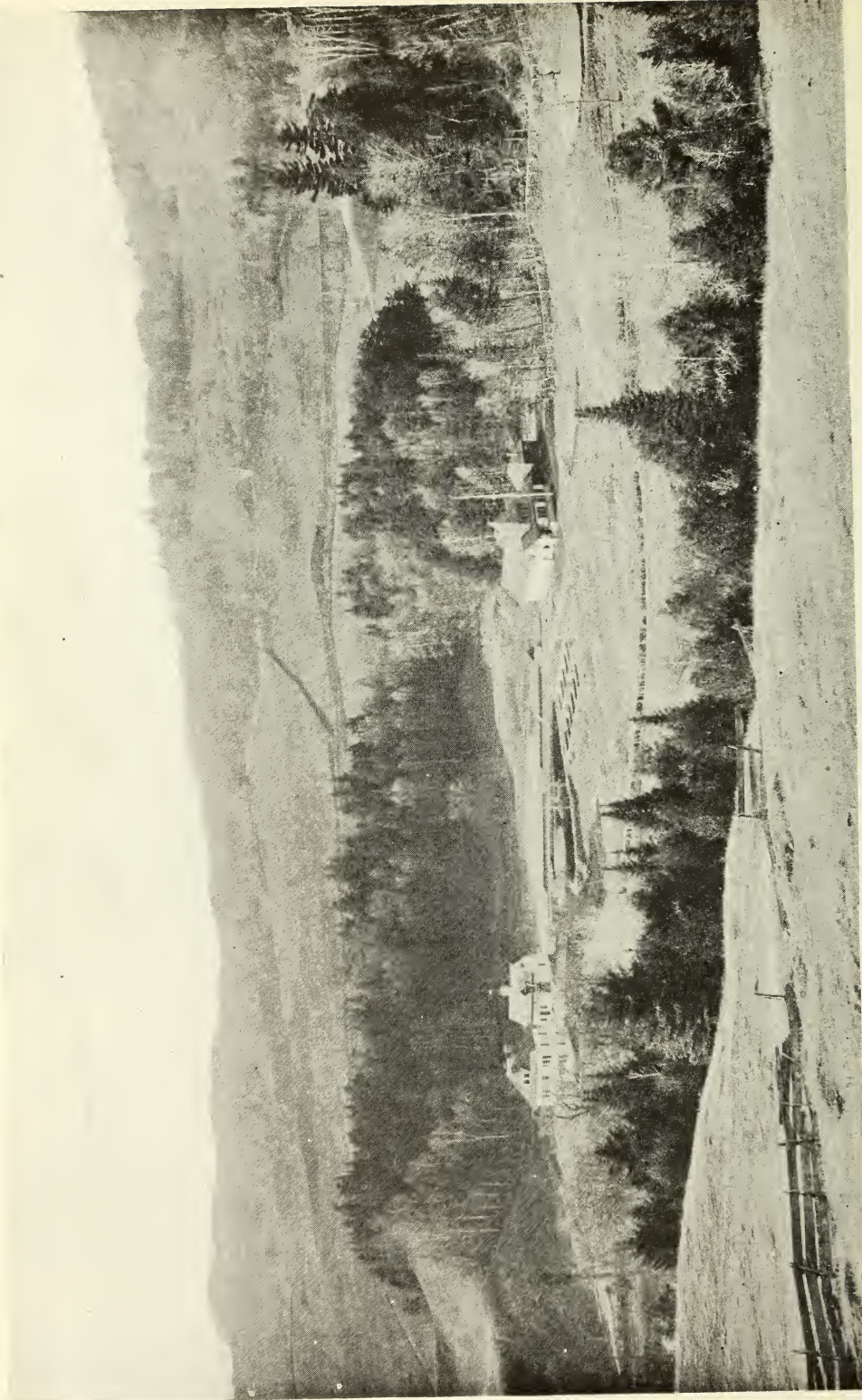
*hard-working* student takes at the most forty-five minutes.

Of course, the difficulty is two-fold. If the student insists upon spending all her leisure in executive work—that endlessly ramified obligation of which, thank fortune, the English and German student knows nothing—she is like the man who said he would drown and nobody should help him. Indeed, she will drown. And, on the other hand, if the instructor, keenly ambitious, adds to the pressure of work, there is hardly an escape from the double screw. It is a case which calls for restraint; on the part of the college in refusing to multiply courses and requirements, and on the part of the students in refusing needlessly to multiply executive and social duties.

Both student and instructor desire the same end; *the best good of the student*. The college woman is not at heart an irresponsible, notional child; nor is the instructor a Russian autocrat. Girls sometimes talk in a way that would lead you to believe that college work is a system of tyranny; but they well know the difficulties met by instructors and respect their teachers for the problems they must solve.

More latitude in the accomplishment of work and an absolute requirement in passing it off would relieve a college faculty immensely. With long hours of sleep, ample exercise and leisure, requirements, which are bugbears now, would become, as they should, a part of the day's pleasure. If once the spirit of hard work and hard play, governed by common sense, could be started in a college, both instructor and student would soon learn the difficult art of saying "no." Both would soon learn that fifteen-minute readings and walks are equally vicious; that the one to the overcrowded mind brings no happiness, and that the other to the fatigued body no health. Both would soon learn that *overcrowding is crowding out*. Indeed, it seems to the writer that the one word "no" used sensibly by instructor and student is the only solvent for the whole problem.





BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ST. JOHNSBURY STATION

# THE BIOGRAPHY OF A TROUT—II.

By JOHN W. TITCOMB

**A**FTER a month of feeding, some of the little fish have grown so much more rapidly than others that it becomes necessary to sort them to prevent the larger ones from eating their weaker brothers and sisters. And so the little fishes are divided and sorted at frequent intervals, until the troughs, which carried 40,000 at the beginning, are still full with only 1000 fish, which have been fed two or three months.

Let us pause in the story of the orphan and his companions long enough to look over his new home. The hatchery stands at one side of a beautiful green meadow, which is dotted here and there with small sheets of water. These are the larger breeding ponds for the big fish, rearing ponds, somewhat smaller, in which are the medium-sized fish, and the nursery ponds, in which the fry are cared for.

Through the meadow there flows a stream of water made up of springs in the forest-clad hills not far away. Some of the water flows into the hatchery, where it is distributed so as to supply the various tiers of hatching troughs. The stream is again divided several times, so that some of it flows through each of the ponds.

In the breeding ponds there are trout weighing two or three pounds. Then there are the two-year-olds and the yearlings, graded according to size in ponds set apart for them. Unlike the wild trout, these fish are quite tame, and some of them will take food from the fish man's hand. They are usually hungry, and when they see the shadow of the fish man fall across the water they crowd to the bank, and as he throws spoonfuls of food around the pond the water seems to boil. The

fish man sees the mass of fins and tails squirming and twisting and turning about in haste to reach a choice morsel, while some leap out of the water, turn a complete somersault and swim greedily away with a mouthful. He carefully watches their capricious appetites and sees that no food is left to foul the pond.

He has become so well acquainted with certain ones that he has given them names. Jim and Mary are two especial favorites, which are always pointed out to the many visitors as the largest and oldest trout at the hatchery.

Mary has seven generations of children, numbering as many thousands, which are scattered far and wide. To attempt to figure her grandchildren and great-grandchildren requires more arithmetic than it is best to bring into this story, and the orphan and his companions in the crowded troughs need attention.

So the fish man counts and sorts them according to size, and then transfers them to the nursery ponds. Our orphan is graded with the largest fry and is one of the liveliest in the school. As his life is much like that of the others, his experiences will be recorded.

Now, the experiences of fish at a hatchery seem to consist principally in eating and in dodging those who wish to eat them, while those of fishes in a stream are practically the same, except that in the stream the big fishes eat the little ones, the little ones eat one another, and all are caught and eaten by various animals, including the angler and his friends. At the hatchery it is intended to protect our orphan and his friends as much as possible until they have grown to a size when



they can take care of themselves; but there are daily tragedies in every trough and pond, even under the vigilant care of the fish man.

Not long after our orphan was placed in a nursery pond he sees what appears to him a very large fish, with some curious marks on his sides, swimming boldly among his mates, and every now and then making a rush at one of them with his mouth open wide; sometimes he seizes one by the tail and again across its body, but he always gives the victim a dextrous twist and swallows it head first. For two days he is in terror for his life, and spends his hours dodging this big fellow, lest he share the fate of his mates. On the third day, as he watches from his hiding place, he sees the familiar shadow of the fish man. This time he has a long-handled net in his hand. A quick movement, and the big fish which has been the terror of the pond is fluttering in the net, and the fish man is examining those curious marks and wondering how a fish of this size got into the nursery pond. The marks are V-shaped, as if made by the bill of a bird, and he recalls that a kingfisher was caught two days ago in a trap set on a pole over the nursery pond. Now he has the whole story. The kingfisher, without doubt, caught a trout about six inches long and lit on the top of the pole, intending to enjoy his prey. When the trap sprung, the bird dropped the fish bearing the telltale marks of its beak among his younger brothers.

Of course, the orphan and his friends do not know how the larger trout got into their pond, for he did not stop to tell them his experience before he began to eat them; but it does not take them long to learn that their big brother is a terrible cannibal, and that such fellows must be avoided.

This tragedy was unusual, but it resulted in the loss of a hundred little fish. Did a few of the strongest fish in the pond at this time learn how to eat their companions, or was it natural to them? At any rate, a few of the weaker fish disappear daily, and one



LARVAE OF THE CADDIS FLY

day the fish man sees a little fellow with the tail of another one sticking out of his mouth. He removes this fellow, as he does others, whenever they show a tendency to eat one another; for it is known that if the little fish are well fed there will be only a few cannibals among them, and that it pays to kill or to separate them from the others.

Not long after the tragedy of the kingfisher a sandpiper on the edge of the pond is seen to pick up and swallow several of the little fishes. This is another unusual occurrence, and the biologist will tell you that the throat of the sandpiper is not properly constructed to eat little fishes, and yet the fish man saw the bird do it.

The nursery ponds do not receive so much attention from fish robbers as do the ponds where there are yearlings and two-year-olds, but the orphan sees his friends stolen away very frequently—now by the water ouzel, once by a little wren, again by a pewee; but these little birds are not very harmful as compared with many larger birds and quadrupeds, and no attempt is made to kill them.

One day a sly mink creeps up the drain pipe from the river and creates terror in the pond. He is catching the orphan's friends at the rate of one a

minute, when, fortunately, the fish man happens to look out of the window. He watches the little brown animal dive, come to the surface with a fish in his mouth, drop it dead into the waste drain and instantly dive for another, until it looks as if there would be but few left in the pond if he does not quickly interfere. A shot from his gun settles the matter, but not before thirty fish have been killed. The mink evidently intended to provide a feast for himself and family and all of his neighbors before commencing to carry away his booty.

Of all the enemies of the fishes, the kingfisher is most hated by the fish man. Not only is he very proficient in the art of catching fish, but he proclaims his presence with an unmistakable and rattling cry. Although he builds his nest in the sand banks some distance away he brings his

children to the ponds as soon as they can fly. He gets busy very early in the morning and on Sundays, when the fish man would like to enjoy a morning nap, he is awakened by this noisy robber, and knows that if he lingers in bed he will be the loser of some fine fish.

Cranes and herons make occasional early-morning calls, coming unannounced and doing their work silently and quickly. They are quite as destructive as the kingfishers.

The noisy bullfrog, in his search for live food to appease a never-failing appetite, occasionally invades the ponds and steals young fish. If live insects are plentiful, he is a peaceful citizen, and the little fish play around him unmolested; but he must have live food.

The eel is an occasional visitor at the ponds, having come all the way



TRANSFERRING EGGS FROM PACKING TRAYS TO HATCHING TRAYS, ST. JOHNSBURY STATION



from the ocean, where all eels are born. He is a slippery fellow to deal with, and such a good climber that it is difficult to stop his ascent into the ponds. He is very adept in catching young trout, and knows how to round them up in schools.

The summer passes away quickly, and notwithstanding sandpipers, kingfishers, herons, cranes, bullfrogs and eels, the ponds are teeming with fish. By the use of traps set on poles for fishhawks, owls and kingfishers, others set in drains for minks, and again in certain places where cranes and herons are specially fond of wading, and also by the use of the ever-ready shotgun, the fish have been quite well protected. That these enemies are numerous is shown by the fact that before winter comes again the fish man has a record of no less than twenty-seven kinds of birds, quadrupeds and reptiles which have been destroyed in varying quantities in order to protect the fish.

Our orphan and his companions are now from three to five inches long, and it is time for another distribution to ponds and streams. They are first sorted and counted out into cans of water, except a few of the largest and handsomest, which are placed in rearing ponds to be kept for breeders. Our orphan is one of the latter.

The cans, which easily contained 5000 fry last spring, will not safely carry more than 200 of the same fish three or four months older. Some of the cans are sent direct to the heads of streams in the hills by wagon loads; others are hauled to the station and loaded into the baggage cars of passenger trains, to be delivered to applicants for distribution in more distant streams; still others are carried on cars especially equipped for carrying quantities of live fish for journeys requiring several days.

Thus the young fish are planted in the waters which are to be their future homes, where they must continue the struggle for existence, with no fathers or mothers to guide them and no fish man to protect them.

In the rearing pond our orphan and his friends are not so crowded as they were in the nursery. They are now large enough to attract the kingfishers, and the orphan sees several of his companions carried away in the beaks of these terrible birds before cold weather drives them south. He, too, has a very narrow escape, having felt the bird's beak, but soon learns to rush into deep water whenever the shadow of a bird appears above him.

They now have a new experience in the kind of food given them. While in the nursery they learned to eat coarser liver than was given them as fry, but it was otherwise the same. Now the liver is mixed with the coarser part of flour, called wheat middlings, after the latter has been boiled, and this mixture is to be their food for the rest of their lives at the hatchery. They do not like it at first, but it is that or nothing, and they soon learn to eat it, and continue to grow much more rapidly than their mates who have been liberated in streams and ponds.

Throughout the winter, life at the hatchery is uneventful for the fish. As the water grows colder they become less active. For weeks at a time the ponds are covered with ice and snow. The fish sleep away these days much as the bears do, and need no food until warmer weather arouses them. It is a busy time for the fish man, however, for the hatching troughs are full of eggs collected from the older trout in the larger ponds.

Now, perhaps you are wondering how the fish man got a million eggs to fill the troughs. Soon after the transfer of the orphan to the rearing pond, which was followed by the distribution of most of his companions, and just about a year from the time when Mr. and Mrs. Trout made a nest and filled it with eggs, all the older trout in the breeding ponds take on brighter colors. The white tips of the fins look whiter and the red along the sides becomes redder, but they do not have the brilliant colors of Mr. and Mrs. Trout. These fish in the ponds are domesticated trout, which have

lived at the hatchery all their lives. They have not had an opportunity to swim about wherever they pleased, to eat caddis worms and flies, bugs, shrimp and other minute water animals, all of which help to heighten the color of a wild fish. So the domesticated trout never have such brilliant colors as their wild companions, but they have always been well fed, the ponds have been kept scrupulously clean, the fish have occasionally re-

the pond into a tub. Then he takes a female in one hand, while with the other he gently strips the eggs into a milk pan without any water in it. The eggs flow freely, just as milk does from a cow. Then a male trout is treated in the same way and the milt flows over the eggs. After stripping two or three fish, the pan is given a rotary motion with the hand until the milt has touched all of the eggs. Then water is added to the pan of eggs, poured off



SPAWNING CREW RETURNING WITH EGGS FROM SPAWNING GROUNDS,  
GRAND MESA LAKE, COLORADO

ceived a bath in salt water to free them from parasites, and they are happy.

The same instinct as that of their wild brothers makes them wish to pair off, make nests and lay eggs, and there are some fierce battles among the males. The fish man watches them closely, and whenever he sees any ripe fish—that is, fish which are apparently ready to lay eggs—he nets them out of

and more added. The process is repeated until all sediment has floated out of the pan, leaving it about half-full of beautiful, amber-colored eggs, nearly all of which have been fertilized. This work is continued day after day until all the brood fish have been stripped of eggs. Each day, when the stripping process has been completed, the eggs are carried into the hatchery, spread out on trays of wire cloth, and



laid down in the troughs where a current of clear, cool water is constantly passing over them.

It will be recalled that Mrs. Trout laid about a thousand eggs; that only a small part of them were fertilized, and that a much smaller number were destined to hatch into little fishes. By stripping eggs into a dry pan and then applying the milt, nearly all of them are fertilized. This shows the great

or that the next year they will be called upon to help stock the hatchery with eggs.

Springtime comes around again, and the hatchery is full of fry, just as it was a year ago, when the orphan arrived. The ice has melted from the ponds and the frost is all out of the ground. Only one lot of fish have met with any mishaps during the winter. When the snow melted there was a telltale path



FIELD HATCHERY, GRAND MESA, COLORADO

advantage of the artificial method of fertilizing the eggs; then, too, they are protected from the dangers of enemies, floods and sediment in the hatching troughs, as we have already seen.

All of the breeders are returned to the ponds after being stripped, none the worse for being thus handled.

The orphan and his companions do not know anything about what has been going on among the older fishes,

made by a mink, or perhaps by several of them, leading from the stream, under the snow and plank walks, to the edge of one of the ponds. No one knows for how long a time the wily minks have been carrying off nice two-year-old fish by this underground passage, but prompt measures are taken to prevent any more thefts.

Another summer passes by, the orphan and most of his friends surviving

the depredations of the various enemies that prey upon them; the beautiful autumn foliage appears again on the hills, and the heightened color again comes to the older fishes.

The orphan is now a year and a half old, seven inches in length, and weighs a quarter of a pound. He and his companions at the hatchery have grown more rapidly than those which were put into the streams a year ago. In fact, it will probably be a whole year more before the latter weigh even a quarter of a pound.

The fish man has been watching the orphan lately, for he sees that this little waif has more color than his companions; the red spots are more distinct and the mottling of his sides more beautiful. It occurs to him that it is wise to introduce new blood at the hatchery now and then, and he determines to secure some eggs from wild trout. The first thing to be done is to catch the fish, and his mind turns to the stream and pond on the mountain from which our orphan came. So he builds a trap on the brook, not far from where Mrs. Trout lived. It is so constructed that when the trout ascend the stream they enter a pen and then cannot find their way out. In fact, they will not try to turn back, because they have started on a journey up stream; and when a fish makes up its mind to reach the nesting place, it persists in its undertaking regardless of all obstacles.

Soon a very rainy season comes and the stream is so swollen that it nearly washes over the top of the trap. The high water is a signal for the fish to rush up the stream from the pond, but they soon find themselves in the trap. No matter how often they try to jump, they cannot surmount this obstacle. A watchman camping in a shanty near by dips them out of the trap as fast as they come in and puts them into adjoining pens. What a run of trout! Some weigh as much as two pounds, but there are all sizes, from a quarter of a pound up, and all beautifully colored. By night time he has counted a thousand into the pens.

Alone, he cooks and eats his supper to the tune of rushing water, varied by the occasional splash of a trout which is trying to leap over the rack of slats that forms the upper side of the trap. The black darkness of a rainy night has shut everything from view when he lies down on his bunk for a short nap. An hour later he is awakened by the screech of an owl in an adjacent tree. As he springs from his bunk he lands in the water that now covers the floor of his shanty. Fortunately, the water is not yet over the platform on which he stands and dips, nor over the tops of the slats forming the trap and pens, and as there are fish in the trap he begins dipping them into the pens. At first he counts as he dips, but when a hedgehog brushes by his bare legs in the darkness he loses his count. It is a long and weary night for him, but so long as there are fish to be dipped from the trap, both mind and body are kept occupied. Towards morning the water subsides somewhat, and when the fish man arrives at daylight they take account of stock, while the watchman relates his experiences.

There are fifteen hundred fish in one of the pens, but only a few in the other. A closer examination reveals the fact that there is a washout underneath one of the pens adjoining the trap. The watchman had been dipping the same fish over and over all night. All that were put into the washed-out pen reentered the trap in their persistent efforts to stem the current and get up stream. It was not quite as bad as bailing water from the brook, but the watchman thought that it was when he retired to his bunk that morning. The fish man immediately gets to work. First, he repairs the pen which was washed out and then he sorts the fish. The ripe females are placed in a pen by themselves and the others sorted as well as the temporary penning facilities permit. Some of the ripe fish are now dipped into a tub, and the operation of stripping and fertilizing eggs is performed just as it is done with the domesticated trout at the hatchery. As fast as stripped the fish



are liberated above the trap, so that they may resume their journey up stream, and if the very last egg is not expelled from the female, she certainly will continue her journey and spawn again in the natural way.

It is noticeable that the eggs of these wild trout are more richly-colored than are those from the fish at the hatchery, some of them being of a deep salmon color. A close examination will show that the color of trout eggs corresponds closely to the flesh of the fish. Trout with white meat have eggs of a light color, while the salmon-colored eggs come from fish having rich, salmon-colored flesh. This variation in the color of the flesh and eggs is attributed to the nature of the food upon which the fish live.

At the close of the morning's operations the fish man can estimate very closely the number of eggs he has taken by glancing at the row of pans; but if he had taken the trouble to weigh all the females, perhaps a more accurate estimate could be given, for it is known that a wild trout weighing two pounds produces about 2000 eggs; that a one-pound trout lays about 1000 eggs, and smaller trout lay a lesser number, proportionate to their weight.

But the eggs must be taken to the hatching troughs without unnecessary delay, and the fish man knows that as soon as the eye spots show, the eggs can without injury be measured in a glass graduate or even in a quart measure, just as if they were blueberries. Of course, he must count one measure full before he can calculate the total number he has in all.

Fish culturists, as a rule, are not sentimental, but this one has taken a special interest in the orphan, and remembers that he came of wild parents living in the stream where his trap has done such effective work. Perhaps one of the very large females caught in the trap is his mother; who knows? At any rate, the fish man has some of these beautiful trout placed in tubs of water, and has them hauled to the hatchery before they are stripped.

At the proper time the orphan contributes his share of milt to fertilize some of the eggs of these wild fish, and then all, including the orphan, are liberated in one of the largest breeding ponds for the winter.

The hatchery is overcrowded with eggs this year, for in addition to those taken from the brood stock, the wild trout have contributed many more.

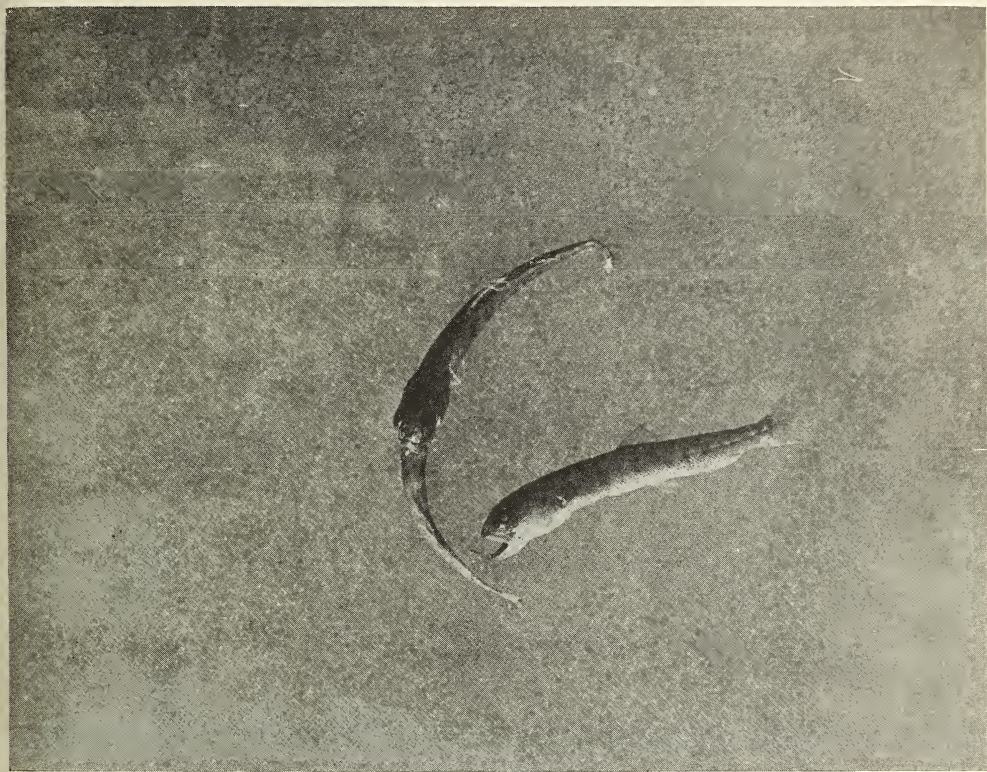
Winter comes again and the eggs have been developing in the hatching troughs until the eye-spots of the little fish can be seen in them. Now the fish man has orders to ship some of the eggs to other hatcheries in this country and also to foreign countries. Those for Argentina and New Zealand have long journeys to take. He has already prepared the cases with nests of trays in them, and has been ready to fill the orders the minute the eye-spots show. Those intended for ocean voyages receive the first attention, for they must travel thirty to fifty days before they arrive at the fisheries where they are to be hatched.

The eggs are spread one or two layers deep on trays of cotton flannel which have been soaked in cold water; then they are covered with mosquito netting, and on top of this are placed thin layers of soft moss. The trays are stacked one upon another, fastened together, placed in boxes, surrounded on the sides by moss, with a box of ice on top. The ice keeps the eggs moist and so cold that they cannot develop and hatch while on the way. Those for foreign shipment are surrounded by ice on all sides except the bottom.

Another spring has come and gone, and it is now two years since the orphan made his debut by way of the city water main. He and his wild mates are jumping about in the pond and snapping at flies and other insects, or even at floating leaves. They appear to have the mood for jumping, which occasionally comes to all trout, whether there is anything to jump at or not. They are too happy and busy to notice that the water is gradually becoming shallow, until suddenly some of the earth of the pond embankment

falls with a splash; there is a sudden rush of water towards the break, and the fish instinctively follow the current. The fish man, sauntering by, sees the break and quickly throws a net over it, but not until a number of fish have escaped to the river, while the rest, frightened and flopping, rush into the deepest place they can find. The break is quickly repaired and the pond slowly refills, but the exposed

water at the entrance of each hole. The next morning he finds three large male muskrats in the traps, more holes started and more floating grass. He sets more traps and again the next morning he finds still more muskrats. The trapping is continued for ten days, and as a result thirteen muskrats have been caught from as many holes, all of them being males. The traps are kept set for some days longer, but as no



TWO CANNIBAL LAKE TROUT AND THEIR VICTIMS

embankments have disclosed a number of holes. The fish man also notices bunches of grass floating about the pond, and he knows from it and the holes that muskrats have been visiting the pond.

Now, the muskrat does not often kill fish, but he and the mink, and sometimes field mice, dig holes in the banks of ponds, thus causing serious wash-outs, as in the present instance. So the fish man sets a steel trap under

more muskrats are caught, all the holes are tamped full of clay.

There were no muskrat signs in any of the other ponds, and the fish man is still pondering as to whether these thirteen muskrats intended to build as many homes and then go to seek their mates, or whether they were intending to establish a bachelors' club?

The fish man now takes account of stock. He has lost some very handsome trout, and, sad to relate, the or-



phan is one of them. Or shall we not rejoice that this city waif is now free to roam at large in the beautiful, deep pools of the meadow, to taste of the insects and other good things which wild trout enjoy, and, when the autumn leaves have turned, to choose a mate and partake of the joys and sorrows of family life, even though it be for a brief period?

One would think that his early training at the hatchery would unfit him for the battle of life in the greater trout world, but if we can believe one-half of the stories told by fishermen, the natural instincts of self-preservation came with his freedom. Certain it is that the orphan escaped the snares of the small boy, as well as the hooks of the anglers, until he became noted among the village fishermen, any one of whom can tell you a remarkable story about his experiences with the big trout which lived under the stump down by the Eddy.

Many are the hooks which were lost and the lines that were snagged under the old stump. One old fisherman of veracity is very sure that this is the same fish which allowed him to tickle it with his fingers as it lay under the bank just above the old stump. At any rate, the old fisherman creeps cautiously up to the bank of the stream and peers into the water, hoping to get a sight of the fish which stole his bait. After a long wait on his stomach, during which he carefully scans the contents of the pool without attracting the attention of the fish, he sees directly beneath him under the bank the brilliant side of a large trout. Slowly and carefully he lowers his arm until his hand is under water by the side of the fish. Then he stealthily closes his fingers so that the tips just touch the belly of the fish. The fish quivers at the touch and darts swiftly across the pool. The angler remains immovable, with his fingers in the water bent as if the fish were still there. Quicker than it takes to tell it, the fish returns to the same spot over the fingers, and remains for a few seconds to be stroked and then dashes under the stump. The

narrator of this story is positive he was tickling the famous trout of the pool, and that it then weighed about a pound and a half. His brother fishermen who have had their hooks snagged by the famous fish of the Eddy all aver that their fish weighed anywhere from two to five pounds.

It is hoped that my readers will not view the tickling episode as an imaginary fish story, for the experience is not an unusual one; and the writer knows of a gentleman who caught a creel full of a species of trout called Dolly Varden by first tickling them with his fingers and then closing his hand on them. However, the orphan was not destined to be tickled to death.

Most of the village anglers and not a few summer visitors from the city let their favorite bait drift with the current down through the hole by the stump or cast their flies over it.

The village blacksmith, who always uses for bait one of those queer little fish called chuckleheads when after big trout, has tried for the orphan many times and failed.

Another angler, lantern in hand, steals softly around the garden at night, seeking dew-worms or night-walkers—a great fish-worm which comes out after the dew has fallen and stretches himself over the ground, always keeping his tail in his hole and disappearing quickly at the least jar. Although he skilfully places the largest one on the hook by the collar and dangles it full length in the pool, the orphan is not deceived by it in the least.

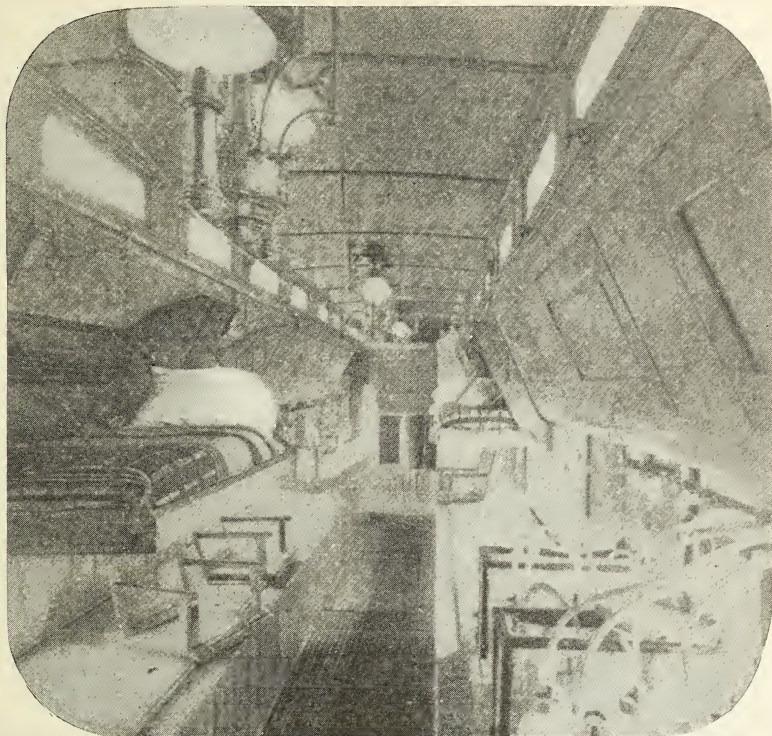
Then the boy with a tempting, live grasshopper or cricket on his hook starts it sailing upon a chip, and when the chip reaches the right place, makes it tumble off as naturally as if it had just hopped into the water; but he, too, is a failure.

The orphan seems to understand that a hook is hidden in each bait. He plays with the chucklehead, bites off the head of the cricket and the dangling end of the dew-worm. Many times the bare hook is drawn up when the angler never knew he had a bite. At other times he feels a tremendous jerk and

the next moment he is trying to untangle the line from the roots that guard the orphan's home.

The one who drops a young, wriggling field mouse over the pool by moonlight cannot tell what happened; there is one big tug and then he finds his line hooked in a neighboring tree, so excitedly does he pull in hopes of landing the big fish. After this he gives it up in disgust, as do many others, who go far up the stream where fish are

time. He does not have much time to go fishing, but in his long rides about the country, if about sunset or just before sunrise he chances to be near a trout stream, he usually hitches his horse, limbers up his rod and makes a few casts over some favorite pool, with every part of which he has become familiar. Thus it happens that, upon coming back from the bedside of a very sick patient, early dawn finds him on the meadow road, and a glimmer of



INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE U. S. BUREAU OF FISHERIES CARS

more plentiful, if not so large and famous.

The village doctor, who always carries a fishing rod under the seat of his buggy and a book of flies in his pocket, is not so easily discouraged. The doctor is noted the country over, not only for his skill in the sick room, but also as a fisherman. It is common talk among the loungers at the store that the doctor can cast a fly sixty or more feet and put it into a silk hat every

water in a distant pool tells him that the light is just right to try the famous trout.

With rod in hand he stealthily creeps to the brook, some distance above the pool, puts his leader in soak, and then selects a white fly suited to the dim light at this time of day. After jointing his rod together he carefully adjusts his leader to the line, the fly to the leader, and makes a few short casts. Then, measuring the distance



carefully with his eye, with a longer cast his fly drops lightly over the center of the pool. At the instant the fly touches the water the trout jumps for it. He does not turn a somersault, as small trout do, but a big head with open mouth appears just above the surface, the mouth closes, the doctor gives a short, quick jerk and is on his feet in an instant.

Then follows a battle royal. The famous trout is fairly hooked, and in spite of all his efforts is unable to reach his favorite refuge under the roots. On the other hand, the doctor finds it hard to reel in any of the line, and his slender rod is bent nearly double. His nerves thrill with delight as the enormous trout jumps entirely out of the water and shakes himself violently in his attempts to free himself from the hook.

Then the trout makes a rush for rapid water, where the current helps him in his resistance, and the reel fairly sings as the doctor lets out a few feet of line. Up and down rushes the fish, and coolly the doctor walks up and down the bank, now reeling in a bit of line, now letting it out again, but always straining his rod to what would seem the breaking point, rather than let the fish reach the snags under the stump. This is repeated many times.

Through it all there is not a moment that the tension is relaxed, and, although there are moments of comparative quiet, the quivering, straining resistance never ceases. Gradually the rushes which tried nerves and tackle alike grow less fierce, and the doctor reels in some of the line. Then the big fish is drawn to the surface of the water, gasping, but still struggling. Gradually he is led to a quiet, shallow place at the head of the pool. Now it is that the doctor hesitates as to what to do, for he has no landing net, and a false move at this stage will mean the loss of the fish.

With the bent rod pointing over his head, he stealthily draws the fish to a gradually sloping sandbar, and at the same time moves toward it, stoops over, and is just about to seize the fish with his hand when it makes one more struggle and the hook flies from its jaw. Now, the doctor, always so calm in the sick room, and usually so cool when landing a big trout, becomes excited, and for once, throwing his rod and dignity aside, literally drops down on all fours in a vain attempt to capture the prize, but the orphan gives one big flop in the shallow water and is out of sight; and the sun, peeping up over the horizon, sees a very wet, tired and



PACK HORSES LOADED WITH BROOK TROUT IN THE COLORADO ROCKIES

disgusted man untying his horse and heading for home.

Refreshed by a cold plunge, dry clothes and a cup of coffee, the doctor tells his wife and children at the breakfast table of his defeat. No one notices that Jack, his sturdy ten-year-old, looks very much interested, for he says nothing.

A week later, hot and panting, he comes rushing onto the lawn, holding an enormous fish, and shouting at the top of his voice: "I got him, papa! I got him!" And, sure enough, he had the orphan hanging from a forked stick.

All inquiries failed to find how he was finally caught. It may be that our orphan became too confident after his last escape, and thus made an easy prey.

Some of the boys say that Jack spent the week since his father's failure wading in the stream in hunting caddis worms, and used the queer little creatures for bait.

Investigation only showed that a long, stiff pole was found lying beside the pool, with a strong line and a big hook tied to it.

Jack's mother thinks her boy was too excited to know how he ever did land the fish, for he never told even her. The village blacksmith, who first found the pole, remarked: "Just derricked him out!"

Thus ends the career of Mr. Trout, and if you wish to hear more about him you have only to drop in at the village store where he was taken to be weighed, and where sundry groceries changed hands over wagers which had been made during the long evenings of the previous winter.

He had fought a good fight and had fulfilled his mission in the world, as at last on a platter trimmed with greens he decorated the table of one of Nature's noblemen, who was quite as proud that his boy Jack had caught the famous trout of the Eddy as if he had done it himself.

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## UNSEAL MY LIPS

Unseal my lips that thou hast sealed in vain,—  
Or thinkest thou to rule the tide's retreat,  
Like old Canute, who thought 'twere but a kingly feat,

As wave on wave came crashing to the shore.  
When thus, a sudden sea, my thought doth melt,  
Ah, then I know my heart such need of thee hath felt.

And once the waves were hushed on Gallilee,  
But this still speech that runs from hill to hill  
Hath never yet obeyed behest of mortal will.

By night swift dreams shall compass mine intrigue,  
Though league on league of darkness lie between,  
Or all the wide-blown sands the Libyan whirlwinds glean.



# THE CHANCE

By EDITH DE BLOIS LASKEY.

IT is not an unusual thing for two brothers to desire the same woman. That is an old trick of the satirist, Fate. Consequently, when Sam Nichols began to pay court to the girl whom his brother Tom had been patiently, reverently wooing for two years, the good people of Crag Cove simply wagged their heads wisely, cited instances of similar complications which had come within the range of vision of themselves or their forebears, and ended unanimously with the ejaculation: "Poor Tom!" For to everyone who knew the Nichols boys the end was clear from the beginning. Did not Sam always sweep everything before him? Had he not, by means chiefly of a certain glib cleverness, outstripped Tom at school, over-ridden him in sport, and usurped that share in their father's confidence which seemed by right to belong to the elder son? It was only to be expected that Eunice Day would be seen less and less frequently with Tom and more and more often in the company of Sam, until before many months she was carried a bride to a fine, large, white house set on a hill and shaded by tall elms, which Sam had secured at a tremendous bargain as the result of a forced sale. "Just Sam Nichols' luck!" people said. And no doubt many of the girls of Crag Cove rather envied Eunice the privilege of presiding in that stately mansion.

As for Tom, he sank into obscurity. Always a reserved, diffident lad, in losing the one precious prize for which he had ever consciously contended in rivalry, he seemed to lose whatever vestige of self-confidence he had possessed. It was a pity! The love and trust of a woman would have done

much to virilize his self-doubting nature. As it was, the tendrils of his sensitive spirit drew back withered: all the forces of a sympathetic heart, a contemplative mind, and a moral being of singular purity recoiled on themselves and left him shut off from the world of his fellows. The only capability he exhibited was that of silent suffering. He was of the stuff from which martyrs are made, but not successful men of affairs. Ploddingly, conscientiously, he performed the duties of an humble employee in his father's shoe factory, and, when the work of the day was over, took solitary walks about the outskirts of the town or shut himself up in a small room on the top floor of his father's house, his one retreat, which he allowed no one to enter. "Queer," the neighbors called him, and sometimes they tapped their foreheads slyly as he passed.

Eunice Nichols, in her proud home behind the elms, seldom saw the man whose life had been blighted by love of her; for the breadth of a little town may be as great a barrier as a continent to those who will not meet, just as the circle of the wide world is small to the love that comes to claim its own. She was not without knowledge of him, however; for there were those of her friends who held that any fair woman, however tender-hearted, can but feel a thrill of pride in the fatal work of her charms. So they whispered to her occasionally over their tea or sewing some bit of gossip about Tom's peculiar ways, and, although Eunice said little in return, she did not seem unwilling to listen.

And it was not surprising that Eunice found some pitiful, tragic satisfac-

tion in the knowledge that the marks of an ill-starred affection had never faded from her former lover's heart. For the illusion of her own marriage had vanished long since. Learning to know her husband better, she had come to recognize the fact that her place in his life was a minor one, that he had simply chosen her as a fitting mistress for his house, a woman capable of filling the position of wife to a man of consequence, as he had always intended to be. It was, perhaps, only Tom's attention to her which had made him notice her and single her out from the rest. "Any other woman would have done just as well," she often cried bitterly to herself. "Why did he not leave me in peace?" It was not that she pined for his affection, for she had not been led into her marriage by the promptings of a true love. Looking backward, how simple and transparent now seemed the irritating insinuations, the mysterious allusions by which Sam had belittled his brother and stung her pride! How cleverly, too, he had pushed his advantage at just the right moment! She had seen him do it since in driving a bargain, and the sight always gave her a stab of recollection which made her feel more like a chattel than ever. Little children's living, clinging hands might have drawn her closer to her husband, but the tiny graves in the Hill Burying-ground did not serve as a bond between them; for she could not forgive his indifference to the death of the weak girl baby, while the father's bitter rage and disappointment over the loss of the boy who was to have carried on the family name and influence in the business world was a hard, morose grief which repelled sympathy and utterly refused the consolation of tender, shared recollections.

For thirty years Eunice Nichols had lived in the house to which she came a bride of twenty, when one morning her husband, as he rose from the breakfast table, remarked with his habitual abruptness: "I'm going to bring Tom up here this afternoon."

The color flooded into his wife's face, and then receded, leaving it pale. "Tom!" she said hesitatingly. "Why, he never comes here."

"Well, there's no reason why he shouldn't, is there? Since Father's death Mary has bought the house, and there's no reason why he should live there. He's sick, you know—his lungs were always weak—and we have more room than Mary has with that large family. It's the best thing to do. I shall bring him up to-day. Get a room ready."

Eunice had no answer; and, when the door closed behind her husband, she still sat staring dumbly before her. Tom coming there to stay! Tom, who had avoided her for thirty years, to be a member of the same household! Was her husband blind? Had he, who could retail so accurately for years afterward the details of a business transaction, completely forgotten the circumstances under which he had obtained his wife? And why was he doing this? Could it be that he was actually considerate for Mary's convenience and for Tom's well-being?

That afternoon Tom Nichols was visited unexpectedly by his brother Sam, and almost before poor Tom, sick and weak from an attack of coughing, could realize what was happening, he was bundled into a coat and his hastily packed trunk carried down the stairs, while his sister, mystified and troubled, looked on or obeyed the curt directions of her domineering brother Sam.

"My God!" was Tom's cry, when he came to grasp the truth. "Am I to be turned out of my father's house—out of my room, the only place I ever had? Keep me here, Mary! Let me stay here, for the love of Heaven!"

But Mary, like everyone else in the family, was the slave of Sam's will; and so poor, sick Tom was led—almost forced—into the carriage and driven to the house behind the elms, where a white-faced woman tried with stiff and trembling lips to bid him welcome.



Thus it was that Eunice Day and Tom Nichols came into each other's lives again. At first it was all a horrible mockery,—the forced interchange of civilities, the fluttering attempts at speech. Gradually, however, there came a change; for years can build no abiding barrier between the truly congenial. Eunice's sweet, delicate face, framed in its soft, gray hair, rose like a star on the horizon of Tom's barren life; and, now that the passions of youth were burned out, he could reap a dear delight from her gentle presence and her sympathetic conversation, even though he knew that she was not for him. Eunice, starved for the companionship which her marriage had not given, rejoiced to find behind the outward personality which the world called "queer" that kindly, chivalrous spirit which she had known. Broken in health he undoubtedly was, a man whose days were numbered, poorer in spirit than in earlier days, crushed, indeed, by a lifetime of monotonous labor and stifled hope. Yet it was as if she had reached the one blessed oasis in the desert of her life, to drink once more of that kindness and comprehension which she had but tasted and then left, alas, how hastily!

So the lovers, separated in youth, found each other again. Sam was always too busy to spend social hours with his wife; hence to Tom and Eunice were left the evenings before the fire, when Eunice's needles softly clicked a harmonious undertone to their speech, and Tom, sitting in the shadow, watched the trembling fire-gleams as they played across her face. Sitting there, Eunice gradually came to consult with Tom about household matters, which she had never dared intrude upon her husband's attention, and they drew from these discussions of little things that comfort and encouragement which underlies a simple conversation between those who love and understand each other. They came to talk of their youth; not of those two short years which each remembered so well, but of the days be-

fore that, of the merry-makings enjoyed by their set of young people in the little town, recalling old jokes, retelling old anecdotes. Then, once, when they had sat silent for a long time, Eunice spoke of the little graves on the Hill—of the fair, vigorous boy—of the sweet, sickly little girl; and Tom touched the chord of her grief so gently and tenderly that it eased her pain. So they sat and talked until late. It might have been their own fire-side; it might have been their common grief.

It was, of course, a business matter that, about half a year after Tom's coming, called Sam Nichols to New York for a week. When he returned, his wife met him at the door with pale and anxious face. "Tom is very sick," she whispered. "He won't live, I'm afraid."

Her husband started. "What!" he thundered. "I thought he was good for six months yet!"

The woman shrunk before the roughness of his speech. "His heart," she faltered.

"His heart! Great Scott! Have you had the doctor?"

"Yes, of course. He left some medicine for the attacks. I must go up. I don't dare leave him."

"Yes, go back quick! I'm going over to get John Morton. What a fool I've been to waste so much time!"

"Get Mr. Morton, the lawyer! Why?" exclaimed his wife.

"To make his will. Good Lord, what do you suppose I brought him here for, anyway? For you to cosset?" There was a sneer in his laugh. He seized his hat and hurried out of the door.

Eunice stood still at the foot of the stairs with her hand pressed against her heart, which was beating strangely, like that poor, strained heart in the room above. This was the explanation, then. It was for Tom's share in his father's estate that her husband had brought him there. He had not forgotten the story of the past, either. His jeering speech had shown that. Too utterly indifferent to her to object

himself to the presence in their home of his wife's early lover, he treated their feelings with deliberate disregard and scorn. Thus lay clear in all its cold meanness the one act of her husband which she had thought might have proceeded from sincere if over-officious kindness.

She turned and, slowly mounting the stairs, entered Tom's chamber. The sick man lay asleep. Sometimes he moaned; sometimes his eyelids quivered as if in pain. Eunice moved quietly about; she lowered the shade over the light, she raised the window to freshen the air, she folded back a quilt which seemed to lie too heavy upon the sleeper in that warm spring night. All the time her thoughts dwelt with that pale face on the pillow. She could foresee the scene that would so soon follow—the lawyer's pomposity, her husband's hard, eager face, and the dying man, too weak to know, tracing his signature with nerveless hand. Of course, such a will might be broken; but who would dare to stand out against Sam, whose word in family affairs was law? Ah, why had she not told Tom by what means Sam had robbed him of her? Why had she not foreseen, to warn him, that he might,

even at death's door, resist this last aggression? How she longed to help him win one victory at least in that frustrate life of his! She felt as if she would give her soul to aid him.

Suddenly, as she gazed, that strange change which she had come to know began to steal across his face. Instinctively, with throbbing pulses, she reached for the medicine bottle. Just then steps sounded on the flagging outside. A thought, piercing and awful, flashed through her mind. Her blood seemed to freeze, her muscles to stiffen, but her brain was agonizingly clear. Could she indeed help him? Had her chance come in this terrible way? A hoarse sound of voices rose from the room below. She set the bottle, unopened, back in its place, and sank on her knees beside the bed.

"Forgive me—forgive me—God!" she pleaded brokenly, and murmuring "Tom—Tom—" in the tender tone that his conscious ears had never heard, she drew his poor head to her breast.

It was a few minutes later that her husband and the lawyer came up the stairs. She met them composedly at the door. "Hush," she said, "he is dead." And there was a smile upon her face.

## THE SPENDTHRIFT

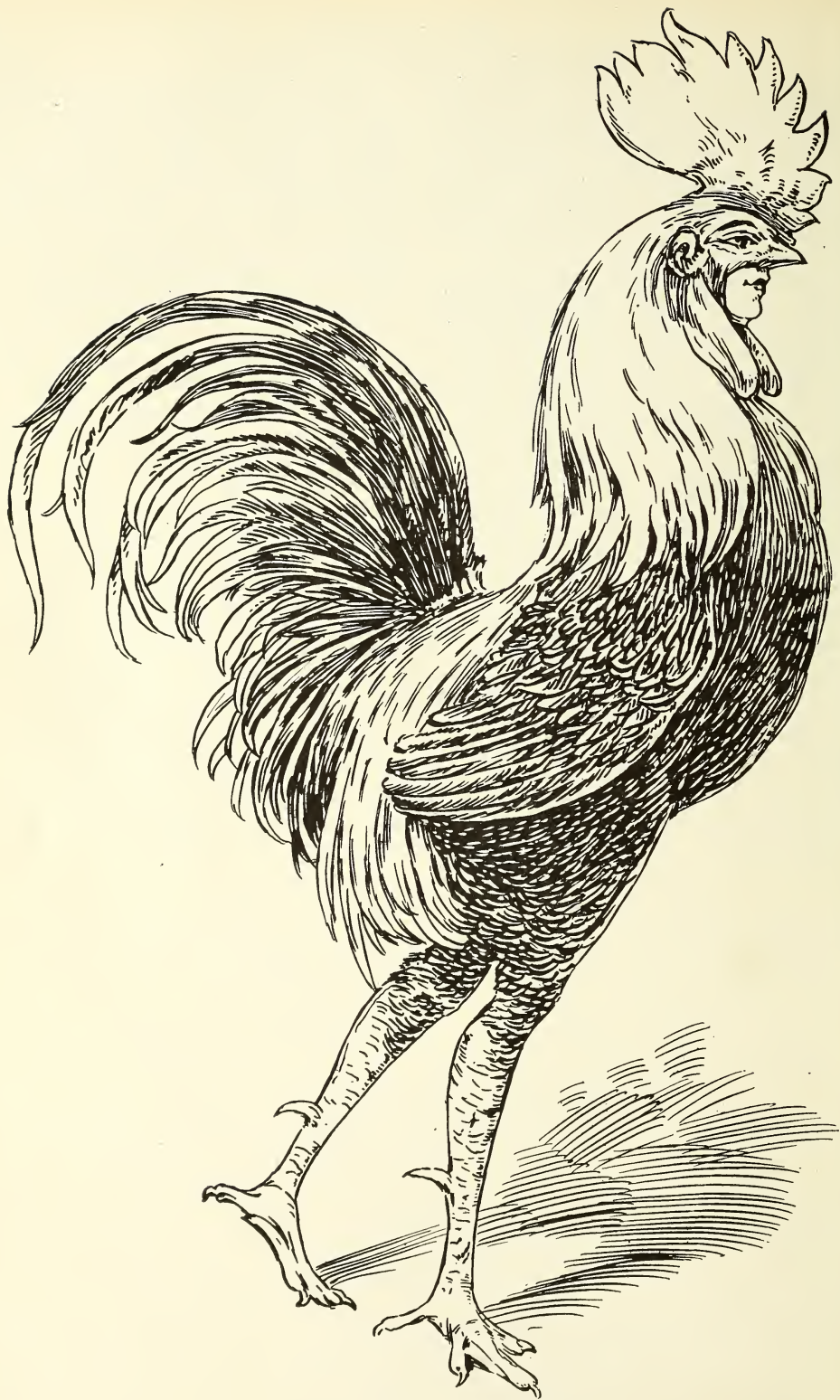
By JAMES OWEN TRYON

For many a day I wandered  
My garden ways, alone,  
And all their wealth I squandered,  
For was it not mine own?

With hands not made for keeping  
I lavished of the best,  
And yet I left none weeping  
That I should take the quest.

Would that I had one flower  
For her who bids me live!  
But barren is her bower  
And naught have I to give.





"CHANTECLER" AS PRESENTED BY M. GUITRY

# ROSTAND'S CHANTECLER

By EDMOND MARQUAND

"I am in love with luxury;  
The love of the sun hath won for me  
The splendid and the beautiful."

SO wrote Sappho; so might have written Edmond Rostand of himself. A rhapsodist, he, of the luxuriousness of the inanimate; but when he is not so rhapsodizing how he smells of the midnight oil!

Chanticleer is the most over-labored literary production that I know of, mingled with spontaneous outbursts of splendid impressionism.

Hailed as "one of the keenest satires on humanity ever written," it is, in all that it reflects of humanity about as trite and uninspired as anything could be. Here is no ravisher of the crown of Aristophanes.

But let us take seriously the advisement of the prologue that it is Sunday on the farm, and the human population have gone for the day. The barnyard becomes the world, its most trivial belongings the serious setting of the piece. And never was there such a glorification of minutiae. We expect to see the bee take a derrick to lower the pollen from the honey-suckle. A magnifying glass, indeed, has been dropped between our eyes and the stage.

The personages of the drama are not men and women masquerading in feathers, but farm fowls endowed with human speech and sentiments as a concession to our dulness and that we might understand the story.

Chanticleer himself is never less human and more a gorgeous fowl than in the midst of his vaunting hymn to the sun. And the little chick is never more a chick and less a human child than when he gets choked over his

big name from Roman history—"Cali—cali—gu—gu—gula." The old hen poking her head out of the basket to utter a sententious old saw is the very apotheosis of an old hen. It might not seem so on the stage, but so it appears from a reading of the play.

Scratching for chance morsels of food is the serious business of life, and the gravity with which the lines are interrupted to run for a grain of corn is a part of the drollery of the piece.

The humorousness of the thing is not the humorousness of human but of barnyard life. This man, Rostand, has saturated himself with the comicality of *la basse-cour*, and touched it with the poetry of rural atmosphere—which, in quite a French fashion, seems to him to be synonymous with "Nature."

In the instantaneousness with which it creates an atmosphere, almost from the first line of the prologue, and envelopes us in a world of imagination, it is splendidly creative poetry. So also is its vital, impressionistic use of descriptive epithet. It is poetical in the field of its observation, in its enthusiasm and its drollery.

A description of the play and its manner of presentation on the stage would tend to give quite a different impression. Such a description reveals all its grotesquerie and clumsiness, its overloading with machinery and general submergence of the idea in its mere externals.

And this would seem to be the great danger of the stage-production of the piece; but of that we are not at all competent to speak. It may be that



the thing is so finely done that the poetry of it remains in spite of this mass of curiosity-provoking mechanism and external oddity, not to say monstrosity.

It is, however, so obvious that it needs no hearing of the piece to be very sure that it leaves but small opportunity for the exercise of the actor's art.

The Greek Drama exalted the poet. The actor was little more than a rhapsodist, and spoke in hollow fashion through a great, staring, immovable mask. The pre-Elizabethan drama subjected both actor and poet to the tale itself. The actor became a mere mummer, and, deservedly enough, was held in no public estimation.

The Elizabethan drama emancipated both actor and poet, while in the post-Elizabethan drama the actor would seem to be exalted at the expense of tale and poet alike.

This piece would seem to reduce the actor to the plane of a mere mummer, all the fineness of the lines may give him opportunity for declamation, while it exalts all the other producing elements—the poet, the tale and the stage-



CUT OF HEN EATING, SHOWING THE MECHANISM

manager, including under this last general appellation the work of costuming and scene-making.

For this reason Chanticleer must remain unique,—an oddity. In deliberately sacrificing the personality and art of the actor, the author has thrown aside one of the most important elements in dramatic presentation, and it is not possible that this can be successfully done save as a very great novelty. The same kind of thing could not be done many times and succeed.

But however faulty this may be as a dramatic ideal, we cannot but welcome it as a re-emancipation of the poet—a much-needed reassertion of his superiority to the actor. For it is just this tremendous exaggeration of the actor's share in making the drama—an exaggeration which is largely the result of the commercialism that finds the starring of a favorite profitable—it is this exaggeration of the actor's part, I say, which has brought playwriting to so low a stage among us.

Chanticleer, therefore, in



HOW JEAN COQUELIN PLAYS THE ROLE OF LE CHIEN

every phase of its production, furnishes food for serious thought to the dramatic and critical world.

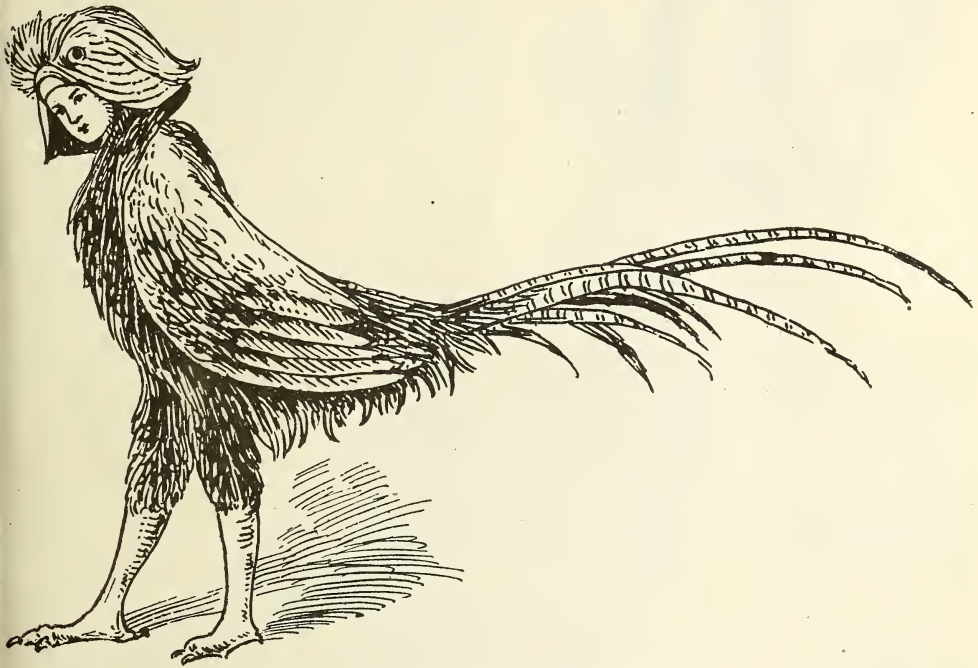
Of the characters, the black-bird is the mocking mischief-maker; the dog the easy-going, philosophic optimist; the guinea fowl the vain snob; the hen-pheasant is the eternal feminine, Chanticleer is self-sufficient masculinity, while the gamecock plays the part of deceptive friend and heavy villain generally.

The piece opens with a prologue

ful hen-pheasant who is also ardently wooed by a gamecock.

The second act presents the most admired scenic effort of the piece. It shows the great branch of a blasted old pine tree stretching across the darkness of the night in the heart of the forest. Perched in the branches, human size, are the birds of the night, and the owl proceeds to call their roll.

These birds declaim the hymn of the night and then conspire among themselves to get rid of Chanticleer,



MME. SIMONE AS LA POULE FAISANE

which is very charming and intended to put the audience *en rapport* with the atmosphere of the play. The first act is at sunrise in the barnyard. After some preliminary chatter and barnyard gossip, Chanticleer enters, hailed as a very king, and, perched on the wall, chants a hymn to the sun. This hymn is a lyric of the most luxurious imagery and in it the author is at his best. Chanticleer's recitation is interrupted by the sarcastic gibes of the blackbird. Chanticleer falls in love with a beauti-

ful hen-pheasant who is also ardently wooed by a gamecock. for, they argue, if he is destroyed who calls the sun to rise, there will be no more day, and they, as rulers of the night, will have uninterrupted sway.

It is, of course, impossible for the audience to be sympathetically interested in such a conflict, so that not only is there no magnetism of an actor's personality, but there is also no sympathy compelling neutral action to maintain interest. All depends on novelty and poetic charm.

In the third act Chanticleer learns of





M. GALIPAUX IN THE ROLE OF  
LA MERLE

the conspiracy and fights a duel with the gamecock, killing him in a great battle and in spite of his prowess and great spurs. Chanticleer's heart is, however, so saddened by the treachery of this false friend that he loses his optimism. The hen-pheasant, who is the prize for which the duel is fought, dutifully confers her love upon the winner of the battle.

This love proves to be the undoing of Chanticleer. In the indulgence of its softness, he fails to rise to greet the sun, and this awful catastrophe is the culminating tragedy of the piece!

When the play is presented in this country its success in Paris and the wonderful stage effects, especially the ingenious costuming, will go far toward giving it immense popularity. It is more than doubtful, however, if so poetical a piece will stand translating very well and the charm of the lines, including a wealth of rhyme, will of necessity be lost in anything but a French rendering.

As to the costuming, facts and figures concerning it is still good news

in Parisian journals. The public does not seem to tire of the number of metres of this and kilograms of that have gone into the construction of this and that piece of stage furniture. "Un coq de race ordinaire a environ oui, 40 a oui, 50 de hauteur," etc. All of which is very edifying and serves to feed the wonder of the populace.

For nearly a decade rumors and stories as to the production have been afloat. Strange tales have been allowed to leak out from Cambo where M. Rostand has been at work. The French are past masters in the fine art of advertising.

Now it is M. Edel, now it is Coquelin, now it is Frohman or Massenet who has been seen in serious conference with the great dramatic author.

Again there is an important meeting between MM. Hertz, Jean Coquelin, Edel and Rostand. Everything, the public is told, is being carried on with the utmost secrecy! This secrecy does not prevent the public from learning that over two hundred preliminary sketches of the stage setting were made before success was reached, that the original model for Chanticleer is already sacredly guarded as a priceless relic, that M. Rostand sent a dispatch to M. Edel at Porte-Saint-Martin to the effect that "the designs of Edel idealize my work," and that M. Edel in a transport of joy requests the original autograph of the dispatch and has it framed as the choicest souvenir in his studio. We are permitted to learn, so profound is the secrecy, what vast sum the American impresario has paid for the American rights of production, etc., etc.

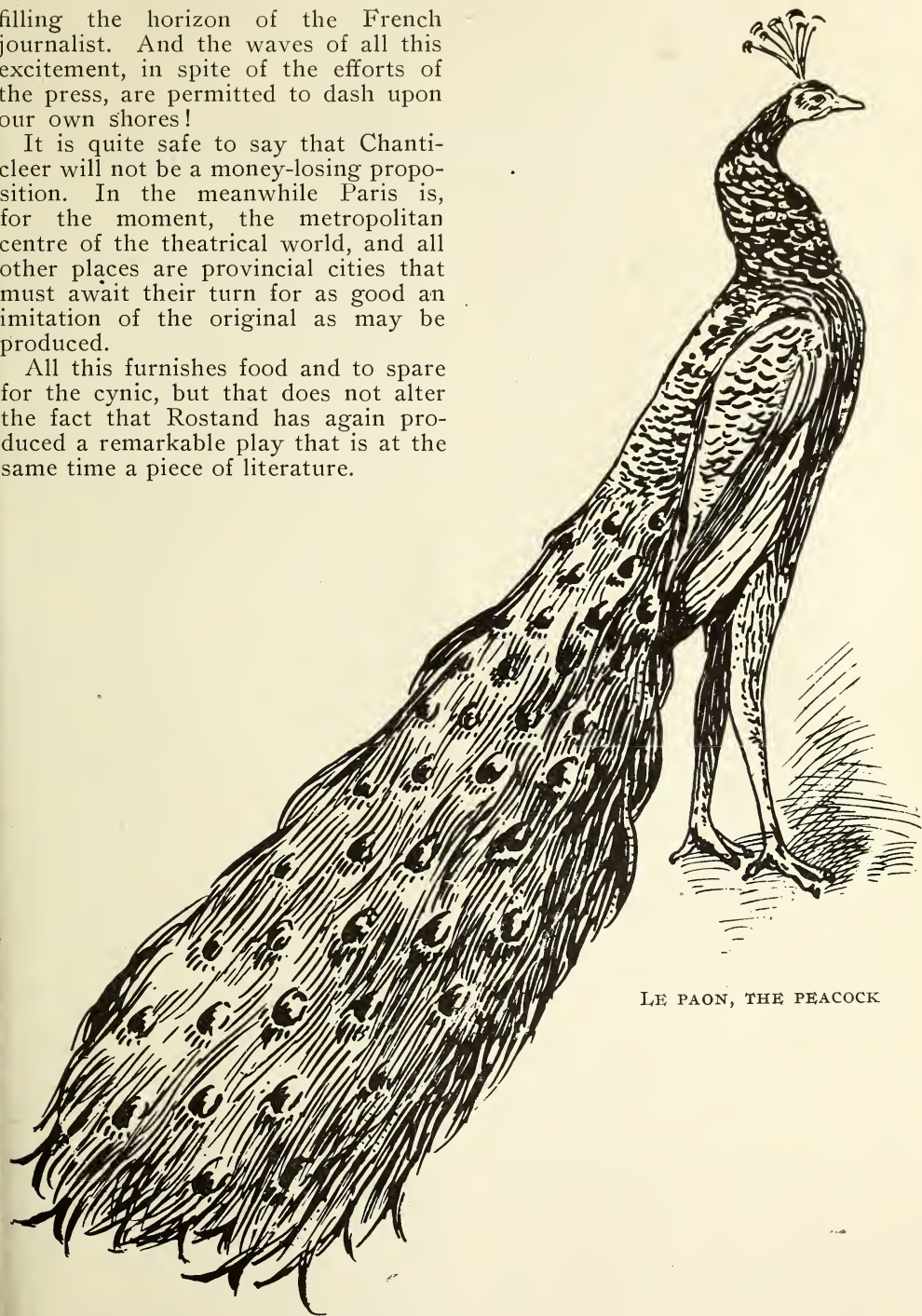
As the result of all this cunning publicity the first night of the piece was a world event! The very scratch of the pen of the recluse in rural Cambo was heard around the world!

To add to what was already the superlative of publicity the opening of the piece finds the author plunged into two law suits, one with a Chicago millionaire for plagiarism and the other for use of certain designs. In fact, the play comes pretty near to

filling the horizon of the French journalist. And the waves of all this excitement, in spite of the efforts of the press, are permitted to dash upon our own shores!

It is quite safe to say that Chanticleer will not be a money-losing proposition. In the meanwhile Paris is, for the moment, the metropolitan centre of the theatrical world, and all other places are provincial cities that must await their turn for as good an imitation of the original as may be produced.

All this furnishes food and to spare for the cynic, but that does not alter the fact that Rostand has again produced a remarkable play that is at the same time a piece of literature.



LE PAON, THE PEACOCK



# A PROPHECY FOR THE FUTURE

By D. N. GRAVES

**I**T has been said that prophecy is dead, and the kind of prophecy that depends for its inspiration upon dreams, and soothsayers, and fish-wives is dead, and well so.

But there is a new, and better, prophecy alive in the world to-day—a prophecy founded upon reason, upon logic, and, perhaps also, upon intuition; and he who possesses the gift of this new prophecy rolls away the mysterious curtain which divides the present from the future, and lays hold upon the golden thread of purpose that is interwoven with the great scheme of things, and there comes to him a more and more intimate touch and a keener understanding of the meaning and purposes of life. This new prophecy is so little like the prophecy of old that I hesitate even to call it prophecy, and much prefer the greater word, "vision."

It takes but an instant to flash a vision upon the imagination, but somewhere back of this flash there must be a dynamo, and I wish, so far as I may, to offer you a prophecy flashed by the dynamic power of reason, and so to make of this vision a living, tangible thing, to the end that we may see, and, seeing, believe.

This prophecy which I hope to focus for you has to do with the tremendous power that is destined to be exercised upon the world by publicity—by printed words.

Printed words already bring into our lives an influence and a power that we rarely, if ever, stop to analyze. We are so accustomed to our daily newspapers and hourly mails, to cables under the seas and cobwebs of wires over the lands, that it is difficult for us to conceive that there ever was a time when there were no printed words; when the

sole communication between the members of the human family was by word of mouth and limited to the reach of the human voice.

Not until four hundred years ago did printed words begin to exert an influence upon the world. Since then, year by year, the printed word has grown into power. Generation by generation the experience of man has been treasured up in these printed words, and the sum of each of the world's years of toil and joy and experience has been etched in this great book of human life.

And as this volume has grown with the years, so also has the ability of the people to interpret it increased through broader and more universal education, until now the influence of printed words is raised to the —nth power, and they have become the mightiest agency of mankind. And, what is infinitely important, this wonderful power of printed words makes for the uplifting of mankind, for the betterment of life. Carlyle says, "Writing is the most marvelous of all things man has devised. With the art of writing the true reign of miracles for mankind commenced."

From printed words we gather unto ourselves the wisdom and experience of the years that have gone before. They bring to us visions of other ages and of other peoples. They are the moving pictures of events that would otherwise be hidden in the shadows of the years. They flash light upon the imagination, the hopes, the passions, the aspirations and the deeds of a younger world. They quicken again for us the heart-beats of the multitudes of another day. They speak to us of the despair of mankind as it sweat through the toiling centuries. They shriek of the hatred and agony of blood-stained

war; they gibber of the loathesomeness of disease, and they whisper to us of the loves that have been the nectar of life since they began.

Printed words join us to all that has been before; they are the mighty links that bind together the centuries—the wireless messages from the dead to the living. Printed words enable each new generation to lay the bottom stone of its foundations in the still wet cement of the capstone of the preceding one.

It is not, however, the greatest function of printed words to materialize for us the spirits of the past, and to tell us of the wonders of the years on which the sun has forever set, but to tell us also of the living, breathing, hopeful, joyful present. They bring home to us the strivings and the problems of the every day of our own life and time.

No workshop is so far away, no problem upon which a human mind is at work is so intricate and so far in advance of the time but that some inkling, some knowledge of it, filters to us through printed words, and encouragement floods back again to the worker from this knowledge that the world knows and waits. Printed words play upon our heartstrings with news of calamities at the other side of the world, and printed words carry back again sympathy and aid and comfort to the afflicted.

Printed words set us down beside the mighty deeds that are being done by man in every corner of the earth. They drop us into the great ditch that is destined to make separate continents of North and South America. They carry us over the frozen wastes with Peary to the apex of the earth; they set us beside the physician who demonstrates a new victory over death; they introduce us to the great parliaments of the world and bring us into intimate touch with every human endeavor. They broaden out the human mind until its interests and its sympathies reach around the world, and until we are in a sense one people.

Printed words are doing more than any other human force to hasten the great millennium when we shall all be

brothers and the interest of one shall become the interest of all.

As a concrete evidence of their power for good there is abroad in the world to-day a new conception of honor and honesty in business. Even within the past five years the whole people have assumed a higher attitude toward thine and mine. The searchlight of publicity has been turned into the dark, ratty corners of commercial life, and there has been a scurrying of unclean methods and dishonest graft as brings a saner and sunnier spirit and observance into the traffic of the world.

This has become a house-cleaning time for the great corporations. The window curtains, which have made secret their places of business, have come down and the sunshine of publicity floods in; the soft rugs that have muffled the footfalls of those who crept stealthily away from the vaults with stolen gains have been hung upon the line; the secret ledgers have been given to the flames, and the burglar-alarm has been once more put in order. All of this is only one manifestation of the tremendous power for good of the printed word.

Everyone here is interested in some manner in this great power of printed words—in publicity. Publicity means advertising, and in their final analysis all printed words are advertising.

The most interesting possibilities of advertising are connected with commercial life—with the marketing of things—for here it touches us closest to our pocketbooks. There is no other field for the use of printed words which has widened so enormously within the past few years as has this one. Even yet, however, the commercial world is not awake to the tremendous power of this giant of traffic—this mighty builder of business; but the alarm clock is set and the appointed hour draws near.

Here, then, is the prophecy for the future:

I have a vision, and it is of a day when practically the whole business of the earth will be conducted with the printed word; when every commercial need of mankind will be told in print,



and when all the goods of the earth will be offered in print; when the terrific waste of time and effort, the weary traveling up and down in the land with mountains of samples, will no longer be known, and when the salesman shall no longer be a wanderer on the face of the earth, and may once more live the life of a sane and intelligent being; when he who has goods to sell will offer them in black and white, and with such a keen perception of exact proportion and of truth as will enable the buyer to cover his needs, with no chance of disappointment; when the buyer will state his needs, also in black and white, with such a clear discrimination as will leave no room for misunderstanding.

Have you ever seen a disturbed ant-hill, and noticed the thousands of ants scurrying all about, apparently without any sense of direction or purpose, every one of them on the run, climbing over and under one another, and accomplishing nothing whatever with all their haste and effort?

If the earth could be put under a microscope I imagine our commercial edifice would appear quite as disturbed as the ant-hill, and the traveling men who sell the output of our factories and mills and stores would seem much like the ants. No doubt it has occurred to you, as it has to me, that in the final equation of business, traveling salesmen create no added demand—that consumption finally depends only upon the buying capacity of the people. If all the traveling men were taken off the road, the demand for goods and the power to consume would remain there just the same,—and here there is another flash of the same prophecy—a vision of the traveling salesman of the future.

Let me give you my ideal of a traveling salesman. We send to a half-dozen or more of the great publications of the country an electro five and a half by eight inches, which tells in terse, convincing and truthful words of the goods we have to sell. The great printing presses are set in motion; barrels of ink and miles upon miles of paper are fed

into them; and upon a given day not one, not ten, not a hundred, but millions of salesmen are offering our goods to the world.

These salesmen invade the great cities; they walk with the mailman into the high buildings; they pass through the outer offices, and no office boy presumes to ask their names or business; unchallenged, they invade the inner sanctum of business and stand at the desk of the man who *does*, and talk to him of our goods in our own words and in our own way. They enter the palatial homes of the rich and sit in the beautiful libraries, and in hours of leisure speak of our plant and the goods it produces. They swarm in the smaller cities and towns and hamlets, and wherever there are people who have use for our goods there they are present. They ride in the rural delivery wagons through storm and sunshine over all the roads of the country, stopping at the comfortable farm firesides, and bringing to these people a touch of the greater and busier world outside, and a knowledge of and a desire for the goods we are making. They hail the miners in the far fastnesses of the mountains; they make interest with the woodmen in the depths of the forest; they follow the wagon trails into the deserts, and they go down to the sea with fishermen and sponge-gatherers. Another week and they are afloat on all the seas, and, shortly, in all the world wherever one or two are gathered together, or where a man may be who reads the language, there these salesmen are counted present and everywhere they tell the story of our business and of the value of our goods, and *these salesmen are Printed Words*.

These salesmen send no salary demands to our offices; they forward no expense accounts to us; they carry no loads of samples; they pay no railroad fares and no hotel bills; they entertain no buyers; they graft neither upon us nor upon our customers; there is no misrepresentation of our business or of our wares; our undertakings are presented to the world on the same plane of honor and integrity of purpose that

we have adopted as a standard for our own personal dealings—and again I say these salesmen are PRINTED WORDS.

Is this vision Utopian? Does it seem to be only a speculation of the imagination? If so, we have failed to note many things which point with definite and unerring finger to the coming of this very thing.

Even during the past ten years there has been such a wonderful evidence of the growing power and use of printed words in the business life of the world as staggers the imagination.

What is the significance of the enormous number of new publications which have come into existence during the past decade? Why have many of them jumped, even in a few months, to a circulation unbelievable a few years ago? Why are the older publications printing twice and three times the number of pages at one-half the subscription price of ten years ago? Why are the circulations doubling within the changes of the moon, and why have newspapers grown in number and circulation with each succeeding day, and so increased in size and space that the Sunday editions are a tax to the mind and a burden to the soul? What is the meaning of circulations running into millions?

There is one reason and one meaning for all this, and just one: It is because of the increased use and power of printed words in the world's traffic.

The publishing business of the world has been revolutionized—actually reversed—during the past few years by this influence. Originally, magazines were printed and sold for the fiction they contained, and the advertising was incidental. To-day they are valuable by reason of the advertising they contain, and the fiction is incidental.

These publications remind me of the definition of a peninsula which I learned when a boy—they are a small body of reading matter almost entirely surrounded by advertising.

No wonder that Mr. Dooley wonders when publishers will get over their foolishness, anyway, and cut out the reading matter altogether.

If further proof were needed of the growing use, power and influence of printed words, we would find it in government reports. The United States is in the business of carrying printed and written words. In 1880 it collected thirty-three million dollars for this service. In 1908 it collected one hundred and ninety-two million dollars, and, mind you, during this period letter postage had been reduced from three cents to two cents, and the rate on printed words from four cents per pound to one cent per pound.

The wonderful growth of the mail-order business is another concrete evidence. These mail-order houses employ no traveling salesmen, they show no samples of their wares and they fatten no middlemen. There are two of these great mail-order houses in Chicago alone, each doing an annual business of many millions of dollars. One of them, established only fourteen years, mails every business day of the year twenty-two thousand catalogues of twelve hundred pages each, and it has six million customers on its books to-day. These houses sell nearly every implement, goods and supplies used in the world, and all of these are offered in no other way than in printed words and pictures, and these houses have satisfied customers and a reputation for integrity and honest dealing in every hamlet in the world.

And all of this evidence of the great trade wind that is driving the ships of commerce out of the stormy seas of a mistaken system of traffic into the smoother channels and harbors of printed words.

There are other and fundamental reasons why the traffic of the world will eventually be conducted in written and printed words.

When business is so done it brings the producer and consumer into immediate touch, so that each may know and respect the needs of the other. It means enormous economies, for it eliminates the middleman, and so lowers the cost of the goods to the consumer by the amount of his profit. It cuts out the jobber, who now stands at the cross-



roads and takes toll, and puts in his stead storage and shipping stations.

It puts a printed price on goods which represents mere cost of production plus the small percentage of one profit, and this price will be known to be the same to all. It takes a broad-axe and chops up the fossilized remains of that hoary old stunt of a "list price, with ten, five and two off."

No system of traffic can be permanent which passes commodities through the hands of two to five profit-absorbing merchants between the producer and the consumer, and which thus compels the consumer to pay double and treble, and sometimes even five times, the first cost of the goods.

But there is need of something broader and deeper than all this. Not so much would be gained by turning the commercial world away from a wasteful, extravagant and mistaken method of traffic unless this change were freighted also with a great uplift in the ethics of trade.

Here, after all, lies the great power and the final proof of the universal application of printed words to the exchange of the commodities of the earth.

When the world's business is presented and concluded in black and white, nearly every opportunity for misrepresentation will be eliminated. We have all noticed that the less careful a man is of his faith, the more he hedges on putting his representations down in black and white. With this more scientific system of traffic in force, the expression, "his word is as good as his bond," will be obsolete, for both will mean exactly the same thing. His word will be patterned after his bond, and not his bond written to confirm to his word.

We get but a slight glimpse in the printed word of to-day of the enormous commercial field it will eventually cover, but even now a new standard of business ethics is being created by this influence. A new religion of business is abroad in the marts of trade. Even now the better publications offer their pages for the printed words only of those whose businesses are known to be hon-

est; and the lines are drawn closer and closer which will finally drive the fraud and the faker into the outer world of personal solicitation. The list of businesses whose printed words you find in the best publications has already become something of a roll of honor, and these very businesses will themselves become more and more careful as to the company their printed words keep in these publications.

Then, too, every day brings with it a broader interpretation of business—an added dignity to these printed words. They are beginning to show that the business man has vision, and the best of these printed words have in them an appeal to the imagination, a "something" about them, that reads an uplift into commercial intercourse.

The day is almost here when the best of all the world's products will be offered in print, and when the best of the world's business men will so offer them. When this day does actually come, the logic of circumstance will force all men who make good goods, and who barter them honestly, to set the value and character of their wares also to printed words, and the channels of commerce will then be closed to shoddy goods and shoddy merchants.

We have a right to be proud that America has been the first to catch this vision, and is showing the way to the east of the world in this new and better science of traffic. Great commercial states have always been centers of civilization, and centers of those forces which keep civilization alive and which lead it ever upward. Commerce unifies the human race. Every social, ethical and economic problem which clamors for solution to-day is bound up with this very exchange of commodities, an exchange which is based more and more upon the printed word. It is safe to say that our ideal and our ethics, no less than our standard of living, are influenced more largely by the broad dissemination of business information through printed words than upon the circulation of idealistic or ethical literature.

And now, what does this prophecy of

this great power of printed words mean to New England, for our own state and city and for ourselves?

Printed words will carry to the people everywhere a better conception of the wonderful manufacturing activity of New England; they will make New England-made goods a standard of value and quality throughout the world; and, if we will it, they will also make the New England business man a standard for honesty, integrity and fair dealing wherever in all the earth trade and barter prevail.

Printed words will tell the world of the delight of New England summers; of the bays and sounds, the islands and rocks, in our wonderful shore line; of our breezes, loaded by old ocean with a new vitality; of the shimmer of the sea and the slow pulse of the tides. They will sing of the perfection of beauty in our valleys and hills and mountains; they will speak of the hush and mystery and restfulness of our woods and lakes. And with these lures New England will become, as she deserves to become, the summer play-

ground and resting-place for all those who are weary and heavy laden.

Printed words will plant our abandoned farms and fields to orchards, until in blossoming time the air will be as full of falling petals as of snowflakes in December; and these blossoming orchards will lie on the hillsides like snowbanks touched to pink and purple by the sunshine.

Printed words will make the stately pine and spruce and hemlock to stand again in the wide places made naked by the ruthless axe of the lumberman.

Printed words will make our cities better and more healthful places in which to live; they will give us better schools and playgrounds and happier play-fellows; they will bring us more sanitary homes, cleaner and lighter factories, and, together with all these, will elevate the quality of our citizenship. And, finally, printed words will bring us the gift of prophecy, and, with this, broader minds, greater hearts and a more perfect understanding of God's purposes and ways.

*From an address by Mr. Graves at a recent Pilgrim Publicity Association dinner*





# NANNETTE

By OWEN MASON

WONG, the embodiment of placid misery, occupied one corner of the patio, his flimsy unlined clothing hanging damply about his yellow, steamed-out flesh.

Aunt Lydia, maintaining the dignity of isolation in so far as a little sixteen-foot patio would permit, had taken possession of the corner diagonally opposite. It was their utter lack even of the idlest pretense of occupation that provoked Nannette's amusement as she suddenly appeared in the doorway.

"I am surprised, Aunt Lydia, that you and Wong should set me such an example!" she exclaimed, mockingly.

The dark interior behind her contrasted sharply with the white, molten sun-light that flooded the open center of the patio. A large sombrero and a riding crop held lightly in one hand added a picturesque touch to the otherwise almost home-spun simplicity of her toilet. A girl who could always achieve smartness of appearance in the heat of a Mexican midsummer and with the limited resources of a semi-camp wardrobe seemed possessed of an almost superhuman competency.

Somewhere from the interior could be heard the restless turnings of a bed-ridden invalid.

"Water!" he called querulously. Wong shuffled a little forward with his slippered feet and Aunt Lydia straightened herself in her chair: both looked at Nannette. But she only shook her head.

"Hush!" she whispered, earnestly.

No one spoke or moved. The invalid fell into incoherent mutterings that finally lapsed into a long-drawn sigh as he turned again and fell into the stertorous breathing of a heavy sleep.

"He does not wish water. He was

thinking of the men at the digging."

"Does not need water!" exclaimed Aunt Lydia, impatiently. "He needs *everything*. He needs someone at his side constantly. He needs incessant and loving attention—everything that he is not receiving."

Nannette's face whitened wearily. "If you knew how hard it is to withhold those things, Auntie, you would not talk so. To the very best of my knowledge he needs just what he is receiving—absolute repose, broken with no disturbing attentions beyond the requirements of necessity. It would be much easier for me to flutter over his bedside night and day, but I know that it is not the best way."

"That is your modern theory, Nannette, and I may be old-fashioned, but when I am dying I want people to show their affection, if they have any, by at least being within ear-shot."

"Aunt Lydia, how can you! But there is no use of our arguing."

"That is true. It always ends with my proving that I am right and with you having your own way. Where are you going, Nannette?"

"To the digging."

"To the digging! It is impossible that you really think of such a thing. Even the natives avoid the trip in the heat of the day. Besides, your father needs you here."

"I think that father needs me on the digging." Aunt Lydia burst out laughing. The idea of Nannette being of any service on the digging was too absurd for further rejoinder.

Glancing from the elder to the younger woman, one could easily see that they were of the same lineage and, indeed, that there was a very striking personal resemblance between



IN THE PATIO

them; but one had been trained to the limitations with which an older school surrounded the idea of the well-bred woman, while her more youthful counterpart had grown up to the largeness and freedom with which the new century surrounds the same ideal.

"Nannette, you are always absurd; but it is not necessary also to be stubborn. I forbid you to go."

Nannette gravely concealed her amusement while, just to be good-natured, she drew from her elderly relative the wholly unnecessary permissive edict.

Ten thousand dollars a mile was the

bonus to be paid by the Mexican government for the completion of the Yaqui railroad within the specified time, and it had not seemed at first to be a very difficult proposition.

The country was fairly level, the mileage not great and the money and materials amply provided by the American capitalists who were pushing the enterprise.

But that great, gray desert where King Cactus reigned would not yield up its dominion without a struggle.

Sandstorm after sandstorm obliterated in an hour the work of weeks. The pitiless drought rendered the surface



as light as sifted ashes. The wagon wheels sank to the hubs. Men and animals staggered and failed under their burdens. Peon labor was not American labor, and Mexican dollars were not American dollars. Time dragged on and still that heart-breaking stretch of treeless plain remained unbridged by the line of gleaming steel.

It was a struggle of positive forces against negative, of life against death, of the burning desert against human brain and brawn, and it was becoming more and more evident daily that the issue was to be fought out to the bitter end. Agents of rival lines appeared from time to time, shook hands with Temple, the supervising engineer, congratulated him and departed with a grim smile.

Then came the sunstroke that confined the energetic American to his house, while the hours stretched into days and the days into weeks. Anxiety brought on fever, and Aunt Lydia, who cared not a rap for the road, was justified in her serious view of his condition. If she could have had her way she would have made a bonfire of all their Mexican belongings, including the pretty little adobe house that they had built, paid Wong, the necessary but (by her) detested Chinese servant, and packed the invalid abroad the first northerly-bound train. *There* she would know what to do and how to do it. *Here*, to her inexpressible annoyance, Nannette was a far more adaptable and efficient manager than herself. Indeed Nannette's efficiency and her scorn of inefficiency of all kinds seemed as masculine as the utter freedom of her comings and goings and of her opinions on all subjects, from the new psychology to divorce. And yet she was an arrant coquette, this same Nannette, and in type, to the masculine mind, at least, more feminine than her more conventionally lady-like aunt. To her father, particularly since the death of his wife, she was beyond the reach of criticism, the object of an almost religious worship.

Out at the great cut, which they had

come to call "the digging," big Alexandro was in charge. He knew his men and how to manage them, but of railroads his ideas were dim and hazy enough and his will to do was subject to intervals of sulky stupidity, during which little went forward.

It was high noon when Nannette arrived on the scene, familiar enough to her, but it seemed very strange now that she had come to try in some way to take her father's place. Would they recognize her authority, or would any attempt at its assertion result in the sulks on the part of Alexandro? Already her presence had attracted attention. To the quick, jealous southern minds of the men might it not appear that she had come to spy on them? Had she not already done irretrievable damage?

Meanwhile the tropical sun blazed down with an almost intolerable fierceness, and one thought drove all else from the mind of the generous girl, a thought of pity for the suffering men and beasts alike.

Dismounting from her wilted and panting pony she made her way to the tank car that contained the supply of water. It was burning hot, and scorched her hand as she touched it.

Big Alexandro, thinking that she wished a drink, lumbered up and drew a pail, producing a tin from which to drink. Strongly alkaline and stained with rust, the water was rendered still less grateful by its little less than boiling heat. Still if the men must drink it, it would not do for her to refuse, and she put her lips to the cup which the peon leader offered, smiling her thanks and addressing him in the pretty, lisping Spanish which she had learned.

Would he not scrape away the sand and dig a small hole in the firm earth? If the signorita wished, it should be done. No, not there but down among the men in the digging.

So, in the true peon style, the big, simple, unquestioning fellow called aside enough men to dig an entrenchment and made the little excavation where she wished.

Then Nannette, enthusiastic and

anxious for the success of her experiment, had them draw the great, galvanized iron pail full of water and place it carefully in her little well where she shielded it with her own bright sunshade.

The men returned to their work smiling, but not unkindly, while Nannette watched over her improvised well. They thought her but a child at play.

But Nannette knew what she was about. The evaporation from the surface of the little imitation pool was very rapid in the intense heat and, protected by the earth that surrounded it, the water retained the coolness thus produced.

Several times she tried it. Then she called Alexandro and held the cup to him with a smile whose witchery was the same in all races and tongues.

No sooner had the cool refreshment touched his lips than he withdrew it in astonishment.

"Signorita, it is a miracle!" he said.

"Let the men drink," she answered. And they came, one by one, the water gurgling down their dry, parched throats as the first rain that breaks the dry season through the garden borders in the patio. And as they drank Nannette served, and when the pail was emptied they brought more and all the afternoon beneath her big, green sunshade Nannette remained at her post.

Toward the close of the day, when the sun, like a huge silver ball, hung low in the western sky, big Alexandro drew near, and it was obvious from his awkwardness that he wished to convey some manner of thanks for himself and his men. But Nannette seized her opportunity and anticipated him.

"Some days, Alexandro, very much more work is done than others."

"It is true, Signorita. This day much has been done."

"But to-morrow is a Fiesta, and the men will not work."

"It is true, Signorita."

"And there are many Fiestas and much work, but not many days. Soon the great men will come,—the governor of Chihuahua, perhaps the president

himself and many men from my country. They will come to see the railroad finished, but it will not be finished. They will ask us about it and we will say the men went to Fiestas and worked little on some days. But if the men work well, the road will be finished and we will say, the men worked so well that all is done. They even staid from the Fiestas that it might be completed. And there will be a great banquet and each shall be rewarded."

For some time he did not seem inclined to answer, then the big fellow laid aside his tool and looked down into her eyes and said very slowly:

"Why have they not told us, Signorita?" The question was simple and it was a simple-minded fellow who asked it. Yet Nannette did not find it easy to answer. Somehow she felt that any departure from the truth would only bring into stronger relief the too evident distrust of the management.

"I have told you," she said at last.

Again the big peon reflected.

"It is true, Signorita, and it is not impossible that the men will work even on the Fiestas, if—"

"I will be here every day," she added quickly, noting his embarrassed hesitation.

"Then it will be a Fiesta here and we will need no other. Even the padre would say so."

The color crept into Nannette's cheeks, in spite of herself. No cavalier of the old school could have turned a finer compliment or done it more gallantly.

And how often Nannette had looked at him and shuddered. What an animal he had seemed as she looked at him and the others through her father's eyes.

Many years of experience in Spanish-American countries had led John Temple to look upon the native labor as an unmitigated evil—a thing to be tolerated, cajoled, gotten along with from necessity, and, whenever possible, handled without gloves. He would have been entirely convinced that if the men knew of his present straits not a



soul of them would remain at work for a single day. Many a hard experience had seemed to justify his opinion, but to Nannette now, warm with the sense of acknowledged kindness, how different it all seemed—and how strange that she should be standing there blushing at a compliment from the lips of this great, hairy-chested fellow. And how human and trustworthy he seemed!

Before she realized what she was doing she was telling him of her father's illness and of the dire straits of the work, and the need for the straining of every nerve. She told him of the distance to be covered, and the amount of earth yet to be removed and the number of days in which it must be done. She saw him stoop and pick up his tool and pat the earth with it, and as she continued to talk she saw his eyes brighten and his muscles heave, and then he leaned on his tool and stared and listened. And when she had finished her throat was dry and her limbs weak and she could have burst into tears of over-wrought feeling. And Alexandro without a word led her to her pony and assisted her to mount and said:

"It will be late soon, Signorita,"—that and no more, but there was a softness in his gruff voice and a manly flash in his eye that filled Nannette with a joyous but self-humiliating sense of victory.

Day after day throughout the heated hours Nannette stood by her strange little well in the desert, and foot by foot the lines of gleaming steel drew nearer together.

At night she would enter her father's room and take his hand and he would rouse himself and know that she was there and she would remain until he fell again into that half-sleep which had come to seem like his normal condition.

Nannette gazed eagerly at the silver spike. To see it driven at the appointed day and hour had been her father's one thought for nearly two years. Then she stooped and touched his forehead with her lips. It was the night before the Fiesta. Out by the

digging the desert glistened like sands of silver beneath the August moon that yet for all its flood of light could not quench the brilliancy of the stars that kept watch over that great, moistureless plain: constellations unfamiliar to our northern eyes that hung their mystic signs in the vast, unbroken azure. Nannette from the open casement of her chamber gazed long on the wonderful tropical night, until its vastness reduced her petty, human cares and anxieties to less than nothingness. Even prayer seemed like an intrusion on a silence that was itself the embodiment of all prayer. How long she sat thus she could not have told; when she became aware that for some time she had been listening to a sound, distant yet clear, broken yet rhythmical. It defied identification. It was not to be recognized as any of the usual night sounds. It was not Wong shuffling home from some nocturnal errand. It was not the night boldness of the coyotes out on the plain. It was not the sentry at the little presidio, nor the neighbors closing their houses for the night, nor the music of a dance at the public house. It was not the sick-man turning in his bed, nor the creaking rock, rock of Aunt Lydia's chair that, like her own, had held its watching figure through so many of these anxious nights.

It was more remote than any of these, and yet there was a familiarity about it, too. Clank, clank, clank; scrape, scrape, scrape. Nannette leaped to her feet and strained forward through the open window. There is no other sound like that,—the sound of iron on iron and the moving of heavy bodies: the men were working on the digging!

Yes, out on the digging two hundred pairs of brawny arms were swinging bar and shovel, sledge and pick, working as only men can who have been moved by a noble impulse and who know that the rising of the sun shall see the completion of a great enterprise. They were preparing a Fiesta for our lady of the brown sombrero.

# THE EXTERNAL FEMININE

By JANE ORTH

"I am going out to get a gray cloth suit to wear with this." My friend held up a coral blouse of some soft silk and I realized that at last her sense of color was keenly alive. There was nothing bizarre in the statement. She had the keynote of a color scheme and was about to develop the composition which, when completed, consisted of: A soft, gray coat and skirt trimmed with black braid and black and steel buttons, a black straw poke bonnet with coral ribbon trimmings and green leaves finished with black ribbon—black gloves—coral silk stockings and low, black shoes.

This mode of proceeding is a very satisfactory one for the well-dressed woman to adopt. One may get the idea for an entire outfit from a piece of braid trimming in which one very often finds colors of a very exotic blend. As the day of free thinking in fashions is at hand one may take their cue from any form of color scheme. One of the novelties that will be brought out in the spring for linen suits is a kite-shaped coat. This garment is more or less of a compromise between a long and a short jacket, for the designers are grappling with the coat problem. Some will make only short coats, others cling to the long, sweeping line, and the result is, may be, entirely satisfactory—a-go-as-you-please race in which each individual wears what she thinks is becoming.

So between the two strictly drawn lines has appeared this compromise of the coat. It makes up well in serge or any of the light-weight woollens as well as in linen and crash. The kite-shaped coat in detail has a trim, short front, single breasted, which buttons up

into the collar bone, and immediately after the linen leaves the lowest button it begins to slope slightly downward. It crosses the hips, and slopes down the middle of the back in a narrow panel until it falls below the knees. Instead of this panel being cut to a point it is squared off, and thus you get the name kite. This kite-shaped coat has been brought out by the American manufacturers, from models sent over from Paris.

It is worn with a plaited skirt which is not cut out very short, because if it were it would spoil the effect of the coat. The front of the coat is left unfastened to show the irrepressible frill. This latter accessory will be seen on all the new blouses. It is made of finest material and finished with a hem-stitched hem and a whiff of good lace.

There is another short coat that will be brought out in the new linen and light woollen suitings. This one is single breasted and fastens a few inches below the belt. From the point it slopes away to a point on the hip about six inches below the waist, and then slopes up again in the back to a point lower than the one in front. This coat is rather difficult to make because it does not fit into the waist line with any degree of snugness, as did short coats of other days. It must be extremely narrow over the hips, because one's figure remains on these lines.

## New Sleeves

One could talk forever about sleeves. There is a wide variety: The peasant type is most in evidence and by peasant the dressmaker means the rather straight sleeve that is cut without armhole and is one with the shoulders. The touch that makes this sleeve



genuine is the square patch underneath. This is put on in diamond shape and its edges are stitched over those of the sleeve.

The long sleeve that goes by the name of peasant is a wrinkled affair that is seen on many of the peasant costumes worn by men. It is a more or less familiar sleeve in light opera, but we have rarely seen it applied to women's clothes.

This sleeve reaches to the wrist, is cut in one piece, and is stitched up the underarm after the fulness has been folded in to make the correct length. It is merely a primitive way of adjusting a long, almost straight, piece of cloth.

In some of the new gowns it will be made of white chiffon or silk, cashmere or satin. The wrist will be finished by a tight five-inch cuff of massive peasant embroidery, and the kimono cap, or regulation peasant sleeve, will be of brilliant color to match the gown and bordered with the embroidery.

One gown of Balkan blue silk cashmere has a skirt slightly gathered at hips and back, a five-inch band of embroidery at the hem, a ten-inch band of black satin above this. The bodice is cut in a wide, straight piece, with a rounded opening at the neck, edged with embroidery.

There is a wide-boned girdle of black satin and a flat collar of it at the neck, below the embroidery. Above the embroidery is a three-inch guimpe of white silk cashmere, which is matched by full sleeves that end at the wrist in three-inch embroidery.

Revolutionary as this sleeve sounds against those which we are wearing, they will be in first fashion — either they or their kind.

Another fashionable sleeve is rather straight, fitted to the arm, flares over the hand, and is covered at the top by a folded kimono cap of the gown material, edged with embroidery.

A sleeve that looks almost like an old-fashioned bishop sleeve is returning for summer gowns, but it can only be used when there is a peasant sleeve of the gown color over it. These drop nearly



EFFECTIVE COMBINATION OF CLOTH  
AND FOULARD

to the elbow, and the full, sheer undersleeve reaches to the wrist, where it is gathered into a half-inch band of lace or colored embroidery and fastened over with Irish crochet buttons.

### New Long Sleeves

Has every woman noticed the incoming fashion of coat-of-mail sleeves in evening gowns? There is no one day on which one can put the finger and say: This fashion began here. For it slipped in on us unawares. It is excessively pretty, and, oh, such a relief to the onlooker, after seasons of bared, bony arms. The coat of mail contributes a curve of its own, and there is

something about its suppleness that suggests grace. It fills up the waste places, and does not suggest early lessons in anatomy, as the uncovered arm does when it needs cocoa butter and massage. The mass of Americans have notably bad arms in combination with very good necks, and so this admirable new fashion of disclosing the beauty of one and concealing the defects of the other is a step forward in the right direction. The only objection to a long, tight sleeve for evening wear is the short white gloves that have always been abruptly put against it; but the coat-of-mail sleeve does not allow such a harsh and striking contrast. It flares slightly after it leaves the wrist, and reaches almost, if not quite, to the knuckle. Beneath it is worn as soft a glove as harmony allows—suede whenever possible.

These sleeves are definitely mediaeval, but they did not arrive with the first fashions that were revived from that brutish and picturesque epoch in the world's history. Even the best-dressed women, backed by artistic designers, have adopted the straight lines of the one-piece thirteenth-century frock with a twentieth-century decolletage and mere shoulder strap instead of sleeves.

This was incorrect, and after women became tired of mediaeval fashions in this form they bethought themselves of harking back to old plates and doing the thing right. Therefore, the really well-dressed ones have looked like feminine Crusaders, lacking only the scarlet cross on the breast. Not only have they adopted the coat-of-mail sleeves that nearly cover the hands, but the decolletage of their gowns is high at the back and sweeping round in front. The sleeve comes from beneath the armhole of the bodice, and is attached to the lining. The armhole of the outer fabric is rather small and edged with a color, or, better still, has as a finish the fabric in a fold. The material used for the sleeves is not a novel one; we have had it with us all season in its glittering mesh. It is of gold, silver, aluminum, copper and

steel. Any one of these will do for the new coat-of-mail sleeves.

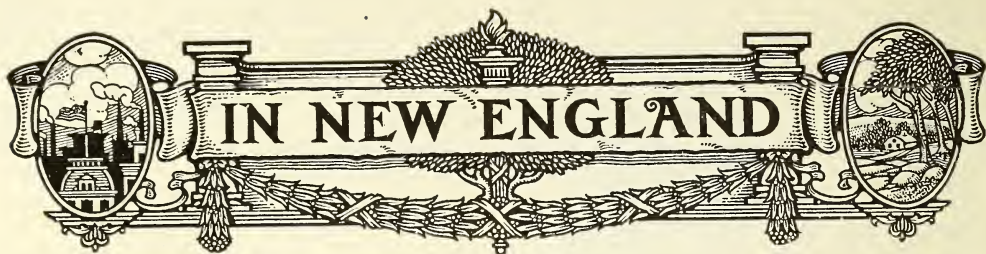
There is a lining of net, but nothing more opaque. The sleeve really fits the arm and is a distinct addition to the gown. The fashion of wearing bracelets over it is thoroughly bad and undesirable. It is not in keeping with any part of the costume.

### Chiffon for Every-Day Gowns

Chiffon is coming into its own again. You may call it mousseline, chiffon cloth or chiffon. It makes little difference by what name it goes so you get the material. It will be widely worn for all manner of frocks this spring, and there is a strong movement afoot to popularize it for gowns that are more or less informal. It is less expensive than mousseline or chiffon cloth and wears as well. If a woman wants to make a really durable blouse out of any of these weaves, she should double the material. It looks and wears twice as well. If she will put a slightly full interlining of it, the outside lends itself more happily to treatment. If one uses a soft, full lining of messaline, peau de cygne or surah, this doubling of the material is not so necessary. All these thin blouses are going to be made quite full. There is even a tendency to sag over the tight, boned belt or the high belt of the skirt.

Everywhere one sees a strong leaning toward the old-fashioned laces, such as Bruges, Honiton and Escorial. The newer princess lace is also revived. All these are used for the shallow, collarless yokes of these mousseline blouses. The woman who has an economical turn of mind could easily cover her soft silk or satin blouse with a gathered or smocked drapery of mousseline in the same tone, taking off the collar of silk and either going without one or substituting one of lace. The covering is put over the sleeves and gathered or smocked into the wrist. If one wants color, one could put a cross-stitch embroidery in harmonizing tones of floss at the edges of the mousseline, or trim the under blouse with bands of vivid embroidery.





### THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL PRIZE

It is interesting to learn that Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. Lionel Marks of Cambridge, Mass.) has been awarded a prize of three hundred pounds for a play submitted in a competition arranged by the governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, for a piece, "preferably poetic and romantic," to be presented at the annual Shakespearian festival in April and May.

The title of the winning play is "The Piper," and it is based on the familiar tale of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." The author, however, has eliminated the familiar supernatural features of the old tale and given it increased interest.

It is certainly pleasing that this signal honor should have come to one of our own writers, and particularly to one whose artistic standards are so true to the higher ideals.

### BOSTON NOT SO COLD

The proverbial coldness of Boston audiences appears to have vanished before the successful presentations of opera at the Boston Opera House, for here is Manager Russell complaining, in a letter to the *Transcript*, of the *encore* habit. He says:

"Next season I contemplate asking the public not only to refrain from demanding *encores*, but to refrain from applauding at all until the curtain falls at the end of the act. Unless the public does co-operate in this matter the result will be nearly the same, whether the artist accepts the *encore* or not."

Being interpreted, this means that Mr. Russell is seeking the highest artistic effects such as can only be derived from the unbroken unity of the production.

Very well. We have proven our warmth; now let us carry our accommodation a step farther and co-operate as Mr. Russell desires.

### BETTER-FARMING SPECIAL

It has been arranged by the Boston & Albany railroad to run a "Better-Farming Special" on March 30 and 31 and April 1 and 2. During these four days the train will traverse the state over the Boston & Albany rails, and the enterprise is under the auspices of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, the Massachusetts State Forestry Department, and the plan has the hearty approval, as well, of Mr. Charles M. Gardner of Westfield, master of the Massachusetts State Grange, who will go in the train part of the time.

Members of the faculty of the Agricultural College, the secretary of the Board of Agriculture, the state forester and assistants, the general agent of the State Dairy Bureau and others interested in the development of agriculture will give demonstrations and lectures on the train on corn judging and improvement, potato growing, grass, clover and alfalfa production, fertilizers, feeding and breeding of animals, selection of dairy animals, production and care of milk, testing milk, marketing of milk, New England meat production, scoring and judging dairy ani-

mals, care and management of orchards, spraying, pruning, packing and marketing fruit, forestry, extermination of insect pests and forest fire fighting and protection.

The demonstrations and lectures will take place simultaneously in five different cars, and in the open air at each of the stations where the train stops, and anyone interested in agricultural development and allied subjects is invited to attend. There will be an exhibition of the forest fire-fighting apparatus recommended by the state forester; also spraying apparatus, pruning tools, dairy utensils and other agricultural implements.

An interesting feature of the "Better Farming Special" will be provided by State Forester Rane, who has arranged to have "live caterpillars of the gypsy moth on exhibition on the train, so that people who never have had a chance to observe them alive may have the opportunity." He has also arranged for an exhibition of living parasites. The people of the state are familiar with the program of exterminating the gypsy moth by means of these parasites, but this will be the first opportunity for many persons whose interest in the work is very acute to see these much-discussed parasites. The forestry exhibit will also include nursery stock which is used in the work of reforestation, and the gypsy and brown-tail moth in all its states will be exhibited.

General Agent P. M. Harwood of the State Dairy Bureau will make addresses on "The Care of Milk in the Dairy and in the Home," and will exhibit samples of butter, oleomargarine and renovated butter, and will demonstrate practical methods of telling one from another.

The Boston & Albany Railroad will furnish the train and all the equipment necessary to make the enterprise a success; and, while it is manifestly impossible in the four days allotted to stop at all the places where interesting meetings might be held, no portion of the state on the Boston & Albany lines has been neglected.



MISS ALICE BOUTELLE, DAUGHTER OF REPRESENTATIVE AND MRS. BOUTELLE

### THE GLOUCESTER FISHERIES

That this important New England industry is developing rapidly and soundly at the present time is a source of extreme gratification.

No food product that we have is more wholesome. Its price puts within the reach of the laboring population a



tasty as well as wholesome and nourishing food.

The following table of figures has been prepared by the same careful hand

that furnished the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE with the statistics used in our Gloucester article. They are new, dependable and most instructive:

	Barrels	Barrels	Barrels
Fresh Mackerel .....	3,348	4,365	3,067
Salt Mackerel .....	14,805	17,450	29,725
Fresh Herring .....	5,288	20,537	13,091
*Salt Herring .....	46,370	36,737	71,561
Frozen Herring .....	17,635	26,450	21,565
Porgies .....	817		
Halibut Fins .....	298	358	413
Whiting .....	500	4,000	16,000
Shad .....	749	1,653	355
Total .....	89,810	111,550	155,777
	Quintals	Quintals	Quintals
Cured Fish .....	36,150	30,440	17,900

### RECAPITULATION

	Pounds	Pounds	Pounds
Grand total at Gloucester.....	88,365,658	96,722,587	109,879,859
Total by Gloucester vessels at other ports, direct (estimated)	36,359,800	32,601,850	39,100,000
Total at Gloucester and by Gloucester vessels at other ports .....	124,725,458	129,324,437	143,979,859

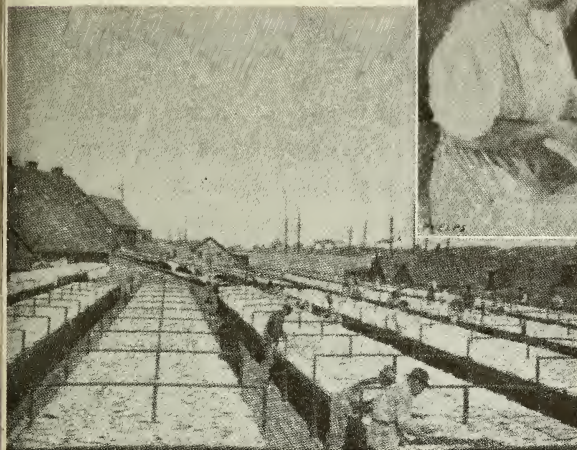
\*Includes pickled herring.

### TOTAL CATCHES, GLOUCESTER

January 1, 1909, to December 31, 1909

	1909 Pounds	1908 Pounds	1907 Pounds
Salt Cod .....	33,116,200	23,115,705	15,712,700
Fresh Cod .....	12,300,200	13,130,700	16,167,400
Halibut .....	2,368,582	2,816,050	3,081,765
Haddock .....	4,407,200	8,409,100	6,063,800
Hake .....	1,806,900	7,868,400	9,801,950
Cusk .....	1,363,800	3,405,800	4,805,300
Pollock .....	5,908,700	7,133,200	16,754,400
Flitches .....	800,882	880,542	826,210
Fresh Fish from Boats .....	300,000	600,000	750,000
Swordfish .....	6,184	11,954	8,250
Total Ground Fish.....	62,378,648	67,371,451	73,971,775
Miscellaneous .....	1,743,800	1,285,200	744,176

Total fresh fish from Boston, 9,456,000 pounds.



THE GLOUCESTER FISHERIES

PICKING OUT BONES

A MODERN FLAKE YARD

### PROGRESS IN PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

In an address before the annual meeting of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, Dr. M. J. Roseneau of the Department of Preventive Medicine and Hygiene of Harvard Medical College said, in part:

"When the plain people understand that many diseases are preventable, they will begin to ask, 'Why are they not prevented?' When they ask themselves this question, it means that they have enrolled themselves in an organization that will prevent suffering and save life. The strongest weapon we have with which to equip our reserve force is knowledge, and the most skillful tactics will ever be education.

"When the people understand that typhoid fever is as preventable as are railroad accidents, we shall have a *casus belli* and the courage needed for a victorious campaign. The government now protects us from cholera, leprosy, yellow fever and other exotic plagues; why should it not also guard us against the dangers that are present as well as those that are but remotely imminent? Present dangers, such as tuberculosis, pneumonia, typhoid fever and infantile diarrhoeas are infections which reap

the highest toll of death among us, and are foemen worthy of our best efforts."

Putting it this way certainly makes us all responsible and knowledge a duty. What about simple courses in preventive hygiene in our public schools?



Mr. Edward Norton Treadwell, a San Francisco artist who was burned out and shaken out by the big earthquake, has left that land of too great suddenness and came to take up his abode in New England.

He worked about Magnolia and Gloucester last summer and sold some water colors at prices that have made some of our veteran artists lift their eyebrows.

During March Mr. Treadwell opened an exhibition of his water colors in Boston, in a private apartment in "The Sheffield."

A visit to this exhibition leaves one puzzling. Mr. Treadwell appears to have done the last things first. His





DUTCH SLOOPS. FROM A BLACK AND WHITE BY TREADWELL

water colors show a unity both of tone and composition that is usually one of the ultimate attainments of the supreme artist. They also display a very decided intuition as to what to look for and how to see it. On the other hand, these same paintings, or sketches, seem to us to display an insufficiency of technique, an utter absence of finished workmanship that would shame a clever amateur.

It seems a question, if one is dealing fairly with the public, to recognize these productions as art. But as soon as you arrive at that decision, you are converted with an evidence of imaginative vision and an ability to convey the seeing of the same things to the beholder that is not the first step of art but its ultimate achievement.

Mr. Treadwell's technical deficiencies are not the easy haste of a master who can afford to be slipshod in his rapidly-sketched impressions, if only he shall convey the vital truth. Nothing of the kind. Mr. Treadwell does not know how to handle paint properly. But he both foregathers and conveys the impression, none the less.

Mr. Treadwell is very fond of black and white and exceedingly clever with his pencil. He can sometimes convey color values in black and white in a most remarkable fashion. We noted a sketch of a stretch of the sea under a bright blue sky in which he had penciled in the water in an almost solid black! But, somehow that black, placed as it was, conveyed an impression of azure depths that was most remarkable.

The old Dutch sloops, reproduced here, is one of these pencil sketches. It seems to us to possess a Turner-like imaginativeness. It would seem that mere sharpened graphite and drawing board could go no further in depicting the billowing massiveness and yet lightness of clouds. The absolute boatiness of the sloops and the shimmer of the harbor water that is so different from that of the open sea is all there—and just in black on white—not even charcoal or crayon—but an ordinary lead-pencil! That could only be done by a man absorbed in the seeing of that which an artist should see.

Mr. Treadwell will make friends—

and excite opposition. There will be those who will want that which he has to give and there will be those who will find its technical deficiency insurmountable.

It is understood that his summer work will be in the neighborhood of Magnolia and Gloucester.



The eighteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max Fiedler conducting, was given Saturday evening in Symphony Hall.

The Brahms symphony in E minor, number 4, opus 98, is the very brownest of symphonies. It is the great brain of a great German bending the iron of heavy and, at times, laborious thought. Mr. Fiedler gave it a sort of from-measure-to-measure reading, which lengthened out its patterns and laid bare its intricate workmanship, thus making its whole thought context more heavily German than ever. And at times it is heavy thought, even more than it is deep thought. There is a herculean rather than an olympian colossalness about its achievement. There is a serious abstractness emanating from its whole, which is as divorced from any suggestion of *human* experience as possible. It is Brahms, the great mind, evolving abstract and austere conclusions by means of the purest processes of thought. Only in the finale is there the least suggestion of himself; in this it would seem that the very problem of it all had enthused him with a real fervor which impassions his last words in this symphony.

Mr. Ferruccio Busoni, the renowned pianist, was the soloist of the occasion. Mr. Busoni had not been heard in Boston for six years past. The announcement of his reappearance in Boston called forth the greatest interest,—I almost fear the anticipation was greater than the realization. The anticipation was colored with the report that a de-

cided gain emotionally was to be expected.

Mr. Busoni by nature is, for the greater part, Italian. And the Busoni of Saturday evening is still the Italian pianist. It is an interesting study to note how and psychologically why the temperamental and human pianists are invariably Slavs or Teutons, and never French, Italian or Spanish. These Latins have a *finesse*, a polish—a diplomacy, as it were—of pianism as well as of manners. They raise all processes of achievement to the —nth power. It is the artlessness of art. There was the same difference between the "*Chansons d'Amour*" of the old Troubadours and the impassioned "*minnelied*" of the Minnesingers. Even the instances which you could point out as indicative of Latin feeling can be sifted down to temperament of the imagination, of poesy, rather than a human outcry.

Mr. Busoni, by a part of his nature and by recent environment, should evidence things Teutonic, and to some extent he does. He is not a mere iridescent virtuoso. The worst thing one can say about him is that his piano playing is the quintessence of pianism. It is a speech of absolute and unquestionable authority which he utters. It is the great utterance of a *recluse*, as it were, pianistically expressed. Creed is no longer of consequence, but nevertheless there was an intense Romanism about the performance—a mission performed in the name of the Trinity, with the chief accent on the name of the last of its three elements. And this is not Beethoven, for he is, of musical thought and concept, the emancipating Luther. Mr. Beethoven's concerto in E flat major, number 5, is the consummation of mighty thought and grandeur,—the utterance of the truth of God in man; of nobility of thought that dares to ride high above injustice and petty souls and knows no shrinking. And rightly did he name it the "Emperor." Mr. Busoni's impersonation was of an *empirical* concerto. It was power by divine right of descent and the infallibility of a cardinal chair. Few alive could equal or vie with this empirical



impersonation, this greatness of pianism, but it is an affair which the shade of Mr. Beethoven would like to settle with Mr. Busoni; and if the shade hovered very near to Symphony Hall on Saturday evening, it probably was unsatisfied if not distressed.

The problem becomes of somewhat such a nature as this: If you were most concerned with witnessing a twentieth-century performance, with the piano as medium, then there is no word for you to speak. Mr. Busoni said the last word. But if you went to feel the blood of the flame-fired finger of him who unchained music from her bondage and linked her to mightiest thought, then you must still feel as though you had been handed a rather pale photograph of the same.

To sum up, Ferruccio Busoni is one of the greatest living pianists; but with all his apparent and profound seriousness his power of concept is not equal to the power of intent of the composer of the "Emperor" concerto.

The Schubert "Overture to Rosamunde," opus 26, formed the remaining number on the program, and was a pleasantly buoyant and spontaneous peacemaker, and the more of interest because it had not been heard here since the sixth of March, 1897, when it occurred on a Boston Symphony Orchestra program.

The "Faust Symphony," including the choral number, which has not been given in Boston for some years, is to be heard at a Symphony Orchestra concert soon. The great ninth symphony of Beethoven will again be presented at the final concert. This is not only a rare opportunity for the Boston musical public, but an achievement of which the American musical world may well be proud.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler, the noted and masterly violinist, will appear with the Symphony Orchestra on Friday afternoon, April 8, and on Saturday evening, April 9. Mr. Kreisler is by all odds the greatest violinist who frequents the American shore; he dignifies the violin and the art of all music to a sublimity unreached by most artists of to-day.

## MANHATTAN GRAND OPERA

Boston will welcome the second coming of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Grand Opera Company, with its unrivalled collection of stars. They will begin a two weeks' engagement on March twenty-eight at the Boston Theater, including: "Elektra," Monday, March 28; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Tuesday, March 29; "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," Wednesday matinee, March 30; "Griselidis," Wednesday, March 30; "La Navarraise" and "The Daughter of the Regiment," Thursday, March 31; "Pelleas and Melisande," Friday, April 1; "La Traviata," Saturday matinee, April 2; "Thais," Saturday evening, April 2; "Faust," Monday, April 4; "La Traviata," Tuesday, April 5; "Rigoletto," Wednesday, April 6; "Louise," Thursday, April 7; "The Tales of Hoffman," Friday, April 8; "Elektra," Saturday matinee, April 9; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Saturday evening, April 9.



The Twentieth Century Club Committee for the study of the Amusement Situation in Boston has made its report. As in duty bound they found need of a higher standard and are especially concerned about the moral tone of much that classes as "drama." However, they have no light as to possible betterment of the situation.

They have compiled more or less convincing figures to show that the demand for theatrical entertainment is tremendously on the increase, and bring out very prominently the great relative growth of the cheaper forms of amusement, such as moving picture shows and vaudeville. None of this is news, but the report of the committee brings it out very effectively.

In all such reviews of the current dramatic world, there is a tendency to forget that two very different kind of things are collected under the general

title of dramatic entertainment—drama as a serious art, and popular amusement. Serious drama may be anything but amusing, and the craving for amusement is natural and universal.

A feature of this winter's dramatic

laborious conditions of stock company work and with the limited expense account of a low-priced theatre. The plays have been well chosen and well presented and have met with a well-earned patronage.



"BILLIE" BURKE, WHO APPEARS AT THE HOLLIS STREET THEATRE IN APRIL

life in Boston has been the excellent work done by the John Craig Stock Company at the Castle Square Theatre. This company has furnished uniformly excellent, low-priced drama under the

#### APRIL ATTRACTIONS

Beginning Monday, March 28th, Billie Burke will appear at the Hollis Street Theatre in a three-act comedy entitled, "Mrs. Dot." This is a new



play by W. Sameoset Maugham, author of "Jack Straw" and "Lady Frederick." The play comes from a very successful performance at the Lyceum Theatre in New York. Nothing need be said of Billie Burke, who is a prime favorite in Boston, as is also Fritzi Scheff, who will follow the Billie Burke engagement.

Fritzi Scheff will appear in the light opera success, "The Prince Duma," by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert. The engagement will begin April 11th. This is certain to be an entertainment for which those who wish to see it must plan well ahead, as Fritzi Scheff is one of the most deserving and well-liked stars on the light opera stage.

At the Colonial Theatre the "Harvest Moon," which we have already noticed, will occupy the first week of April and it will be followed by "The Third De-

gree," an old play, but a very popular one.

At the Park Theatre "The Man from Home" will still hold the boards. This is one of the most successful plays that have been put on any stage in the city for a long time. It is a play to which people go more than once, and that is saying a good deal for any play nowadays, with the multiplicity of available attractions.

Raymond Hitchcock in "The Man Who Owns Broadway" has been playing at the Tremont since March 7th, and it will continue well into and through April. It is a humorous hit that keeps the audience laughing and is one of George M. Cohan's most pronounced successes. Raymond Hitchcock is a very clever stage humorist and does his part to keep up the *verve* the snap of the piece.



#### BOSTON—1915

Boston-1915 has announced an interesting and novel plan for awakening in Bostonians their highest efficiency as useful citizens. It is to award each year medals commemorating specially notable achievements that make for the city's progress.

The city progress medals, as they are called, are not to be given as rewards of merit. Emphasis is laid on the fact that their purpose is to "commemorate the deed and not the doer." In other words, they are intended to be a means of educating the average citizen to a right understanding of service to the city; to make it clear to him that frequently what he might have thought

commonplace is actually a great service, and to inspire him to contribute his ideas for the city's benefit, because they may be really helpful, and not because they may bring a bronze token that will please his vanity.

The first award will be made March 30 of this year, which is the first anniversary of the inception of the Boston-1915 movement. There will be two sets of medals—one for service to any of the "districts" into which the local citizens' associations divide Boston, and the other for service to the city as a whole. The district medals will be awarded on the judgment of the citizens' association in each locality. The city medals will be awarded by a board

of judges composed of men and women representing the different departments of the city's life—public officials (Mayor Fitzgerald is one who has accepted service on the board), lawyers, doctors and clergymen, business men, leaders in the interests of women, and so on.

There are no restrictions upon the number of medals or upon the character of service for which they are to be given. After 1910 each year's award will be confined to service rendered the community during the preceding twelve-month period. But this year the judges will consider anything done within the past three or four years, if that seems desirable, in order that the award may be as illustrative as possible in getting in the public mind the clearest understanding of the plan, and the most concrete idea of what may constitute civic service.

### THE PILGRIM PUBLICITY "CREDO"

I believe in New England. In the pre-eminence of her location as the gateway to Europe. In the beauty and healthfulness of her hills and lakes. In the undeveloped, unlimited power of her rivers, and the ocean commerce of her seaports. In the variety and marvelous efficiency of her industries. In the skill and inventive genius of her workmen, the public spirit of her business men, and the resulting prosperity of her people.

I believe in New England's mission. In the glory of her past and the greatness of her future, and I believe that the same spirit of the Boston Tea Party, of Lexington, and the Civil War—the spirit that lavishly gave its blood, brawn, brains and money to the up-building of the country—still lives in New England's sons and daughters and waits only the word to call all New England to the still greater things which are before us.

I believe in the tremendous, transforming power of optimism; I believe that it is lack of faith which checks the development of individuals, associations, and sections. That skepticism is the only thing which stands between

New England and her great destiny. And that when pessimism is transformed to optimism, New England will again take her rightful place in the vanguard of industrial progress.

Therefore I am resolved that I will avoid and help others to escape from the deadening, demoralizing rut of criticism, skepticism and inertia. That I will be a booster, not a knocker. And that I will neglect no opportunity to show my faith in the future of New England and to labor unceasingly for its fulfilment. (Copyright, 1910, by Pilgrim Publicity Association, Boston, Mass.)

### BURLINGTON, VT.

#### *Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*

Many years ago the Central Vermont Railway built a handsome railway station here, well suited to the business done on their branch leading to our city. Since then their business has greatly increased and outgrown its accommodations. Besides, the Rutland road uses, with the Central Vermont, the same station. It is located about a quarter of a mile from the passenger dock of the Champlain Transportation Company, which does a large and increasing summer-tourist business. Its passengers are obliged to walk or ride this quarter of a mile to reach the trains. A committee of our Commercial Club has had several meetings with a committee of the Central Vermont, and the probability is that we shall soon have a thoroughly modern station at the foot of Main street, an ornament to our city and a great convenience to our citizens and their visitors.

The second concert of our Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Professor Larsen, was even more satisfactory than the first.

Professor Wilder has got together a remarkable company of young musicians called the "Clef Club." It is made up of children and young people ranging from the ages of six to sixteen, and their performance of difficult and really classical selections was the admiration of the great crowd who heard them at a recent concert. If they continue as



they have begun, the Symphony Orchestra will have to look to its laurels.

The Central Vermont has lately granted a generous reduction of rates on rough granite, which may have a favorable effect on the finishing of granite in Burlington.

We now have a superb snow landscape, rivalling the lovely specimens you often give in your beautiful pages.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH DANA BARTLEY.

#### GLOUCESTER, MASS., AND ITS BOARD OF TRADE

The Board of Trade was organized in 1866 and reorganized in 1890. It has ever kept a watchful eye over all the interests of the city.

Gloucester is unique in having for its principal industry (the fisheries) one which is co-operative, and in being the largest port in the country engaged in the business. So it is natural that most of the work of the Board of Trade should have been in that direction. This organization has done all that could be done to further the fishing interests, and has established a closer intimacy among all the men engaged in the fisheries. Conferences concerning some branch of the business are held at the rooms nearly every day, thereby enabling the dealers to keep in touch with changing conditions, and to secure a more adequate return on capital invested and for the energy which they put into the business.

New vessels are being built, not with a rush, but the fleet is gradually being increased with that conservatism which indicates wise business management.

Second in importance is the work done by this organization for the benefit of the summer business. The Board of Trade extends to the many summer visitors who come to Gloucester in increasing numbers each year the courtesies of the commodious and convenient rooms, with every facility for transacting business, including public stenographer, local and long-distance telephones, which are very much appreciated and freely used.

The Board of Trade has an energetic

publicity committee, which has recently issued an illustrated publication showing the business advantages of the city, copies of which may be obtained by addressing the secretary. Illustrated envelopes to the number of one million three hundred thousand have been and are being used by the citizens to carry the fame and picturesqueness of the place to all parts of the world.

A system of advertising designed to convince every family of the economy in the use of salted fish, with directions for preparing, has been inaugurated, and methods for continuing the campaign are now being considered.

The Board of Trade, as an organization, has not in the past taken a very active part in municipal affairs, but lately has evinced a great interest, and undoubtedly more of an influence will be exerted in that direction in the future than in the past.

For many years an expert statistician has been employed, and the Gloucester Board of Trade has full and complete records and statistics covering its principal industry, the fisheries.

The organization has an arbitration committee composed of able men, but their services have been called into requisition only once in forty years, showing the good feeling existing between our business men.

The membership consists of one hundred and ninety and is constantly growing. It embraces representative business men, retired merchants and professional men. Meetings are held frequently, at which addresses are delivered on interesting topics. The next will be on the matter of "Savings-Bank Life Insurance," by Mr. Harry W. Kimball, the field secretary of the Massachusetts Savings-Bank Insurance League.

In order to increase the scope of the work and add to its efficiency the Board of Trade is now considering the matter of the employment of a permanent secretary, who shall devote all of his time to the interests of the organization.

Yours very truly,

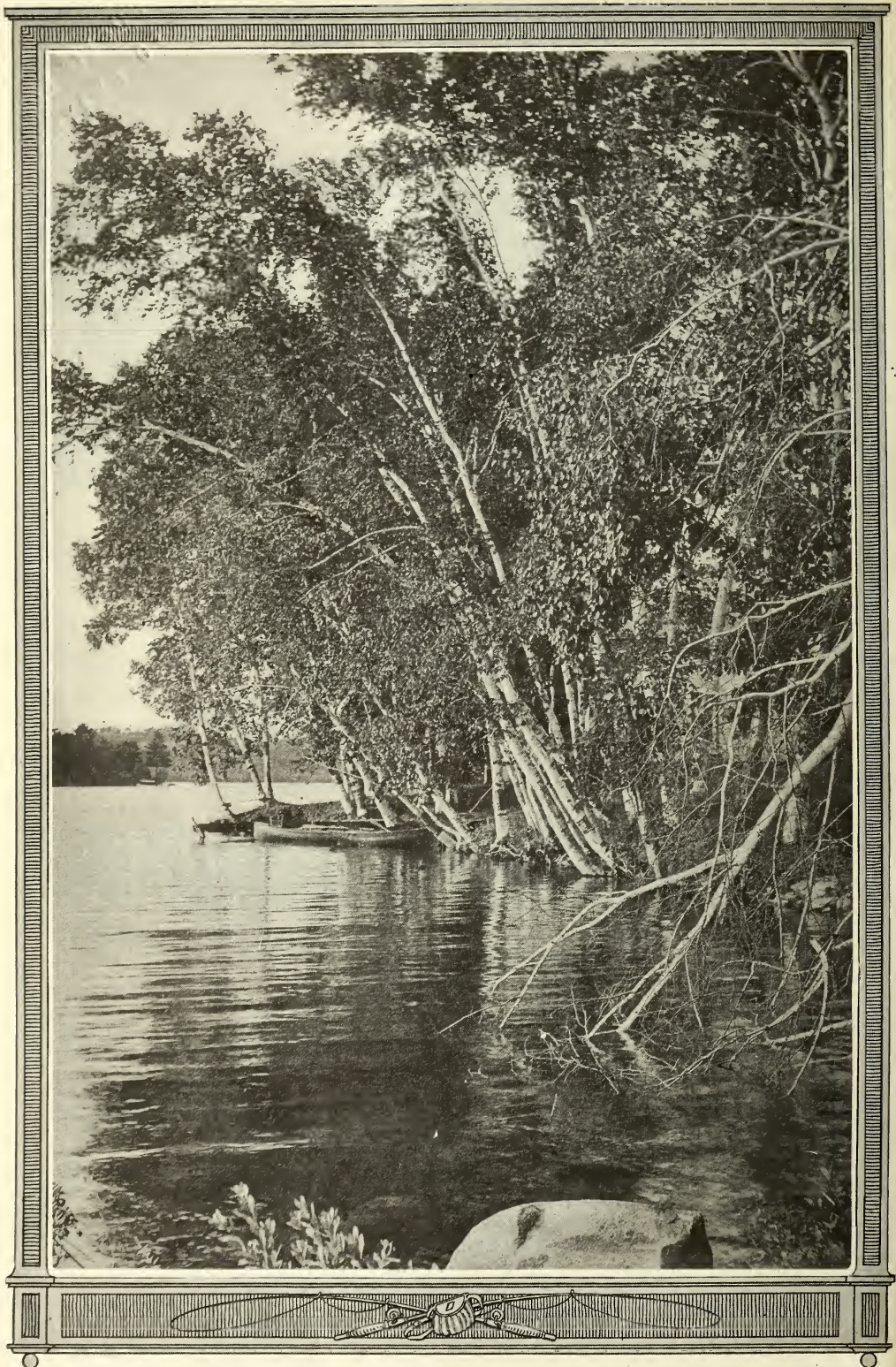
EDWARD K. BURNHAM,  
Secretary.



# Beautiful New England

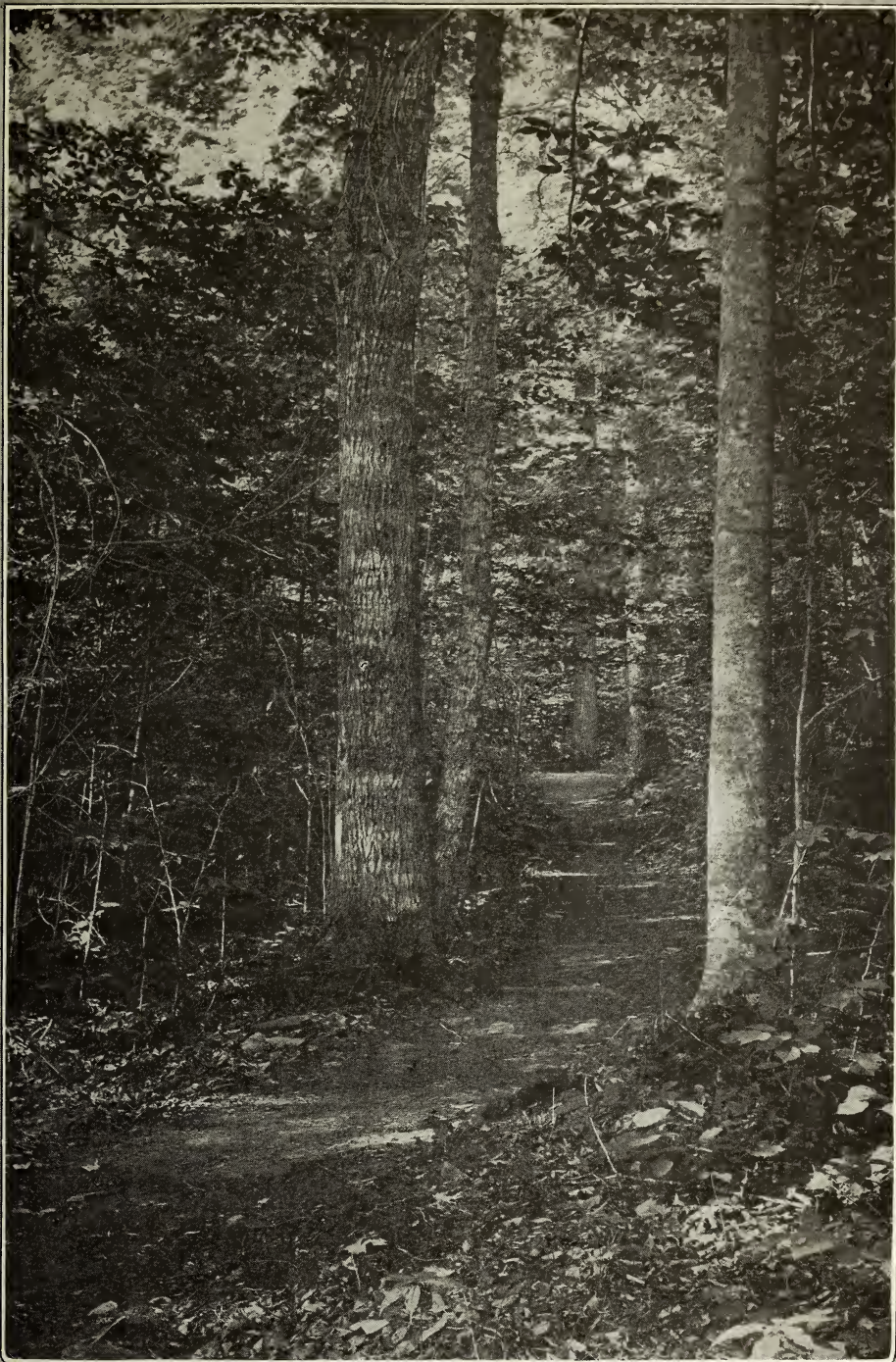






"THE BIRCHES", LAKE MARANACOOK, MAINE





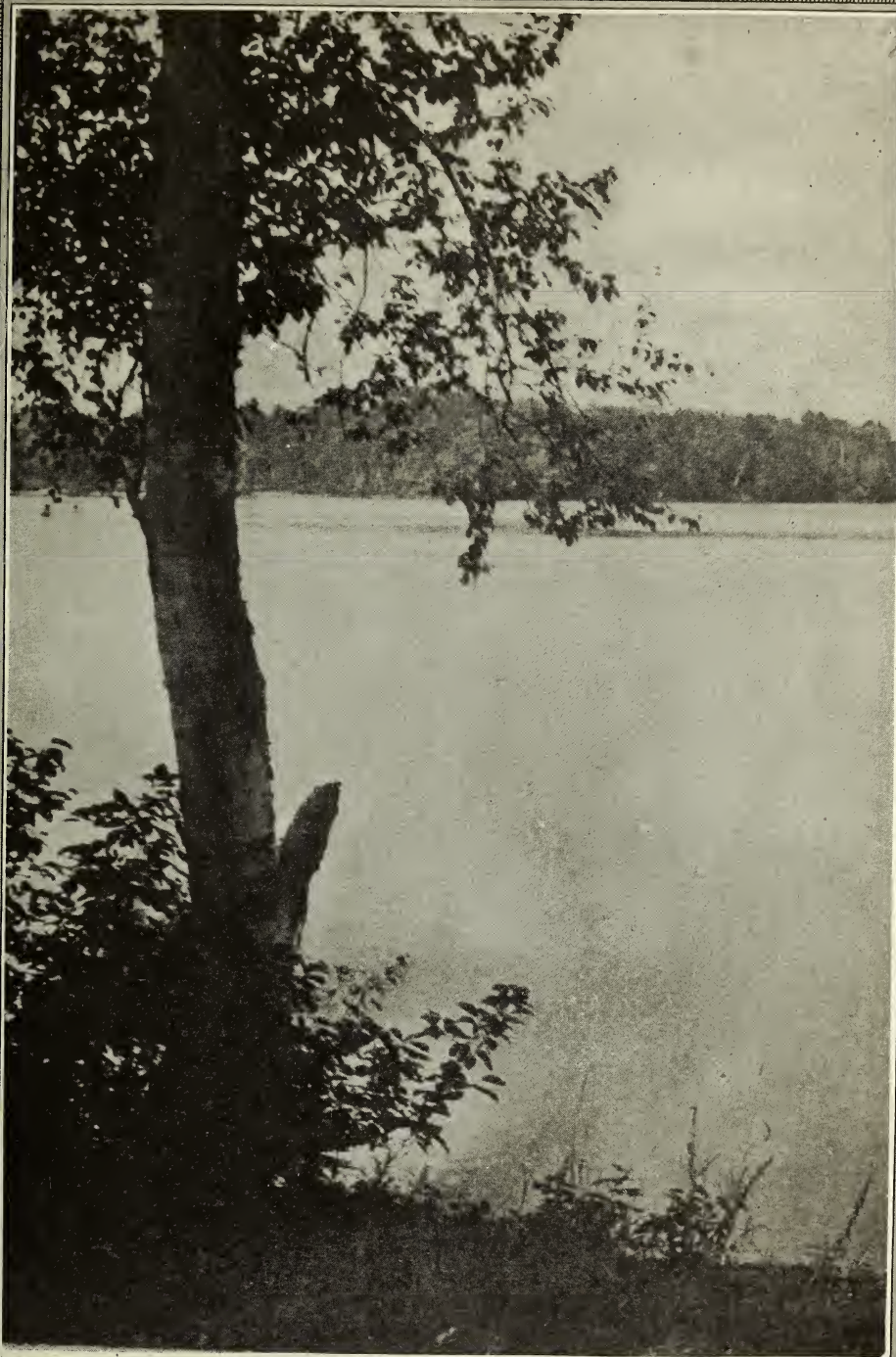
TRAIL TO CAMPERS' POINT





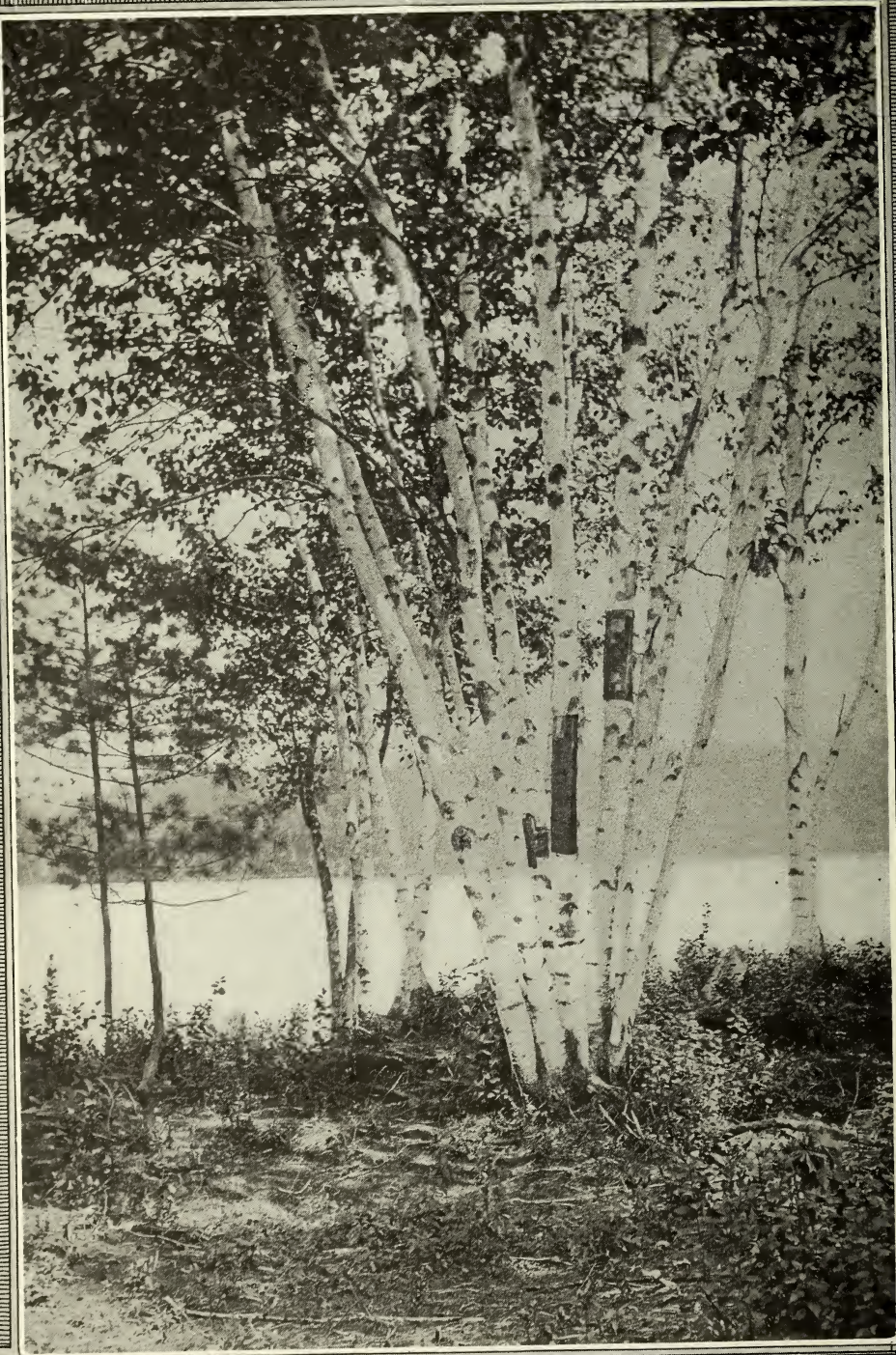
A NATURALLY SHADED HIGHWAY





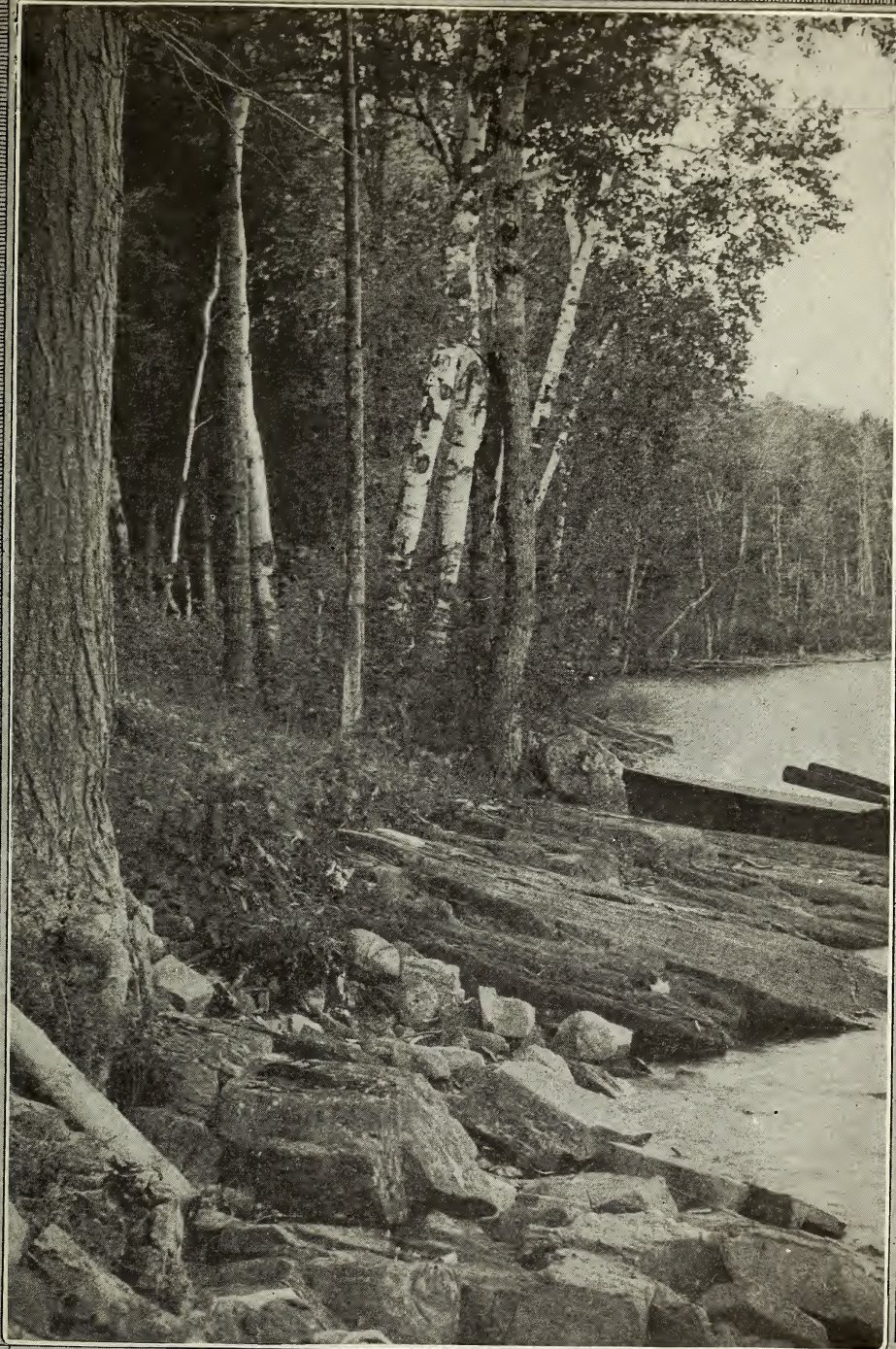
CLOUD REFLECTIONS





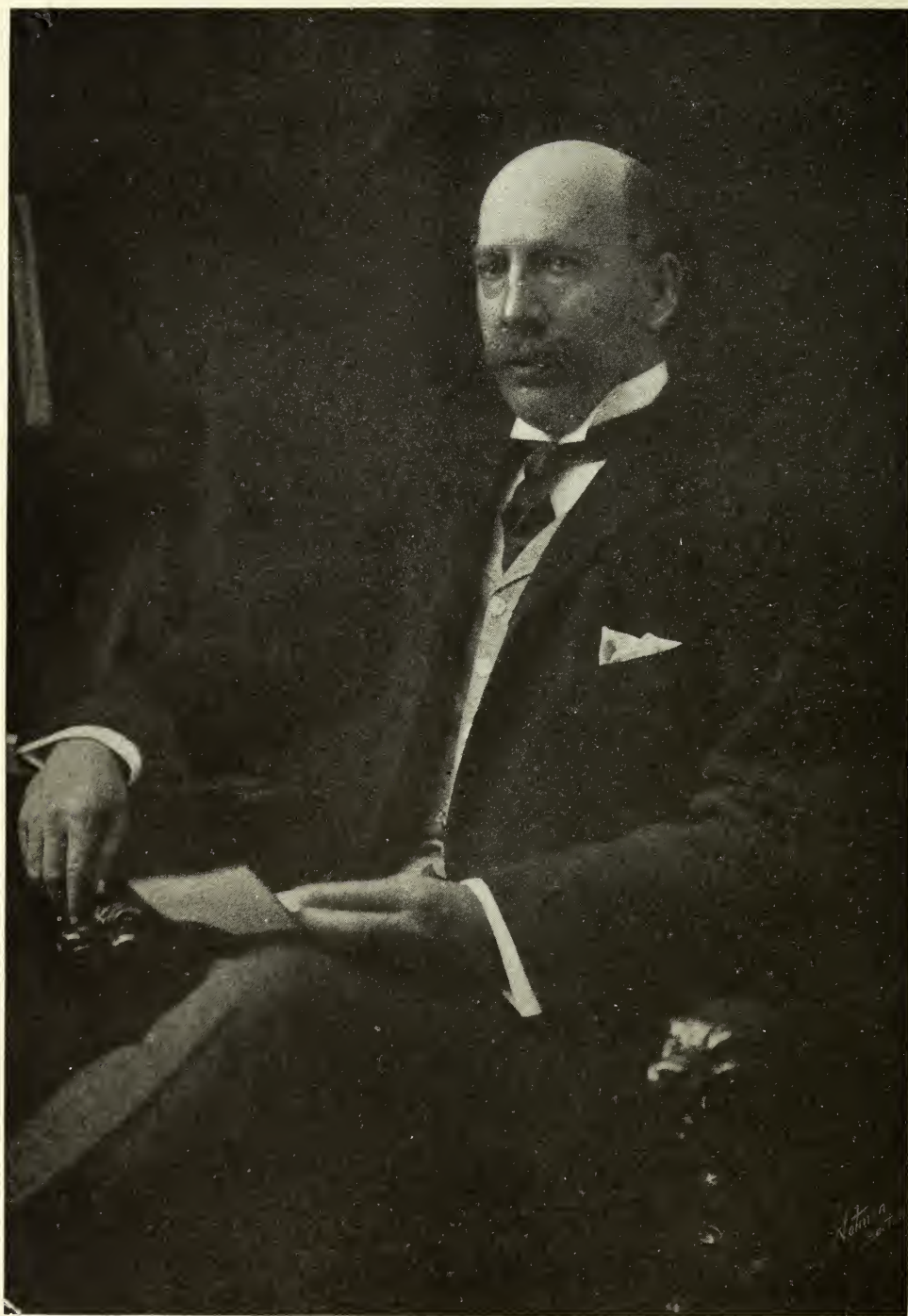
MORGAN'S ISLAND





ALONG THE SHORE





Photograph by Notman

HON. SAMUEL L. POWERS

# NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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NUMBER 3

## THE TAFT ADMINISTRATION

By HON. SAMUEL L. POWERS

IT is very difficult to understand the currents of public sentiment in this country. They flow steadily in one direction for a time, and then suddenly, without apparent cause, their courses change and they flow in an opposite or divergent direction, with even greater force than before. In these changing movements they are not unlike the currents of air, ever changing in direction and force with the varying changes of atmospheric conditions. Just at present, driven by these currents of sentiment, we appear to be driven into an area of pessimism and doubt. That irrepressible optimism which has always been a dominant trait in the American character, and a tremendous force in the development of our commercial and industrial greatness, is for the time being checked. We appear to be losing faith in each other and confidence in ourselves. I am not, however, prepared to believe that the present tendency toward pessimism is likely to continue for any great length of time. It is absolutely foreign to our nature, and its existence can only be accounted for by the concerted influence upon the public mind of a large number of magazine and newspaper writers. These publications are attempting to persuade the American people that the times are "out of joint"; that our public servants are either incapable or dishonest; that our judges

are mere puppets controlled by political or commercial influence in the discharge of their judicial duties; that the large combinations of capital are all wilful and insistent violators of the law; that the time has already come when it is no longer safe to rely upon business honor and individual honesty, but that every one must be on his guard to detect fraud and deceit in those with whom he deals, even though they be his friends and neighbors. This sentiment of distrust is being fanned into a growing flame by the literary highwayman in his contributions to what is known as the "popular" magazine. The publisher tells us that there is a strong public demand for contributions of this character, and hence his justification for giving the people the food they crave. He tells us that the reading public of this country no longer demand plain and wholesome literary food, but that the literary palate now insists upon something that is highly seasoned, and the larger amount of tabasco sauce the better. The accurate and painstaking student of political economy, who has devoted many years of careful study to the subject, and who may have won his present position as the head of a great department of economics in one of our large universities or colleges, is no longer the popular contributor to our magazines engaged in instructing our people concerning the



cause of the increase of the cost of living. The author who won literary fame last year when he gave to the world a lurid work of fiction, and who never in his life gave any careful study to the subject of political economy, is this year the popular contributor to the world's knowledge of the underlying causes of the variation in the prices of articles of commerce. Without the slightest hesitation, and with a vehemence which permits of no discussion, he tells us that the increase or decrease in the annual production of gold does not and never did have any effect whatever upon the price at which foodstuffs and other articles of commerce are bought and sold. He contemptuously brushes aside the expressed views of Chevalier, Carnes, Erich and other great students of the question. What cares he for the opinion of these old fogies! What cares he for the law of supply and demand! Why should he waste his valuable time in discussing the laws of economics which have been accepted by the civilized world for three centuries at least! How much better to tell his readers, as did a writer in a well-known magazine issued in April of the present year, that whatever the production, "the cost of living would still be high if the same gang of thieves were permitted to stand between the producers and consumers"; and again, "If the government were to permit the cost of living continually to be increased, the government ought to be destroyed." This writer was discussing the high cost of living. We all know it is an old question and has been under discussion by great students for centuries. It has generally been regarded as a rather intricate and dry subject for consideration, but you will observe how entrancing it becomes when it is properly treated by the writer of fiction. This is the conclusion which he finally reaches: The only cause of high cost of living, a gang of thieves; remedy, government destroy the thieves. Failing to do this, then destroy the government. Unfortunately, this modern economist does not tell us what the cost of living is likely to be

after the government has been destroyed, except by inference, and that is that when our government has disappeared from the face of the earth the cost of living will probably be reasonable.

During the past few months there has been more or less criticism of the administration of Mr. Taft. This criticism has come largely through the columns of the popular magazine, so called, and the articles have been written in many cases by the same class of men who are engaged in the discussion of the economic questions of the day. It may be worth while to examine somewhat critically the more important criticisms of Mr. Taft's administration. We must bear in mind that this administration has been in existence for only a little over a year; that during that period there has been one special or extraordinary session of Congress—for the consideration of the tariff question—and that a session is now in progress having under consideration many important recommendations from the President. Within so short a period of time it could hardly be expected that the President could formulate and put into execution his larger policies depending upon new legislation. He must, however, be held responsible for his approval of the Payne tariff bill, and for his attitude toward it while it was under consideration by the Congress. He must also be held responsible for having recommended a revision of the tariff which resulted in the passage of the new tariff law. The Republican party, when it nominated Mr. Taft as its candidate for the presidency, adopted as one of the planks of its platform its purpose to bring about a revision of the tariff. Mr. Taft believed that he was politically and morally bound to do his utmost to keep that pledge to the American people, and with that in view he called the special session of Congress directly after his inauguration, and recommended a revision of the existing tariff laws. While the subject was under consideration by the two branches of Congress he did everything he properly

could to persuade Congress to revise the tariff downward. Everybody knows that the bill which Congress finally presented to the President for his approval was not satisfactory to him. It was, however, satisfactory to a majority of the two branches of Congress, and the members of the House at least are supposed to represent public sentiment. Now, when that bill had passed Congress and was presented to the President, there were two courses open to him,—either to sign the bill or veto it. Had he vetoed the bill, the agitation for tariff reform would have continued, with all its depressing effect upon the industries of the country. The President reached the conclusion that it was better for the welfare of the country that he should sign the bill, even though not entirely satisfactory to him, and that through the creation of a tariff board which he had recommended there should be an earnest effort made to secure such additional and reliable information as would make it possible in the near future to revise the law along more scientific lines and upon a more reasonable basis. Suppose, now, that the President, instead of signing the bill, had vetoed it. In other words, suppose he had set up his judgment against the judgment of the Congress which had passed the bill. Two results were absolutely sure to have followed. In the first place, he would have antagonized Congress, and in the second place he would greatly have hindered the return of industrial prosperity. In the very beginning of his administration he would have put himself in a controversy with Congress, with little hope of securing the passage of such other legislation as he believed the country demanded. While the subject of revision of the tariff was under consideration it could not be expected that business would return to its normal condition. So much for the President's relation to the new tariff act.

A number of writers in magazines which have recently appeared tell us that the people have lost faith in Mr. Taft because of his association with the "bosses" of the Republican party, and

they point to the fact that he is apparently on good terms with Senator Aldrich, Senator Root, Secretary Knox and Speaker Cannon. Well, why shouldn't he be on good terms with them? Does any one claim that he is on better terms with them than was Mr. Roosevelt? Were not all these distinguished gentlemen connected with the Roosevelt administration? Were any of them ever denounced by Mr. Roosevelt during his administration as unsafe men to meet? At no time did Mr. Roosevelt ever publicly state that any of these gentlemen were lacking in loyalty or devotion to any of the policies which he believed in. It is true that Mr. Taft selected Mr. Knox as his Secretary of State, but Mr. Knox had been Attorney-General under the administration of President Roosevelt. He was known to be a very close and intimate friend of the ex-President. He had entered the Senate after his retirement from the Roosevelt cabinet with the full approval of his former chief. While upon the floor of the Senate it was known that he represented the progressive ideas of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Root filled two important cabinet positions during the Roosevelt administration,—first, that of Secretary of War and then Secretary of State, and it is publicly known that Mr. Roosevelt was desirous that he should come to the Senate representing the Empire State. As for Mr. Aldrich, he has for years been regarded as the leader of the Senate in connection with matters of tariff and finance. So far as it appears, he was on excellent terms with Mr. Roosevelt during his incumbency of the White House; nor has anything ever appeared to show that there was any serious difference between Mr. Roosevelt and Speaker Cannon. A recent magazine writer speaks of Mr. Taft coming to Washington at the time of his inauguration, and says: "The Aldriches, the Cannons, the Roots, the Knoxes and every other tongue-lolling, wide-jawed wolf of Money were there to flatter him. They wooed and they won him." If they have wooed and won Mr. Taft, they certainly wooed and won Mr.



Roosevelt, because their relations with the former were quite as intimate as they have been with the latter. The President has never had any tariff views in common with Mr. Aldrich. He has never been on terms of what may be called personal intimacy with Speaker Cannon. However, he is criticised by the radical weeklies and monthlies because he appears to be on speaking terms with these distinguished statesmen.

Suppose the President were to follow the advice of these magazine writers, and become an insurgent, and enter fiercely into a contest with the leading statesmen of his own party who to-day are largely in control of the legislation of Congress. Such a course, no doubt, would please some people, but it could result in no good, and on the other hand it would be sure to result in much harm. It would disorganize the Republican party; it would prevent the passage of many laws which ought to be enacted, and which have been recommended by the President, and it would prepare the way for the return of the Democratic party to power in both the executive and legislative departments of our government.

There appears to be a disposition upon the part of some of these magazine writers to hold the President and his party solely responsible for the present high cost of living. So far as prices are excessive by reason of failure to enforce existing law, or to enact necessary legislation to prevent the charging of exorbitant prices, thus far is the administration to be held responsible for the situation. If, however, the present high cost of living is traceable to other than political causes, then, of course, the administration should not be held responsible for the situation. It is true that we are passing through an era of high prices, and so far as they affect the necessities of life they create great unrest and dissatisfaction among the people. It is not difficult to determine the present causes of the increase in the cost of living. It is not limited to this country, but extends throughout the entire civ-

ilized world. The increase is undoubtedly due to several causes, one of the more important causes being the tremendous increase in the world's production of gold. In the year 1896 the amount of gold coin in the United States was \$8.40 per inhabitant; in 1908 it had increased to \$18.46 per inhabitant, or nearly 120 per cent., or an increase of 10 per cent. annually. This steady increase in amount of gold has brought about a corresponding decrease in the purchasing power of money, and a corresponding increase in the cost of living. Another important cause is the excessive growth of our urban population, and extends to the abnormal increase of our manufacturing industries, which have within a decade made this country the foremost manufacturing nation of the world. These manufacturing industries have offered inducements in the way of higher wages, which have resulted in the growth of the population in the large cities and towns, and this has been encouraged at the expense of our agricultural industries, and a natural result has been that our agricultural industries have relatively fallen off per inhabitant within the last twenty years. This of itself would account for the increased cost of grain and livestock, which, after all, form the principal food products for our population. Free pasturage on the public lands of the nation, while it continued, enabled our people to raise livestock at a reasonable expense, and to export vast quantities of animal food products to Europe at a profit in competition with other sources of supply from abroad. The settlement of the Western prairie lands, together with the policy of allowing free pasture to the so-called "Beef Barons," has resulted in the reduction of herds, and, without question, has increased cost of beef for food. In other words, the law of supply and demand has proved most unkind in its effect upon the cost of living.

It is, of course, easy to charge the President with failure to enforce law against the "middlemen," so called, and say that failure to enforce the law is

the cause of the present high price of food. There certainly is no evidence of any failure on the part of the administration to properly enforce the trust laws against the packers, and there is ample evidence of proof that the present high cost of living is due to causes over which the administration has no control whatever.

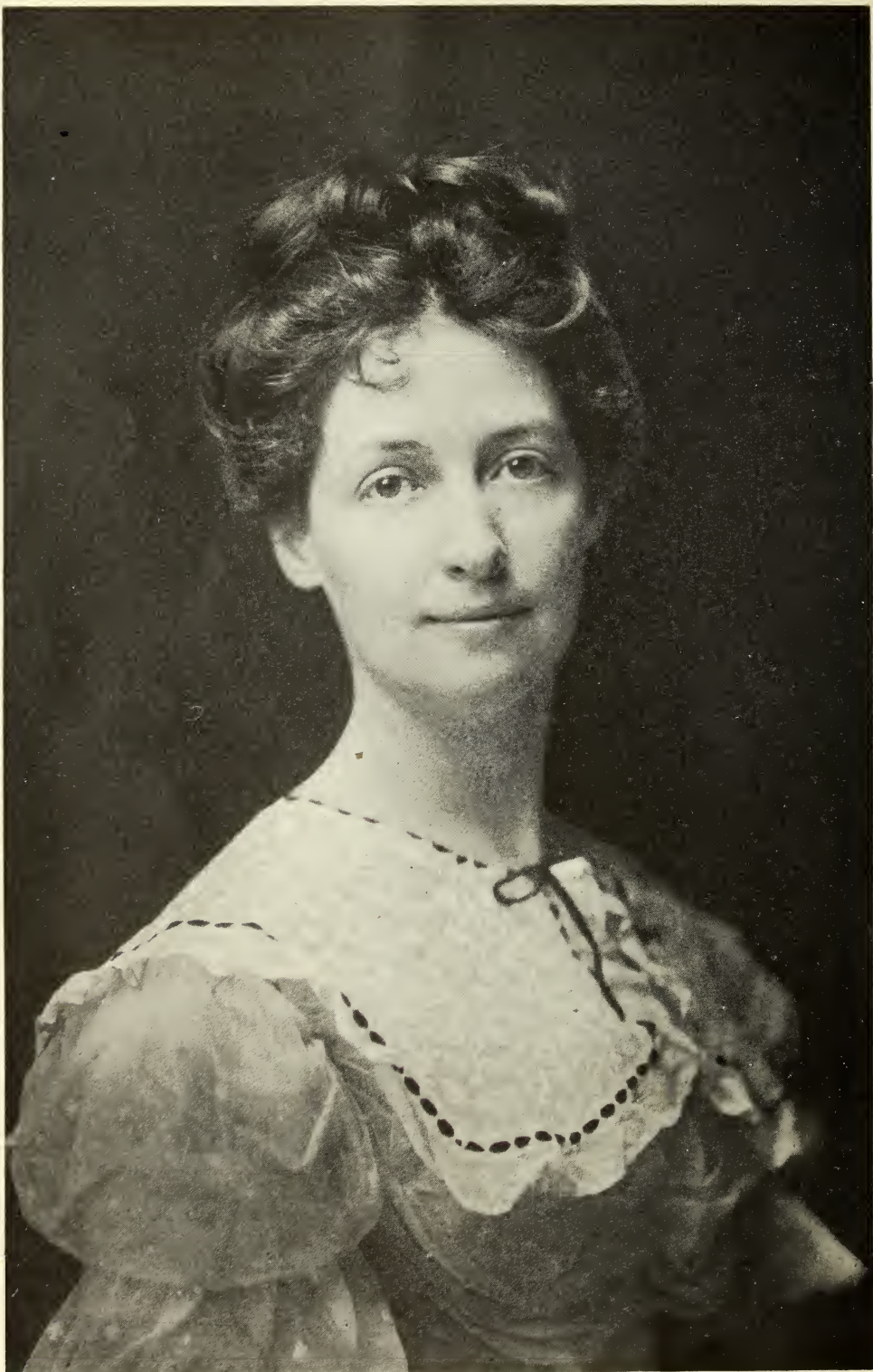
It is certainly gratifying to see that no one undertakes to charge the President with failure to enforce the laws for the regulation of trusts and monopolies. He may be doing it quietly, but he certainly is doing it effectively. A well-known metropolitan daily, in referring to the President's enforcement of the law, says: "He has whipped up the anti-trust law to speed never before exhibited."

The legislative programme which the President has submitted to Congress is in every way ample. It includes all the measures to which the Republican party was pledged. There has been no suggestion, so far as I know, that he has failed to recommend any important legislation demanded by the people. What is most gratifying is that this legislative programme as recommended by the President is likely to be largely enacted into law at the present session of Congress, and this leads us to the consideration of one other phase of the criticism which is being heaped upon the President, and that is that he is not a great political leader. It is somewhat difficult to determine what is the exact test of great leadership in political affairs. It is, however, generally conceded that a man is a great leader who is able to accomplish the purposes he has in view. Clay, Douglas, Stevens, Blaine and Garfield are regarded as our great parliamentary leaders, but they earned that reputation by reason of being able to persuade men to follow them and do things which they recommended. If that be the test of political leadership, then surely Mr. Taft must be regarded a great political leader if he has the capacity to per-

suade the two branches of Congress to adopt his theories of legislation and enact them into law. Any President who involves himself in controversy with the lawmaking branch of our government to the extent of defeating the very purposes he has in view cannot be regarded a great political leader. Undoubtedly, there are those among our people who would like to see a violent controversy in progress between the President and the leaders of both the Senate and the House. The more violent the controversy, the better it would please them. If they seek leadership of that character, they will not find it in Mr. Taft. He is a great administrative officer. He understands men and the motives which control them. He never appeals to passions and prejudices, but to sound, common sense. He is honest and he demands honesty in others. He is patriotic and unselfish, and he is sufficiently optimistic to expect to find those essential qualities in others. He does not and he will not seek to control the expression of public sentiment in the American newspapers and magazines. If they criticise him unfairly or unjustly, he will submit to the criticism, and he can afford to do so, so long as he is conscious that he is doing his duty in the best manner for the welfare of the American people. He will remain content to rely upon the common sense and fair play of his fellow-countrymen, and he can safely do so.

There is no people in the world more fair-minded or more generous-hearted than ours. We may be for the time being be led astray by these lurid writers of political fiction; we may for the moment accept assertion for argument, and we may say unjust and unkind things concerning our public officials, but sooner or later our better judgment asserts itself and we are once more true American citizens, loyal to our government and devoted to our leaders and supremely hopeful of the future of the republic.





Photograph by Byrd Studio

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY (MRS. LIONEL MARKS)

# JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

*America's Dramatic Poet*

By MARY STOYELL STIMPSON

A CAMBRIDGE woman has won a signal honor. Through her achievement she has conferred a lasting source of pride upon her city, her state and her country. It was on March 11 that a dispatch from London to New York bore these lines:

"Josephine Preston Peabody, who is Mrs. Lionel Marks of Cambridge, Mass., is the winner of the prize of \$1500 offered by one of the governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon for the best play submitted for performance at the theater. Three hundred and fifteen plays were sent to the reading committee, who selected two which were submitted to the Duke of Argyll, whose decision is in favor of Miss Peabody's play, entitled 'The Piper.' It deals with the old story of the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin.' The play is to be acted on May 5, when, according to the conditions of the contest, the prize is to be presented to the successful playwright on the stage of the Memorial Theater."

It was stated in the conditions that the competition was open to the world, and that preferably the play should be a poetic and romantic piece. Miss Peabody had known nothing of this prize competition until she received from a friend a newspaper clipping which made some brief mention of it, shortly after the publication of "The Piper," in the autumn of 1909. She immediately forwarded a copy of the play to the governors of the Memorial Theater, which has now received such a notable stamp of approval. In the six months which elapsed between the submitting

of the play and the reception of the prize-awarding telegram there was many a chance for hope and fear to alternate in the author's heart. Six months of absolute silence would have been sufficiently trying, but to Miss Peabody there came at intervals certain communications which served but to make the waiting period unusually wearing. The first of these brought the intelligence that all but thirty of the three hundred and fifteen plays submitted had been thrown aside; that her work was among those which would merit further consideration. A little later she received word that she was among the list of possible winners, which had then narrowed to seven. This letter was accompanied with the request for several copies of her play, "since she was the only one of that seven who lived at so great a distance that, should she prove the victor, there would scarcely be time to secure enough copies to distribute among the actors for the May production." More hope—but also more delay. One day there came the announcement from the secretary of the Shakespeare Memorial Association that only Miss Peabody and one other remained as rival competitors. At this time the Cambridge poet was seriously ill at the hospital, so there was perhaps less thought of dramatic matters across the water. But it was an added happiness to her convalescence when news arrived in this country that her play had received its final approval from the Duke of Argyll.

Miss Peabody was born in New York State, but the family removed to Massachusetts when she was very young, so that she attended the public schools



of Boston, the Girl's Latin School, took special courses at Radcliffe, becoming later a valued instructor and lecturer at Wellesley College. All her life she has been a devoted student of poetry and drama, and from her earliest years has shown great poetic talent. She was but fourteen when her first poem was accepted by a New York editor, while her first contribution to the *Atlantic Magazine* so impressed Horace Scudder, then its editor, that he requested the writer to call upon him at his office. When she presented herself he could hardly believe that the childlike personage before him was the author of such musical, finished verse.

When a special student at Radcliffe, Miss Peabody gave most of her time to the study of Greek, Italian and the Elizabethan drama. In 1897 she published her first book, "Old Greek Folk-Stories: Told Anew." The following year appeared her first volume of poems, "The Wayfarers." In 1900, when "Fortune and Men's Eyes" came from the press, critics united in placing Miss Peabody in the forefront of living poets. This success was closely followed by one even greater, "Marlowe," a five-act drama, which was given three performances by Harvard University in 1906, and hailed by Richard Henry Stoddard as "not a book of the week, or of the year, but a lasting contribution to the glory of American letters."

Thus, while still in her twenties, was Miss Peabody commanding the attention, the admiration and the enthusiasm of the literati. Ripe scholars were encouraging her; men like Stedman, Gosse and Dobson were exulting in her talent, and her style was already recognized as possessing distinction and exquisite clarity.

"The Singing Leaves: a Book of Songs and Spells," has had more popular vogue than any of her other books (save, perhaps, the "Marlowe" play, which is, of course, not so quotable in fragments). It was a deep pleasure to the author to learn that not long ago some of these songs had been translated and published in Japan by a na-

tive admirer. Our American composers have been swift to see how readily a number of them have lent themselves to musical setting.

"The Book of the Little Past" is a recent publication, charmingly illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green, and shows how comprehendingly Miss Peabody can enter into the thought-world of the child.

But it is this wonderful new drama, "The Piper," with its happy combination of lyrical and dramatic strength, its fine pathos and humor, which will make her name live and will cause it to be linked with such poetic dramatists as Rostand, D'Annunzio, Ibsen and Maeterlinck.

In June, 1906, Miss Peabody was married to Lionel Marks, professor of engineering at Harvard University. They went abroad for a year's travel, and while in London had the pleasure of attending the British-Canadian festival concert, when Mrs. Marks' choric idyl, "Pan," set to music for voices, chorus and orchestra by Harris, was given before King Edward.

Professor Marks is in close sympathy with his wife's work, which she has continued with unabated zeal since her marriage. From their pleasant home at 88 Lakeview avenue, Cambridge, she sailed early in April for England, in order to witness the rehearsals of her play. Professor Marks' duties at the university prevented him from crossing with Mrs. Marks and their two children, but he will join them in June. He was born in Birmingham, England, and his people live in Warwickshire, not many miles from Stratford.

While Mrs. Marks is an industrious author and student, she is by no means a recluse, and possesses many social charms. She has a delicate, flower-like beauty, a quaint, half-serious manner, and converses exceptionally well.

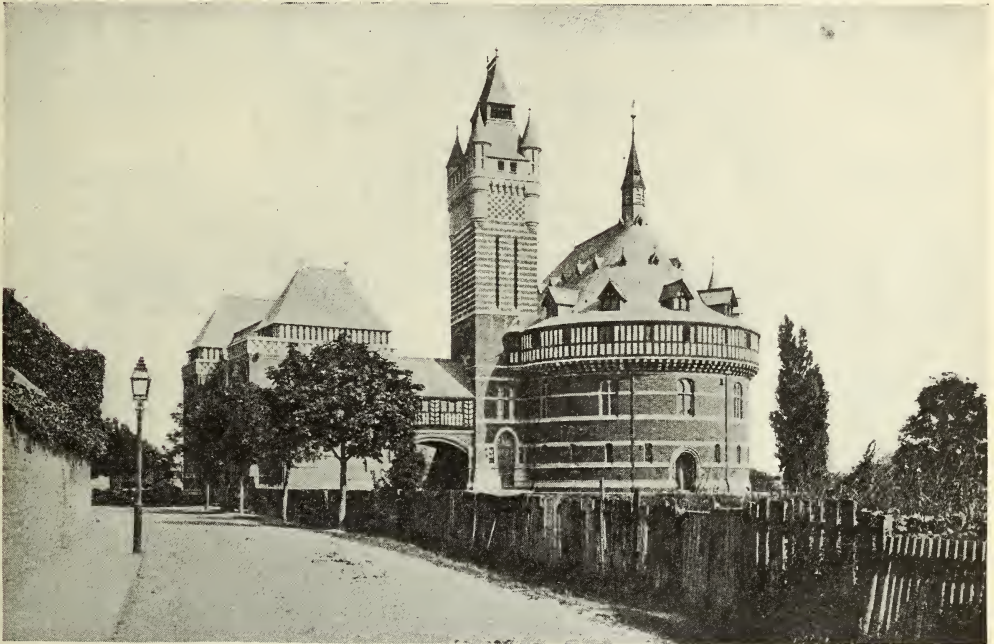
The annual Shakespeare festival will be on a more elaborate scale this year than usual, and will continue a full week longer than heretofore. All the dramatic arrangements are entrusted to F. R. Benson, who has had charge

of these festivals for more than twenty years. Especial care is being taken that "The Piper" shall have the best possible production. Miss Marian Terry takes a leading part, the incidental music has had careful attention, while the first scenic artists of the kingdom have been at work upon the scenery ever since the prize was awarded.

For the benefit of a local charity a reading of "The Piper" was given at the Longfellow House one afternoon in April. Without the aid of actors or

woods and open sky; and she makes the Piper bring the children back in the end, because of the suprememother-love of one woman."

The play opens in the marketplace of Hamelin—time 1284 Anno Domini. A party of strolling players are just concluding their show, "A Noah's ark miracle play of the rudest." The priest, Anselm, is preaching to the gathered citizens; the burgomaster is haggling with the Piper, who now claims his promised reward for ridding the town of its pest. There is a charm in every word



SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE AT STRATFORD

stage settings the characters stood out most clearly from the power of the lines alone. The story is that of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," with the supernatural element well-nigh banished. "Miss Peabody tells us that the 'hollow hill' was no more than the cellarge of a ruined monastery, the shelter of a band of gypsies, and the Piper but a gypsy man, with more than usual of the understanding of the child-heart and the psychology of suggestion, a dreamer with a passionate desire to teach man the care-free life of the

which describes to the reader the persons in the square. Barbara, daughter of Jacobus, the oily burgomaster; young Michael, the sword-swallower; Jan, the little, lame son of Veronika, gaze at the central figure, the Piper, who opens a conversation with the question:

Is this your boy?

Veronika—Ay, he is mine; my only one. He loved thy piping so.

Piper—And I loved his.

Han's wife (stridently)—Poor little boy! He's lame!



Piper—"T is all of us are lame! But he, he flies.

Veronika—Jan, stay here if you will, and hear the pipe, at churchtime.

Piper (to him)—Wilt thou?

Jan (softly)—Mother lets me stay here with the Lonely Man.

Piper—The Lonely Man?

(Jan points to the Christ in the shrine. Veronika crosses herself. The Piper looks long at the little boy.)

Veronika—He always calls him so.

Piper—And so would I.

Veronika—It grieves him that the head is always bowed, and stricken. But he loves more to be here than yonder in the church.

Piper—And so do I.

Veronika—What would you, darling, with the Lonely Man? What do you wait to see?

Jan (shyly)—To see Him smile.

After the conference of the burghers the Piper is offered fifteen guilders in place of the thousand originally promised. While he indignantly refuses the organ calls the people to prayer and the Piper would be alone in the square save for the children who cluster about him begging him to pipe. In anger and pity he wonders why these little ones should be left to grow up among such selfish, grasping folk—and then he pipes softly the Kinderspell.

"The children stop first, and look at him, fascinated; then they laugh, drowsily, and creep closer—Jan always near. They crowd around him. He pipes louder, moving backwards slowly, with magical gestures, towards the little by-streets and the closed doors. The doors open everywhere.

"Out come the children: little ones in nightgowns; bigger ones, with playthings, toy animals, dolls. He pipes, gayer and louder. They pour in, right and left. Motion and music fill the air. The Piper lifts Jan to his shoulder (dropping the little crutch) and marches off up the street at the rear, piping, in the midst of them all.

"Last, out of the minster come tumbling two little acolytes in red, and after them, Peter the Sacristan. He trips over them in his amazement and

terror; and they are gone after the vanishing children before the church-people come out."

Up in the hollow of the hill the Piper stitches away at tiny red shoes, countless ones, for the children, as they sleep. A pot is boiling over a fire of faggots. But one has dreamed—poor Rudi, that "Lump" was dead. His crying wakes the other children who explain to the Piper that "Lump" was their favorite dog. Whereon he speaks:

Piper (shocked and pained)—The dog!—No, no. Heaven save us—I forgot about the dogs!

Rudi—He wanted me—and I always wasn't there! And people tied him up—and other people pretended that he bit. He never bites! He wanted me, until it broke his heart, and he was dead!

Piper (struggling with his emotion)—And then he went to heaven to chase the happy cats up all the trees—little white cats! . . . He wears a golden collar . . . And sometimes—(aside)—I'd forgot about the dogs! Well, dogs must suffer, so that men grow wise. 'Twas ever so.

There must also be piped a Dance-spell for Barbara that she may be happy with Michael, instead of being banished to the nunnery. She recalls his Kinderspell and says:

You bewitched them!

Piper—Yes, so it seems. But how? Upon my life, 'tis more than I know—yes, a little more.

(Rapidly: Half in earnest and half in whimsy.) Sometimes it works, and sometimes no. There are some things, upon my soul, I cannot do.

How do I know? If I knew all, why should I care to live? No, no! The game is What-Will-Happen-Next?

The spell performs its magic. To the plea:

Will you go with him? He will be gentler to you than a father; he would be brothers five and dearest friend. And sweetheart—ay, and knight and servingman! comes the woman's yielding:

All, all for thee! (She leans over in a playful rapture and binds her hair about him.) Look—I will be thy garden that we lost. Yea, everywhere—in every wilderness. There shall none fright us with a flaming sword! But I will be thy garden!

While rage and mourning consume the hearts of the parents the children are leading joyful lives in the mountains with the devoted Piper who has no thought of relinquishing them, until one day he meets the desperate, haggard Veronika, hunting for Jan. After he has stonily refused the mother's plea, he stops before the shrine of the Christ, the Lonely Man, and struggles thus:

I will not, no I will not, Lonely Man! I have them in my hand. I have them all—all—all! And I have lived unto this day. (He waits as if for some reply. He pleads, defends, excuses passionately, before his will gives way, as the arrow flies from the

bowstring.)—I will not give them back!

Look, Lonely Man! You shall have all of us to wander the world over, where You stand at all the crossways, and on lonely hills—outside the churches, where the lost ones go! And the wayfaring men, and thieves and wolves, and lonely creatures, and the ones that sing! We will show all men what we hear and see; and we will make Thee lift Thy head and smile.

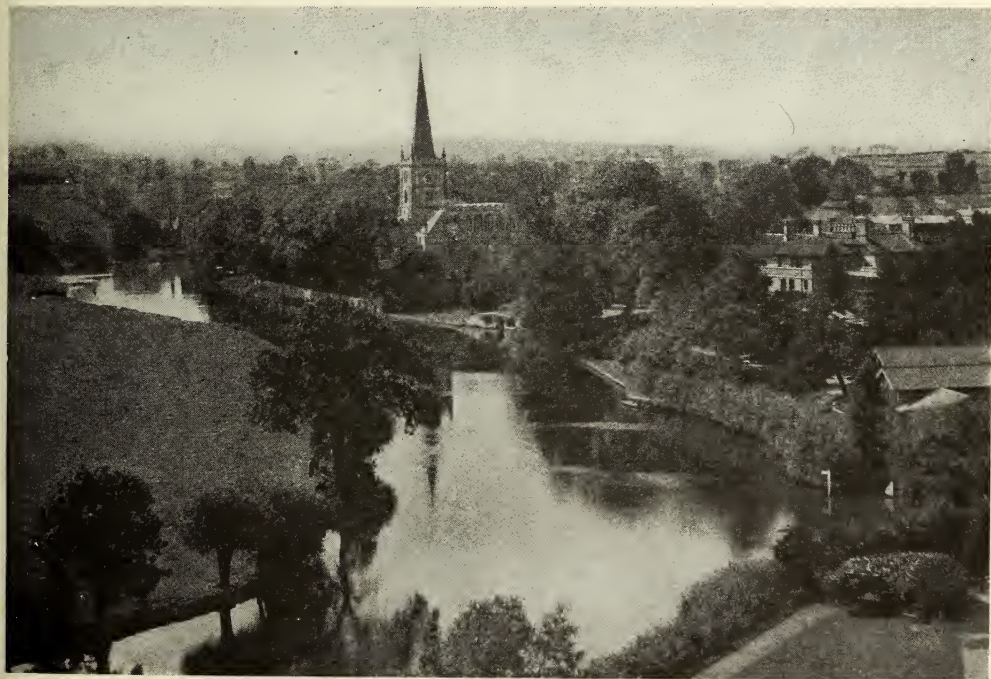
No, no, I cannot give them all! No, no. Why wilt Thou ask it? Let me keep but one. No, no, I will not.

. . . Have Thy way. I will!

Veronika lies ill—the priest declares that her soul is passing—but the Piper woos her back to life by placing Jan within her arms.

There are other children to be wakened.

The Piper sounds a few notes; then



VIEW FROM STRATFORD MEMORIAL THEATRE





AVENUE TO TRINITY CHURCH

lifts his hand and listens, smiling.—Uproar in the distance.—A great barking of dogs; shouts and cheers; then the high, sweet voices of the children. The piping is drowned in cries of joy. The sun comes out, still rosy, in a flood of light. The crowd rushes in. Fat burghers hug each other, and laugh and cry. They are all younger. Their faces bloom, as by a miracle. The children pour in. Some are carried, some run hand-in-hand. Everywhere women embrace their own.—An uproar of light and faces.

"Ah, the high-road now," says the Piper, and, having kept his promise to the Lonely Man he disappears, and, from the distance, comes the far-off sound of piping.

These brief extracts give but an imperfect hint of the prize play. A reading of the complete work, for which every lover of literature must thank Miss Peabody, will but whet the appetite to see its stage production.

American interest in Stratford-on-Avon is intense and perpetual. Washington Irving's private chapel at Red Horse Inn is a reminder of his famous visit there. It is recorded that Barnum's eager proposal to purchase the Shakespeare cottage and move it to America was what induced the English people, suddenly startled, to buy it for the nation. Le Gallienne says: "The people of Stratford are good priests. They do not forget the services to the great dead in whose green temple they are all more or less directly servants. The humblest shopkeeper is proudly conscious that he keeps his shop in Shakespeare's town, while the innkeepers regard themselves as veritable high-priests of this mystery which so many cross the Atlantic and so few cross England, to revere." In one of his own many pilgrimages to the town, as he noted the signature of William Winter in the visitors' book, he commented appreciatively: "He will some day be remembered; less because he

was the first dramatic critic of America, as because he loved our Stratford so well." W. Winter, who is a New Englander, writes, in his "Gray and Gold": "It is, in part, to Americans that Stratford owes its Shakespeare's Memorial; for while the land on which it stands was given by that public-spirited citizen of Stratford, Charles Edwin Flower, a sound and fine Shakespeare scholar, as his acting edition of the plays may testify, and while money to pay for the building of it was freely contributed by wealthy residents of Warwickshire, and by men of all ranks throughout the kingdom, the gifts and labors of Americans were not lacking to that good cause. Edwin Booth was one of the earliest contributors to the Memorial Fund, and the names of Herman Vezin, M. D. Conway, W. H. Reynolds, Mrs. Bateman, Louise Chandler Moulton, occur in the first list of its subscribers. Miss Kate Field worked for its advancement with remarkable energy and practical success. Miss Mary Anderson acted for its benefit in 1885. . . ." The libraries of the Birthplace and of the Memorial alike contain gifts of American books. The Jubilee gift of a drinking-fountain made to Stratford by George W. Childs of Philadelphia was dedicated on October 17, 1887. Henry Irving delivered an eloquent address, and then read a poem composed for the occasion by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

To go back to the beginning of things: feeling was strong at the Tercentenary Festival in 1864 that some fitting memorial should be erected to Shakespeare. In 1874 the project was practically revived by the presentation

of the site and one thousand pounds by C. E. Flower, who expressed the desire that the monument should take the form of a Memorial Theatre. The first stone of this theatre was laid on Shakespeare's birthday, 1877, with full Masonic ceremonies. The Inaugural Festival of its opening was held April 23, 1879. Kate Field recited the dedicatory poem written for the occasion by a Londoner and there was a production of "Much Ado About Nothing." Miss Field's interest may have been quickened by the fact that an ancestor of hers, Nathaniel Field, was an Elizabethan dramatist, a member of Shakespeare's company of players, whose play, "Woman as a Weather-cocke," is often quoted.

The group of memorial buildings comprise the theater, which seats less than a thousand; a library and a picture gallery. In the two latter are assembled all the books upon Shakespeare which have been published, and many choice paintings which illustrate his life and works.

The Church of the Holy Trinity, which is Shakespeare's grave, and the Memorial are quite near each other. The acres of vacant land belonging to the Memorial estate will be beautified as the years go by, and the walks and gardens by Avon's stream will take on, if possible, greater charms. The interest and importance of the Shakespeare festival will also increase, but perhaps never will Americans, bearing in mind both the historical spot and the staging of "The Piper," exclaim again so fervently:

O to be in England,  
Now that April's here!







THE TAFT FAMILY TREE

# ON THE TRAIL OF THE PIONEER TAFTS

By BEATRICE PUTNAM

*Librarian of the Uxbridge Free Public Library*

OUR family have not embarked much upon national politics, except that they have shared in the battles of the country when national independence was to be won and also when the Union was at stake. But brilliant political careers have not been characteristic of the Tafts in the past. It is not safe to say what may yet be in store for them. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," and so of families." These words, that were spoken by Judge Alphonso Taft in an historical address given before the Taft family gathering in Uxbridge, Mass., on August 12, 1874, were prophetic. In the eminent position now held by his son their prediction has been fulfilled. The Taft family tree has at last borne a President. Thereupon, Taft homes, Taft relics and Taft burial spots have become of mighty interest. The tide of this interest rose to its full during the summer months in the old towns of Mendon and Uxbridge. For it was there, when the villages were one, 'way back in 1680, that the pioneer carpenter, Robert Taft, came with his wife and builded him a home.

This article is written that far-off Tafts may know what remains may be found of their early ancestors. The answers to questions that have been asked by the visitors regarding landmarks and families form its basis.

The first source of information to which any one interested in the family turns is to Judge Alphonso's address. It is so complete and accurate that succeeding genealogical students have been able to add little to it. It is an historical document of the greatest value. The inspiration received from

reading it is what has sent many of the summer pilgrims journeying to Mendon and Uxbridge. And there they find that the words of Judge Chapin, the poet of the Taft family gathering, still ring true:

"In early days, old people say,  
A stranger in this town  
When going up the road one day  
Met some one coming down.  
'Good morning, Mr. Taft!' said he;  
The fellow only laughed,  
And said, 'Just how, explain to me,  
You know my name is Taft?'"

The stranger said, 'I've only met  
A dozen since I came,  
And all but one who've spoken yet  
Have answered to the name.  
So, judging from a fact like this,  
I candidly confess  
I thought I could not hit amiss  
And ventured on a guess.'"

It is in Mendon that the family fortunes started, so it is there that the eager genealogist should begin his pilgrimage by viewing the houselot where Robert and Sarah Taft built their home. This is upon the east side of what is now known as Nipmuck Lake, somewhat less than a mile from Mendon center. Robert and his five sons in time came to own all the land that encompassed the beautiful sheet of water, so that it was long called Taft's Pond. For over two hundred years descendants of the Tafts held this land and controlled the pond, but as the twentieth century opened, Old Mendon, that railroads of steam had left afar off and sleeping, was awakened by the swish



and swirl of the "Broomstick Train" as it rushed from Uxbridge by the woods and waters of Tafts, through the drowsy center and on to Milford. Then the groves upon the west side of the picturesque lake were sold to the Milford & Uxbridge Street Railroad, and upon the site where beaux and belles of the past generations had picnicked and danced the buildings of an extensive pleasure resort were erected. Now the skating rink, bowling alleys, dancing pavilion, outdoor theater and other sports of Lake Nipmuck Park attract thousands of visitors while the sum-

both also residents of Mendon, own land adjacent to the original house lot.

When the proceedings of the Taft family gathering were published an appeal was printed in it for funds "to procure and erect a suitable monument to our honored ancestor." This was to be erected upon the farm of Alanson. From information that can be gathered now, there seems to have been little material result from this. Later, in 1897, a similar appeal was printed and sent to members of the family. The fund then raised was deposited in the Uxbridge Savings Bank, and Daniel W.



THE OLD TAFT TAVERN, RESIDENCE OF MISS S. F. TAFT

mer months last. The place is no desecration of the land cleared by the sturdy pioneers, for order and decency prevail on every side. The old towns have been fortunate in the recreation ground that has sprung up near them.

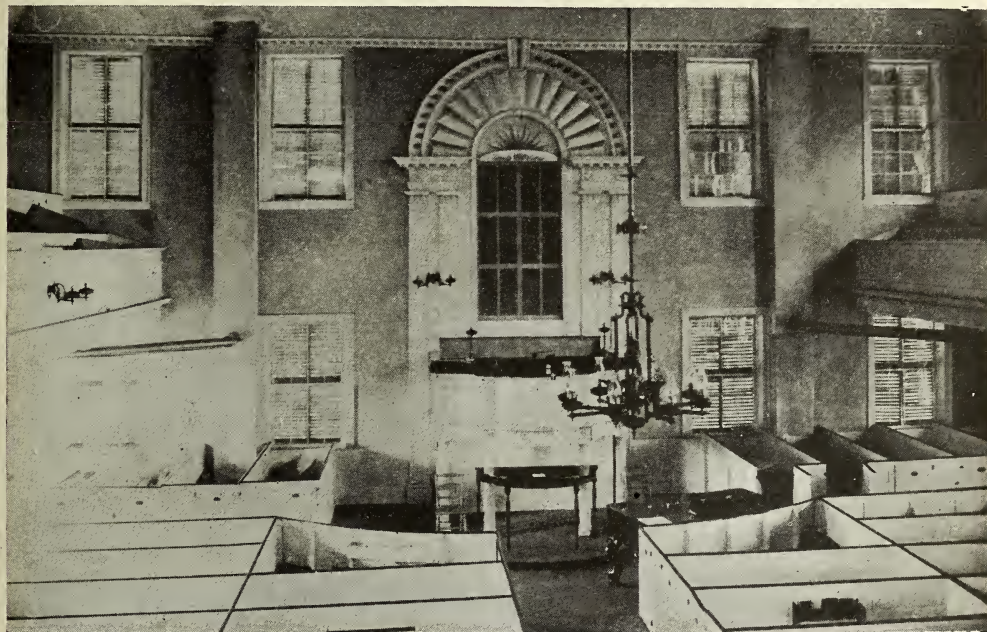
The site of the first Robert's house, as has been said, was on the east of the lake. Of it there are no remains. The house now standing there is owned by Alanson Taft of Mendon. He no longer occupies it, but prefers to spend his days of old age in the village with his daughter. Luther and Austin Taft,

Taft was appointed treasurer. About this date a committee consisting of Arthur R. Taft and Henry G. Taft of Uxbridge conferred with Alanson Taft regarding the erection of the proposed monument. They were unable to reach an agreement, so the matter lapsed and none was built. The money, now amounting to over \$500, still lies idle in the bank, under the trusteeship of D. Wendell Taft, Daniel's only son. The impetus of another enthusiastic Taft gathering is needed to make the monument an actuality. The spot now

stands unmarked. The placard shown in the picture is a temporary one.

In Mendon village visitors may also find landmarks of interest. High on a hill sits Mother Mendon, still rural, calm and beautiful. Her pleasant farms look off over her daughter towns where jarring mills have attracted the populace. Here may be found in the old graveyard the burial spot of one of Robert's sons, Daniel. The cellar of Daniel's house is also shown. The site where the first three meeting houses stood has been made into "Founders' Park," through the instrumentality of

it, that they might easily reach their estates where the best land lay. The family succeeded in getting the town of Mendon to vote "that Mr. Taft and his sons should be freed from working at the highways, in case they build a bridge over the 'Great River' to the land on the west side of said river, until other men's work come to be proportionable to theirs in working upon the highways." This was in 1709. Judge Alphonso Taft says: "The bridge was built and was probably the first bridge ever built over that river." Later, in 1729, the Tafts built a second bridge a



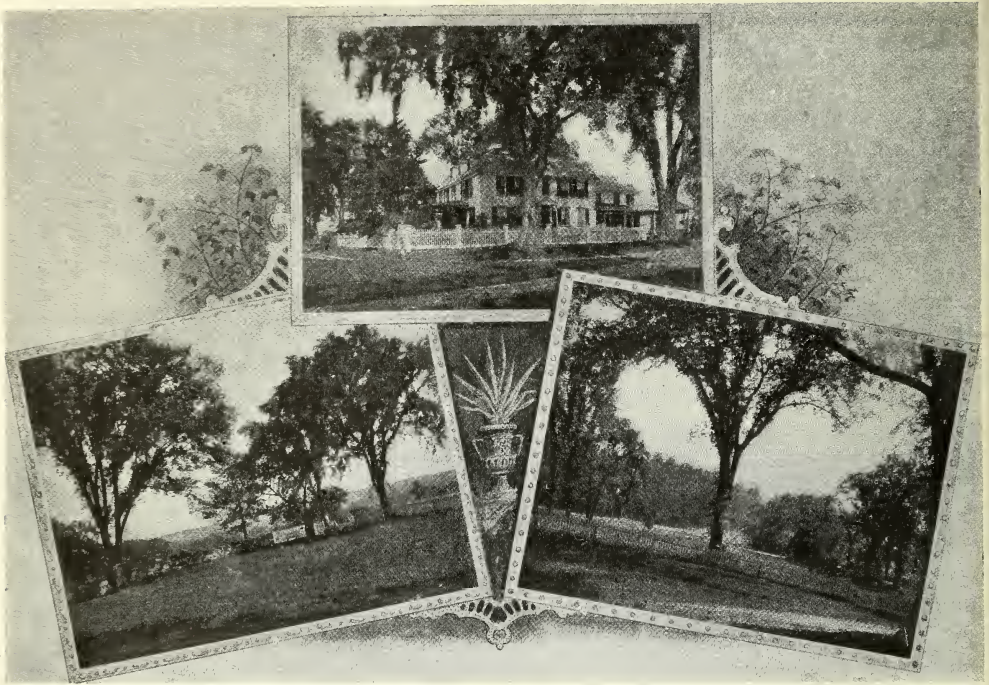
INTERIOR OF UNITARIAN CHURCH, MENDON

the Mendon Historical Society, and a suitable tablet has been erected there.

Robert's sons, Thomas, Robert and Daniel, were each given a part of the original lot of land and thereupon built and occupied houses. The two younger sons, Joseph and Benjamin, crossed the "Great River," now the Blackstone, and built their homes upon the fertile intervals of Uxbridge. When these sons of Father Robert, in their zeal for land, began farming these extensive tracts on the west bank of the "Great River," a need at once arose for a bridge to cross

short distance below the first, and this time the town allowed them sixty pounds toward expense. It is a pleasant walk to the site of this old bridge. A lane opposite the Henry G. Taft estate leads directly to it through rich meadow lands, where wild flowers bloom and birds sing. The west abutment still stands in good condition, though builded nearly two hundred years ago. It looks as if it might stand yet another generation, though the river's current there flows swift and strong. Upon the east bank some of





HOMESTEAD OF THE LATE EDWARD C. THAYER, NOW OWNED BY MRS. W. A. L. BAZELEY

the uncemented rocks are still to be seen, showing that the Tafts knew well how to build. While the traffic of this day takes another course, the old road is being washed away and overgrown, and the fragments of the old bridge stand alone in picturesque decay.

There are now three large farms and one small one upon this western Taft land and all are owned by descendants of the family, all are highly cultivated and all are kept in the finest order. The houses are furnished with interesting old relics, and traditions of bygone Tafts can be culled from ancient records and family stories. These are model farms, most pleasant to visit.

The farm situated farthest south is owned by Mrs. W. A. L. Bazeley, a descendant of Daniel. It is occupied by her now as a summer residence. The house was built by Daniel's son, Bazeley, and has been owned since by his direct descendants. Mrs. Bazeley's little daughters represent the fifth generation that has lived in the old house.

The adjoining farm is the property

of the Henry G. Taft estate. This also is open only in the summer, a farmer being in charge during the winter.

The land occupied by the next farms was originally the property of Joseph, the ancestor of President Taft. A small portion of his homelot is now in possession of Mrs. Eugene Farnum, who lives there in an attractive little house with her family.

The last farm is the spot in Uxbridge most closely connected with President Taft, for it was there that the house of his great-great-grandfather stood. No remains of the house are now there, but near the supposed site is the cellar of a barn that was standing within the memory of man. This cellar was probably that of one of Joseph's buildings. The farm is now divided by the main road running between Providence and Worcester. Across the road from the cellar stands the house of the farm's present owner, George Zadoc Taft. He is a descendant of Aaron, who was a brother of the President's Great-great-grandfather Peter.

Scattered throughout Uxbridge are the homes of countless Tafts, all descendants of the first Robert. On every hand are signs of their thrift and industry.

The Taft homestead that has attracted the most attention in the past is that owned by Miss Sarah F. Taft. Here George Washington stopped over night during his first presidency. The story of this has been told so many times that it is hardly necessary to repeat it here. The best account of the old house is contained in a pamphlet written by Miss Taft, called "The Old Taft Tavern." This was published by the Deborah Wheelock Chapter, D. A. R., of Uxbridge.

The Thayer Memorial Building, the home of the Uxbridge Free Public Library, was given by Edward C. Thayer in memory of his father and his Taft

mother. The walls of the building are hung with portraits of the representative men and women of past generations, and the majority of these bear the name of Taft. In the building now also hangs one of the Taft family trees, loaned by Arthur R. Taft. This tree was drawn in 1862 by Dr. Jonathan Taft of Cincinnati. The plate was shortly afterwards destroyed by fire, so that it is no longer possible to get copies of the original. It has, however, been photographed by E. A. Adams of Whitinsville, Mass.

And so, in these villages of old Massachusetts—

"Old Robert's stock is strong and sound,

And while the waters run

This vine shall spread its roots around

And bud and blossom on!"



SITE OF THE FIRST TAFT HOUSE IN UXBRIDGE

The proceedings of the Taft family gathering were published shortly after the meeting. The president of the association then formed, Daniel W. Taft, bore the expense of the publication. He died July 27, 1906.



# WHEN THE SHADOWS LENGTHEN

By ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

TO many of the minor ends of existence one may take cross-cuts. Parnassus has been gained by a single bound and the Midas-touch conferred, all in a few brief moons, by a patent pill or a hair-crimper. But as yet, not one has discovered any method of shortening the regular schedule time required to win the mellow virtues and graces which properly belong to old age.

Undeniably, old age, or its simulation, has sometimes been gained prematurely by means of black arts; but never, in such cases has there been won with it the effulgent charms which make the aureola of old age. Indeed, old age won by black arts bears the same resemblance to the legitimate brand under discussion that a yellow, worm-eaten wind-fall bears to the sound and mellow fruit, which falls, not because it has a worm at its center, but from the slow ripening processes of Nature. Bearing gentle witness to similar beneficent processes, there have been in every age of the world silver-haired saints whose characters suggest the choice qualities which belong to rare old violins and mellow wines.

Pursuing the comparison farther, however, one discovers by consulting the files of memory that time, alone, is powerless to confer the mellow richness mentioned. A poor violin, a poor wine or a bad man cannot rely upon the years for any title to honor. Polonius was old, but his gray hairs were not a crown of glory. Falstaff, also, came at last "within range of the rifle-pits" only to hear from King Hal the stinging rebuke:

"How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,  
So surfeit-swelled, so old and so profane."

And life, in painful verification of Shakespeare, gives every generation sorry duplicates of Polonius and Falstaff, as well as thousands of other variations of old age, unhaloed and unhallowed because the proper ingredients were not mixed with the passing years. But a brief recognition of the existence of such grey-haired reprobates is happily all that lies within the purpose of this paper, which concerns itself, instead, with the more grateful study of cases in which old age has matched in itself now the warm blue enchantment of Indian Summer, or again, the deep, rich tints of a lingering afterglow.

The privilege of knowing a good old gentleman or a good old lady is one whose rare value is seldom recognized by myopic youth. It is only when time begins to warn one with the italics of a gray hair or two, and the deepening of facial lines, that one can have the perspective which shows the lacks of youth and the gains of age. From this vantage-ground, looking before and after, one appreciates how beneficently it was ordained that most of us should have grandparents, or, lacking these, the opportunity to know the grandparents of others. For how beautifully does a beautiful old age answer most of the vitally poignant questions of life! Sooner or later, some disillusion makes us level against the universe the old, old queries:

Is life worth living? What is it all for, anyway?

How the questions dissolve, like sun

dispelled mist, in the presence of any grey-haired conqueror whose face banishes all doubt in an illuminated table of beatitudes. Compared with a group of these human documents—the souls' authentic monographs on life, written in the slow cryptograph of thought and feeling,—how trivial look the material possessions which sometimes possess the collectors of time-tinted folios and old engravings. For while I cannot deny a certain acceleration of my own heart-beats at the sight of hoary volumes and old furniture which majestically triumph over their futilely dapper successors, there is another antiquarian field whose enchantments lure me far more strongly. So it follows that I would not exchange for all the treasures of the richest attics of antiquarian dreams my own collection whose value is beyond all monetary computation.

In a word, while others have been collecting old tea-cups, old chairs and old clocks, I have for a number of years collected nice old ladies and nice old gentlemen. Of course, nobody will so far misunderstand me as to fancy that these nice old ladies and nice old gentlemen have been materially captured, like so many curios, and stored up to excite the envy of neighboring collectors. No, indeed, my antiquarian kingdom has not come by violence, but by observation, unmarred by any vulgar haggling 'twixt buyer and seller. The collectee has never known when he or she was being collected for the silent galleries of memory. And though within the strangely elastic walls enclosing them, they are often brought cheek by jowl by the laws of association, they have never met each other in what is so quaintly called "real life." There, their ways have lain wide asunder—as wide in some cases as the unknown space which lies between us and the Undiscovered Country.

And yet, had they known each other in "real life," I feel sure that they would all have found each other as lovable as I have found all of them. In truth, I must confess that my fancy

has made many a fine holiday for itself by pairing off my collectees in the cosiest of *tete-a-tetes*. One gallant old nonagenarian, in particular, I have made much happier than I fear Fate has allowed him to be in the lonely thirty years he was left mateless.

Not that I would for worlds tamper with the unique and tender constancy which was one of the qualities which elected him to halo-rights in my Almond-Tree Society. But some harmless Platonic pleasures my fancy has apportioned him in the companionship of two or three of the most bewitching of my old ladies. And the bewitching old ladies are nothing averse. I can see them now, beaming upon him, with smiles that seem a translation of the subtle fragrance of rose-petals pressed many years between the leaves of a book. I have even allowed the very nicest old lady—but there! why should you not meet her yourself and some of the rest of these charmers and understand why the sight of silver locks arouses in me more pulsing expectations than the choicest piece of *faience* can excite in the bosom of a connoisseur.

And as other antiquarians begin with the proud exhibition of their rarest treasure, so shall I with one of my most cherished possessions — Saint Benedicta, as I sometimes call her, though more often the Lady of Light.

I discovered her in a New England city, the next day after I had seen the new moon over my right shoulder, and for months she seemed too good to be true. But I found that she was as true as she was good and much more. In sober truth, she sometimes seems too young to belong to my collection, although she is in her eightieth year. And yet her youthfulness at that age is one of the reasons why I collected her. Even were she but sixty, I should still find some pretext for including her among the chosen because of her remarkable mastery of the difficult art of growing old.

Even her soft, silver hair utterly rejects the usual insignia of age, retaining about her temples a few coquet-



tish waves that accord well with the unimpaired twinkle of her eyes. And by this same twinkle you may know her most dominant characteristics. For the twinkle does not come slowly, like the delayed report from the far-off end of a lighted fuse, but as instantaneously as light follows the turn of an electric switch. So the twinkle is the outward and visible sign of a keen responsiveness to everything in the universe that was ordained to incite a twinkle. Nor less easily do the same eyes grow sympathetically tender and overflow whenever the emotional deeps are stirred.

The resilient qualities which have preserved Queen Benedicta's twinkle may also account for her delightful girlishness from which time and all the experiences of life have failed to rub the bloom. If one should try to make one word cover her composite loveliness, *charm* would be the most exact term, inasmuch as it conveys no exact meaning and thus shares the indefinableness which it seeks to define. Yet elusive as this composite quality may be, one is tempted to find its prismatic colors by analytical refraction. In this case I think the result of the experiment would show imagination, sensitiveness, sympathy, tact, courtesy and genuine kindness of heart.

It would be pleasant to believe that one might acquire all of these qualities and compound them together into charm. But alas! "truth is sad," as Emerson observed, and if one squares one's conclusion to facts, one must admit that charm is a cradle gift. One is born with it or one is not, as a flower either has or has not fragrance. So I know that Queen Benedicta must have been a charming baby, a charming four-year-old, also charming at ten, sixteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, and forty. Yet at none of these ages could she have been quite so charming, I think, as I now find her at eighty. For the fairy vow that is given with the dower of charm declares that its power can never be stolen by the thieving hands of Time. On the contrary, Time seems disposed to give to him

that hath charm that he may have more abundantly. Almost it would seem that each factor of charm possesses magnetic properties which work together for the good of the charmer.

So much is probably true of even the most secular charmer. But my Lady Benedicta is still more than that. For she has put out at interest the natal principal given to her by the fairies, and at such rates of interest as are given by Christianity alone. By means of this spiritual thrift she has achieved in herself what the florists have done in producing the multi-petaled, velvet Jacqueminot rose from its wild ancestor with the scanty corolla. Or, to state the fact in other terms, charm, plus the increments of religious idealism is charm raised to its highest power. A comparison, moreover, of the various members of my Almond-Tree Society has convinced me that an irreligious old lady gives one a feeling of sympathetic loneliness. There is only one such in my whole collection, a woman of ninety. She was included because she has a certain stoical sincerity which lends dignity to her paganism. She never prays, as she frankly declares that she never could see that it did any good, and so she "quit it." She thinks life does not furnish the entertainment offered by its various hand bills, but she promises to "die game," and face whatever is next as she has faced the reverses of the world she has known.

I like this old lady exceedingly and I respect her genuineness; yet she leaves me always with a chilly emotional fringe. Old ladies are certainly nicer when they say their prayers and believe in them. Then the habit of praying does add a spiritual embellishment, not otherwise obtainable, to their faces as well as to their lives. I am, therefore, glad that all the rest of my old ladies and old gentlemen have "a correspondence fixed wi' heaven."

Returning to Queen Benedicta, as everyone does who knows her, a few more words of appreciation are due before passing to the consideration of any of my other treasures. If you

should ever chance to see her, you would discover all that this paper records much more beautifully written in her face. Beside its lines of spiritual distinction, its humorous curves, its wistfully tender lights and shadows, the blank, unedited face of my youthful belle I know seems like a high-colored chromo beside the mellow painting of an old master.

Again and again I have surreptitiously studied Queen Benedicta's face while she bent over her wonderful embroideries and tried to find out how she has done it. Like the bee she has known how to distil sweetness alone from the same field where others have taken away only thorn-pricks and burrs. While I cannot fathom her secret I have indulged in many a guess. Perhaps she has distilled sweetness, only, because she was on the look-out for that in everybody. Again, I have fancied that when others gave her pain, she has temporarily banished the thought of the offender and the offense, striving only to keep her own heart in perfect tune, until the other heart caught the harmony by contagion.

It is trifling but significant evidence to the kinetic power of her graces that Queen Benedicta still receives valentines from her admirers of all ages. Nor are they the "ready-made" kind, with appreciations as loosely adjustable as a golf-cap. Among her invoice of valentines for 1909 there was one whose estimate of her so perfectly coincides with mine that it may fittingly close my tribute to the Lady of Light:

The Winter snow may hide away  
The flowrets sweet that dreaming lie,  
But snowy locks cannot conceal  
What blossoms in my sweetheart's eye.

For hardy blooms of grace are these,  
Whose roots within the heart spring  
deep,  
And every year but adds new flowers  
Where love and faith the garden keep.

With such ceremony as is accorded

a true sovereign, we may now move in backward recession from the presence of Queen Benedicta and meet the Lady Seigerin, so called because of noble victories wrested from many battle-fields of pain. And though she no longer dwells with us in visible form, I think you may still see her when memory has developed the spiritual negatives which she left behind.

Lady Siegerin was a woman of regal mould in mind and body. She had wonderfully liquid brown eyes and a forehead that promised all that her character fulfilled. So sensitively organized was the physical material used by her soul, that when her vizor was down there seemed to be more said in her silent expression than when the average woman is talking. She was a woman who always got hold of the big end of things, though the first half of her life fell in an age that had not yet opened its eyes to the fact that it is a national calamity when women are so frivolous-minded that their companionship is undesirable for their husbands and children.

Being a woman of engrossingly large aims and ideals, it was a natural corollary that the Lady Siegerin never nagged. Illuminating this negative virtue, a saying of hers still survives in the family to which she belonged. Someone in her presence had detailed somewhat too amply the petty wranglings and disputes which were of daily occurrence between a well-known nagger and her husband. Lady Siegerin listened quietly until all the evidence was in, when she remarked in the richly modulated voice which was so harmoniously hers: "It would be so much better to have one Waterloo battle and have things settled."

If for no other reason, the honors which she carried away from her own Waterloos would have made me choose Lady Siegerin to adorn my collection. She lost her husband, a gentleman of much distinction, two brilliant daughters and then with a respite of only a few months between the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, she became totally blind. Of her deadly



wrestlings in the physical and spiritual darkness which followed no one ever heard her speak a word. But when she emerged to meet the world her face wore the calm strength of a conqueror. In its quiet lines of triumph, which had grown almost majestic when I knew her, one might read a flesh and blood translation of Henley's lines:

"I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul."

Like many others deprived of one sense, Lady Siegerin became most keenly sensitive in all her others, each of which seemed to take on the semi-occult edge of intuition. She could detect the aura of a gentleman with a swift inerrancy which would be the salvation of many a woman having eyes that see not, and she herself was always the touch-stone for the gentleman and the boor. The former instinctively and gladly did homage to her; but the boor, thinking she could not see, ignored her, little thinking how much more she saw without her eyes than he with his.

Among all my youthful memories, Lady Siegerin stands out like a sculptured masterpiece of victory, her half-closed eyes still comely in old age and every line of her face eloquent with heroic grace.

Near the Lady Siegerin, as these visions now group themselves in memory, stands a more recent addition to my collection, Miss Gentilissima. In point of years, she is hardly qualified for membership in an Almond-Tree Society, and should be kept on the waiting list at least ten or fifteen years. For though her hair is beautifully grey, I fear she could only pass as a near-old beside the rest of my treasures. But she is so unmistakably an exceptionally fine old lady in the making that it would not be sensible to let a mere technicality of years outweigh so much evidence of things hoped for.

I suppose Miss Gentilissima would be inadequately labeled an "old maid" by the vulgar Philistine who has not

learned that all kinds of women marry and all kinds of women don't. "Some of the merriest and most genuine women are old maids and have often most of the true motherly touch," wrote Stevenson, whose observation did not stop with the crude perception of one or two external facts. To this class of motherly old maids inventoried by Stevenson, Miss Gentilissima belongs. She is placed next to Lady Siegerin because she is half blind and somewhat deaf, but still the captain of her soul.

Despite the serious barriers placed between her and her fellowmen, Miss Gentilissima is an uncommonly well-informed, interesting and inspiring woman. She has a fine face, whose dominant expression is gentleness, a quality which is also revealed in her voice. In her case, as in Lady Siegerin's, the inward eye has grown more sensitively acute with the dimming of the physical vision. With the removal of the material objects which sometimes monopolize the field of vision she has learned to see vastly more important things, often missed by the outer eye and ear. It is perhaps incidental testimony on this point that my first recollection of her face always brings a suggestion of spiritual illumination. Something similar I have seen in the faces of others of her religious faith. But as this statement might lead to the disputatious quicksands of comparison, I shall immediately put up the bars by confessing that I have seen spiritual high lights on the faces of men and women of every kind of denominational stripe.

From one or two remarks which I heard Miss Gentilissima make I fear she has little notion how much she enriches the world, not knowing what she gives to it. There are plenty of people who can give things, money and more or less perishable bric-a-brac, but very few whose characters emit light and warmth. And who has ever been able to measure the value of such light and warmth? Sunlight is all that is needed by which to read the time-tables that schedule the various routes to the ut-

termest ends of the earth. But something more than the sun can give is needed to read correctly the time-tables containing all the necessary information concerning changes and connections on the various routes to The Kingdom of Light. And this more intense illumination is given by those who, like Miss Gentilissima, are celestial sign-posts along the narrow way.

There are in my collection more than a dozen other near-old ladies in whom I take great pride. Their individual histories, however, could not be given without encroaching upon space set apart for their elders. So I must content myself with grouping them together as most promising shoots in my Almond-Tree nursery. Neither is there space for full length portraits of all my octogenarians and nonagenarians. Yet it would be a pity to miss meeting Madame Sparta, in her ninety-eighth year, and as erect in carriage and character as a Norway pine. Though she lacks something of the gentleness and grace of others in my collection she has a warm, tender heart and a mind still unclouded by the mists of time. One star differeth from another star in glory, as one tree differeth from another. Madame Sparta suggests the Lombardy poplar, which has a charm all its own, while Queen Benedicta and Lady Siegerin are sisters of the elm, which unites grace with strength.

Madam Sparta is as fond of her flower garden as when her pulses beat to livelier measures and many a bouquet is picked and given away by her trembling fingers. When she is ill, she scorns the coddling attentions of those who would nurse her. One extremely cold night when she had all the symptoms of grippe, someone suggested a hot-water bottle for her feet. "No, indeed," she replied, "I don't want to get into any such silly habits." *Ex pede Herculem.* A woman who at ninety-seven still refuses to acquire a "silly habit" assuredly belongs on the honor roll of any discerning society.

In striking external contrast with Madam Sparta are three of my lavender-and-old-lace ladies. Each of

these white-haired belles looks as if she had just stepped out of an old-fashioned miniature painting. Nor does that mean that their mental and moral adornments will not also bear inspection. It is simply another way of saying that one's first impression of them is necessarily arrested by the apparel which "oft proclaims the man," and still oftener the woman, who enjoys a wider charter of liberty in the proclamation. My admiration for these three delightful old ladies is so evenly divided that there is no significance in the order in which they are presented. So, without prejudice, you shall meet first the one with the whitest hair, Lady Bluette, I call her because her eyes exactly match the color of that flower and also because she has the shy, retreating manner of tiny blossoms, and a charming blue-tinted guilelessness. Her mind has all the elasticity of youth although she is seventy-nine, and her capacity for enthusiastic appreciation is refreshing against the drab background of the world's apathetic average. Her wit and humor likewise retain the instantaneous action commonly supposed to be impaired by years. Her smiles, moreover, in a world where smiles are none too plenty or of the best contour, would elect her to my Silver-Lock Club.

In fine, her whole presence has a bay-window effect on those who are near her, so that one who sees her cannot help wishing that every household might have for one of its numbers a duplicate of Lady Bluette.

The second member of my miniature group, Lady Jonquil, has also a dainty, bo-peeping humor, whose piquancy etches with very individual line one's mental picture of her. She has a pretty habit of clipping all the choicest jokes and bits of poetry from newspapers and old magazines and sending them in letters to people who need to smile. Lady Jonquil has a fine eye for color and knows precisely what shades may be fitly joined with her silken grey tresses and darker grey eyes. After the bonnets bloom in the spring market-place, Lady Jonquil's friends watch



for her appearance as the flower-lover watches for the unfolding of his favorite April blossoms, and they are never disappointed. Eschewing all the fearful possibilities which confront the shopper, Lady Jonquil finds her own by the laws of artistic affinity which one would like to see duplicated more frequently in more important marts. Yet you must not think her vain, for she is far from it. When she is once properly attired she gives the matter no more thought, whereas she might be likely to if her sartorial election were less sure. There are great many other happy facts which might be chronicled of Lady Jonquil but we have still to consider Lady Gratia, the third member of the old lace group.

You may easily identify Lady Gratia by a peculiarly undulating gait and a curvilinear effect in all her movements. Nor is this in the least an affectation but, as I take it, the result of a fine marginal surplus of health and good humor. A business woman is often obliged to take the shortest line between two points, in her walk and conversation, so that she may not play the "grace notes" of abundant leisure, much as she might like to. But Lady Gratia has had all the time she cared to use for playing grace notes. So, when she rustles across a room one is reminded of the beautifully rippled movements of the grey squirrels that undulate over Boston Common. From their fine margin of nonchalance they seem to greet the rushing men and women who pass with that serene query of Concord, "So hot, my little sir!"

In the mental movements of Lady Gratia there is something, too, in perfect harmony with her gait. Again, the shortest distance between the idea and its expression, covered by the epigram, is not for her, however fittingly it may come from others; instead, she uses a pleasant curvilinear statement which recognizes the claims of beauty as well as of truth. Like all the rest of my fine old ladies, with one exception, Lady Gratia has a low, melodious voice and will stand the test which Cardinal Newman gave for dis-

covering a gentleman, a test equally applicable to a lady: "It is almost the definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never intentionally wounds the feelings of another."

Having thus far heeded the motto: "Place aux Dames," one may now do obeisance to the fine old gentlemen who have been kept in waiting—longer than befits their merits.

Casting a comparative glance at all these old gentlemen (whose number is only one less than that of their sisters) I am struck with the fact that the "best preserved" mentally, morally, and physically in the collection are the ones with the most twinkle, and the same is true of the nice old ladies. You will therefore know the star collectee among the bearded contingent, St. Lux, by his sunshine, which eighty years have dimmed as little as clouds can permanently dim the rays of the sun. In character, Saint Lux (with Roman pronunciation, please) is a happy blend of Saint Paul and John the Disciple, with a modern admixture of Emerson and a still more modern and stronger and sweeter flavoring of himself. As Saint Lux is well-known to the public, one hesitates to give too full an inventory of his charms, even were that a possibility, lest the modest original should object to a photograph of his halo. Beyond a doubt, Saint Lux would belong to everybody's Almond-Tree Society, if everybody had one, so I can claim no more property right in him than I have in the blessed sunshine which touches a million blades and blossoms in its beneficent course through planetary space.

Among my nice old gentlemen are several others well known to fame. Certainly no Silver-Lock Club would fail to enroll the name of Edward Everett Hale. The long life and faith of the latter recall a statement recently made that Unitarianism seemed to be conducive to longevity. Be that as it may, one might pick from the Unitarian pulpit alone, beginning with the "dear moth-eaten angel," a large and choice collection of octogenarians who were and are the personification of

sweetness and light. To these might be added large recruits from clerical near-olds, now in the Unitarian pulpit, who promise to be every bit as luminous when their halos have acquired an octogenarian diameter.

Here the reader is entreated not to construe this tribute as a comparison of the Dogberryish order. For aught the writer knows to the contrary, one might find as many fine old gentlemen in all kinds of pulpits and pews. It merely happens that not so many in other denominations have come under the observation of the writer. Per contra, some one else may have an embarrassment of riches in the way of collections of orthodox saints, missing in his turn the rare heterodox band I have known. Among laymen in my collection, one of the very best is an orthodox octogenarian, the dimensions of whose character you may glimpse in a couple of sentences from a recent letter. After a long life spent in doing little kindnesses this gentleman had a paralytic stroke, from which he has sufficiently rallied to send this message: "I wish I could write what is in my heart, but my brains are still out of commission and I am under orders to cultivate idiocy. So please wait for anything worth while from me till sometime or beyond time as it pleases God."

Condolence is obviously not indicated for "idiocy" which can express itself with such gracious sanity. A brother and sister of this fine old gentleman share his hardy virtues and graces and hence hold honor, or seats, in my unchartered club.

There are still a good dozen more of these fine old lads who are well worth meeting. But one chambered nautilus would prove the existence of its species as well as a score. Yet, I would have you catch the eye of just one more who at this moment glides into my memory from beyond the earth-lights where he dwells. Such a charming little scrap of an old gentleman he was, with grey-blue dancing eyes and movements like a fluttering partridge. He loved to do good by

stealth and so cover his tracks that there would be no chance of his blushing to find it fame. To his last days he was a delightful companion for young and old, and in the town where he lived most of his old friends still remember some of the quaint quips and jests that fell so spontaneously from his lips. Dining one day with an old acquaintance, he explained that he always came out ahead on each course because he had no teeth and, consequently, swallowed anything that would go through his collar.

The wife of this engaging old gentleman also adds lustre to my collection. But as she nearly paralleled in her character the noble traits of her aunt, the Lady Siegerin, fuller mention of her has been omitted. Others, too, there are among the most tenderly cherished of all my collection whom you have not met because one may not so easily lift the veil from the shrine of one's nearest kin. Nor is there need of more ample numerical proof of the beautiful possibilities of old age. If there were, I feel sure that nearly every reader of this paper by taking thought might subpoena from the nooks and byways of memory as many white-locked witnesses as have appeared in these pages. And could they all be brought together, all the Almond-Tree Societies of all my readers, would they not make a magnificent assemblage, fit to fire the enthusiasm of the greatest painters and poets? Such a company might well suggest a forest of giant sequoias, crowned with a majesty wrought by the years and their withstanding. Perhaps it is this very withstanding, more than anything else, that leaves the inspiring record on the faces of those who have come into the fullest inheritance of old age. It requires so many more than the adamantine virtues to withstand the variously disguised wiles of the devil. "Having done all to stand," wrote the Apostle Paul, who had a Roentgen-raying eye for discovering the spinal system of any subject to which he gave his attention.

In the faces of youth and middle age we may read a certain number of the



chapters of the true stories which life is writing all about us. Sometimes we can tell very nearly from these serial fragments and their facial titles how the story is coming out. But reading the faces of men and women in the eighties and the nineties we know the

sequel also. And however many chapters have left upon the faces of good old men and women their chronicle of pain and loss, we may still read between the lines of the conclusion that there is something even better than "living happy ever after."

## THE SEA BRIDE

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

She was like no other one  
 All the parish round;  
 In her soul were sea and sun,  
 In her laugh the sound  
 Of swift waves on shell-strewn sands  
 Never man hath found.

Father, mother, none she knew—  
 On the beach one day  
 All amazed a fisher crew  
 Found a child at play,  
 Lithe and white and wild, with hair  
 Gemmed with sun-dried spray.

So they taught their speech to her,  
 So she grew apace.  
 In her voice the sea-winds stir,  
 Like a curved wave's grace  
 Moved her slender form—the sea's  
 Beauty seemed her face.

Not a lad the parish round  
 But when she drew nigh  
 Flung his heart upon the ground  
 For her feet to try;  
 Not a lad the parish round  
 Gained her smile thereby.

Not for her their prayers and sighs—  
 Long day after day,  
 From sun rising to moonrise,  
 Still her feet would stray  
 Where the wild sea beckoned her  
 In its combers play.

Only one who, day by day,  
 Followed her again—

One with eyes of stormy gray—  
Passionate with pain  
Of that love despised, that burned  
Hot through heart and brain.

On the cliff that taunts the mad  
Waves that leap to it,  
So they met there maid and lad—  
Oh, a trysting fit!  
Red the great moon rose as some  
Torch the furies lit.

Still she mocked him fearlessly—  
Said him still the same—  
“None I love but this, my sea,”  
Till the madness came  
In the hungry eyes of him  
Like the red moon’s flame.

“In your lover’s arms this night  
Lie you then,” quoth he—  
Hand of brown on throat of white  
Swiftly, silently,  
Down her white, young body flashed,  
Down into the sea.

Know you what he saw who leant,  
Maddened through and through?  
Sudden waves that curved and bent  
As strong arms might do  
When they draw the bride beloved  
To a heart thrice true.

Know you what he heard, who so  
Crouched there hate-possessed?  
Laughter tremulous and low,  
E’en that laughter blest  
Of the happy bride that lies  
On her lover’s breast.

She was like no other one  
All the parish round;  
In her soul were sea and sun,  
In her laugh the sound  
Of swift waves on shell-strewn sands  
Never man hath found.

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# MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI

By JOHN CLAIR MINOT

ON Cherry street, in Cambridge, Mass., in a section of the city formerly known as Cambridgeport, there stands a plain, three-story house which bears a large sign upon its front: "Margaret Fuller House." In this house, then a pretentious mansion, Margaret Fuller was born May 23, 1810. In later years it has suffered the vicissitudes of a tenement-house locality, and it is now used for branch work by the Cambridge Young Women's Christian Association. On a little knoll in West Roxbury, with a dark forest behind it and green fields in front which stretch away to the silvery Charles, stands a quaint, red cottage, shaded by cedars. The occasional literary pilgrim who seeks the pretty spot is told that this is the "Margaret Fuller Cottage," the only survivor of the various buildings occupied by the famous Brook Farm community of 1841-46. On the New Jersey shore, amid bleak sand hills, there is a monument to mark the spot where the ship *Elizabeth* was wrecked in 1850, homeward bound from Italy. In beautiful Mount Auburn Cemetery there may be found a little marble monument, erected three-score years ago, which has an inscription to the baby, Angelo Ossoli, sleeping beneath it, and another to the memory of the parents, whom the cruel sea refused to give up when they, like the child, went down to death in the wreck of the *Elizabeth*.

These monuments, with a few books which are rarely taken from the library shelves, are the material evidences now in existence to remind the world to-day that Margaret Fuller once lived. Now that the centenary of her birth has come around, what is the estimate of that strange and tragic life, and of the

influence, if any, which has survived it? Loved and mourned as few women have ever been, criticised and condemned as few women have ever been, is oblivion closing over her, or is hers "one of the few, the immortal names, that were not born to die"?

In a way the monuments which have been mentioned epitomize her career. At least, they are suggestive of the most notable periods of her life. There was her youth in Cambridge, a childhood and girlhood from which the youth was stolen away while she was subjected to an intellectual forcing process which made her the most cultured woman of her generation. There was the period of transcendentalism, of which Brook Farm was an incidental outgrowth—a period in which Margaret Fuller was among the most incessantly and aggressively active leaders, teaching, lecturing and writing. There were her closing years in Europe, where she found in Italy both the love which glorified her life and the opportunity on the battlefield and in the hospital for splendid service in behalf of suffering humanity. Then came the fateful voyage and the wreck, and the only one of her treasures to reach the shore was the dead body of her little son, whom her dear ones at home had never seen in life.

There is so much of mystery in the tragic story of her career; so much that is complex and contradictory in the pictures which are drawn of her character; so much that is fascinating and bewildering in the glimpses which we have of her personality, that there is little danger that the world will forget Margaret Fuller. But the few among the living who knew her well—two of her leading biographers, Julia Ward

Howe and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, are among the number — can scarcely fail to realize that the enthusiastic dreams of her ardent admirers and faithful followers regarding the permanent place she would occupy are falling short of fulfilment.

It is so often that way in the case of those whose zeal, activity and individuality make a strong impress upon their own times. Margaret Fuller made herself felt upon two continents. She mingled with the great as an equal, and the wise gratefully acknowledged that they were enriched by her conversation. Some there were who scoffed and ridiculed; some went even beyond this. Perhaps she was too far above them, or perhaps they had felt the sting of a well-directed shaft of satire. If she made an enemy here and there, she made for each enemy a score of loyal and devoted friends who found no words too strong in praising her. If the capacity for making friends be the test of success in life—and surely it is one of the tests—then Margaret Fuller, in spite of the bitter abuse of a few individuals which followed her even beyond the grave, won such a success as gives her immortality. The greatest souls of her time recognized in her a kindred spirit, and why should not posterity accept their verdict?

As to the literary work of Margaret Fuller, it is small test of its value that her books are now little read. She is in distinguished company in that respect. More important than a study of her style—which has the defects of that period—or of her themes—which she doubtless treated less effectively on paper than in conversation—is the memory of the fact that her influence

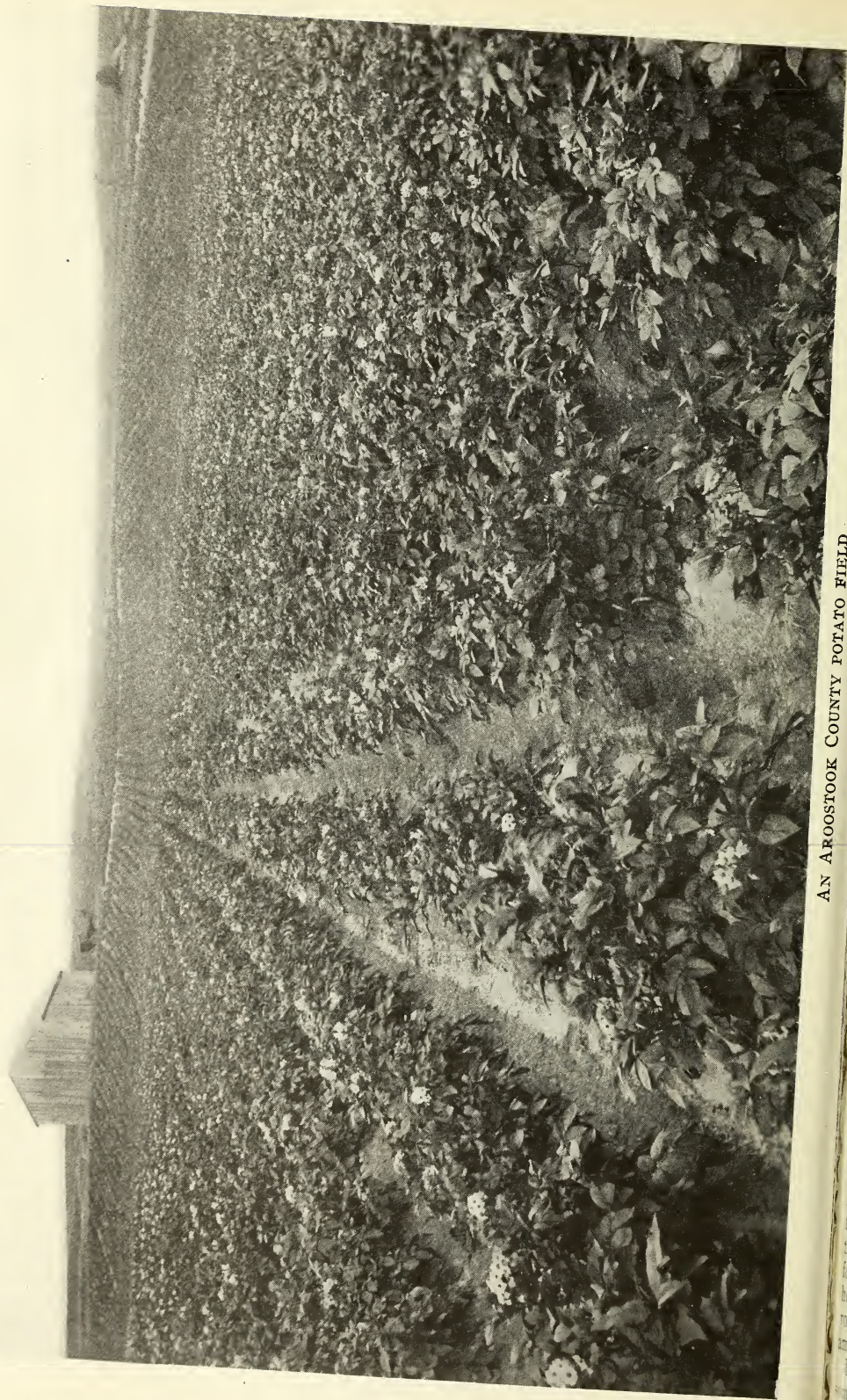
was all-powerful in the literary phase of the transcendental movement, which aimed to instil more Americanism into American literature, and that in both this country and Europe her writings were highly esteemed by her contemporaries of greatest culture. As a literary critic she handled harshly the earlier works of Lowell and Longfellow, but had these poets written nothing in later years the world would now agree with the reviews she penned.

The women of America have special reasons to honor the memory of Margaret Fuller, for she was a pioneer who blazed the way for the progress of her sex. Her book, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," was more than half a century in advance of its time. Her aggressive arguments in behalf of greater legal rights for women resulted in legislation whose fruit is enjoyed by every American woman of to-day. At a time when women of culture were relatively few, and when those few were without systematic intellectual stimulus, she inaugurated her famous series of "conversations" in Boston, whose influence is still felt wherever women's clubs are known. When no other American woman of her generation knew what such work meant, she was binding the wounds and soothing the last moments of dying soldiers.

Margaret Fuller—as she will always be more familiarly known than by the name of the young Italian marquis, Ossoli, whom she secretly married in Italy—did much, loved much and suffered much. She was a true daughter of genius, and as such she must be judged. The influences of her busy life radiated far, and she will not be forgotten.







AN AROOSTOOK COUNTY POTATO FIELD



# CO-OPERATING FOR ALL NEW ENGLAND

By H. B. HUMPHREY

*For the Pilgrim Publicity Association*

**T**HE splendid optimism that guided the gubernatorial pens in a recent literary symposium on the business outlook for the New England States in 1910 is well supported by the facts. We find that the farmers are getting comparatively high prices for the fruits of their tillage, and that good roads are bringing the markets nearer to the farms; that the great mills and factories are busy, and that some of them, already the largest in the world, are about to be duplicated; that the influx of summer visitors promises to be greater this year than ever before.

Yes, New England is a busy place and there is none better to live in, and the leaders in almost every line of endeavor are inclined to feel satisfied with the undoubted prosperity. But there is at least one line of activity the exponents of which will never be content to accept things as they are.

Behold the advertising man! He declares we have not begun to show the world—no, not even to show New England—what our resources are. And what does he propose? He would have all New England, as a community or as a group of communities, take a course of treatment in publicity. And if you ask him why he thinks this is necessary, he can give what, in his own mind at least, are good reasons.

To begin with, he knows that easterners are inclined to think that there is something in the soil and the air of the West that develops communicativeness, and that the dwellers in the former home of the Puritans have inherited or absorbed from their surroundings a habit of reserve which amounts almost to taciturnity.

But experience has shown him that some of the most earnest advocates

of the glories of the West and South were born and raised to hardy manhood in Maine, New Hampshire or Vermont, and that the reason they talk so freely and so forcibly of the great things in their adopted country is because human nature tells them to talk, and because, having grown up with the country, having seen the manufacturing plants develop from an idea, having watched agricultural products and fruits matured by the aid of irrigation from tracts of desert, they know what they are talking about.

It goes without saying that no man of sound judgment likes to relate generalities. They carry no weight. But if one can give facts and figures, one can easily get an attentive audience. And just as soon as the people of New England learn the remarkable facts regarding the beauty spots at their very doors, the marvelous agricultural possibilities of our neglected farm lands and the variety and character of the goods made in New England, they will talk about these things just as enthusiastically as does the traveler from the West and South talk about such similar glories as his home state may possess; and the changed conditions will usher in an important development of civic pride and the inevitably resultant commercial prosperity.

The advertising man would tear from thousands of New England factories the all too familiar sign, "No admittance except on business," and would substitute one which would be more like the hearty catch phrase a merchant of Bangor makes use of in his advertisements, namely, "Come in and look around."

How many manufacturing establishments does the reader know of in his





A CONTRIBUTION TO THE NATION'S FOOD SUPPLY

own town to which visitors are welcome? In the whole of Boston the writer knows only four—two publishing houses, a meat-packing house and a brewery—each of which, by the way, maintains an enthusiastic and expert advertising department.

Just as Boston is a show place, so should many of its factories be show places. It is good advertising to have them so. Nevertheless, comparatively few manufacturers realize what a thirst for knowledge there is in the minds of the American people.

When, seven years ago, there was a convention of teachers in Boston, and the advertising manager of a well-known shoe for women, without consulting the head of his concern, caused to be inserted in the Boston newspapers an invitation for the teachers to come down to Lynn the following day and see how shoes are made, the act was called audacious and unwise. The idea that sensible school teachers would spend half a summer day in visiting a

shoe factory when they might be attending a matinee in an outdoor theater, canoeing on the Charles, enjoying a sail down the harbor or tracing the route of Paul Revere was preposterous. But scores of the teachers came to Lynn, spent an hour or more in the great factory, and departed for their homes to tell pupils and friends of the intricate processes and the infinite care used in the making of these famous shoes.

The teachers who went to Lynn should have had an opportunity to go into the jewelry factories at Attleboro and Providence, and they should have been invited to visit the mills of New Bedford to learn something about the manufacture of "poplins, fancy shirtings, soisettes, pongees, lawns, organ-dies and batistes."

"It is pretty well understood by this time," says a writer in the *Boston Globe*, "that New Bedford leads all the cities of the United States in the manufacture of fine cotton goods, but the qual-



ity and variety of these goods is hardly realized even in New Bedford."

The residents of this section know as much about the fine cottons of New Bedford, however, as they do about the beautiful woolens and worsteds of Lawrence; the world-girdling cottons of Lowell and Fall River; the hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry manufactured in Attleboro and Providence; the shoes on the manufacture of which Lynn and Brockton live, or the leathers which have made Peabody a world leader in the trade. And this is in face of the fact that within a radius of fifty miles of the Boston State House there exists the best market in the world for these manufactures. "Trademark these goods," says the advertising man, "and further dignify them with a 'Made in New England' stamp."

The Pilgrim Publicity Association is

urging all New England manufacturers who are proud of their goods to label them or the packages containing them, "New England made," the purpose being to show the character and diversity of New England manufactures, not only to the people who live outside of this section, but to the New Englanders as well.

And this is not a sentimental suggestion, but a matter of good business. "Made in Germany" has helped to enable Germany to get control of the toy business of America, and "Made in Bridgeport" has undoubtedly aided in making Bridgeport the fastest growing Connecticut city. It's a timely proposition, too. For there is a well-defined and growing sentiment in the West to decry the merits of Yankee-made goods. Not only is this true in St. Louis, which unblushingly calls itself "The Shoe Capital of the Country," but in a great



A BIT OF BAR HARBOR SHORE





WINTER RECREATIONS AT A NEW ENGLAND RESORT

many other cities in the West and South. There the community spirit is so strong that, other considerations being equal, the dealers favor the western manufacturers in buying; and since few New England manufacturers have realized the far-sightedness of making a shoe which shall bear their own trademark, it has not been hard to build up an influence in favor of Western-made shoes.

The advertising man wants the New England manufacturer to discontinue the practice of making cheap shoes at the demand of the jobber and retailer, to make only goods worthy of a trademark, and to own that trademark so that it may become, through advertising, a New England asset.

Mr. Henry G. Lord, publisher of the *Textile World Record*, in an article in the *Boston Globe* on April 3, 1910, said: "Fabrics made in our mills find their way to all parts of the world, and many New England trademarks are as well known in the far East as at home. Many of these trademarks and brands are in themselves worth thousands of dollars to corporations which control them."

If the manufacturers will take the

advice of the advertising man, it is reasonable to prophesy that five years from now, referring to the value of New England textile trademarks, Mr. Lord can accurately write "millions" instead of "thousands."

The growth of the shoe industry in the West bears down but little on the Eastern makers who, through newspaper and magazine advertising, have established their trademarks as a guarantee of excellence. The ones who are hurt are the manufacturers who have been content to make an untrade-marked shoe according to the specifications of the jobber, or who have allowed the jobbers to own the trademarks which the conscientious manufacturer has made valuable.

Though it would take a fortune to buy the rights to "W. L. Douglas," "Queen Quality," "Sorois" or "Regal," as applied to shoes, the textile trade has no equally valuable names, and New England is the poorer to-day because of this fact. For a well-established trademark is a community asset.

Nor need it be confined to manufacturing. The agriculturist can build up valuable names of similar import to those trade names identified with

the shoe and leather, textile, jewelry and other industries. For example, do we not ask for "Florida oranges," "Colorado apples," "Rockyford melons," "Georgia peaches," "Vermont maple sugar," "Cotuit" or "Blue Point oysters"? Why, we not only ask for them, but we are willing to pay extravagant prices for these products, because through various methods of advertising their names have become associated with superior quality.

Well, from Aroostook County, Me., come yearly ten to twenty million bushels of potatoes of a quality which only one other county in America can produce. But how many housewives ask the grocer for Aroostook potatoes? Not one in ten thousand.

So the advertising man would have the Aroostook County potato-growers form some sort of an association and advertise the reasons why Aroostook County potatoes are the best in the world. An intelligent advertising campaign, such as the Pilgrim Publicity Association would gladly work out, would give the potato-grower a quick market near home and at prices that

would prevent the sacrificing of first-quality tubers at the starch factories.

As evidence that the writer is not indulging in an idle fancy, but is getting close to the real situation, he begs to offer an editorial which has appeared, since the foregoing was written, in the leading farm paper of New England. The quotation is from the *New England Homestead* for the week ending April 9, 1910:

"The time is ripe for a big potato-growers' exchange in Maine. There potatoes predominate, and this is one of the first requisites of a successful co-operative association. It is commonly reported that Maine potatoes were given a black eye the past season, owing to a few being sent out at the start which were poor in quality. The trade generally believed that all Maine potatoes were bad and aimed to buy elsewhere. If either Aroostook growers or those in Central Maine, centering around Waterville, could have had a strong association or exchange, the trade throughout the country would have been promptly advised as to the



THE LURE OF THE NORTHLAND



exact conditions and the product guaranteed. It would have meant thousands of dollars to Maine growers. There is no good reason why a potato exchange in Maine could not be practically as successful as the fruit-growers' associations on the Pacific coast. There is no end of possibilities which such an organization could realize upon for farmers. Either Aroostook County or Central Maine, or both, would form a fine field for this co-operative exchange."

The plan proposed is applicable also to the marketing of first-quality blue-

By combining and advertising, the farmers will be able to deal directly with the consumer and thus get a fair margin of profit, instead of allowing the middlemen to fatten at the expense of both the consumer and the producer.

"The farmer," says Agricultural Secretary F. D. Coburn of Kansas, "is the only manufacturer on earth who is given no voice as to what shall be the price of his product. The man who makes pins, pianos, breakfast foods or battleships must be consulted as to the price for which his output shall be marketed and what he shall pay for his purchases; but the farmer, who feeds



VIEW FROM SAUL'S HILL, NANTUCKET

berries, cranberries, apples, strawberries, peaches and eggs; and over the inevitable improvement of business methods all New England will have reason to rejoice.

The same co-operation that has solved the problems incidental to the national sale of the oranges, lemons and grapefruit of California, the apples of Washington and Oregon and the grain of the Middle Western States is needed here in the East for the economical marketing of our agricultural products.

all and clothes all, is so unheeded and mute at both ends of a transaction that in comparison the proverbial oyster would seem boisterously loquacious."

If 350 men in the advertising business, that exemplification of sharp, almost merciless competition, can pull together as they undoubtedly do in the Pilgrim Publicity Association for the advancement of the business interests of all New England, any local group of producers whose interests are affiliated can organize for mutual help. With such an organization the advertising

man will co-operate just as enthusiastically as with any similar organization of manufacturers. For better conditions among the farmers will make a more prosperous New England.

Now, having shown the manufacturer and the farmer how to add millions to their incomes, to whom shall the advertising man next proffer his gratuitous and unsolicited advice?

He will turn to those who earn the lion's share of the \$60,000,000 left in New England each year by the hundreds of thousands who visit its historic towns, its mountains, seashores, lakes, rivers, recreation parks, trout streams and game preserves to make living more joyous.

If ever a business cried aloud for a pooling of interests, it is the summer-resort business in New England. Through intelligent combination, such as is typical of the hotel men of Atlantic City, among whom Atlantic City is first and the hotels a second consideration, the enormous amount of money spent in the New England States every year by visitors could easily be doubled.

Advertising and the co-operative spirit have made Atlantic City one of the most famous and wealthy ocean resorts in the whole world, and have enabled that far less attractive resort to draw hundreds of thousands of visitors away from beautiful Bar Harbor and picturesque Nantucket, to mention only two of the thousands of New England seashore resorts whom nature has endowed with her most magnificent gifts.

Our summer hotel men say that what they need is a longer season. But they will never get it by sitting down and wishing for it. The way to add weeks and months to the season of production for this business is through a co-operative advertising campaign, which shall tell the people what glorious months June and October are at the seashore and in the woods. There are half a dozen big hotels in Maine and New

Hampshire, such as the Mansion House at South Poland, the Woodstock Inn at Woodstock, the Fitzwilliam Tavern at Fitzwilliam, that have their accommodations engaged weeks in advance by guests who wish to spend the week of Washington's Birthday in rest and outdoor recreation.

Last winter, for the first time, a Maine hotel proprietor did a little advertising to tell the people of Boston something of the delights of the Maine woods and the snow-cushioned country roads at the time of the great Christmas storm. This big hotel, almost snow-bound and situated four miles from a railroad station, was filled with yule-tide visitors; and many other country hotels could have been filled at the same time if the respective managers had joined together to urge the tired city residents to take to the woods.

Among the proprietors of the great hotels of New England are some of the most skilful business organizers in America. Is there not one who can find the time to formulate such a co-operative campaign as the writer has attempted merely to suggest?

The activity of the fish interests of Gloucester in behalf of the summer hotels; the encouraging of local farmers to take part in the work of the Commercial Club of Rockland, Mass.; the great agricultural banquet of the Boston Chamber of Commerce and the agricultural rally in Springfield, Mass., under the auspices of the Springfield Board of Trade, are recent instances of the co-operative spirit now developing.

Let each group organize for the benefit of its own members and endeavor to safeguard its own interests first. Then let it find, as it surely will, that success depends on the welfare of other groups representing various interests, and soon we shall see a master group of the leaders from the several circles working like one great mind to formulate a campaign for the continuous advancement of prosperity for all New England.



# DOCTOR BESTOR'S ATONEMENT

By MARGARET PRESTON LYNNBROOK

THE morning express was pushing back the rails at the rate of sixty miles an hour when the accident occurred. The up train had just taken the siding, the switch had not been properly turned, and a moment later the crash of the flying express produced a scene of destruction. Forty passengers were killed. Sixty more were bruised and broken—some beyond hope of recovery, some only slightly. As soon as the wreckage could be cleared away the wounded were placed on such improvised stretchers as could be quickly made; and within two hours the hospital car sent up from Philadelphia was hastening them to the hospitals in that city.

The wounded were a motley group—some well dressed, intelligent; others shabbily clothed and illiterate. Several times during the next few days coffins were carried out from the hospital doors. Most of the wounded had relatives who came to see them, and most of the dead were taken away by their families. A few were unknown.

In three weeks nearly all had gone out again—some to their graves, some to a maimed existence, some to health and work. Only two remained, both of whom were most interesting cases to the hospital authorities. One, a sturdy Irishman, had been brought in, clothed in workingman's garments. His face was seamed with the struggle of life. It was a hard face, with lines of dishonor as well as of hardship. A savage knife had been found in his waistcoat. His delirious ramblings were mingled with oaths and vile slang. His head had met some terrible blow in the wreck which had injured his brain. The doctor thought at first that he could not live more than a few days. Now,

he believed, he would live a hopeless idiot.

The other patient was, from all appearances, a gentleman of culture. His face was clear-cut and finely chiseled. He was quiet mostly, through suffering, but when he spoke it was in the most perfect and polished English. He had received internal injuries which made his recovery extremely doubtful; still he lingered. Now and then his eyes rested upon the face of the other patient as if in study. No relatives had been located for either of the men. The Irishman had nothing about him from which even his name could be learned, and he had been too delirious to tell it ever since he came to the hospital. In the pocket of the other man was found a purse containing this card: "My name is Richard Farmington. If I die, you will find in this purse enough money to bury me. I have no relatives."

Now, Dr. Bestor conceived the idea (in case Mr. Farmington should die, which seemed almost certain to occur) of removing his brain immediately to the brain cavity of the Irishman. This would give the Irishman not only a sound brain, but a brain greatly superior in intellect to the one he lost.

Such an operation as this would require the utmost quickness; for the brain, according to the proofs at the Rockefeller Institute, cannot be made to live more than thirty minutes after the flight of the spirit. All preparations were therefore made. Every tool and bandage needed was placed in a case and brought into the ward. There would be no time to move the patients to another room. Two operating tables were placed just outside the door.

Two days before Mr. Farmington's

death he was most closely watched. Dr. Bestor and his four assistants did not undress during that time, but slept in a small adjoining room, ready to be called in an instant. About nine o'clock on the evening of the second day of watching, one of the attendant nurses called Dr. Bestor and his assistants. They came at once to Mr. Farmington's bedside. His breath came weakly, at long intervals. The whiteness of death had settled on his face. In the adjoining bed lay the Irishman, asleep. There was plainly no time to be spared. Two of the assistants began to administer the anaesthetic to the Irishman, and just as he was under its influence Mr. Farmington's last breath stopped short. Dr. Bestor, with his hands on his pulse, pronounced him dead.

Quickly and silently the two tables were brought in; the two men were lifted onto them; the case of tools and bandages was opened, and Dr. Bestor and his first assistant were swiftly wielding their small bone saws on the skulls of the two men. At the end of fifteen minutes the brain of Mr. Farmington was safely tucked into the cranium of the Irishman and the "medulla oblongata" joined, as well the nerves of the special senses. The blood vessels supplying the brain were joined, and the feeble heart, controlled only by reflex centers and strengthened by stimulants injected into the veins, began to pump blood into the new brain. The bony covering was then placed over and the skin stitched carefully around the crown.

For several days the Irishman lay unconscious, but the heart beat stronger and surer, the breath came more regularly, and there were strange, aimless movements of the limbs. Evidently the new brain had not grown into connection with the nervous system enough to control motion or to manifest itself through the special senses. A strong light brought to the man's face made no impression on the half-open eyes. The optic nerves had not made good their connection. At the end of a week the man began to reach for things in an uncertain way,

as a baby begins to reach. He turned his eyes a little now and then, as if he saw something dimly. At an unusual noise he moved slightly, as if the organs of hearing were beginning to be of use. At the end of another week he could both see and hear and had taken some food. He could speak also, but not distinctly. He sat up in bed and seemed interested in what was going on around him. A week later he could talk very well and his speech was an interesting study. The thoughts were evidently those of the late Mr. Farmington—cultured, definite, refined; but the expression was that of the Irish laborer—careless, guttural, harsh. A strange, pained, surprised look passed over his face at the sound of his own voice. Sometimes his eyes would light up with a gleam of intelligent interest, but when he spoke he felt humiliated and ashamed. What had become of the gentle, well-modulated voice and perfectly clear and assured enunciation?

A few days later he asked for a mirror. When he looked into it an expression of mingled fear and loathing came over his face.

"What is the matter, Mr. Farmington?" asked the nurse (for it had been agreed to try calling him by that name).

"Only a sick man's fancy, I suppose," he said, wearily. "I fancied I saw the face of a man whom I had some cause to fear on the train the day of the wreck. Only a sick man's fancy," he repeated, as if trying to assure himself.

"Tell me about the man you feared," said the nurse. "Many of the injured were brought here to the hospital; perhaps he may have been among them; perhaps he is dead."

The man seemed trying to think: "He was an Irishman, I think—rough—a miner—partly drunk—I thought he was watching me—I caught the gleam of a weapon under his coat—I had spoken on the strike condition at Buffalo the day before—I think he must have been a striker—probably an anarchist—Yes!" and a new light of memory stole over his face, "he did come to



this hospital; he had the bed next to mine!"

He clasped his hands over his eyes and knit his brow as if in deep mental struggle. He raised his head with a bewildered look.

"There seems a gap in my memory," he said. "I believe I must have been unconscious for a time."

"Yes, you were," said the nurse; "and during that time the Irishman died."

"I remember more distinctly now," he went on. "I thought I was dying. There was the gentle drifting away of all sensation. There was the loss of all sense of time and place and existence. Then, gradually, an increasing fullness of consciousness, an exuberant buoyancy of spirit, a joy I had never known before of soul expansion. There seemed no limit to my joy, no limit to the possibilities of my soul. Thoughts so large and splendid that now I can only dimly remember their splendor, swept through my soul, as the wind plays through an Aeolian harp, and wrought the divinest melodies in me."

The nurse forgot the stammering words and thought only of the beauty of the man's soul. Dr. Bestor, coming in just then, caught the last words.

"What do you remember of your return to consciousness?" he asked, coming to the bedside.

"It was like being born again, only the consciousness came more rapidly. What the child learns in all the years to manhood came to me, without learning, during the time I was returning to consciousness. How long was it, doctor?"

"Three weeks."

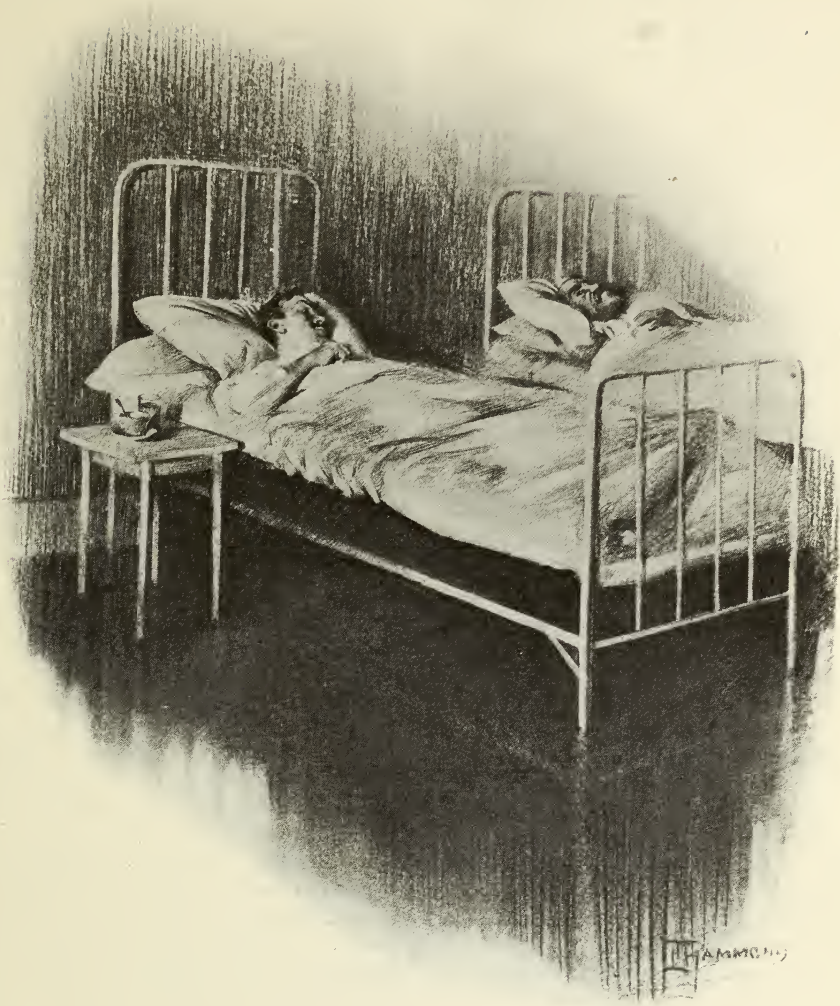
That night Dr. Bestor could not sleep for thinking of his patient. The man's talk of death had given him a strange unrest. Was it Richard Farmington or the Irishman who still lived? Some one had died. Richard Farmington's body had been buried in the cemetery. His soul had entered the realms of rest—but had it returned to inhabit the unsightly Irish body? What right had he, Dr. Bestor, to call a soul back from its God to another tenement of

clay? Where was the Irishman's soul? His body was still animated. What right had Dr. Bestor to cast any soul, however worthless, out of its tenement of clay? He had thought to do the Irishman a kindness by giving him a better brain than he had ever had before. Was it only the worthless body he had benefited? Had his zeal for scientific investigation and experiment led him unwittingly to experiment with souls?

Already the news of his wonderful experiment had spread through the scientific world. He had spoken of it himself in enthusiastic terms to several journalists. His name was flashed from coast to coast as the leading scientist—the master physician of his day. Now, in his quiet chamber, the consciousness of the awful thing he had done came over him like an Egyptian darkness—an oppressive weight of gloom—a horror of having walked into the sacred shrines of creation where souls are made, and of having thereby forfeited his right to his own soul.

After this the doctor became very silent about his late success. When questioned about it he seemed only half-interested. The journalists were disappointed in not being able to get anything definite for the magazines. Little did they guess the torture to which they were subjecting the physician. The other physicians of the hospital tried to draw him out. He seemed so silent and sad that they thought he must be in trouble. They tried to help him forget it, or, at least, get above it, by renewing his interest in scientific research. They spoke in glowing terms of the remarkable case that was now the talk of the people. They laughingly jested about the "Irish Mr. Farmington." But each word probed deeper into the writhing conscience of the physician.

Dr. Bestor now spent as much time as he could spare from other duties at the bedside of his patient. He told the nurse he wished to study the case. He vaguely felt that perhaps he might learn something from the sick man's words that would absolve him. He



Drawn by L. T. Hammond

"NOW AND THEN HIS EYES RESTED ON THE OTHER FELLOW"

hoped to find, behind and within, the real personality of the Irishman clothed in the larger and better gifts of Richard Farmington. He tried to gain the man's confidence—to get him to talk of his inner life—and in this he was successful; and it became more and more evident to Dr. Bestor that Richard Farmington was not wandering the Elysian fields, but was indeed dwelling in and governing the body of the Irish-

man. Be it understood, then, that the Irishman, and not Richard Farmington, is dead. Henceforth we shall speak of the living man, soul and body, as Richard Farmington.

As the patient grew more convalescent and walked about his ward, Dr. Bestor still continued to spend much time with him. He was filled with a strong desire to atone in some way for what he had done. To the Irishman



he could never atone. *He* was irrevocably lost. But for Mr. Farmington the doctor felt that he would give his life if he might only undo that brilliant, awful deed.

There was, indeed, much of common interest between the two men. They were congenial natures; and this congeniality, fostered by the grateful attitude of Mr. Farmington for his recovery and the deep interest of Dr. Bestor, developed into a confidential comradeship. When Mr. Farmington was able to go out, Dr. Bestor took him to his own rooms until he should grow stronger. They lunched together, walked together, and, in fact, spent all of the doctor's unoccupied time in each other's company.

The present Mr. Farmington wore the same suit of clothes in which the late Mr. Farmington had been brought to the hospital. Even the purse containing its card of instructions was the same, and the money was still there. Dr. Bestor himself had defrayed the funeral expenses.

Richard Farmington's humiliation in regard to his voice and his appearance continued, and rather increased than subsided. He became so sensitive about it that he would scarcely use a mirror even to tie his cravat. Sometimes he began a sentence and then stopped it short, grieved and shocked at his own Irish brogue. Dr. Bestor saw all this and understood it. What could he do to help this unfortunate man out of the difficulties he had brought upon him?

At first, Mr. Farmington said nothing of his feeling on the subject; but one day, when they were talking of his recovery, he said:

"Doctor, how do you account for the change in my appearance since my injury? My face in the mirror bears no resemblance to the one I am accustomed to see there. My voice, too, is changed, and my pronunciation. I used to speak fair English; now I speak an inferior Irish. How can I take up my work again with a voice like this? My clothes do not fit me. I am two inches shorter than I used to be; I measured myself yesterday when you were at the

hospital. My hands are not the same, either. The hands I had were well shaped and unscarred. These look like day laborer's hands—short, stubby, callous. Even the color of my eyes is changed. Once they were brown; now they are a meaningless gray. My hair was black and fine and wavy; this is coarse and light. I find, too, that I have not the same muscular control I had before the injury. I was interested in physical culture and could do some fancy stunts in the gymnasium. Yesterday I could not do the simplest movements creditably. Do you know, doctor," he said, "I feel as if I had gotten into some other man's body and don't know just how to run the machinery. I never used to carry my hands in my pocket; now I can scarcely keep them out. I never used to drag my feet when I walked; now I can scarcely make them clear the ground."

All this time the doctor listened, stunned and disheartened. He had watched Richard Farmington's uneasiness with increasing solicitude; but he had not looked for so plain a statement of the case from the one man who was supposed to know nothing of it. Should he confess the truth, or should he try to help the man over his difficulties without telling him? As for himself, he felt that he could endure any reproach—even the lasting hatred of the man he longed to serve—if that would in any way atone for what he had done. He must, at any rate, gain a little time to think it over.

"Illness has many strange ways of treating us," said Dr. Bestor, "and never leaves us the same as it found us. Sometimes the change is so slight as to be scarcely noticed; sometimes marked, as in your case; sometimes only temporary; sometimes permanent. There are always, sleeping within us, many inherited traits that never come to the front because they are overcome and kept in the background by the more dominant traits. Now, if illness should in some way destroy the dominant traits, the underlying qualities would manifest themselves. You are, perhaps, descended from an Irish

ancestor whose traits have been carried down the line underneath, but never extinct."

Mr. Farmington was not entirely satisfied, but had no doubt that the doctor had given him the best explanation he knew.

That evening Dr. Bestor had some important work at the hospital. He did not ask Richard Farmington to go with him, lest the latter should learn the truth about himself. Mr. Farmington, on the other hand, was glad that the doctor did not ask him to go, for he shrank from meeting people. He felt conscious of his face and hands and voice. He felt awkward in this new, insubordinate body.

For a while he lost himself in Dr. Bestor's library. There he found the new book on sociology by Professor Brown. He had been reading that book on the train the day of the accident. Now he settled down to pick up the dropped thread and was soon lost in his favorite subject. The clock on the mantel struck ten before he again thought of his surroundings. He started up and wondered why the doctor had not returned, but the book was so interesting that he read on to the end of the chapter. Then, leaning back in his chair, he let his thoughts ramble on from the theme in the book to the theme of his work and his life—not his present life (he had forgotten that), but the life before the wreck. He thought of the lecture at Buffalo on the strike problem; of his coming to Buffalo the day before in company with the mayor of that city, whom he had met in Chicago, and who had invited him to come and deliver his lecture. Then, running backward in his mind, he thought of his work as professor of sociology and political economy at the Leland Stanford University; of his previous work there; then of the terrible catastrophe at San Francisco, when the earthquake had come with its relentless hand and wrenched away all that he held most dear—his beautiful wife, his baby, his parents—after which he had taken up his professorship at Leland Stanford. He remembered the

wild grief of those first days after the earthquake, then the despondency, and after that the new purpose that had come to him, born of the indomitable courage and earnest make-up of the man, to yet take up his life and make it grand.

Again the clock on the mantel struck. Again Richard Farmington came to himself, wondered at the doctor's late absence, and got up to stroll about the room. He felt thirsty and went to the next room for a drink—the water was insipid, tasteless. He had a craving he had never felt before for something stronger. Richard Farmington had been a temperate man. He had tasted whiskey only once, in case of severe illness, and yet he felt now that his craving was for that. He took another drink of water. It was more insipid than ever. His craving became so strong that it was only by the force of his masterly will that he could keep himself from searching in the doctor's cabinet for something alcoholic. He determinedly sat down to his reading again. It had lost all interest. He tried to think of his beautiful, young wife and the laughing, bright-eyed baby, but the insatiate thirst dragged him away from the fair vision. He thought of his work, of the spotless honor of his life, and still that craving gripped him with even crueller tension and shook him in its frenzy till he almost despaired. Again he got the upper hand. Again he stood in the invincible power of a clean and upright man. Again he grappled with the demon—grappled till the drops stood out on his forehead, and his hands were clenched till the nails sank into the flesh, and his eyes were wild with the fury of the strife. At this moment Dr. Bestor came in.

A new pang of apprehension and fear seized the doctor as he looked upon the frenzied face of his friend and patient. He feared that the strangeness of Mr. Farmington's position had begun to prey upon his mind, and that the agonized expression on his face was one of insane raving. Walking over to Richard Farmington, the doctor laid



his hand upon his shoulder and said kindly: "My friend, you seem to be in trouble."

Thereupon Richard Farmington, his nerves wrung by the strain of the struggle with the demon of drink, overcome with mortification and self-disappointment, tortured with fear of the terrible power that had so nearly overwhelmed him, buried his face in his hands and burst into tears. It was some time before he became calm enough to reply to the doctor. At last, however, he got control of himself.

"Oh, doctor!" he said; "you cannot imagine the extent to which my illness has changed me." The doctor writhed. "The things I prized most in my life, outside soul growth, have slipped away from me. The culture and refinement of manner, the scrupulous temperance of my habits, which I regarded supplementary to the best soul growth—where are they now? Oh, doctor! can you not do something to help me in this fight? I have had my first struggle with a thirst for alcohol, and I had rather die than go through it again!"

Dr. Bestor had no reply. What human word of comfort or assurance could reach so deep a trouble? He sat down and the two remained silent for a long time. He had not foreseen this. In his office at the hospital he had thought the matter over carefully after his work was done. He thought that he had looked at it from every point of view, and he had decided that Richard Farmington must know the truth. He had been willing to face the reproach, the hatred, perhaps the anger and revenge of the man he had wronged. He felt that he deserved any reward Mr. Farmington might be pleased to measure out to him. The doctor reasoned that in his present condition Richard Farmington must necessarily think much about the change which had taken place, and that in all probability such continued thinking would result in insanity. On the other hand, he felt that if Mr. Farmington knew the truth he could better adjust himself to the change and overcome the difficulties of his position, and in time so subor-

dinate and permeate the new body by the force of his splendid personality that he might yet be a powerful influence for good. The doctor knew, too, that the papers were still publishing the successful experiment, and that in all probability Mr. Farmington would learn the truth sooner or later, and perhaps in a more distorted fashion than if he should receive it from the doctor. All these conclusions Dr. Bestor had reached in his office that evening, and had come home with the determination to explain the whole case to his patient. Now the enormity of his deed came over him with increased force in the light of the new struggle, and he faltered. At any rate, he argued, Mr. Farmington was in no condition to hear his explanation to-night; he would leave it till morning.

The struggle with the drink fiend was over for the time, and Richard Farmington, having regained his composure and self-possession, bade the doctor "good-night" and went to bed. But the struggle was not yet over for the doctor. He sat staring helplessly before him for a long time after Richard Farmington had left him, trying to collect his thoughts, trying to get some illuminating idea that would solve the problem. At first he was overwhelmed with the weight of his fateful deed. All its terrible consequences loomed up before him: A human soul robbed of the eternal rest into which it had already entered, and not only that, but plunged back into a tenfold harder existence than it had known before—a soul that had conquered the temptations and ills of one lifetime; that had marched victorious through discouragement and pain; that had achieved the purpose of its existence in attaining the God-like in itself and performing the God-like in its service to others; such a soul having reached the fulness of its development at the gates of death, and having swept majestically into the infinite consciousness of eternal truth, had been rudely beckoned back by profane hands, had been chained to another earthly existence, shorn of its beatific visions, cramped, crumpled,

desecrated, in an unworthy fleshly house; and he, Dr. Bestor, had been the agent of all this! What sacrifice was too great to make for the man he had so deeply wronged? And yet, what could he do?

Then the illuminating idea came, with a bewildering splendor that almost overwhelmed the doctor, to devote the rest of his life to the service of this man; to attend him, to help him overcome the difficulties, to shield him against the temptations to which he would be most susceptible, until his spirit should triumph over all and make him once more a strong, sure man.

When this thought first came to Dr. Bestor his heart leaped with a great throb of relief and joy that he could do something, and in his first unselfish enthusiasm he hurried gladly on from plan to plan of how he and Mr. Farmington would leave Philadelphia; would travel for a while to take the unfortunate man's thoughts from himself; how the doctor would be always near to help in difficult times; how they would together take up some work congenial to both, until at last God would call Richard Farmington to the rest he had twice earned; and the doctor did not doubt he would be doubly crowned, and hoped that he himself might by such a life blot out the sin of that one fatal mistake.

But Dr. Bestor, as is often the case with enthusiastic natures, was liable to reverses of enthusiasm. If he acted at once on any impulse, the tidal wave of the impulse would carry him through; but if he had time to consider, there was likely to be an ebb tide, in which the rocks and difficulties of any undertaking were laid bare. In the case of the operation the ebb tide had not set in until it was too late to change his course, and he was now left to beat his way among the rocks. In his present plans for himself and Mr. Farmington, however, the ebb tide set in quickly, and drew back the full volume of the wave with sickening suction.

He thought of his place in the medical world; of the remarkable success of his experiments at the Rockefeller In-

stitute; of the invaluable service he was rendering in Philadelphia. Was it right, he questioned, to throw away those talents with which God had especially endowed him? Would he be counted guiltless if he withheld from a suffering world the gifts that he had received? Had not his purpose been pure and unselfish in performing the operation that had cost him so much woe? Was he required to suffer self-inflicted punishment for a deed which he had done in an honest and earnest effort to uplift and benefit and save a degraded son of Adam? Mr. Farmington had a strong, upright and courageous personality that no doubt would triumph over all the difficulties of his situation. What assurance had the doctor, if he should sincerely devote his life to the help of this man, that he would not make another fatal error and plunge Richard Farmington and himself yet deeper into the maze?

So inviting did this line of thought become that the doctor began to dream again the dream of his success. The lure of fame, the glory and splendor of achievement in the work he loved, drew him on. He heard again the congratulatory words of his comrades—the unqualified admiration and wonder of the public. For the moment he forgot Richard Farmington entirely. Suddenly the Irish face appeared to his fancy. The splendid structure of his dream crumbled before that apparition. What would it profit him to gain the utmost in his profession if each success should bring him such woe as had followed his last most brilliant achievement?

Dr. Bestor now subjected himself to a most severe self-examination—an examination of motives running back to his college days. What had induced him to study medicine? Was it a holy desire to help humanity, or was it the gratification of a selfish delight in scientific research? What had led him on from success to success but the siren song of Fame? What was the inmost motive of his heart in performing the fateful operation? Did he not foresee the commendation of all the medical profession—the astonishment and de-



light of all intelligent people? Honestly and humbly he made answer to his questioning soul that all his motives had been selfish. Again the vision of lifelong devoted service to Richard Farmington came before him, and his suffering soul eagerly seized the opportunity for atonement.

He kept his eyes steadfastly on that purpose. Again and again, during the silent hours of that sleepless night, the strong passion for his profession swept over him. Again and again the power of his firm resolve carried him through victorious. He closed his ears to the applauding voices of the multitude, when those voices were to him the melody of time. He closed his eyes to the sight of his beloved instruments—the familiar scenes of the laboratory and the ward, when those scenes were to him as the faces of friends most dear. He withdrew his hands from the relief of suffering and skilful manipulation of each shining instrument, when such activities were to him as the rich, red blood in his arteries. And what was left?—for his ears, silence! for his eyes, darkness! for his hands, idleness! Like Browning's "Saul," he stood in that blank space between hope and despair—

"Death was gone—life not come."

Having once resolved, however, he would not turn back; and, gradually, as he held his purpose close, it began to glow and warm again with the beautiful colors it had worn when first it came to him, and morning found the doctor's struggle over and the victory won.

When Richard Farmington appeared in the morning his face still bore traces of the severe test he had undergone the night before. There was an almost imperceptible and indefinable softening of the hard lines of the Irish face—a chastened expression that touched a sympathetic chord in Dr. Bestor's heart and gave him courage for his confession.

He began his explanation at once, knowing it unsafe to let his generous impulse subside. Carefully and logi-

cally he brought out the details, concealing nothing of his own motives and responsibility except the last resolve concerning the future. As he talked he watched attentively the changes in Richard Farmington's face. First, there was a look of interest as the doctor told of the wreck and the two cases at the hospital. Then an expression of bewilderment as he began to talk of the nature of the two cases and the proposed operation. As the narrative progressed the expression darkened, the eyes gave forth a menacing, lurid glow; the whole face began to reinforce the expression of brute ferocity and demon-like hatred. Still the doctor went bravely on, concluding with these words:

"And now, Richard Farmington, you have my story. A sad one it is for me and a grievous one for you. I do not ask your mercy or consideration. I own nothing—not even my life—that I would not give to undo that one half-hour's work. I only pray you will let me do what little I can to help you overcome the obstacles I have put in your way. May God forgive me and help us both!"

Richard Farmington uttered an angry Irish oath; the Irish fist tightened; the Irish eyes darted dangerous fire; and the hand, by a quick movement, sought the waistcoat pocket where the Irishman's knife had been.

The doctor believed the angry man would spring upon him in a moment. But—where was the knife? The hand found it not—the face was bewildered—and instantly Richard Farmington covered his face with his hands in an agony of realization and mortification. He remained in this position a long while, apparently thinking. What was going on in the mind of this strong, tried man? How could Dr. Bestor help him in his deep inner struggles against the environment of his own unruly body?

The reflex centers controlling many motions and appetites had acquired their power from the will or indulgence of the Irishman, and the muscular contractions resulting from them

reacted upon the brain of Richard Farmington. Thus, when the ear received Dr. Bestor's words and conveyed them to the brain, the brain admitted, "I am wronged." Through the mysterious action of the nervous system the reflex centers took up the suggestion and gave the muscles their usual style of order in case of wrong, so the facial muscles contracted and the hand flew for the avenging weapon. These physical manifestations of rage, in turn, working upon the brain, produced there a condition of actual, intense anger—an emotion the intensity of which Richard Farmington had never experienced before in his life, and in his later subdued and temperate years had scarcely known at all. What must have been his dismay, then, to find this ugly hatred in a heart once made fit to enter the kingdom of rest?

"Forgive me, doctor!" at last came the broken voice of Richard Farmington. "I never before experienced such an outburst of unreasoning rage. I beg you will not think this is a portrayal of my real feeling toward you. Can I so soon forget the sacrifice and the devotion you have shown me during my convalescence and since my recovery? As for the operation, you did what any physician with your skill would have done. You wrong yourself in believing your motives selfish. This idea is the result of your over-wrought conscience and your intense and morbid introspection. You must not allow one deed which you consider a mistake to cast a shadow over all your later efforts. No truly great benefit is gained for the race without some corresponding cost. God only knows whether that deed was really a mistake. It has, of course, cost me a few years of the eternal fullness of life, according to our human reckoning; but when I have again passed from the limited into the infinite, where 'a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night,' what will it matter? And perhaps out of this achievement of yours there may develop to the race untold good in years to come."

The word "achievement" fell on the

doctor's ears like the sweet melody of a half-forgotten song—but only for an instant. He knew that this brave, true soul before him, though breathing out the very breath of the celestial realms in which it had spent so short a time, yet would encounter many difficulties in which it would need help before it could again pass from "the limited into the infinite." Dr. Bestor had seen his duty; he would follow it.

In devoting himself, however, to the service of Richard Farmington it was necessary that he do it without allowing his purpose to be known, for he was certain that Richard Farmington would never listen to an offer of any sacrifice on his account. A few days later, when Mr. Farmington mentioned the necessity of going back to San Francisco to look after some business affairs, the doctor said he was planning a visit to his married sister, who lived there, and thought he could arrange to leave then as well as any time, and would accompany Mr. Farmington if the latter did not object. And so it was arranged that they should go the next week.

During the days which followed, the doctor quietly arranged his business so that he could be away for an indefinite period. He would leave his resignation at the hospital till the last day, only asking now for leave of absence; then he would go away before the surprise became general. But there was another matter which he need not leave till the last day; though he did leave it two or three days to gain courage and calm for what he feared would be a trying interview.

For a year now he had been a friend and constant attendant of Miss Bernice Parke, daughter of Gordon Parke, one of the leading attorneys of the city. Miss Parke was a charming society girl of twenty-five; wealthy, beautiful and much courted. Of all her suitors, Dr. Bestor had gained most favor, and his late achievements in his profession had placed him in a position, as he believed, to win her hand. Her friends and family looked upon him with approval, and all seemed promising for the famous surgeon on the eve of the operation



upon Richard Farmington. Since that time, however, though he had seen her several times, they had talked upon topics of general interest only. The doctor wished to gather himself together a little before the momentous word. Now he knew that he must go to her, tell her of his decision to give up his profession, try to make her understand the call his soul had heard, and then—what? Well, he would see.

As he walked up the three squares that lay between his residence and hers, on the fourth evening before his departure for San Francisco, his thoughts were not of Richard Farmington, who had been so constantly in his mind for the last six weeks; nor of his beloved profession, the giving up of which had cost him such a struggle; for Philip Bestor—the man—though the victim of gnawing remorse for one sad, hospital deed, and a devout worshipper at the shrine of science, was first of all a lover. Though our view of him in the intense trial of the past six weeks has not shown this, yet underneath the stormy surface there lay a quiet depth of emotion and tenderness, lost sight of, it may be, even by himself for brief periods during the storm, yet always there—strong, true and powerful. This was not merely an innate attitude of abstract devotion—it was a definite, concrete, soul-sweeping devotion for one fair woman, Bernice Parke.

And so, as he walked the three squares between his home and hers, his thoughts were all of her. How they ran before him like eager children to greet her before his orderly feet could go half-way! How they laughed and danced and clapped their hands about him—these lover thoughts of his—and merrily chattered of her, always of her!

"She is beautiful! She is beautiful!" they said again and again.

"Her eyes are deep and blue!—deep and blue—deep and blue!" sang all the happy elfish things.

"And she is kind and good!" they came and whispered in his ears.

And so this troubled man forgot his trouble and walked in paradise a little way.

Bernice met him with her usual genial smile, and led the way into the drawing-room. The jolly thoughts danced gleefully about in riotous delight, but soon the beautiful queen thought of love, sitting upon her throne in Philip Bestor's heart, looked down upon her reveling little subjects who paid homage to their queen and were silent. And while Dr. Bestor sat calmly exchanging commonplaces with Bernice Parke, his heart was full of the rapturous splendor of love. But well he knew that before he should disclose that radiance to her he must tell her all the turmoil of these six weeks and its ultimate effect upon his career—and a sad, tall figure came and stood before the love queen's throne and a tremor of pain ran over her beautiful face. And so Dr. Bestor told to Bernice Parke the same sad story he had told to Richard Farmington.

She listened a trifle wearily to his story. She had never taken much interest in the details of his profession, proud as she was to have him famous in it; and he seldom tired her by talking of the things that meant life and work to him. Something, however, in the sad solemnity of his manner to-night made her feel that all this must be freighted with unusual significance, and when he reached the giving up of his work she was no longer indifferent. Earnestly he talked of his obligation to Richard Farmington, trying to make her feel, as he felt, that the path he had chosen was the only path of honor for him.

"Don't you think you are over-sensitive, Dr. Bestor?" How he had hoped for sympathy and help! Her comment pained and disappointed him more than he admitted to himself as he hurried on toward the conclusion—the only conclusion he could come to, yet one from which even now he instinctively shrank as one shrinks from severe and inevitable torture.

"Bernice, I love you! I had hoped to offer you a home of luxury and elegance. For many months I have been building a dream palace for you. The thought of you has been an inspiration

to me in all the hard places of my work. All I can offer you now is a heart full of tenderest devotion, a life in which you might have to share hardship, in which I might have to be much separated from you. Will you be my inspiration still in this rough path in which my feet must walk? Oh, Bernice Bernice!—but no! I will not plead with you. I could not go away without telling you of my love. I will not ask you for an answer to-night—to-morrow, perhaps—at least, before I start West.” And so he said “good-night” and passed out into the quiet street.

Something in her manner as she bade him “good-night” made his heart ache as he walked the three squares between her home and his. Philip Bestor could not have told how her manner was different from what it had ever been. Any one else would not have known there was a difference. But with that unerring sensitiveness which is a special gift to lovers he felt, rather than saw, the proud reserve that was coming like a screen—ever so thin it may be, yet a screen—between his soul and hers.

And so, as he walked the quiet street again, with the street lights stretching ahead in a long, glittering line and the white stars shining overhead, no fairy group of gladsome thoughts danced about him. He was conscious only of that dim unrest, that indefinable sense of something gone amiss.

With a heavy heart he entered his rooms. Richard Farmington had already retired. He sat down and looked wearily at the wall. Wearily the clock on the mantel ticked off the seconds. Each one fell an added weight upon his drooping spirit. He was not thinking out this trouble with his masterly, capable mind; he was letting the weary thoughts drag him along with them. He was not taking up this burden with courageous resistance; he was letting it press him down with a weight that grew heavier with each breath he drew. Many a noble, aspiring spirit has been crushed out by such dull, slow pressure.

But would Philip Bestor, the man of

the unselfish, courageous, victorious resolution in the case of Mr. Farmington, allow even definite and certain disappointment (to say nothing of such vague unrest of heart as he now felt) to come between him and his life purpose? No—and yet, perhaps, yes! For, as we have said, he was naturally enthusiastic and deeply in love, and had one of those supersensitive, emotional natures, which, though they sometimes lie deep and unguessed by one's associates, yet hold infinite possibilities for torture or ecstasy.

The doctor went to troubled dreams and woke with the same dim foreboding still in his heart. But morning, with its freshness, its renewal of life and new-made promises, brings a little inspiration even to sad lives; and what looked dark in the dusk of evening wears a different appearance in the morning light. While faint hearts take a little pale new hope under the glad spell of the morning, strong hearts drink deep at the fountain of youth and courage, and go forth conquering into the new day.

Though Philip Bestor was sensitive to all the fine shades of emotional joy or woe, yet he had a courageous heart—strong to face the hard things in life. So he put down this dim foreboding, scorned his last night's weakness, and told himself again and again that his fears had been foolish and imaginary, and that Bernice Parke had only been a little too painfully surprised at the suddenness of it all; and when she had thought it over she would give him the help and sympathy and love that surely must answer the deep yearning of his soul for her.

Dr. Bestor and Mr. Farmington had just returned from breakfast when Gordon Parke called and asked for a talk with the doctor, and the two men went into the library. Mr. Parke began at once in a business-like way:

“I understand from my daughter that you intend giving up your medical career.”

“Yes, sir; that is my intention.”

“As an older man who has seen something of the world, may I ask if you



have considered what this will mean to you?"

"I believe I have weighed the consequences carefully, sir."

"You perhaps do not appreciate the influence, the power, the supreme position you hold as a surgeon."

"I think I have not been over-modest in regard to my success."

"My dear sir, let me entreat you not to allow a matter of mere sentiment to deprive you of position, influence and wealth, and the medical profession of the foremost man in its ranks."

"Mr. Parke," said the doctor, quietly and earnestly, "do you regard a man's soul as a matter of mere sentiment? By my own mistaken zeal I have brought the soul of Richard Farmington back from its rest on the bosom of infinite truth, to wander again this sin-cursed earth in a hostile environment, over which he had no control or influence, and God holds me responsible for that soul until He calls it again to Himself."

"Certainly, doctor, I appreciate your feeling in the matter. This is a noble resolve to help your patient overcome his difficulties, but why give up your profession? Can you not help Richard Farmington and still give the medical world the benefit of your unparalleled skill?"

"No, sir; much as I honor your greater age and superior judgment, there is no compromise possible in this case. My profession has been my idol. My devotion to it is such that, should I keep my place in it, Richard Farmington would soon be crowded out; and, besides, since it is through my profession that I have wronged a human soul, is it too great a thing to give up in order to atone for that wrong?"

"Since you are firm in your decision I must tell you that, under the circumstances, I cannot give you my daughter's hand. Good morning to you." And without further comment he walked out.

The doctor sat dazed and astonished, trying to understand the meaning and motive of Gordon Parke's words. Bernice must have told her father what the doctor had said the night before.

Mr. Parke, being a man of the world, had doubtless opposed his daughter's marrying a person of no prominence, and had rushed off in his impetuosity to try to save what had seemed a brilliant and promising suit. Dr. Bestor did not know that love and pride had each struggled for the mastery in Bernice Parke's heart; that she had thrown herself into a chair as soon as he had gone and wept with grief and vexation and disappointment; that she had almost thought she loved him enough to marry him, anyway, but could not give up society, wealth, elegance—to trail about the world with Dr. Bestor, trying to keep a paltry Irishman out of mischief; that she had come to her father in the morning, red-eyed and petulant, and begged him to see if he could not turn the mind of her fanatic lover into a more sensible channel. All this Dr. Bestor did not know as he sat at his desk an hour later writing a note to her, telling of the interview with her father and asking her to allow him to call for her personal answer the following evening. Her reply reached him in the afternoon:

"Dr. Bestor: Dear Sir—You need not call for your answer. You may have it now: I cannot marry a lunatic.

"Bernice Parke."

If Philip Bestor's sensitive nature had suffered from the faint, indefinite sense of Bernice Parke's disapproval the evening before, how would he sustain a blow like this?

It is one of the greatest blessings the Creator has bestowed upon the race that we should be incapable of realizing at once any great and sudden trouble that comes upon us. There may be afterward long, slow days of pain in which to realize its fulness, but at first there is only the bewildered sense of change. There may be miles and miles of desert waste, with a leaden sky above and a fruitless earth beneath, and our two weary, spiritless feet to plod and plod and plod, with never a grassy spot to rest upon, but at first there is only the weird feeling of unfamiliarity; and

our cry is not the cry of desolation and despair, but that of a lost child.

And so Philip Bestor, staggering and bewildered, went on preparing for his departure, calling over and over again from the painful emptiness of his heart the name of the woman he loved, as a little, uncomprehending child calls for its dead mother. And as the child may be interested in other things awhile and then, with a sob of remembrance, repeats the call, so the man turned again and again from the occupations of these last full days to utter that wild heart cry. Yet in all the growing pain of his disappointment he did not think of giving up his purpose. With Philip Bestor a resolution reached through so much soul agony as this had required became a part of his life, not to be lightly torn away.

So the day came for the departure. Dr. Bestor and Richard Farmington awaited the calling of the west-bound train in the midst of the ceaselessly-moving crowd at Broad street station. Suddenly Dr. Bestor was conscious of a pair of deep-blue eyes resting upon him, and looked up to meet the gaze of Bernice Parke.

"Bernice!" The heart utterance came unbidden to his lips, full of the longing it was not meant to express. But the proud, beautiful face turned away, and the doctor, with a throb of pain, walked toward the gate. He did not look back to see the wistful expression on Bernice Parke's face. He did not hear her call his name as he walked away in the crowd. And he never knew that she had learned the time of his departure and had come there hoping to see his face again before he went.

The train for Chicago was called, and the two men with scores of other passengers were soon being whirled westward. Mr. Farmington spent the first hour or two of the way reading "Brown's Sociology," while the doctor looked sadly from the window. But the scenery flew past him unnoticed. He was trying vaguely and ineffectually to read some connected meaning into his disturbed existence. There was *no* meaning in it all—no interest.

He had been weaving a beautiful design—suddenly the threads began to snarl—and now there was nothing but a tangled mass. That was all he could see as he reviewed his life, past and present. As for the future, it was all gray. Even his obligation to Richard Farmington had no color.

When the train neared Altoona the doctor was still in his reverie. A number of Irish laborers boarded the train at Altoona, but neither Richard Farmington nor the doctor gave them more than a passing notice. But the doctor overheard one of them, with his eyes fixed on Mr. Farmington, say:

"Faith, Moike! there's a mon looks loike Pete Murphy."

"Sure! how can it be any ither?" responded his companion.

"Oi thought he was killed in the wrick," said the first; "but that's sure the mon."

"Hullo! Pete; how are ye, old mon?" said one, laying his hand familiarly upon Mr. Farmington's shoulder.

"Pardon me, sir, but you are mistaken in the man. My name is Richard Farmington."

"A foine joke, that!" said the Irishman with a rude laugh. "Sure, it's a foine joke for ye to be ridin' dressed up loike a dandy and sportin' the name o' Farmington!"

Then, coming nearer, he whispered so loudly that Dr. Bestor overheard the words: "The wrick on the Reading saved ye the trouble of usin' your knife, eh, Pete?"

"Sir, I know nothing of what you are saying. Will you have the courtesy not to disturb me further?"

"My! listen to the airs of him, will ye! Where did ye come by that slick tongue o' yours, Pete?"

"I shall be obliged to call the conductor if you do not cease your nonsense at once," said Richard Farmington.

"Ah, come now, Pete!" said one with a sly wink, pulling a bottle of whiskey from his hip pocket.

An eager, hungry look came into Richard Farmington's face, and instantly his hand reached for the bottle and had it to his lips. With a quick,



authoritative movement Dr. Bestor arrested the hand that held the bottle.

"Mr. Farmington, I beg of you to consider what you are doing."

With the suddenness of the realization, the hand relaxed its hold and the bottle lay in fragments upon the car floor, while the whiskey soaked into the carpet. The Irishman who presented the whiskey was very angry, and had the conductor not passed through the car at that instant here would doubtless have been blows. After a few words from Dr. Bestor, however, the conductor ordered the Irishmen into the smoking car, and an hour later they became so intoxicated that they were put off the train.

It was now Mr. Farmington's turn to sit in deep thought. Here had been another temptation, and how narrowly he had escaped it! In fact, so narrow had been his escape from each struggle through which he had passed that each hard-won victory, instead of strengthening him for the conflict, left him less self-confident and more fearful of the way before him. Dr. Bestor realized this also, and felt more than ever assured of the need of his constant presence and help for Richard Farmington.

The fourth day of their journey brought them to San Francisco. The doctor had suggested that Mr. Farmington might have a room in the home of the doctor's brother-in-law, Robinson Lee, which was readily arranged. Thus the doctor could be near his friend for the present without any seeming sacrifice.

On the next day after their arrival in San Francisco Mr. Farmington wished to withdraw some money from the bank where he was a stockholder and depositor. But here a new difficulty arose—the bank officials would not know him and he would have to be identified. Dr. Bestor being a stranger in the city, his identification would not be accepted. Robinson Lee was the only man who could do it, and it was doubtful whether his slight knowledge would avail much. However, the three men went to the bank together. Approaching a clerk with whom Mr. Farmington

had been personally acquainted Mr. Lee presented first Dr. Bestor, who had a draft cashed; next, "Mr. Richard Farmington, one of your depositors and stockholders."

The clerk looked astonished. "Richard Farmington?"

"Yes, sir; you have doubtless read of the remarkable operation performed upon him in Philadelphia."

"But I thought Mr. Farmington died."

"Well, yes—or no—that is—a part of him died." And Mr. Lee recounted the main features of the operation as he had heard them from Dr. Bestor.

"Here is the operating surgeon," said Mr. Lee. "He will tell you the same." Dr. Bestor confirmed Mr. Lee's statement.

"I will call one of the cashiers," said the clerk.

They went into a private office and there went over the whole ground again. But the cashier was in doubt and called in another and they both decided it should be referred to the president, who was spending a week in Oregon and would not return for several days.

So Richard Farmington was forced to accept a loan from Dr. Bestor in order to meet some obligations that were already overdue owing to his protracted absence in the East.

When the president of the bank returned and considered the subject of Mr. Farmington's deposit and stock, he, in turn, referred it to the directors; and they gave the decision that Richard Farmington, the depositor and stockholder was dead, and that the man who called himself by that name had no right to the money.

As a large part of Richard Farmington's money was in this bank he at once entered suit to recover what he believed to be his rights. The suit was conducted by two of the ablest lawyers in San Francisco. Dr. Bestor, at his own expense, sent for his first assistant in the operation and the nurse. The case had no precedent. The laws of California had no clause that would apply. The counsel for the plaintiff tried

to establish the identity of the personality of Richard Farmington. The defence argued that, since the plaintiff was Richard Farmington only in a very small part of him, if his claim were allowed another man might come with a much smaller part of him belonging to some one else, and so this species of "fraud" would advance from stage to stage, through all the gradations of grafted limbs and skin grafting, until there would be no security whatever in property. The court ruled in favor of the defence, and declared that the estate of the deceased Richard Farmington would be settled according to the laws of the state.

The evening after the decision was reached in court Dr. Bestor sent a telegram to his attorney in Philadelphia:

"Sell my property on Twenty-fourth street and send the money here as soon as possible."

After the decision of the court in the case of "Richard Farmington versus the First National Bank of San Francisco," the other companies in which Mr. Farmington had investments refused to pay dividends or to recognize in any way the man who declared himself a stockholder. So Richard Farmington's entire fortune, not lavish, but ample, was swept beyond his grasp, and he found himself not only tempted and handicapped, but penniless in a world in which he did not properly belong. It is true the Reading road had granted him some damage money, but since he was apparently a strong and able man, having made a complete physical recovery, the allowance made was very small. He had been advised by a Philadelphia lawyer to enter suit for more, but the decision of the California courts gave him little courage to try in the East.

Dr. Bestor now entered upon his life work with renewed zeal, seeing all the while a plainer path of duty before him, impelled by a real friendship for the unfortunate man. Yet in all his earnestness he had not forgotten Bernice Parke. In his heart he still kept a fire burning on the altar of her shrine. But now he was carrying his load coura-

geously; not sinking helplessly beneath it. Loads do not crush when carried so.

Richard Farmington's efforts to regain his property lasted through several months, and while they lasted there was little question in regard to the doctor's stay. But when the cases were all settled it was apparent to Dr. Bestor that he must find some new excuse for staying on. But first it must be decided what was the best way in which to help Richard Farmington. It seemed useless as well as embarrassing for him to try to establish himself in the old familiar life. He felt this himself, and had said so to the doctor as they talked over the situation one evening after the last court decision.

Dr. Bestor saw that all this was having a disheartening effect upon Richard Farmington. Now, he believed, was the time for the trip he had planned for them when the first gleam of his atonement shone in upon his troubled conscience.

"Mr. Farmington," said he, as they strolled along the water's edge one afternoon, "in your previous existence you were a professor of sociology, were you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any thought of taking up a similar line of work now?"

"It had been my hope," said Richard Farmington; "but my late experience with the people of San Francisco gives me no wish to appear again at Leland Stanford. The world has little use for a man a second time, it seems," and he smiled sadly.

Dr. Bestor did not express the profound remorse and sympathetic pain he felt. He did not wish his sympathy to seem a "vain repetition" of words. He would make all his life a living expression of repentant devotion. Besides, what Mr. Farmington needed now was not tender words of regret to make him pity himself, but inspiring words of hope and promise to set up a fair goal to be won, and to fan the dying embers of enthusiasm into life and light again.

"If you should take up your work in a new place," continued the doctor,



"you could soon win the same success that attended you before; or you might study the problem from different popular standpoints and go on the lecture platform."

"I have thought of that, too," said Richard Farmington; "but my Irish tongue!"

"You are learning to govern it beautifully. Besides, hasn't an Irishman as good a right to 'teach the people knowledge' as any one else? You might go abroad and study the peasant problem. Perhaps we might go together. I have always intended to go some time, and my sister insists that I ought to go now. She thinks I look thin and worn and need a rest!—the way of sisters, you know. I do not feel the need of rest, but I half-believe I will go, anyway."

And so it followed that the trip was planned, Dr. Bestor advancing the money, which Richard Farmington insisted on giving notes for. A few weeks later the two men landed at Liverpool, and for several months they travelled up and down in Europe; now among the peasants of France, now in the poorer districts of Russia, sometimes amid the abject wretchedness of foreign cities; always going at Richard Farmington's suggestions, though, the doctor acquiescing quietly or even seeming at times to take the initiative, Richard Farmington did not realize that he journey was of his own planning.

So engrossing was the study of peasant life, so full were the days of interest and of movement, that the months passed swiftly and smoothly, with little of struggle or conquest on the part of Richard Farmington, and little demand for the personal protection and care of Dr. Bestor.

At length the time came when Mr. Farmington felt that he had collected enough material for a course of lectures, and the travelers began to talk of returning to America. About this time the doctor began to speak in a somewhat vague way of leaving his hospital position in Philadelphia and taking up some more independent work. By sug-

gestions at first, later by reasons and arguments—the greater pleasure and efficiency of independent work; the restrictions of hospital practice; the overcrowding of the profession in Philadelphia—Mr. Farmington was led to believe that the doctor was just arriving at the decision that had been so hardly wrought out some months before.

"Will you practice as a physician elsewhere?" asked Richard Farmington.

"Not in the ordinary sense," was the reply. "I have come to believe that making the most of life does not always mean making a brilliant record of any kind, or even in following out what seems to be a heaven-born impulse in us. There come to us sometimes quick flashes of revelation showing us the relative value of world-praise and the calm blessing of humble service."

"Do you know," said Richard Farmington, "that same thought has been in my own mind lately. As we have gone among the poor, and I have collected material for my lectures, I have felt more and more impressed by the misery of these people. I realize that one man's little effort, even though it be his best, cannot accomplish much for millions of wretched ones. Yet our best is all that we can do."

"In what way do you wish to reach the lower classes?" asked the doctor.

"I should like to help them to saner and broader views of life and their position in it!—to give them courage to struggle upward; to help them to avoid the thousand snares and vices of their class; not exactly a missionary, you know, but an older and more fortunate brother, who could come to them in an attitude of sympathy and encouragement. What do you think, doctor?"

"I commend you heartily! Let us seek out some miserable section of God's earth, where you may lead men to hope and life and love of good, and I will minister to their bodily ailments and help them to learn cleanly, wholesome modes of life."

During the homeward voyage many plans were discussed and many places



Drawn by L. T. Hammond

"DON'T YOU THINK YOU ARE OVER-SENSITIVE, DR. BESTOR?"



mentioned. The city seemed to offer more opportunities for this kind of work than the country, and Chicago was selected as the site of their first endeavors.

Two months later, the first of September, found them settled. They rented a small apartment—as small as could be made to accommodate them. Richard Farmington insisted that it should be small, since he could not help pay for it. They found some difficulty at first in approaching the people they wished to help. This class had been preached to by plenty of rich people who did not know what they were talking about. But soon they began to feel the sincerity of these two who came among them so simply, and discouraged and troubled men began to come to them with their difficulties.

And so as the busy days passed their work became more interesting to Richard Farmington and the doctor, their efforts more productive and the two friends came into a closer bond of congeniality and common interest, and experienced something of the joy of unselfish service.

Have you seen, on a still, starry evening, when the sky was cloudless and the moon seemed mild and benignant in her sovereignty, and the soft breezes fanned your cheek with a breath as calm as an angel's dream, the cold fog creep up from the mysterious hollows of the darkness, rising and rising about you, coming between you and the dear, familiar things still near at hand, chilling your very heart with its death-like mystery?

As the winter advanced, Dr. Bestor felt a little, nameless reserve on the part of Richard Farmington. In another man even the doctor's sensitive perception would not have noticed it. But the close friendship of these two, together with the doctor's ever-vigilant care for the welfare of Richard Farmington, made any change, ever so slight, a thing to be noted and watched.

The work was going on hopefully. There seemed to be no flagging of interest on the part of either. Richard Farmington had had several struggles

with the taste for strong drink, but each time, with the doctor's help, he had come off victorious, and Dr. Bestor believed that this taste would finally be entirely overcome. Once walking along a crowded street they passed a lady, when, quick as a flash, Richard Farmington's hand seized her purse, and before the doctor could stop him he began to run. The lady called "Thief!" The police caught the culprit and hurried him to the police station, where, only through Dr. Bestor's earnest pleading and full explanation, and Richard Farmington's utter humiliation, he was released. There had been other similar cases, yet all these things had served to strengthen the tie between them. Whence, then, came this strange reserve?

The doctor redoubled his efforts to be companionable, was more careful to accompany Mr. Farmington in his visits among the poor and wretched, even where his own services were not required. Whatever this strange influence was, he must find it and be ready to help. That was his life work—to help Richard Farmington. He was responsible for Mr. Farmington in every movement of this second life of his. Therefore, even a breath of trouble weighed heavily upon the doctor's heart.

But watch as he might, and try as he might, by every means he knew, to draw Richard Farmington into his confidence, the reserve grew more intense and painful—and the doctor still had no clue.

One Saturday night, in the middle of March, the doctor awakened suddenly from his first sleep. A wild wind was raging from the lake. The clock on the wall was just striking eleven. The windows rattled noisily. But amid all the commotion the doctor was sure he heard the latch of the hall door. He called Richard Farmington, whose cot was in the same room as his own; no reply. He arose and crossed the room and laid his hand upon Mr. Farmington's pillow. He recoiled as if he had touched a snake in the dark and gasped with a sickening sensation of fear. Mr.

Farmington was not there! Not there? Dr. Bestor shuddered at the thought. Where had he gone? What new danger might he meet? Was there no heavenly guardian to be spared to watch this man while the doctor slept? What was to be done? The mad impulse to follow came first; and the doctor, seizing his clothes, dashed down the stairway to the street.

Up or down? Right or left? He looked and listened a moment, but saw and heard nothing, then blindly hastened down the dim street. Turning now and then, he tried a new course at random. Sometimes the figure of a late passer or of a policeman at a distance gave him a faint ray of hope. Breathlessly he hurried on, disappointed at each turn, growing more and more frenzied in his search. For nearly an hour he continued his search, till he stopped at last, exhausted, disheartened and bewildered. He had not taken time to notice his course, and he now found himself in an unfamiliar part of the city, with no idea of his situation or even of the direction of his home. Accosting a policeman, he breathlessly asked the way to his lodging. The officer, eyeing him sharply and noting the excitement of his manner, said: "I guess you can find your way all right when you're sober," and walked on in his beat. The doctor, chagrined at this rebuff, advanced more slowly, calming himself as much as possible before he should meet the next policeman. This time he received a more civil reply and twenty minutes brought him to his rooms again.

He almost feared to enter lest he should find Richard Farmington there; yet to know of his return was the one thing he wished most. But Richard Farmington was not there. Dr. Bestor rearranged the room just as it had been when he awakened and went back to bed, that Richard Farmington might not suspect that he had been up.

There was, of course, no more sleep for the doctor that night, and he had time to think more sanely now. He realized the rashness of his wild, clueless search in the night. He was tor-

tured with apprehensions of the gravest character. But whatever he did, he must act calmly. Richard Farmington's late reserve showed the doctor that he could not count on a confidential talk with him now. He must not let Mr. Farmington suspect his uneasiness and he must watch unceasingly.

The clock had already struck two when the doctor heard cautious footsteps in the hall. The door opened softly and Richard Farmington came in. He paused a moment inside the door; then, coming softly to the doctor's side, he listened to his breathing. It was a hard moment for the doctor, but his breath came slowly and heavily, and Richard Farmington, satisfied that he was unnoticed, crept softly to his own bed.

The next day the men went together on their rounds. Dr. Bestor failed to see any decrease in Richard Farmington's interest. He even began to censure himself for his apprehensions of the night before. Perhaps Mr. Farmington had been absent on some errand of mercy in the night. Perhaps it was a case of "not letting the left hand know." However, the doctor would watch to-night. His responsibility was too great to be neglected on the strength of probabilities.

That evening they talked over some new plans for the classes they would conduct after working hours for the men who cared for them. They talked of ways in which they might make these attractive; of the courses they would teach and the good they hoped to do. At the usual hour they retired, and the doctor began his silent, wakeful vigil.

It is hard to keep awake alone in the dark, but the doctor was in earnest. Past ten and eleven he waited. It must be nearly twelve. Most likely Mr. Farmington would not go out to-night—perhaps. What! Had he been asleep? His activities of the night before and the busy day which had followed had overcome his tired body at last with sleep. Surely it had been only a moment. He would turn up the



gas ever so little and get himself a drink and thus see if Richard Farmington were really there. No! He was gone! and it was half-past twelve!

Overwhelmed with remorse, and heaping upon himself bitter and unjust reproaches, Dr. Bestor stared fiercely at the empty cot with clenched hands and rigid form. He did not, however, repeat the folly of the previous night, but, going back to bed, waited. He had waited more than an hour when sleep again overcame him, and when he awakened and stirred Mr. Farmington was bending over him as he had done on the night before. A cold shudder came over the doctor as he heard Richard Farmington slip back into his pocket something metallic and cross the room with an unsteady tread.

On the third night the doctor mixed himself a stimulant that would be sure to keep him awake, and prepared to watch as before. About eleven o'clock Mr. Farmington arose, dressed silently, came stealthily to Dr. Bestor's side and listened to his slow, regular breathing; then, quietly unlatching the door, went out. He had scarcely gone three steps when Dr. Bestor sprang up, seized his clothes in tense silence and a moment later was on his trail. He wore soft-soled slippers, and with these he leaped down the stairs and was on the street just in time to see Mr. Farmington's figure disappear around the corner. He had little difficulty in following—through narrow streets and finally through a dark alley to a low, rear door, which opened and closed so quickly that the doctor, three rods away, could not see anything but a light. Coming nearer, however, he found a small offset in the wall where he might stand concealed from any passer-by. Soon two men passed, talking guardedly. The doctor caught the words, "Dick Farmington," and saw the two men enter the same low door. Another and another passed with stealthy, cat-like tread. Then there were no more. The doctor looked up and down, and, seeing no one, ventured nearer the door. He could hear coarse laughter and rude, harsh voices, and

knew that the men were drinking and gambling and planning deeds of crime. "Dick, if you'd only get rid of that blessed deacon of yours, you might spend your days as well as your nights to some purpose, instead of nosing around like a pious saint among men who are as good as yourself."

Mr. Farmington's reply was not heard, but Dr. Bestor had heard enough and hastened away to his room. What could he do? His own life was in danger. Was this the outcome of all his endeavor? The doctor's heart sank—his courage faltered. Where was now the "calm blessing of unselfish service"? Utterly discouraged, the doctor again went to bed, determined to be on his guard if Mr. Farmington should attempt an attack. Further than this he could not think.

The door opened as before and Mr. Farmington came in. The doctor could see something glitter in his hand as he passed the gas jet and came to the bed. The doctor stirred and sighed as if awaking, and, opening his eyes, said: "Why, is that you, Richard? Did you want something?"

"My head aches so that I cannot sleep. Could you give me something for it?"

"Certainly."

By the time the doctor had turned on the light the glittering thing had disappeared, and Mr. Farmington was leaning wearily in a chair. No mention was made of the fact that he still wore his day clothing.

The remedy, however, did not relieve the sick man. He slept some, but awakened in the morning weak and with little inclination to rise. The doctor had given him a mild, though weakening, drug that would keep him quiet for a day or two and allow time for a little thinking.

Engrossed as he was by his new perilous situation, Dr. Bestor took time to look over the morning paper. He was interested in the sensational fraud exposures which had been coming out in connection with the leading traction company of Philadelphia. The glaring headlines of this morning's paper be-

tokened more excitement. Rapidly the doctor's eyes ran over them till they stopped short as he read:

### GORDON PARKE SUICIDES!

**Involved to the Amount of \$50,000.00!  
Sensational Testimony Brought  
Out by District Attorney!**

The account went on to tell how Mr. Parke, attorney for the defence, had been conducting a most brilliant case, foiling the prosecution in every attack, until yesterday, when new evidence was brought in that showed Gordon Parke to have obtained more than any other man in the big graft. His exposure was followed by his arrest, and the brilliant and wealthy lawyer, the man of the world and of society, was taken to the city jail for the night. The attendants, on opening the cell in the morning, found the prostrate form of the dead man.

As Dr. Bestor read the account of the father's crime and misfortune his sympathies were awakened for the daughter. "Poor Bernice! How could she endure a shock like this?" He seemed to see the deep blue of her mournful eyes looking at him across the miles in sad appeal. He was her lover, and he should have been her protector and her support in such an hour. Besides, what a miserable failure he had made of his efforts to help Richard Farmington! It was a sad mistake to leave her so. He must repair it even yet. And so he wrote:

"My Dearest Bernice: Let me come and comfort you in this deep trial. I love you still. I have always loved you, even when I tried to persuade myself that I did not. It was a mistake to leave you. You were right—I was over-sensitive. I see it now. I am coming back to my profession and to you. Only tell me that I may, dear. Only forgive the long, weary months when I was away from you, and let me stand always between you and everything that can harm you or annoy you. You cannot know how long and sad the

time has been to me. Let us forget our troubled past in a perfect future together. Yours always,

"Philip Bestor."

He folded the letter, dreaming of a rest from the turbulent life he now led; of the sweet bliss of the renewed love of the only woman of his heart; of the fair renown and joy he might yet gain from his profession. As he placed the letter in the envelope and pressed down the flap a weary sigh from Richard Farmington brought him back to himself. Suddenly he remembered all the stern conflict that had brought him to where he was. Should all that struggle, that inflexible pointing of duty, that anguish of renunciation, these months of patient endeavor, count for nothing now? Again he recalled the black horror of his first realization of the enormity of the wrong he had done Richard Farmington. If God held him responsible for the soul of Richard Farmington when that soul was white with the sanctity of the joy everlasting whence it had returned, how much more would He hold him responsible now, when that soul was dark with the shadows of shame and dishonor and crime. For a moment two angels seemed beckoning him to follow in two opposite directions. One wore the radiant form of Bernice Parke, the other's name was Duty; and, though plain in her aspect, she had in her face a peace that Philip Bestor could not find in the eyes of Bernice Parke. Deliberately he picked up the letter he had just written and tore it into a hundred pieces, and again faced his life bravely and squarely.

No definite plans could be made about a course to follow. He would have to wait and be ready to meet any emergency when it came up. In the meantime, while Richard Farmington lay weak and helpless, the doctor attended him with the utmost tenderness and devotion. The end of three days, when the effect of the drug should have run its course, found Richard Farmington still unable to rise. A week passed and still he was prostrate. Dr.



Bestor believed that Mr. Farmington had received a somewhat enervated body from the Irishman. This fact, together with his late irregularities, accounted for his illness. A strong man could not long have endured the earnest day work and the constant night revelry in which Mr. Farmington had engaged.

As day followed day, and then days lengthened into weeks and there was still no sign of recovery, Dr. Bestor continued to show every consideration for the man under his care. With all his reserve and the influence of his late criminal tendencies, still the doctor found him lovable. Underlying all was the strong and beautiful personality of Richard Farmington. Patiently the doctor set about winning over again the old-time confidence. He talked with the sick man when the sick man seemed to care for it. Gently and carefully he led the conversation into peaceful and friendly channels. Gradually he began to make suggestions that might appeal to the better side of Richard Farmington's nature, and his efforts were not fruitless. Little by little the doors of Richard Farmington's inner self began to swing open. Still the doctor waited. He would not presume upon the other's friendship.

At last one evening—it was midsummer now—as the doctor sat beside the bed and the two men were talking of the work they had come to Chicago to do, and of what they hoped still to do, suddenly Richard Farmington grasped the doctor's hand and cried: "Oh, Philip! Philip! If I had done my part of the work as you have done yours, Chicago would be a better city than it is to-day."

The doctor replied that he thought Mr. Farmington had done all that he could, and that his help had been invaluable.

"No, no! You do not know all. You do not know what evil influence I have exerted that more than balanced the good. You do not know how many sleepless nights brought on this prostration. You do not know the danger you yourself were in."

Dr. Bestor did know, but remained silent. Then followed the whole broken confession!—how the struggles with the Irish body had first resulted in conquest; how, little by little, being always under temptation, always in the presence of unholy tendencies, he began to look upon them with more and more tolerance, until he became a slave to the insubordinate cravings. Now under the influence of Dr. Bestor's unselfish devotion, removed from the temptations that had so sorely beset him, the better man had gained the ascendancy, the sleeping conscience had awakened and was wrung with remorse to see what havoc had been wrought while she slept.

By his confession and a re-establishment of the old genial relation between himself and the doctor a weight seemed lifted from Richard Farmington's heart, and from that day he began to gain strength. Before he was strong enough, however, to resume his work, he had a serious talk with the doctor about the future. At his own request they rented another apartment, consisting of two rooms, one opening out of the other. Richard Farmington insisted upon sleeping in the inner room, with the door locked from the outside. Dr. Bestor was reluctant to make an arrangement so humiliating for his friend; but upon the latter's continued insistence he consented, knowing himself that it was really the best thing to do. It was also Mr. Farmington's request to accompany the doctor always; to be at all times where the doctor could reach him in a few minutes. This was, indeed, the arrangement that Dr. Bestor had striven to maintain. Now he thought his care would be easier, since he had the co-operation of Richard Farmington himself.

"If it had not been for you, I should have been hopelessly lost long ago," cried Richard Farmington in a burst of gratitude.

"If it had not been for me, you would now be safe in the arms of eternal peace," replied the doctor, sadly.

The new arrangement having been

made, they renewed their work with increased earnestness. It needs not that we follow them through all the fifteen years of their endeavor, striving with holy consecration to make the world a better, fairer heritage. It needs not that we recall the many pitfalls in the path of Richard Farmington, the many conflicts with that strange, alien self—aye, the many falls and the many contrite risings again. It needs not that we paint in detail the unselfish devotion, the untiring service, the unwavering sacrifice of Philip Bestor.

The summer of the fifteenth year since Dr. Bestor and Richard Farmington entered upon their work in Chicago found both men still working out the fulfilment of the dream that came to them while studying the lower classes of Europe. Their work had greatly enlarged. Many other earnest workers had joined them. Three night schools were now conducted. There were Saturday evening talks. There were reading rooms. There were baseball fields and various other amusements. Some of the youths who found inspiration fifteen years ago in the lives of the two earnest men who led the movement were now valiant workers with them. Yet with all the increased force of workers and the expansion of the plan, Philip Bestor and Richard Farmington were still regarded as the heads. To them were referred all difficult questions of management, and if the men in any of the classes felt the need of special help and uplift, it was to these two men that they brought their burdens.

The years of toil and anxiety and trouble and care had left their marks on both. They were now but little past middle age, yet both had been under severe stress. Dr. Bestor, though still alert, sensitive, enthusiastic, had lost some of the impetuosity of his younger years. Though still erect and stately, he moved more slowly than he did fifteen years ago, and the once luxurious brown hair was white and thin upon his brow. Richard Farmington's hair was also gray and his step broken;

and the face, once seamed with lines of hardship and dishonor, though now softened by the real beauty of the soul within, had gained new lines of struggle and pain. Many of the evil tendencies to which he was subject had been in a large measure subdued. He had "fought a good fight," had conquered one enemy after another, until it seemed sometimes that the conquest must be nearly over. Yet again and again, from some unlooked-for direction, at some unguarded entrance, a new enemy would come in; and then there would be the hard combat—the fierce blows—and often it was only through Dr. Bestor's timely aid that victory was won at all.

One Saturday evening of this fifteenth summer Richard Farmington and Dr. Bestor went to the hall where the doctor was to talk to the men. There was the usual good attendance, for so devoted were the men to their leaders that they never failed to hear them when they could. The hall was already filled when the two gray-haired gentlemen entered and walked to the front. Dr. Bestor had scarcely begun speaking, however, when a few strangers became noisy in the rear of the room, and Richard Farmington walked quietly back to them while the doctor continued his discourse.

"We are apt to think too much about sacrifice," he was saying. "If a man gives up tobacco that his son may be educated; if he gives up whiskey that his wife may have a comfortable home and dress respectably among her equals—nay, if a man gives up his pleasures, his comforts, his necessities even, for the sake of wife or children or neighbors or friends, is that sacrifice? No, brothers; that is gain! We must live not for ourselves, but for each other. We must be willing to give even when we do not see where the gain will come from. For there is joy in service that pays now and here for every unselfish deed that we can do, if we but try to find it. And if the son comes back from school strong and good and ready to help; and if the wife's face loses the weary look it had and wears a contented



smile; and if the friend or neighbor is warm where he was cold, or is glad where he was sorrowful, or is true and brave where he was weak and cowardly—then you have received double pay for all your outlay. You have the lasting joy in your heart and the good you have done besides. We can never face life squarely until we have learned the true meaning of sacrifice and service. Not the sacrifice that says, 'Ah me, how much have I given! Surely the Lord owes me a special blessing for all I have done!' Hush, brother! The Lord owes you nothing at all, even though you spend your whole life in His service. Yet, though he owes you nothing, He continues to bless you more and more. We miss too many of our blessings because we are looking for some great and dazzling reward to be bestowed upon us, while in reality every deed of service for others brings with it its own reward of joy."

This was Dr. Bestor's favorite theme—his lesson, his message for the world. It was the same thought that he expressed to Richard Farmington in the first laying of their present plans. It was his text to live by. As he grew more engrossed in his theme and more earnest in his speech, he did not see Richard Farmington pass out the door of the room between two men. None, indeed, did see it except those near the door, for all were held by the spell of the doctor's earnest manner. When he had finished his speech he looked about for Richard Farmington. Not finding him beside him, he remembered that he had gone down to the rear of the room during the talk, and his eye sought anxiously among the many faces and could not find the one it sought.

"Is Mr. Farmington in the room?" he inquired.

"No, sir," replied a youth near the door. "He went out with them fellers that was makin' a racket."

A sickening premonition of coming ill swept over Dr. Bestor as he took his hat and hurried out, excusing himself hastily from those who wished to speak with him. All this work for the

men of Chicago was secondary always to his care for Richard Farmington. He knew not which way to turn. As on the occasion of his first frenzied night search for Richard Farmington, he had an almost uncontrollable impulse to hasten somewhere. Yet he knew that to search in the mazes of the city for one lost man was madness, and he started homeward with a heavy heart.

He had walked little more than a square along the dim street, silent except for a few men going home from the meeting, when, as he passed the end of an alley, he thought he heard a human groan. Stopping, he listened and the groan came again. Fifteen unselfish years had made such a sound to Dr. Bestor an imperative call for assistance. Turning down the dark alley, he groped his way carefully with hands and feet. Soon he could hear some one breathing heavily, and then again the groan almost in his ears. Stooping, he felt about with his hands and came upon a man lying near the wall.

"Who are you, brother?" but the man did not speak. Lifting him in his arms, he carried him, a limp, heavy burden, to the deserted street and laid him down under the light. He would call the ambulance at once—no, he would examine the man and see if he needed such immediate care as the doctor could give him. The face was bruised and bleeding as he turned it toward the light—so bruised that he thought he had never seen it before. As he loosened and threw back the coat he noticed a paper extending from an inner pocket. Drawing it forth, he glanced at it and read the name of Richard Farmington. Wildly turning the face again toward the light, he tenderly brushed it with his handkerchief. Yes, it was Richard Farmington! The doctor rushed to the nearest signal station and called the ambulance. When it arrived he ordered the injured man taken to his own lodging.

All night Richard Farmington lay unconscious, moaning with every breath. All night Dr. Bestor and Dr.



Drawn by L. T. Hammond

"HE NOTICED A PAPER EXTENDING FROM AN INNER POCKET"

Clayton, whom he had summoned, did all that medical skill could do to revive the sinking spark of life. It seemed he could not live till morning. But toward daylight he rallied a little and seemed stronger and Dr. Clayton went away, promising to return in three or four hours.

A slender streak of the sun's first light shone across the sick room as Richard Farmington came back to consciousness.

"Philip," he said feebly, "I am so glad you are here. I am so glad that I can speak to you before I go——"

The doctor thought him delirious.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Out again into the infinite. Last night I thought I must go without seeing you—without telling you again how I thank you. With all my heart I thank you, Philip—you and God. And, oh! Philip, I wanted you to know that I had won in the last struggle and that I go victorious."

There was scarcely time for the telling, and the words came brokenly at the last; but from them Dr. Bestor learned of that last conflict in the night; how the men had swept Rich-



ard Farmington through the door before he could object (they were the same men that he had first encountered on the train as he and Dr. Bestor were starting for San Francisco); how they had allured him and made him most tempting offers if he would join their lawless band; how the old craving came again so fierce and bitter that he thought he must yield; how, when he refused, they bribed and tempted more and at last resorted to blows; how they had dragged him into the alley, almost unconscious, thinking him dead, and had fled away; and how, in the last moments of consciousness, he heard like an angel voice the words, "Who are you, brother?" and knew that Dr. Bestor had come.

"Do not try to keep me," he cried. "My soul is already full of the limitless joy. She is spreading her wings for flight—Philip——" but the soul had gone and Philip Bestor was glad; glad with a solemn, unspeakable joy that Richard Farmington was beyond the temptations and sorrows and limitations of a life which had been wrongly thrust upon him.

Philip Bestor's atonement was accomplished. The care and vigil were over. What should he do with the few years of activity that might yet be left for him? This was the question that faced him when he began again to think of himself. Should he go on with the work that Richard Farmington and he had built up and learned to love? This was impossible. In the fifteen years of the life and work in Chicago, Dr. Bestor had never hesitated to spend what seemed needed for the work. He had rented rooms and paid board and clothing bills for himself and Richard Farmington, and had given whatever was lacking for carrying out any projected plan. Now he found himself almost penniless. He would not be dependent upon the other workers. He would leave the work for younger hands and hearts. Should he re-enter his profession and take up again the work that

had answered the enthusiasm of his young manhood, thus supporting himself and giving again to the world the results of his marvelous skill? Sadly he remembered Richard Farmington's words: "The world has little use for a man a second time," and he felt that this would be true of his profession. Younger men with new ideas would have no place for the gray-haired doctor. Should he go to his sister, who was now the only surviving member of his family besides himself? But Mrs. Lee had never quite sympathized with her brother in his enterprise. She had been proud of his renown, and vexed that he should so lightly, as she thought, throw it all away. She would be still more vexed that his fortune also had been sacrificed on what she was pleased to term the altar of his fanaticism. Nothing was left, therefore, but toil—daily hard work for the hands that had ministered to suffering and distress. Yet Philip Bestor faced his future nobly. No bitterness of toil and hardship, no heavy load of weariness and pain, no loneliness, could rob him of the holy peace that rose like incense from the censer of his fifteen years of service for Richard Farmington. He did not count it hard that he must now enter a life of toil. His heart was so full of gratitude for heaven's blessings on his past efforts, and for Richard Farmington's triumphant entry into the realms of infinite truth, that he felt that all he could do or endure would be only a little payment of his debt.

So thought Philip Bestor and so he planned. But Supreme Justice, tender and infinitely wise, cancelled the debt, pronounced the atonement sufficient, and, opening the door of eternity, said: "Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

Two weeks after the death of Richard Farmington, Philip Bestor was found dead in bed. "Heart failure," the coroner said, and so it was written in the records of the city.

# AT WHITSUNTIDE

By LEVERETT D. G. BENTLEY

## CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

Rev. Peter Holton, D.D., an aged clergyman.

Anna Holton, his niece.

Henry Marvin, a wealthy parishioner.

Dudley Mead, a newspaper reporter.

SCENE—Living room at the rectory.

TIME—Last Summer.

THE living-room at Rev. Peter Holton's rectory is made attractive largely because of the simplicity of its furnishings. Not only this, but at the back and almost in the centre, known as up stage, there is a lattice window, through which one sees the garden. The sun is shining brightly, revealing a quiet charm both out and indoors. The interior is by no means bare of adornment, for there is much bric-a-brac, some fashioned by Anna's own hand, and more that has been in the family for years; accumulated, so to speak, by successive generations. The furniture is both old and new. The armchair at the (stage) right and the table (center) are of a substantial type common a half-century ago. There is a fireplace at (stage) right, which stands between two doors. One of these latter, that nearest the audience, leads to the garden. Through the upper right-hand door one is admitted to the rector's study. At the (stage) left is the door that opens on the front piazza. There are several places where vases of flowers may be placed, including the mantelpiece, the center-table and two small tables at left and right. Both old-fashioned and modern pictures hang upon the wall. As the curtain is lifted, Anna Holton enters through the front (left) door. She carries a gathering basket filled

with daisies and garden roses, which she places on the table at center. Here there are six or seven empty vases. Anna proceeds to cut and arrange the blooms.

ANNA—

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying,  
And this same flower that blooms to-day  
Tomorrow may be dying."

Who doubts, if all else fails, I may become a florist?—a lady florist, a poetical lady florist, who greets her customers like this: "Roses you wish? Certainly, madame. How many and which poet do you prefer? One dozen buds and Sir Walter Scott. Certainly, madame. Here are your roses and here your quotation:

"The rose is fairest when 'tis budding  
new,  
And hope is brightest when it  
dawns from fears;  
The rose is sweetest wash'd with  
morning dew,  
And love is loveliest when em-  
balmed in tears."

(Laughingly)—Not a bad idea; that is, without the poetry. How would it appeal to Uncle Peter, I wonder? Poor



Uncle Peter! I haven't seen him since breakfast. (Looking towards the study door at upper right.) It seems a pity that a man of his years should be forced to work so hard. Some people think a clergyman has nothing to do but go about making calls and drinking tea with nice old ladies. They expect him to preach on Sunday, but intimate that he may have borrowed the sermon, or at least used it some time before. If they knew the truth, they wouldn't say such things. Now, then, all the vases are filled except this one. Daisies, indeed! What does the poetical lady florist know of them? I have it, and from Hood:

"The daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush,

She is of such low degree."

(Placing the filled vases about the room.) Uncle Peter must see these while they are fresh and lovely. (Knocks on study door.) Uncle Peter, Uncle Peter, won't you come out just a moment? Please do; you need a rest from that horrid grind. (Makes face of mock self-reproach.) Forgive me, uncle; I did not mean to say "horrid grind." But come out here, won't you?

HOL. (opening study door and entering living room)—Anna, it quite cheers my old heart to see you so happy.

ANNA—And I want *you* to cheer *my* heart by being happy yourself. Come, see the flowers. They are your favorites. (Both go about admiring the loaded vases.) Uncle Peter, you never can guess what idea came to me while I was arranging these flowers. Sit down in your armchair and let me tell you. (Holton sits and Anna kneels beside him.)

HOL.—Yes, my darling.

ANNA—It doesn't seem quite fair, Uncle Peter, that you should be working so hard, so very hard, and I frittering the time away.

HOL.—But, Anna, my child.

ANNA—It's true, uncle, and it isn't right. Why can't I share at least some of the burden by growing flowers for the market? You remember I did better in botany than in any of my spe-

cials, and there is our empty conservatory, which really ought to be in use. Please? I mean it in all seriousness. You, perhaps, don't realize it, but you are working too hard. The vestry ought to retire you after all these years with a substantial allowance; make you rector emeritus of Trinity parish, and let you live in comfort on your regular salary. You could advise me about the greenhouses. (Studying his face.) Oh, I know it is hard to give up, but at any rate they ought to provide you with an assistant. (Looking again at him.) Does it make you feel bad? Let me talk to Mr. Marvin; he's senior warden and seems to have the greatest influence. I'm going to tell him just what I think.

HOL.—Anna, my girl, you have a generous heart and an impulsive nature, but I could not allow you to do that, even if I thought it to be the right course. Since you have broached the subject, however, I shall tell you what the vestry has done. I have been struggling with myself against telling you.

ANNA—But tell me *now*. What *has* the vestry done?

HOL.—It met last evening and voted to retire me——

ANNA—(Starts to speak with indignation, but represses herself.)

HOL.—They said I was too old.

ANNA—Too *old*!

HOL.—It was cowardly of me to shut myself up this morning and brood over it.

ANNA—Not cowardly, uncle; you were too considerate of me. But, uncle, I hope they've fixed a decent salary for you as rector emeritus. You've given them the very best years of your life; surely they will show some appreciation of that fact.

HOL.—No salary, child, no pension; and I'm sorry, Anna, for your sake. It is the will of the Master, no doubt; but I can't understand it yet.

ANNA (almost savagely)—I wish the vestry were left in my hands. (Then with sudden self-reproach.) Forgive me, uncle; but I haven't the self-control you have. Go on, please, and tell me more about it.

HOL.—It is all in this letter, my child. Oh, Anna, I had hoped that you should never have cause to grieve while I had my health and strength. It was when you were getting breakfast and I was walking in the garden that Henry Marvin came up in his automobile, stopped and wished me good morning, at the same time passing me this. "Read it at your leisure," he said, "and I will call later in the morning and talk it over with you." I confess that I at first hoped it might be an increase in salary. I don't know why, but I suppose the wish was father to the thought. Not until after breakfast did I open it. Here it is, my dear; read it for yourself.

ANNA (reads).

"Rev. Peter Holton, D. D.—

"Dear Sir: As senior warden of Trinity parish I desire to inform you that at a meeting of the vestry last evening it was voted to request your resignation as rector, said resignation to be forthcoming at once."

How cruel!

"It is a source of much regret to all that such a vote should be necessary, and I desire to say in this connection that there was no word of criticism of your work. All spoke of it in the highest terms of praise."

Praise!

"We believe a younger man could accomplish more, and, further, that the duties of rector are far too arduous for one of your years. Personally, I wish to add my own expression of regret, and——" (drops note).

Trum, trum, trum,—the hypocrites!

HOL.—Anna! Anna. You forget. You are a woman.

ANNA—Yes, and I wish I were a man. (Puts her head in her hands as if she were about to cry.)

HOL.—Don't, my child, don't. There is always the possibility of a small country parish or even a Sunday supply now and then—that is, if it is never known that I am turned out to make room for younger blood. Age has the wisdom, but youth the power.

ANNA—Uncle Peter, I am going to ask you one favor, and you must grant

it. Will you allow me to be present at the interview with Mr. Marvin?

HOL.—Do you think it best, my child? It may be very painful.

ANNA—Possibly, Mr. Marvin might find it more painful than either you or I.

HOL.—Careful, my darling. It would never do to show an unchristian or a hostile spirit. Furthermore, nothing is to be gained. Mr. Marvin is a firm, resolute man of the world. What he says he means. He never allows himself to be crossed. No, my child, rage or tears would never move him. Not that I should allow you to, or you desire to, thus appeal in my behalf.

ANNA—Mr. Marvin, as you know, runs Trinity parish with his money.

HOL.—Hush, Anna, hush.

ANNA—No, uncle, I won't hush. It's true. He thinks you're not socially equal to Trinity. He wants a young man upon whom he may spend his money, and maybe marry to his ugly daughter.

HOL.—Anna, Anna!

ANNA—Mr. Marvin himself was the son of a brick mason or something and made his money—well, stories differ; but he made it, and now he wants to lead this town and this parish and everything else. Why didn't he show his power to manage affairs by controlling his son? Jack Marvin did exactly as he pleased. There was some horrible scandal, although it never got out. But why was he sent away?

HOL.—Anna, I beg of you, desist. No matter if what you say is true, or half true, it is wrong, very wrong, to repeat it. It's idle gossip and gossip——

ANNA—Gossip is detestable—when it isn't delicious.

HOL.—Marvin holds a high place in the community.

ANNA—He may keep it. If I were Jenkins, and at that a sexton, I wouldn't change places with Mr. Marvin.

HOL.—Ah, poor Jenkins! He'll be sorry, I'm sure. We've been at Trinity for so many years. I don't know what I should have done without Jenkins as my sexton.

ANNA—And I don't know what Jen-



kins would have done without you. He's shooed off the beggars that were imposing upon you while you drove away another crowd who were working on his sympathies. You both seem to feel that it was right for yourself to give money to paupers, but wrong for the other. Shall I call Jenkins? (Goes to window.) He is very likely in the garden. Or shall you tell him later? (Sudden agitation.) Goodness, uncle, here comes a young man.

HOL.—Is there anything extraordinary in a young man calling here?

ANNA—This one is a stranger.

HOL.—And not an ill-looking one, I may believe, judging from the pretty blushes on someone's cheek.

ANNA—Shall I let him in or wait until he rings the bell? The door is wide open.

HOL.—Let me save you any embarrassment. (Holton walks to door down left and pushes it back, it opening off stage. Meanwhile, Anna stands in front of a mirror and arranges one or two flowers in her hair.) This way, sir.

MEAD (enters left)—Thank you, sir. Rev. Mr. Holton?

HOL.—That's my name, sir. This is Miss Anna Holton, my niece.

MEAD—Delighted to meet Miss Holton. My name is Mead—Dudley Mead. I'm a reporter for the *News-Herald*.

HOL and ANNA—A reporter!

MEAD (noting their pained surprise)—Reporter, yes. No horns, no claws, no tusks. Just a common or garden variety of reporter.

ANNA—We weren't expecting you.

HOL.—No, we weren't expecting you. Won't you be seated?

MEAD—Thank you. Miss Holton, Mr. Holton, let me assure you that you have nothing to fear from me. I have not come to pry into private papers, ransack your trunks or ask you searching questions, writing down carefully everything you say in a notebook. I am merely on a story for my paper, and I think you know that the *News-Herald* hasn't any disposition to roast or misuse innocent people.

HOL.—We read the *News-Herald* and like it.

MEAD—Thank you. Now, then, sir, let me tell you that all we want is your side of the case. I promise to print it exactly as you give it to me.

HOL.—My side?

MEAD—Yes, Mr. Holton. You see, our local correspondent, or, rather, your local correspondent, of our paper sent in a tip to the office that there was some kind of a row, as he called it, in Trinity parish, and my assignment is to investigate it. If there isn't any truth in it, we do not intend to print anything whatever. We are not going to *make* or *fake*, if you will permit me, a story. If there is anything to be written, we'll do our best to treat both sides fairly. You don't know me and doubtless you suspect me, but I really am honest.

ANNA (under her breath)—And modest.

MEAD (overhearing her)—Thank you.

HOL.—There is nothing to conceal, Mr. Mead. This morning, much to my surprise, I received a notice that the vestry desired my resignation. I will gladly show you that letter. (Picking up letter and passing it to Mead.) That's my side of the case, Mr. Mead.

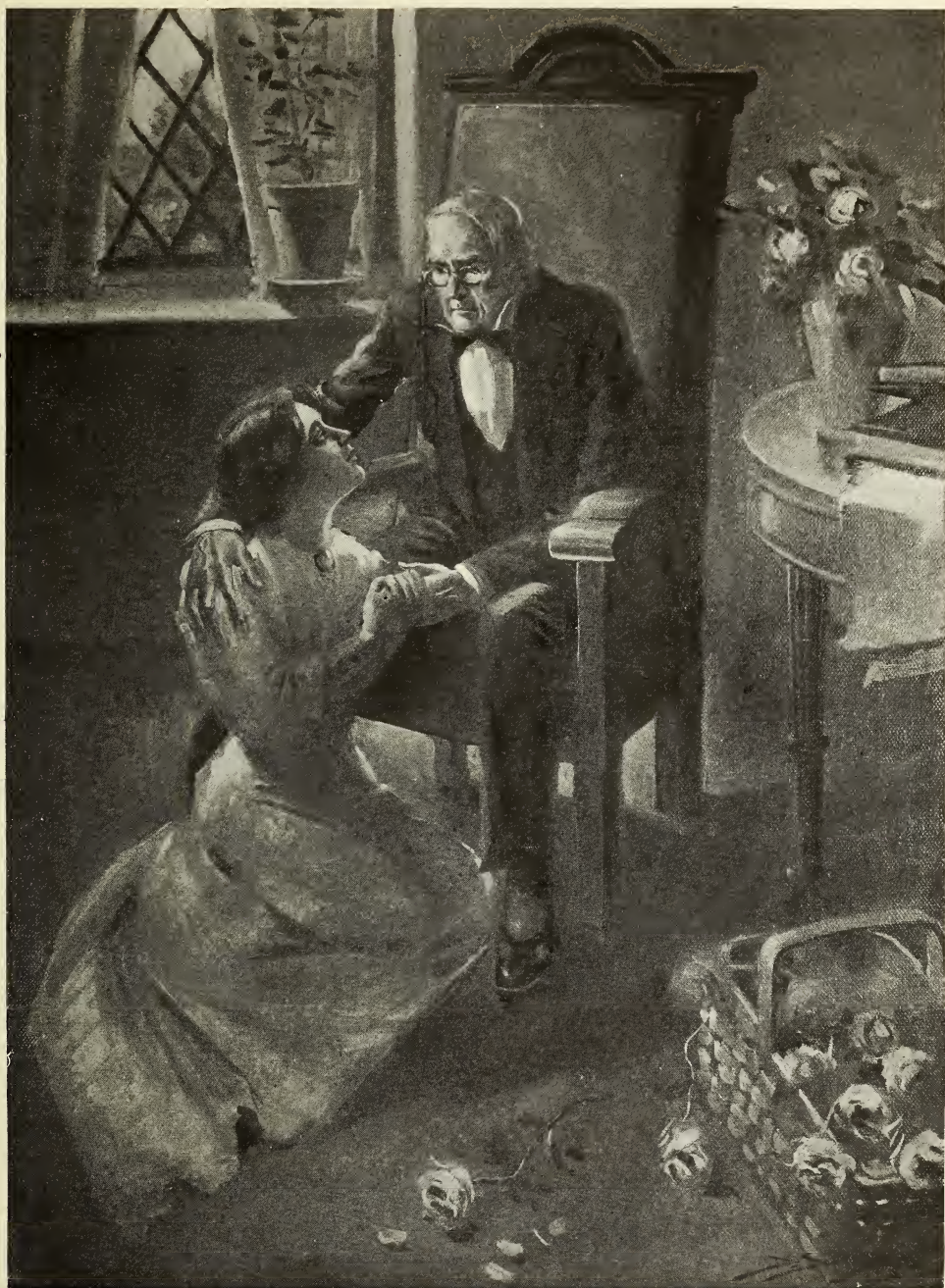
MEAD (reading it through)—Signed by Henry Marvin.

HOL.—You know him?

MEAD—Quite well. I've been hunting for him this morning.

HOL.—I need not say, Mr. Mead, that the greater amount of publicity given my resignation, the less chance I have of securing another church or opportunity to preach a Sunday supply now and then. It is enough to be told that one is old and useless without it being published broadcast in the newspapers. Many, no doubt, will understand the cause, but to have it verified in the public print is but to emphasize the unhappy truth.

MEAD—I appreciate that thoroughly, Mr. Holton, and I may say that it makes me all the more eager to have a talk with Mr. Marvin before a line of this is printed. As it stands now, we have, or think we have, an exclusive. If, however, any other reporter should show up, can you say that I have



Drawn by D. S. Ross

"WHY CAN'T I SHARE, AT LEAST, SOME OF THE BURDEN"



agreed to give it to all the papers and for them to see me? In this way your interests will be best protected. Trust me, won't you? Both of you?

HOL.—I do.

ANNA—And I.

MEAD—You're very kind. If only I could get hold of Mr. Marvin.

ANNA—You've only another instant to wait, for I hear the Marvin auto. (Going to window.) Yes, here he comes.

HOL.—I'll admit him. Excuse me, Mr. Mead. (Goes out door left.)

MEAD—It's my opinion, Miss Holton, that your uncle is receiving very shabby treatment. I'm going to tell Mr. Marvin so, whether he likes it or not.

ANNA—Are you? Do you dare? I wish that I might. I wanted to, very much, but Uncle Peter wouldn't let me.

Marvin and Holton are heard talking off the stage.

MEAD—I am not an intentional eaves-dropper, Miss Holton, but it seems that your uncle and Mr. Marvin are talking over a real estate transaction. Just what does that mean?

ANNA—That Mr. Marvin is at uncle again to sell this property. You see, it doesn't belong to the parish corporation, but to my uncle. If you noticed, the location is rather attractive, and it may appeal to Mr. Marvin as a possible home for his daughter when she marries.

MEAD—Is it in the market?

ANNA—No, indeed. (Then with serious thought.) It wasn't yesterday, but it may be to-morrow.

MEAD—I shouldn't worry about that, Miss Holton. (Pausing.) What a cosey place for two—I mean three. That is—I beg pardon, Miss Holton—you'll forgive me, won't you? I didn't mean, er—

ANNA—I have often heard of the fertile imaginations of newspaper men; now I'm quite sure it's true. You'll excuse me if I take a short walk in the garden. The truth of it is I am not the least anxious to see Mr. Marvin.

MEAD—But you'll come back?

ANNA—Very soon; after I have wrestled with and thrown my temper. I

hope you will enjoy your interview. (Exit right.)

MEAD (looking after her) — Not so much as if you were to remain. Jove, but there's a pretty girl. I wonder how her uncle would like to have me in his congregation!

Marvin and Holton enter left.

MAR.—What a mighty pretty place this is, Holton. (Seeing Mead.) Some one here. (To Mead.) Good morning, sir; I'm afraid I haven't had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Mr.—er— (offering to shake hands with Mead.)

MEAD—Mead of the *News-Herald*. (The two shake hands.)

MAR.—Oh, yes, I know you now.

MEAD—You ought to; I've been trying to interview you for several hours.

MAR.—Interview me? I can't see what business you could have with me.

MEAD—Mr. Holton was much surprised to see me, too. I explained to him, as I do to you, that we heard in the *News-Herald* office that there was a row in Trinity parish and we wanted to get the facts.

MAR.—A row? Ridiculous! And furthermore, whatever Trinity parish may do cannot and does not concern the newspapers.

MEAD—I'm quite satisfied there isn't any row, Mr. Marvin, but I don't agree with you as to Trinity's freedom from obligations to the newspapers. Whenever there is a lecture or a bazaar, a special musical program on Sunday, not to mention the celebration of some important church anniversary, it is always thought imperative by the church officers and members that the newspapers chronicle the event. In fact, it is expected that they should be liberal with their space. And they usually are. But when some news comes up, some happening of live interest, the newspapers are promptly told to mind their own business.

HOL.—There need be no discussion, gentlemen. I have told Mr. Mead of the action of the wardens and vestry. He will, I am sure, print nothing sensational or untrue—merely the facts.

MAR. (with sudden anger)—You cannot print my letter. You have no right

to. Holton had no business to give it to you.

MEAD—He didn't give it to me and I'm not going to print it, Mr. Marvin.

HOL.—I wish to assume the blame, gentlemen, for whatever misunderstanding there may be.

MAR.—Holton, you should be more careful; you can't trust these reporters.

HOL.—I have yet to find one of them I could not trust.

MEAD—Thank you, Mr. Holton.

ANNA (enters from right)—Pardon me, but, Uncle Peter, Jenkins has heard that something has happened. It seems to have fallen upon him like a blow. Won't you go to him and tell—if only for a minute. Mr. Mead and Mr. Marvin will excuse you long enough for that. Come; I'll help you break the news to him.

HOL.—Perhaps I had better; you'll pardon me, gentlemen.

MAR.—Not at all; indulge yourself in a bit of sentiment. But don't be too long; I'm in a hurry.

HOL.—Very well.

Hol. and Anna exeunt right.

MEAD—I'm glad we're alone for a minute, Mr. Marvin.

MAR.—See here, young man, I believe you have an idea that you can bulldoze me.

MEAD—No, Mr. Marvin; you're wrong. I don't follow the same tactics as you; I have a straight line of attack.

MAR.—I guess I'm not far off when I say that you are going to tell me my business, and say I had no right to invite Holton to resign. Now, look here, Mead. You know Holton is all right and that I'd be the last man to do him an injury. If you insist upon printing the letter, you'll make it look as if we had turned Holton out, when, as a matter of fact, we've kept him here for years for charity. You know what the people want in the churches to-day; they don't want an old fossil for a preacher when they can get a young and vigorous man for the place.

MEAD—Indeed. I had always understood that churches stand for humanity and Christianity.

MAR.—Well, business is one thing and charity is another. How is a church to grow with an old fuddy-duddy in charge of it?

MEAD—Of course, if you're running an amusement enterprise, a sort of sanctified picture show for Sunday mornings and evenings, you've got to consider those things. If, on the other hand, you are preaching the gospel of the Nazarene, or at least trying to, it's not the same. I know clergymen, old ones, whose faces shine with what I believe to be the reflection of divine glory. I think Mr. Holton is one of them. When a man's old he isn't worth much according to the standard that you have set up, Mr. Marvin; but when a man, whether he's been a minister or a laborer, or whatever his calling—when that man has shown that he has become worn out in his work for somebody else, is that the time to turn him out? You forget that Mr. Holton and many men like him have prayed at the bedside of a young mother; have christened that child; have married it, and maybe buried it.

At any rate, they have shared in the sorrows and joys of many, many families. They have gone out at night, at the risk of their health, to minister to the poor and sick; they have denied themselves that they might give to missions. And what is the reward of this sacrifice? The poorhouse?

MAR.—You're young; too boyish and sentimental. You don't understand.

MEAD—Mr. Marvin, do you remember the first time we met?

MAR.—Can't say I do, exactly.

MEAD—It was two years ago last September.

MAR.—Was it?

MEAD—Yes. You were in the *News-Herald* office—in the city editor's room. You remember that you were there to keep out a story about your son?

MAR.—My son? What has that to do with it?

MEAD—You had found out that I had dug up a first-page story about the boy's pranks that summer; how he had forged your name to \$30,000 worth of checks; had broken off his engagement



with a Philadelphia young woman; was chasing chorus girls, and was then about to be disowned or banished by you? Pretty hot yarn, as I recall it.

MAR.—I see through you now; you want to blackmail me.

MEAD (indignantly) — Mr. Marvin, you know that's a lie. You remember you tried the same bluff when you asked to have the story suppressed. You said you were president of this, director of that and so on, didn't you?"

And the city editor told you the *News-Herald* didn't give a damn for you or your money, didn't he? Well, that goes double now.

MAR.—What do you want, then?

MEAD—I want nothing except to have this story of Trinity parish straightened out.

MAR.—What are you going to do?

MEAD—I? Nothing; *you're* going to do it.

MAR.—I?

MEAD—Mr. Marvin, the plea upon which you succeeded in getting the *News-Herald* to suppress that story about your son, Jack Marvin, was charity—pure charity. You said, after you had found that bullying wouldn't work, that it would kill his mother, who was then very ill; that it meant the ruination of your daughter's future and your son's future, and, in a measure, your own. That's what you said, wasn't it? You pointed out where there is too little good done in this great, sordid, commercial world, didn't you? You thought the milk of human kindness should flow more freely from the breasts of twentieth-century men and women, didn't you? I remember that you really made an impression. We took you seriously.

MAR.—Stop, Mead, stop. You've made out your case. I've come pretty near to your way of thinking in the last two minutes. I'm not as bad as you would have me, but I will agree that I have been thoughtless.

MEAD—I haven't wished to rub it in, Marvin, but when those things are brought home they are more clearly understood.

MAR.—Mead, I promise you this: I'll

see what can be done. In fact, I'll take the initiative. But, 'sh, here come the Holtons.

Anna and Hol. (enter left). Meade sits at desk and starts writing. Marvin goes up to Anna and Holton.

MAR.—Jenkins is all right, I hope?

HOL.—He seems to think that my going means that he must also leave. I assured him that such is not the case. It isn't, is it, Mr. Marvin?

MAR.—Why, no; of course not; we'll make some provision for him.

HOL.—Jenkins is very vigorous for one of his years; very vigorous. Further than that, he would be invaluable to my successor, to whom he can teach the ropes, so to speak.

MAR.—We won't call it settled yet. The fact is the parish hasn't heard much about it yet. No meeting of the corporation has been called and there's really nothing definite. Moreover, there may be something come up which necessitates some little change. The fact is—

MEAD (who has just stopped writing and blotted the paper)—Excuse me, Mr. Marvin; your signature, please.

MAR.—My signature? Oh, yes. (Signs and shows a second later that he has written his name without thinking.) What is this, eh?

MEAD (without answering Marvin)—Miss Holton, Mr. Holton, I must go back to the city. I believe there is a train in a very few minutes. If you should like to hear what my story in substance will be, just listen to this signed statement of Mr. Marvin. He has given it to me to be published, with some slight elaboration, in the *News-Herald*. Here it is. (Reading.)

"Rev. Peter Holton, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church in the suburban town of Islington, is, after twenty-five years' pastorate, to be made rector emeritus, with full salary. His active duties will terminate this month, after which he and his niece, Miss Anna Holton, are to make an extended European trip, lasting a year or more. This statement is made on the authority of Henry Marvin, the well-known financier and philanthropist, who is senior warden of

Trinity parish and a large contributor to its support."

That's right, Mr. Marvin; isn't it?

MAR.—Er — er — yes — yes — that's right, quite right.

HOL.—Marvin, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Your kindness overwhelms me.

ANNA—Thank you, Mr. Marvin; you are so good.

MAR.—Not at all, not at all. It's a very small thing, after all, and I was glad to do it—very glad to do it.

HOL. (turning to Mead)—You see what a thoughtful friend I have in Mr. Marvin.

MEAD (cordially and with no trace of sarcasm)—Mr. Marvin knows what I think of him.

MAR.—Yes, yes, thank you. I must be going now. I've got to send word to the other members of the vestry.

HOL.—If you must leave us, Marvin, I'll walk along with you; at least as far as your automobile.

MAR.—First rate; come ahead. Good day, Miss Holton; good day, Mr. Mead. Come, Holton.

HOL.—Excuse me just a moment, Mr. Mead. (Exeunt Marvin and Holton.)

ANNA—I can scarcely believe it true.

MEAD—No doubt of it, Miss Holton.

ANNA—I hope I am not ungrateful, but I cannot grasp the change in Mr. Marvin.

MEAD—No.

ANNA—Had you ever met him before?

MEAD—Yes; two years ago, when his — when he came into our office on business.

ANNA—Indeed! Some day I hope to hear more of your relations with Mr. Marvin; that is, if you'll call again, Mr. Mead, won't you?

MEAD—Yes, thank you. (Picking up his hat.) And now for the city. I hope

you feel that the man who solved the difficult problem for your uncle is not such a bad fellow, after all.

ANNA—I have a great mind to hug him.

MEAD (looking off in direction of Marvin)—Hurry up; he hasn't gone yet.

ANNA—I can't do that, but I'll give him a rose instead. (Hands Mead a rose.)

MEAD (gradually realizing the young woman's attitude toward him)—Miss Holton, do you mean me?

(Locomotive whistle heard off.)

ANNA—There's your train. You'll have to run; there isn't another until afternoon.

MEAD—Good-bye, Miss Holton.

HOL. (enters left)—What, leaving us?

MEAD—Yes, Mr. Holton. Sorry, but I must run. (Shaking hands with Hol. and Anna.) Good-bye. (Exit Mead left.)

ANNA (goes to window and looks after Mead).

HOL. (sits in armchair down center)—A great blessing has come to us, my child; hasn't it?

ANNA (she is so occupied she does not hear).

HOL.—Anna. (No answer.) Anna!

ANNA—Yes, uncle.

HOL.—I was saying a great blessing had come to us.

ANNA (still looking out of the window)—Yes; isn't he a dear.

HOL.—A dear? Your attitude has changed. I'm glad of it; I always thought you misjudged Mr. Marvin.

ANNA (almost screaming her surprise)—Mr. Marvin a dear? (Quickly recovering herself.) Oh, yes, of course. (Still at window, but turning to audience with a roguish smile.) Dear Mr. Marvin.

CURTAIN.





FEEDING "OLD BOB," BACK FOR THE FOURTH YEAR

## A BORN NATURALIST AND HIS WORK

By ELLA GILBERT IVES

**I**N freshness, in lively interest and in originality nothing equals a child."

These are the words of Dr. Clifton F. Hodge, professor of biology in Clark University, and the key to his career. It was by watching children killing frogs in a Worcester pond, twelve years ago, and thinking out a plan to win them from their cruelty and folly, that he was led to correlate nature study and life. The insight to child nature was deepened, and the fact that original research is the breath of its mental life confirmed by his experience with his own children. Roland, one year old, planting a peach tree, and four years later proudly harvesting a peck of fruit from its goodly boughs, showed him the value of individual ownership as an incentive. Mazie, with Roland, feeding her pet robin and uttering this oracular sentence, "The most important thing for a child to learn

about birds is how to raise meal-worms," set him to devising ways and means of interesting other children in the care and study of living things.

The outcome is a series of books—a nature trilogy, the fundamental purpose of which is to unite home and school in a common interest by a bond of utility and joy. The aim is "character, will to do good, power to create happiness"; the method, the natural one—*i. e.*, not being told, but finding out for one's self. Thus, to quote Dr. Hodge:

"A little girl of eight years has a pair of pet bobwhites. She is anxious for them to rear a brood and often asks, 'Why don't they lay some eggs?' She is told, July 2, that if she would feed the hen more insects it would probably begin to lay; and she was asked to see if she could not find out how many rose-slugs the bird would eat in a day.

"The child entered into the experiment with great glee, and, interesting to note, developed her own method at the outset, which was to count the slugs as she caught them in a tumbler, and when she had one hundred she wrote it down on a paper and emptied the tumbler before her hungry pet, waited until they were all eaten, and then ran to the garden for another hundred. Here are two definite questions in dynamic biology: How many rose-slugs will a quail eat in a day? If she has all the insects she wants, will she pro-

duce eggs? The child gains answers to both. At night she shows us her record—1286 rose-slugs eaten in a day. Fourth of July morning she is wild with delight on finding the first egg in the nest.

"The example illustrates two points, —a living thing as a force in nature and the child learning by the active method of research. Can the child ever forget the day and the lesson? Multiply now the work of a single bird by the number in a species, or by the number we might have in the species, and



A YOUNG BEAU





GOING CHESTNUTTING

we find ourselves in the presence of powers and forces which could transform the face of the earth, the human values of which are beyond computation. Compared with these values, all our Cripple Creeks and Klondikes are but the small change of the hour. I am wont to estimate that if, as a people, we could learn the biology of this one bird and be decent and civilized enough to give the species a chance to do its work in nature, it would save us in insect damage alone \$500,000,000 a year. In weed-seed destruction, food value of surplus and sport, it might be worth as much more. But no, instead of learning and utilizing our living resources, we must senselessly exterminate them."

Mr. Hodge has instituted a better way. For years, while carrying on professional pursuits, he has taken recreation by experimenting with bobwhites and ruffed grouse, domesticating both on his own premises, with the end in view of adding them finally to the national list of domestic fowl. For four

hundred years not a single species has been added—a fact which magnifies the importance of these experiments. The taming of the young is easily accomplished. Before they are fairly out of the shell they nestle in the hand.

By kindness and appeal to appetite they are wholly tamed. Witness the partridge chestnutting on Dr. Hodge's knee, and the handsome cock deferring his courtship for a tidbit from Mazie's hand.

Both bird and child are in training by the natural method. Study it further. Note a partridge chick just out in the world. "It tries hundreds, if not thousands, of experiments: pecks at all sorts of conspicuous objects; pecks at the eye of a fellow, gets no satisfaction; pecks at a dewdrop, learns how water tastes; pecks at its own toes and tips itself over; at its fellows' toes and tips them over; is served likewise in its turn; learns that toes are not food. It learns that some things taste good and other things bad, and by the end of the day has solved the fundamental food problems of the species."

How analogous this to the growth by inquiry of the young child. To prolong this period of research (why should it ever cease?), and to save the child from becoming a parasitic word-eater, is the problem now engaging Dr. Hodge. Not long ago he asked Sir William Macdonald, now devoting his time and his millions to elementary rural scientific education, why he had turned to it from university research. His eyes twinkled as he replied: "The younger the better; the younger the better. If science is worth anything, the younger we teach it the better. . . . I did begin with science in the university, and I have no fault to find with that; but I soon realized that if we made science mean anything much to the whole people, we must begin with the boys and girls."

The foundation work of Dr. Hodge is so vital, so essentially a growth, that there is no break between the child and the youth, the youth and the adult. By rejecting all inquiries that do not relate to human welfare, all studies that

have no equivalent in human values, he keeps the interest and the mind alert for continuous discovery. This gives no narrow range of inquiry. Dr. Hodge is himself a veritable octopus in his grasp of subjects for research. "You would not spend your life, then, upon a single bug?" inquired a friend. "Not unless it were *the* bug that affected humanity," was his reply.

The mosquito comes so near to such distinction that Dr. Hodge promotes the study of its life history. Under his leadership a public school in Worcester aroused the community to rid the city of countless pests breeding in the neglected pools of Beaver Brook. At the moment when the first great brood of wrigglers was about to emerge, five hundred children descended upon them with oil cans, and performed a feat surpassing that of the magicians of Egypt. Such was the enthusiasm generated by this dynamic method, in both children and parents, that it resulted in a valuable addition to the park waters of the city.

In a friendly letter, Dr. Hodge writes: "I want this kind of work—nature study, civic biology—to go, go, go! to organize us into a 'paradise people,' and give us more of a heaven on earth than we can dream of. I simply see visions and dream dreams of ideal homes and ideal towns, ideal health and ideal education, by day and night, and keep pegging away; but my achievements compared with my vision,—'*nascitur ridiculus mus*'" (his estimate, not ours).

Should Dr. Hodge add one useful species to the nation's domestic wealth, who could compute its value? But he aims to add not only quail and grouse, but the toad also—that good genius of our garden, already at our doorstep on its way to domestication. No life study is more fascinating to children than the uncommon one of the common toad. The tadpole stage throws them into uproarious glee. "The tadpoles are done," cried one such group; now to feed them gnats, red spiders, plant lice! And the old toad—what a philanthropist he is, refusing nothing insectivor-



A BAKER'S DOZEN OF YOUNG PARTRIDGES



ous, from mosquitoes to June bugs! The child whose toad clears his tenement room of cockroaches in a single night will not be likely to stone his useful partner. Dr. Hodge is on the right road when he starts at the school-room. "Nature and Life," his book for primary and grammar grades, throbs with holy purpose to make ours a better world. It begins with a definition that, if accepted, will revolutionize teaching: "Nature study is learning those things in nature that are best worth knowing, to the end of doing those things that make life most worth the living."

Are laws inadequate to protect our diminishing song-birds, our vanishing game? "Why not try public education?", is his demand.

Set the school children to watching the sky for a flock of passenger pigeons, and, when one is found, surrounding it with a living wall of absolute protection. Dr. Hodge was reared on a Wisconsin prairie, and in boyhood days often heard the swish of the wild pigeon's wing as it flew over. His joy who can measure when within a year he heard again that sound on his own hilltop? So confident is he that the passenger pigeon is not utterly extinct that he is determined to track the survivors. To restore this beauti-

ful and valuable species, once numbered by the billion, to this continent were no small service to render a nation. Who will help Dr. Hodge to run it down? But there must be no shooting, even for the purpose of identification. "Shoot a passenger pigeon!" he indignantly responded to the suggestion. "Never!"

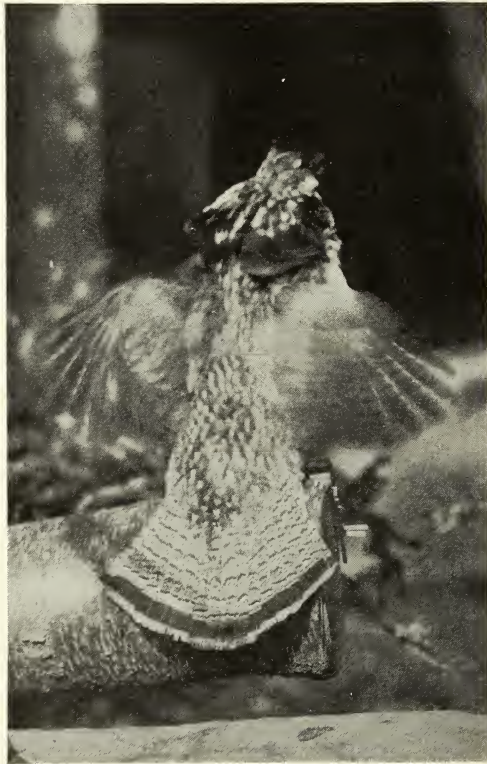
Here is a professor of biology who deals with living "specimens"; makes science a joyous land of discovery; takes all outdoors for his laboratory. The air blows through all that he says and does.

The results are vital and enriching. His students become in turn original investigators. One of them collaborates with Dr. Hodge in a book now in press.

One takes for the subject of her M. A. thesis, "The Relation of the Cat to the Bird," and collects worldwide data. Another studies experimentally "The Cat as a Carrier of Disease Germs."

Another is testing the effect of a low percentage of alcohol upon fowl—the fecundity of eggs and the vigor of chicks. One is turning her farm into a bird sanctuary.

Many are collecting food data. All are adding something to the total of human welfare.



PARTRIDGE DRUMMING

## THE MARITIME PROVINCES—III.

By WALTER MERRIAM PRATT

FROM this spotless town to Chatham is forty miles. The road lies through a vast forest and runs as straight as if drawn by a rule. It has been gradually improved by the counties until it is very fair. For miles we raced along, meeting no other vehicle. At length in the distance a black speck was seen approaching. It was an automobile—the first we had met for days. We stopped out of mutual interest and curiosity in each other. The party was from Amherst, and were returning from a shooting trip in the Miramichi county. They gave us much interesting information, and at our replies as to the weight of our car, its horse-power and how far we had come, a murmur of surprise rippled among them.

We had covered about thirty of the forty miles to Chatham when a team was encountered. The native held up his hand when we were several hundred yards away, the usual sign for us to stop; a second man jumped down and threw a blanket over the horse's head. We then tried to pass, but in doing so slid off the road into a ditch, and the two right wheels sank in soft clay up to the hubs. In vain did we all get out and push, but the wheels only spun around, covering us from head to foot with mud, and then settled back deeper, deeper than ever. In vain did we try to jack the car up and build a foundation of rock under it. At last we had to send the farmer four miles to his barn for a block and tackle, with which the car was pulled back on the road. It was dark when we reached Chatham.

We had covered the one hundred and thirty miles, in spite of our many delays, over roads which were an awful and we were dog-tired, hungry and cross.

strain on the springs, frame and tires, to say nothing of ourselves; but at last we were at the Miramichi River and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and felt relieved that we were not to push farther north in the car, as the roads had constantly grown rougher, and beyond Chatham are almost too much for the strongest and most powerful cars.

Chatham is the principal town in the country known as Miramichi, which covers a large area and embraces great forests. Both Chatham and Newcastle are on the banks of the Miramichi River, near its mouth. Saw mills and pulp mills are frequent between the two towns, and there are several smaller towns and villages, all owing their existence to the timber industry.

It is to these towns that hunters from different parts of Europe and America start into the woods. The fame of northern New Brunswick as a hunting preserve is generally acknowledged. The territory is alive with moose, caribou, deer and bear, while the streams and lakes are filled with bass, trout and salmon.

It is against the law to carry a gun in the woods between September fifteenth and November thirtieth without first obtaining a license from the Crown Lands office at Fredericton or a county game warden. These licenses cost fifty dollars and give the holder right to kill one bull moose, one bull caribou and two deer.

Many parties enter the woods by going up the Miramichi as far as it is navigable, then on foot twenty to thirty miles to a camp, each guide having a particular territory he is familiar with. Other parties drive from Chatham or the several other towns and villages where guides and requisite



supplies are secured, over the corduroy roads as far as it is possible, and then penetrate on foot to the deeper recesses of the forests by trails cut through the wilderness, over which no horse could travel.

Among the interesting stories told us of this country, that of the great fire of 1825 stands out. The country for hundreds of miles was laid bare, and human beings and wild animals sought refuge in the Miramichi River. It was October, the crops were harvested for

ious to get back to the city as he was to get into the woods.

It was with pleasant memories that we left Chatham on a Friday morning at exactly 7:30 o'clock with determination to get as far back to civilization during the day as it was possible. It was a beautiful morning, the sun shone, the cold, crisp, fresh air sang in our ears, making our fur coats very comfortable. We bowled along, bowing and smiling at the natives by the roadside. Everything seemed just right;



A DIRTY JOB UNDER THE MOST FAVORABLE CONDITIONS

the winter, and the suffering and loss of life were great.

Most parties are in the woods from two to three weeks. At first the free and easy life appeals to the city man; the clear, sharp air, the great stillness, the wildness of everything, sends him into ecstasy; but after a week or two he commences to miss the morning paper, wants his mail and thinks of business or wonders how the market is, and by the third week he is as anx-

the car ran as if it had the strength of a giant; the country seemed to unfold like a panorama. It was all too fine to last. All at once we turned a bend and came upon a lumber truck. It was empty and the driver was seated on the connecting pole between the two pairs of wheels. We were upon the team before we knew it, but by quick work cleared it. As we came level with the horses they bolted, the lumberman who was driving, after balancing him-



A STYLE OF BARN THAT IS TYPICAL OF THE PROVINCES

self for a few rods, was thrown violently to the ground, and one of the rear wheels went over his chest. He lay a moment or two stunned with the shock, while the horses galloped away, dragging after them the swaying cart; then, getting up, pale with fright and anger, he gave us an awful look, gesticulating violently, and ran after his fast-disappearing team. We waited a few moments, but as there was nothing we could do we moved along. Occasionally we found good stretches of road and let her out to forty-five.

We stopped for a few moments at St. Louis. Hardly a person whom we met in this quaint French town could understand English. The Catholic Church was enormous, and a crucifix twenty-five feet high stands in the road as you enter the town. These representations of Christ on the cross appear at intervals throughout the country.

After Kingston was passed we lost our way. We had gone some distance

when the road became grass-grown and rutty and we were obliged to run slowly. John stated that he knew we were right, so on we pushed. Deeper and deeper the wheels sank in the ruts. We trusted John and he trusted the machine to pull us through. After several miles we rounded a curve and encountered a pair of bars. Down they came and on we went, and at length brought up on a great, flat marsh, miles from anywhere. It was not so easy to return, and twice did all hands have to help to get the car out of a hole in which it had sunk. We bore to the left at the first cross-road, and, after travelling for miles through the wildest of country over the rough wood roads, where no other automobile had probably ever been, we reached the town of Galloway. Other than a puncture and a runaway horse, the run to Shediac was uneventful.

We had covered the ninety-two miles in six hours. At two thirty we were on the road to Moncton, which



is good most of the way. The town is approached from a hill, and on this particular afternoon was being visited by a heavy shower. The view presented a peculiar and grand sight. All about the sun shone upon the fields, but in Moncton we could see it was raining, as they say, "cats and dogs." We got our rain coats, but the storm was over when we entered the town.

Moncton is an interesting place for many reasons. It has about twelve thousand population, being the second largest city in New Brunswick, and is growing very rapidly. The great workshops of the Intercolonial Railway have an important bearing on the prosperity of the city. It seemed to us an especially bright and imposing place, partly due, no doubt, to our having been so long in the woods.

Our first questions were: "When will the bore come in?" It was due, we found, in twenty minutes, thus saving us hours of waiting, as no one would think of leaving Moncton without first having seen it, any more than

they would pass through Niagara and not see the falls, or miss the pyramids if they were in Egypt.

It is a bit difficult to accurately describe the bore to those who have not seen it. It is, briefly, a wall or wave of water which rushes up the Petitcodiac River past the city twice each twenty-four hours. It varies in height from three to ten feet, and its approach can be heard miles away. At low tide the salt water leaves the river, and it becomes nothing but a narrow stream or channel of fresh water in the centre of a valley formed by sloping banks of terra-cotta colored mud, which extend a long distance on either side. When the tide returns the empty river is filled in six hours, or about one foot of rise a minute. The rush is often at eight to ten miles an hour. One minute you have before you a broad, deep valley, with boats dry-docked, as it were; a few moments later a majestic river, a mile across, with ships floating in forty-five to fifty feet depth of water at high tide.



PROSPEROUS AND ATTRACTIVE FARMS ARE EVERYWHERE TO BE SEEN

The explanation of the tidal phenomenon lies in the fact that the Atlantic tides move along the New England coast, and, meeting the peninsula of Nova Scotia, are forced into the upper and narrow part of the Bay of Fundy, causing the rapid rise and great height. It thus enters the Petitcodiac River twenty-five miles below Moncton, rolling inward in a tidal wave.

We ran the machine out onto a wharf, a look over the edge of which made us dizzy; here and there lay a boat on dry land. All at once there was a kind of rumble in the distance, as if

would be fair, but the sun sank behind a bank of treacherous-looking clouds. The effect was fine; the black clouds looked as if they were lined with gold, and formed the shapes of great, black sea gulls.

It was nearly dark when we reached Petitcodiac, but as we approached it stood out strikingly in the valley and looked an imposing town, but turned out to be an ordinary and dirty village with a very poor inn. Partly from this reason, and partly because we looked for rain the next day, we decided to run to Sussex in the evening. Accordingly,



A HEAVY CAR AND NEW-BRUNSWICK ROADS ARE A HARD TEST ON TIRES

of a railway train. The noise grew louder and louder, and then we could see a great white wall around a bend in the river, and almost before we could believe our eyes, went rushing past.

We had made over one hundred miles during the day and were at last in a real live city, with a good show advertised; but, as one of the party wished to catch the Boston boat at St. John on Saturday night, we pushed on to Petitcodiac.

The shower had cleared and a rain-bow gave us hopes that the morrow

after dinner we made the start. The most direct road, we learned, was unsafe. Only ten days before an auto had attempted to go over it and was stuck in the mud, we were told. We, therefore, planned to follow the Pollet River, then over the mountains and up the Penobscuis Valley. It was rather a foolhardy trip to take at night, but the thought of being hung up in Petitcodiac by a storm drove us to it. Everything went smoothly for a while, our great acetylenes glaring ahead giving us ample warning, and at times John



found stretches where he could let her out to twenty. After running for miles without seeing a house or meeting any pedestrians we came upon a party of three returning from Friday night meeting and learned we were miles out of our way. We were near Elgin Corner, and should have left the river at Pollet River Mills and gone up through the Notch. Back we went, and up we climbed steep, narrow roads, which seemed to be strapped on the side of the hills. It was a wonderfully fearful sensation to be motoring through this notch by moonlight. Hundreds of feet

several sheep. We could not stop; it was impossible to turn to the right, while three feet to the left meant a drop of one hundred feet and sure death. There was one instant made up of lightning impressions and it was all over. We struck the sheep and brought up against a tree on the very edge of the road. For a moment we sat perfectly still, our very toes turned up. Those in back did not know what we had struck. As we turned the curve, all we could see of the sheep were their eyes, which in the darkness looked like so many electric lights; and but



AFTER THE MIRAMICHI COUNTRY IS REACHED THE MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION  
BECOME PRIMITIVE

below lay a beautiful valley, through which flowed the Penobscuis River, flashing diamonds beneath the moonlit heavens. There were times with but a few inches between us and eternity. The road was good, but the thickening clouds indicated rain, which would mean a stop at the first house, as the most adventurous would not attempt to motor over these roads if wet. We were pretty well through the notch; the moon was hidden behind a cloud, and our lamps shut the night down upon us in inky blackness, when suddenly, circling a curve, we came upon

for our lights shining on them for an instant as we struck, it would be a mystery, as they disappeared over the edge; and by the time we had come to realize we were not mangled corpses, were out of sight, starting in their stampede a sort of landslide which continued to rumble beneath us for some minutes.

The balance of our run to Sussex was uneventful, with the exception of the rear wheels breaking through a culvert with no damage, and the encounter of an occasional polecat. These fetid animals would run ahead of us in the road,





A TYPICAL FRENCH-CANADIAN VILLAGE STREET

and in one case it took a well-directed shot from a Smith & Wesson to clear the way.

After level ground was again reached we encountered several "electric light plants," as we named the herds of sheep. Twice it started in to rain, and the last few miles were wet and slippery. We reached Sussex at midnight,

having been on the road since sunrise that morning and covered nearly two hundred miles. We woke the landlord up at the Depot House and secured a place to sleep; the car, however, we had to leave outside. We had not been in the hotel five minutes when it came on to rain again—a perfect deluge this time. A little later some one was heard



tampering with the machine, which was in the rear of the building, under our windows. The supposed thief was promptly covered with a revolver and ordered to throw up his hands. We were rather disappointed when it proved to be John, who had found shelter for the car under the carriage sheds at the meeting house.

True to our expectations, it was raining hard the next morning, but in spite of the inclemency of the weather, with the top and sides up, we set forth, determined to reach St. John on scheduled time, but soon we were saying "Never again for us." The roads were inches deep with mud, and in spite of the top, glass shield and our raincoats the wet somehow beat through. We had five chains on each tire, but we skidded from side to side, and an eight-mile gait was the best we could make. About half-way we had a blow-out, and had to patch the shoe with a piece of leather belting. We then put in the only remaining inner tube. We had many exciting incidents and one or two narrow escapes from serious smash-ups, but after our hair-raising trip of the night before they seemed quite ordinary.

We entered St. John, or "Singent," as the natives seemed to pronounce it, on a fine road overlooking Kennebecasis Bay and through Riverside. The latter is the aristocratic suburb of St. John, and even on this wet and dismal day it looked attractive.

The last two miles into the city was a macadam road, and we gave the natives a close and realistic imitation of a Vanderbilt cup race. By two o'clock we had registered at the Royal Hotel, cleaned up and were ready for lunch, but first telegraphed to Boston for new tires.

We were all familiar with St. John and some of us had friends, so it almost seemed like getting home. The city has an interesting history extending back to the days of the Acadians, when the French flag waved from the forts.

In 1877 it was almost totally destroyed by fire, but is larger to-day

than ever before. Like Halifax, it is built on the sides of a hill and has a fine harbor.

The patriotic citizen of St. John, in an endeavor to lift from his town the veil of obscurity, states many facts to show how progressive it is and how superior it is to Halifax, its rival. He points out many interesting things, but the city's chief bid for fame lies in the Reversing Falls. The name describes them. The phenomenon is easily understood when the nature of the river in reference to its outlet is understood. The River St. John flows over four hundred and fifty miles before it empties into the Bay of Fundy. With its tributaries it drains millions of acres in Maine, Quebec and New Brunswick, and is emptied into the sea through a rocky chasm not over five hundred feet wide. The tides at St. John have an average rise of twenty-six feet. At high tide the sea has a descent of fifteen feet into the river, and at low tide the river has a like fall into the sea. Only at half-tide is the river navigated in safety. At other times a wild tumult of the waters takes place, through which many have given their lives in an attempt to pass.

All Sunday it rained in torrents, and reports of floods came in from every direction. On Monday our tires arrived, and at three o'clock we set out, in spite of the downpour which still continued. We followed the St. John River to Westfield, which route afforded a continuous panorama of beautiful scenery. It was dark when we left Westfield, but we continued out to Welsford, it taking four hours to cover the thirty miles, owing to the terrible condition of the road. We left at nine next morning, and we reached the capital of New Brunswick at two, after a hard run of eighty-two miles in the rain over dangerous roads. The water in many places being fifteen inches deep on them.

Fredericton has a population of 8,000 and is located on the St. John River, which is navigable all the way to the ocean. It is the cathedral city of the Church of England in the province,

containing military barracks and the University of New Brunswick.

From Fredericton we pushed on in successive days to Dumfries and Woodstock, where we crossed the frontier into Houlton in the State of Maine. All this time the rain continued. In many places the culverts had been washed away, and we had to stop and build temporary bridges. The machine often sank in mud and water to the hubs, and it is simply wonderful how it ever stood the strain.

The sun came out the next morning, and never had it been so welcome. The run was to Bangor. We reached Mattawamkeag at one thirty, lunched, and left at two thirty. About six miles out of Old Town we got stuck in the mud, and it took a block and tackle and four horses to get us out, so that it was bedtime when we slid into Bangor.

The next day we made Portland, from which city it is an easy day's run to Boston. We had fine weather and enjoyed the home stretch immensely. This part of our journey is too well

known to relate in detail. We fairly flew over the roads, up hill and down. First, we would be in a valley, with our vision limited; then, suddenly mounting a hill, an enormous view would spread out before us, disclosing villages and church spires sharply outlined in the clear, crisp air. We sped through village after village, all alike—one long street, patient teams of yoked oxen, a few loungers about the general stores, a horse and team or two—all passed in a jiffy, as if one were seated in a moving-picture theatre, and then out again on the narrow country road, with trees and telegraph poles flying by.

With our safe arrival in Boston we had the laugh on many of our friends, who predicted, and undoubtedly expected, that we could never make the trip we had. Two hundred and sixty-one cities, towns and villages were visited, giving our party a pretty thorough knowledge of the country and natives of the Maritime Provinces and the State of Maine.

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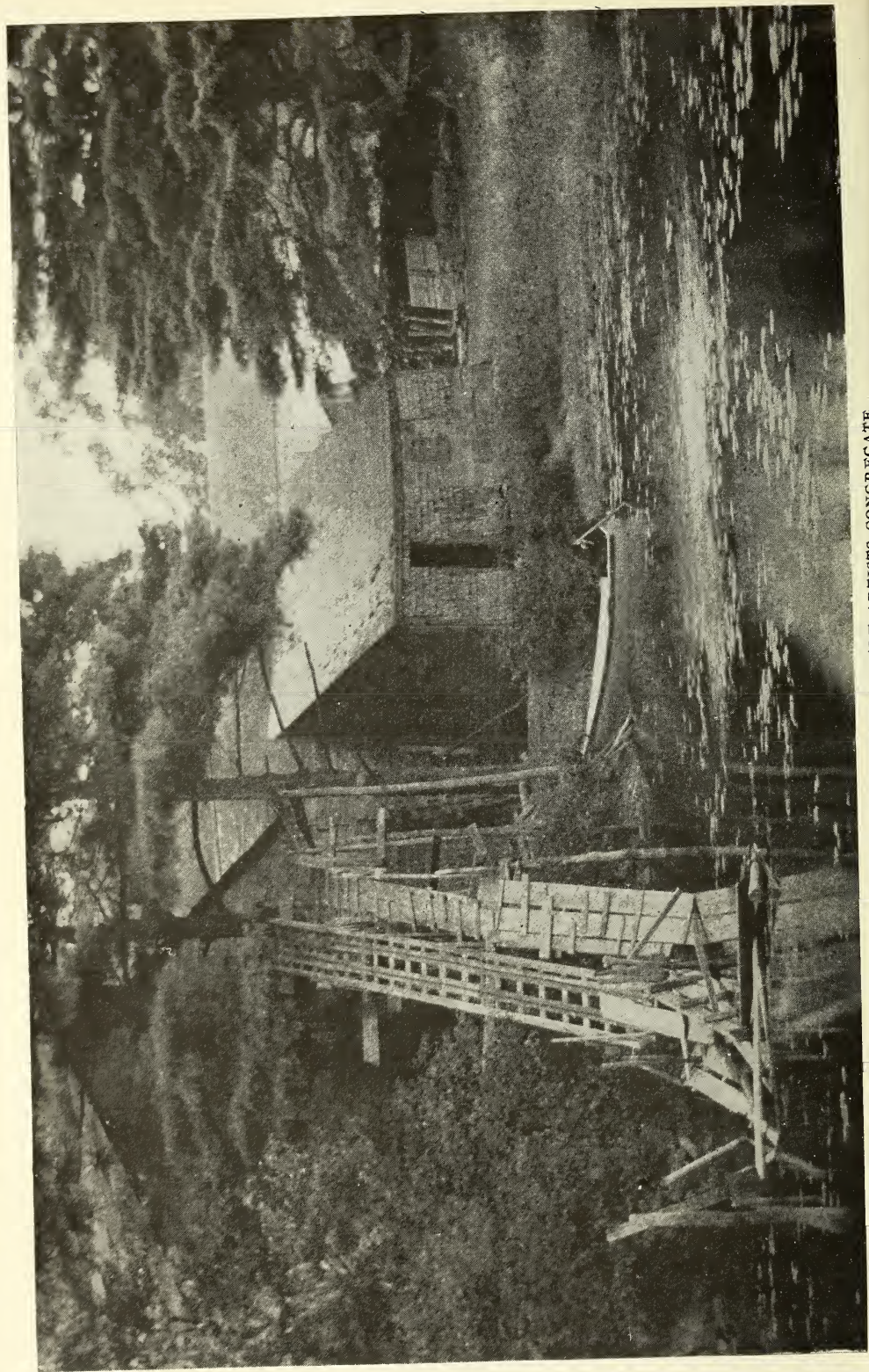
## A PASTORAL

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

Hushed is the harsh staccato of the noon;  
Hid in the hazel coppice a lone bird  
Dwells lingeringly upon one liquid word,  
Save this adown the air there drifts no tune.  
The wandering hill-breezes are aswoon;  
The pines that rhythmic in the morning stirred,  
Like viol chords, are lifeless, and the blurred,  
Dim birchen aisles have stilled their whispered rune.

The chattering harvesters have ceased to chide  
Where the ripe wheat in drowsy windrows gleams;  
The far off murmur of the chafing tide  
Like an old song but half remembered seems;  
And vagrant Pan, his reed-pipes cast aside,  
Is drugged with the deep opiate of dreams!





Photograph by Geo. Gerard

A BIT OF WEST STOUGHTON, WHERE ARTISTS CONGREGATE



# ANOTHER OFFSPRING OF OLD DORCHESTER

By D. ELFLEDA CHANDLER

**T**HAT the importance of a town, in the social or commercial scales of the state to which it belongs, is not always indicated by the number of its inhabitants, is no more fully illustrated than in the case of Stoughton, Mass., a town set apart from Dorchester nearly two centuries since.

Situated just beyond the shadow of Great Blue Hill, and enjoying, with Sharon, the most elevated site between Boston and Taunton, Stoughton, mother of both Sharon and Canton, is a town which Massachusetts may well look upon with pride, whose healthful location is portrayed by the longevity of its citizens, many of whom have nearly reached the century mark.

Good air, good water, and good neighbors, when coupled with excellent schools, liberal churches and numerous social orders, form a combination which makes for comfort to the citizens of any town. Add to these a scenic beauty which is not excelled by any town in Eastern Massachusetts and you have a faint idea of the attractions of Stoughton.

When, in 1726, this budding town decided to free itself from the parent rule, its people chose Stoughton for a title in honor of William Stoughton, then Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts.

According to the one requirement made in the incorporating statute, a "learned Orthodox minister, of good conversation," in the person of Rev. Sam'l Dunbar, was settled within the first year of the town's independence. The descendants of this first minister's followers, together with the new comers who have cast their lot in this thrifty little town, to-day require the

services of six able pastors, of as many different creeds, in a like number of beautiful and well supported churches.

Few indeed are the towns in New England where the social, religious, and commercial activities are more in harmony than in Stoughton.

Very little of that class distinction which is proving such a drawback to many country towns, owing to the jealousy aroused, is to found here, on account of the comparative equality of the citizens. No very poor and no very wealthy residents are located in Stoughton. Nearly all of the property holders are engaged in the active pursuit of some business or profession, while those employed by them are held in respect and high esteem. Few are yet able to retire from the battle for gold, and it matters little, to the Stoughtonite, what position his brother holds in the ranks, so long as all are engaged in a common cause.

During the year just ended the more energetic and public-spirited faction of business and professional men, headed by Dr. W. O. Faxon, Senator to the Massachusetts Legislature from this district, organized themselves into a Board of Trade, which now numbers 150 members.

This body, though young, has already made its power very apparent in the furtherance of the commercial interests of the town.

No better example of the unity between the public organizations than that shown in the Industrial Exposition, held by the Board of Trade in the Town Hall of Stoughton, in February of the present year, can be cited.

For a town of six or seven thousand inhabitants an Industrial Exposition would seem, to the general



public, a most stupendous undertaking, yet Stoughton speaks with pride of the tremendous success of the "Fair," when nearly \$2000 was realized clear of all expenses, which amounted to some \$600, bringing the donation up to more than forty cents per capita.

Schools, clubs and manufactories, aided by church circles and every public-spirited citizen, joined heart and hand in the cause, until the great Town Hall presented a scene not unlike Boston's Mechanics Building at the time of a Food Fair.

The Chelsea Braiding Company exhibited a large line of elastic webbing, braid, and cord used upon surgical instruments, besides fancy weaves used in ladies' belts, gentlemen's suspenders, etc.

The Stoughton Mills gave an interesting display of wool shoddies, and the different stages of development through which the materials pass before being rewoven into cloth for storm skirts, heavy cloaks, men's suiting, and horse blankets.

Upham Brothers, who are all that



PUBLIC LIBRARY AND CHICATAUBUT CLUB HOUSE

Stoughton industries only were represented, yet the entire building was literally crammed with booths and stalls.

Upon the first floor the Stoughton Rubber Company exhibited a large line of fine rubber garments, including rain coats, hats, and reefers of all weights, while the process used in their manufacture was illustrated by rubber in the different stages of refinement, from a large cube of the crude material down to the finest sheeting.

is left of the many shoe manufacturers who once caused Stoughton to be named as a "shoe town," had turned one corner of the building into a display room for a complete and extensive line of high-grade foot-wear: Men's shoes of every size and description color and last were here shown, while drummers for this line of merchandise hovered about, making mental notes and calculations, for Upham Brothers manufacture shoes for the trade only.

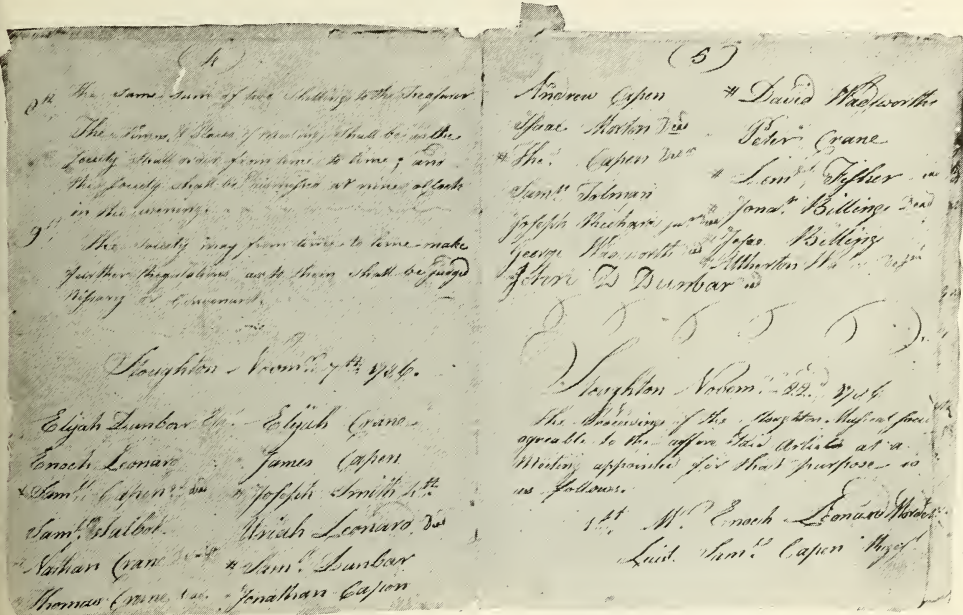
The Belcher Last Company, whom Stoughton claims to be the most extensive manufacturers of lasts in the world, also occupied a large space, in which were shown lasts in all stages of completion, from the rude block down to the finished article.

Chas. Stretton & Son exhibited a large line of ribbed under-garments and knit goods, arranged within a booth which was gaily decked in colored crepe paper, like many of its neighbors.

French and Ward, who manufacture eiderdown and krinkledown, which

work was shown, together with that used on automobile tops, and wearing apparel worn by the joy riders.

The Packard Dressing Company exhibited a variety of shoe dressings and polishes, which attracted much attention from the fact that many of the articles displayed had been often used by the interested parties without a thought of their place of manufacture. Known only by their title, they were purchased from the retailer without a glance at the name of Stoughton, which appeared under the maker's name.



#### THE FIRST RECORD OF THE OLDEST MUSICAL SOCIETY IN THE UNITED STATES

originated with them, gave a large display of baby blankets, carriage robes, and other woolen goods, including many styles of fancy dress material and suiting.

The Plymouth Rubber Company, a firm which has rapidly come to the front during the past decade, until they claim to be the largest manufacturers of rubberized cloth in the world, displayed samples of the materials which they coat, from the finest silks to the heaviest cloth. Rubber rolls, heels, and other moulded rubber

Another festooned nook, which called forth many exclamations of approval, was the display of portraits and photographs by Mr. Geo. A. Gerard, whose work has become the admiration of his townspeople.

Space forbids that we enumerate the countless exhibitions of smaller proportions, such as the box and incubator display of L. P. French Company, the tame bees of Mr. Henry Britton and the illuminating apparatus of the Edison Electric Company.

One other feature of the exposition,



which held the attention of the outsider, was the plan for an enormous shoe factory, and a small city, as yet but a plan, existing on paper only, which, in the near future, unless we mistake the ability of the organized Stoughtonites, will be a helpful reality to Norfolk County.

Representative H. E. Holbrook is the promoter of this proposition, by which the townspeople shall build the factory and develop the surrounding country until they can offer homes to seven hundred shoe workers within a short distance of the mill in which they are employed. When all is in readiness they intend to offer free rental,

tions which can hardly be called villages, but are better described as neighborhoods.

West Stoughton, the location of two factories, has the largest number of homes outside of the centre or town proper.

North Stoughton boasts a square and one church. South Stoughton is the home of well-to-do farmers, while the section known as Dry Pond is the birth-place of another business enterprise.

About twenty-five years ago two owners of neighboring farms upon which pop-corn was extensively grown entered into partnership and put upon



SWAN'S TAVERN, BUILT BY BOSTON AND TAUNTON STAGE CO.

or, perhaps, give the factory outright to a reliable firm who will undertake the manufacture of shoes here.

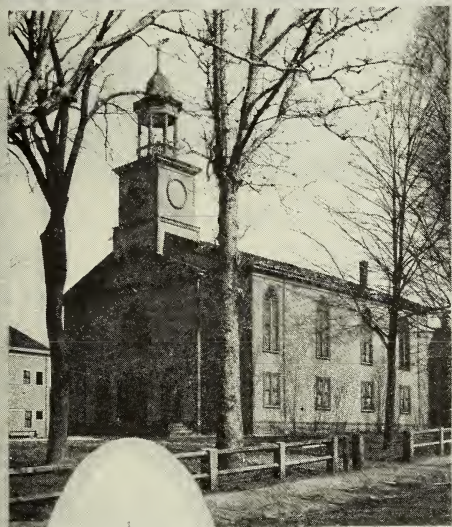
The site which is responsible for this plan is located very near the South Stoughton station of the N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad, in a level, open country now occupied only by scattered farms.

During the four days of the exposition a carefully selected program of amusement was furnished and on the evening of the third day Governor Draper, with some members of his staff, lent the dignity of their presence and encouraging words, to the affair.

Stoughton is divided into five sec-

the market shelled pop-corn in packages. Later they admitted another partner and took the firm name of Smith, Clapp & Gay. Their business prospered and within a few years they were obliged to buy corn from their neighbors in order to supply customers. The convenience of the shelled corn was at once recognized by the consumer, and to-day these originators of package pop-corn buy in car-load lots from Western growers, and sell only to the wholesaler. One storehouse in which the corn is kept has a capacity of one hundred tons. Thus it may be seen that even the





AN ATTRACTIVE GROUP OF CHURCHES





Photograph by Geo. Gerard

STOUGHTON SQUARE, SHOWING SITE OF FIRST CHURCH

farmers of Stoughton are more enterprising than some of their neighbors in large towns.

Ponds and rivers abound in Stoughton, which seems to be blessed, beyond the average town, with beautiful walks, drives, and woodland nooks where summer breezes cordially invite one to stray, and watch their antics among the trembling leaves.

Not far from Dry Pond, towards the Centre, Britton's Pond furnishes power for a small factory which has remained in the possession of one family and in continuous operation for more than sixty years.

Three printing presses find support in Stoughton, those used in the publication of two weekly newspapers, the "Sentinel" and "Record," and one entirely devoted to job work, known as the Pequa Press.

Near the source of Salisbury Brook, which flows through Stoughton and Brockton into the Taunton River, stands an old landmark which claims the attention of many visitors to Stoughton. This interesting structure is known as Swan's Tavern, built in

1807 by the Boston and Taunton Stage Company, and presided over by Landlord Capt. Elisha Swan, who caused this "half-way house" to become most popular as a centre for sleighing and dancing parties, as well as a comfortable resting place for travelers. The coming of the railroad in 1835 robbed the old tavern of its principal support, and to-day the house, which has been the scene of much revelry in olden times, is but the quiet, peaceful abode of a New England farmer. An autograph upon one of its window panes, dated October 26, 1811, is the only indication of its one-time friends.

The square, which constitutes the shopping district of Stoughton, is unusually attractive, while the buildings surrounding the same are much more beautiful than many a large town can boast.

About the first structure to claim the attention of the visitor, who enters by trolley, is the handsome Town House, whose massive brick walls, ornamented with fine granite, rise two and one-half stories to a slated roof, above which Old Glory constantly

waves, while velvet lawns, gemmed with trees and shrubs, relieve the gray outlines of graveled driveways.

Across the square to the left, a church, where Universalists congregate, points its gilded spire, like a guiding finger, upward; while the site of Stoughton's first house of worship is marked by a granite stone on the green that stretches between the church and street.

Beyond this is seen the Public Library, whose exquisite beauty is a triumph of architectural skill, even to the pearl-like lanterns which surmount the marble stairs at the entrance. Dedicated in 1904, the style is strictly modern. A visit to the interior but increases one's admiration, for the fixtures and furnishings fully justify the anticipations aroused by the exterior.

Some over 11,000 volumes are neatly arranged about the shelves while the reading-rooms are filled with magazines and newspapers.

Among the social organizations the oldest and, perhaps, widest known is the old Stoughton Musical Society, which is doubtless the first of its kind to be organized in the United States. This club begun to hold meetings as early as 1762, when it consisted chiefly

of the First Parish Church Choir under the leadership of Capt. Samuel Talbot. Not until 1786, however, did it become a recognized organization, when it was made up of the best male singers in all the churches of Stoughton. They met but twice each year, on May Training Day and Christmas, but their fame soon spread abroad until the mother town, Dorchester, became jealous of their popularity, challenging them to a contest with her own talent. The meeting was arranged in 1790 and Stoughton, with twenty selected male voices, unaided by instrumental accompaniment, easily won from Dorchester, in spite of the support given the latter by noted Boston singers, female voices and bass viol. Even the defeated musicians were forced to admit the superiority of the winners.

Some time later female voices were admitted to the meeting, which has occurred but once each year since 1825, generally on Christmas day, until recent years, when the date was changed to January first.

The one hundredth anniversary of this society was held in Stoughton Town House, on Nov. 7, 1886, attended by the Governor and other noted people.



WALTER SWAN BLOCK, STOUGHTON SQUARE





Photograph by Geo. Gerard

RESIDENCE OF GEO. F. BELCHER, SEAVER STREET

There are now about five hundred members, one hundred of whom, with an orchestra of twelve pieces, accepted the invitation to sing at the Chicago Exposition in 1893, when they were the only New England organization to respond, although several others were bidden and at first intended to appear. All expenses were met by the Society and the success of their work sent their praises far and wide.

The object of the order is to preserve from oblivion the work of our earliest native composers.

Members of the Stoughton Musical Society are now to be found in many other towns around Stoughton. Joseph Belcher, its president, resides in Randolph, as does its present chorister, Nelson Mann. Vice-president R. T. Pratt lives in Holbrook, vice-chorister C. G. Faunce is found in North Abington and trustee Geo. W. Porter in Avon. Trustee K. R. Clifford calls

Stoughton home, as does the secretary and treasurer, E. A. Jones, who is one of the most active members, being a most ardent lover of music, which is his profession.

Another society whose influence has done much for the public good of Stoughton, and which has raised the social standard of the town to a high position, morally, is the Chicataubut Club, named for old Chief Chicataubut, the first chief to sign a treaty of peace with the English.

This club, which was at first a gentleman's order, was incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts November 23, 1903, for the purpose of establishment and maintenance of a place for reading-rooms, libraries, and social meetings.

Buying the Atherton Estate, located just beyond the Public Library, they converted the old mansion into a club house, whose appointments and fur-



nishings are all that could be desired. Reception-rooms, reading-rooms, and billiard hall made attractive by velvet rugs, mission furniture, and draperies, offer various means of diversion and entertainment, while the enormous paintings from the brush of a local artist, F. M. Lamb, are a delight to the lover of art.

The club, which began with fifty charter members, is limited to one hundred, and now numbers nearly seventy, with the following officers: President, Mr. Walter Swan; vice-president, Mr. Ira Burnham; secretary, Mr. Edwin Jones; treasurer, Henry S. Jones.

On Jan. 26, 1905, a ladies' auxiliary was formed, beginning with thirteen charter members, which has increased to about sixty, having the following officers: President, Miss Gertrude Belcher; vice-president, Mrs. I. V. Marston; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. N. K. Standish.

During the year of 1909 the stable adjoining the club house was converted into a hall, thirty by forty feet, and equipped with cloak and dressing-rooms of the latest, improved design.

Unlike many clubs of this kind, strict temperance is enforced and gambling in any form is forbidden. Neither religious nor political matters influence the acceptance of a new member, who may come from any church or organization, as long as a good moral record is shown.

The Stoughton Historical Society has done much for the preservation of valuable records, and the marking of ancient sites.

This society was organized in 1894 under the leadership of Hon. E. C. Monk, who gave the marker which now indicates the southeast corner of the plantation granted to the Ponkapoag Indians, and occupied by them until the last brave passed on, leaving



STOUGHTON TOWN HALL





MONK BLOCK, STOUGHTON SQUARE

but a memory of a once powerful tribe. The site of the first house, first church and first school building has been marked by a granite stone given by this society.

There are now about seventy members, who meet eight times each year at their rooms in the library building, under the leadership of Mr. H. L. Johnson, president, Miss Amelia Clifton, secretary, and Richard B. Ward, treasurer.

The stone given by Mr. Monk also marks the corner of the first land deeded to a white man in Stoughton. Mr. Geo. Monk, to whose ancestor this land was deeded, still owns the property, which consists of a grove of pine and a beautiful body of water, now known as Glen Echo Lake. Here the Apostle Elliott preached to the native redmen when Stoughton was in its infancy. The sparkling pond, with its natural shore, has never been marred by the hand of civilization. The reservation is now under

the management of the Bristol and Norfolk Street Railway Company, who have recently opened the grounds to the public by means of a branch railroad which runs nearly half a mile through natural forest to the centre of the park. The attractions offered are many and varied. Every accommodation is given picnic parties and tourists, while excellent facilities for boating, bathing, and canoeing, are enjoyed. Bowling alleys, dance hall and an excellent pavilion make of this playground a spot where old or young may find rest or amusement, as suits their mood. Sunday-school picnic parties may be found here almost any day throughout the season, where they delight in the freedom of the grove, as they listen to the song of birds and gather the wild flowers or berries which abound.

Although Stoughton was once known as a shoe town, on account of the many factories where footwear was manufactured, since 1880, these firms



have gradually given place to other industries until but one shoe factory remains and four hundred skilled shoe workers go out of Stoughton to their places of employment each morning. The facilities for the manufacture of shoes are as good to-day in Stoughton as they were thirty years ago, and it is the aim of the people to see the old factories once more in operation and their shoe workers employed again in their home town.

To the manufacturer who would settle here we can say that abundant power, excellent light, and good facilities for shipment without transshipment to Boston, await the new comer while the train service to Boston is excellent and the fare very low when season tickets are employed.

To the farmer we would say that Stoughton land is proving very productive for truck gardening and poultry raising is successfully carried on by many residents, while an excellent Grange is a prominent feature of the social life of this town.

Schools of every grade, including a High School which prepares the student for college, and a Business School of Shorthand, are maintained at a cost of over \$20,000 yearly. And opportunities for social intercourse are unlimited; while markets and shops of every nature, including a large department store, cater to the needs of the household. Add to these a people whose cordial welcome to a stranger is unequalled by any town in Massachusetts and what more can be desired?



Photograph by Geo. Gerard

ANOTHER STOUGHTON RESIDENCE





Photograph by H. W. Spooner

OLD "MOTHER ANN"





A GLOUCESTER BUILT MOTOR-BOAT WHICH HOLDS THE SPEED RECORD OF ITS CLASS

## MOTOR-BOATING ON THE NORTH SHORE

By DANIEL BURBANK

**N**O longer does it suffice, though one is the most pronounced of motor-boat enthusiasts, to hover the engine and gear of his craft, for the delightful uncertainty of that operation is no more!

The modern motor goes about its business in so thoroughly satisfactory a manner that the owner thereof, left heart and fancy free, begins to open his eyes to his surroundings and to demand of them some tribute of beauty, interest or inspiration.

Where to go, what to see and what to do are quite sure to become absorbing problems as soon as the "trial trip" state of mind has passed.

To those who have reached this happy condition—to whom it has become a second nature to listen subconsciously to the rhythm of the motor and to know thereby all that need be

known of its few requirements—a bit of information as to a locality made to order for the enjoyment of their favorite sport may prove most welcome.

The Great Architect must have foreseen the motor-boat age when He built Gloucester Harbor and surrounded it with such a variety of interest and attraction.

But first be sure that your propeller has not picked up some gratuitous addition to its bulk. Motor craft draw so little water and their propellers are, in consequence, so near the surface, that they are very open to being taken advantage of in this way. A clean propeller means a fast, clean trip.

You will hardly have gone a hundred feet before the song of your motor will have told you that it is getting a good mixture. The Gloucester air is quite free from fogs and dead flukes that



in some localities keep the best of car-bureters guessing.

Another advantage that the motor-boat enthusiast will appreciate is that the tides about Gloucester do not average over eight feet, which is very moderate, and, with the cleanness of the coast, channels and landmarks, are altered but little by them.

If one is going up the smaller streams—and they afford the most delightful of excursions—it is best to go at high tide, unless a little acquainted with the channel; otherwise one can forget the tides in motor-boating about Gloucester. The harbor is one of the easiest in the world to enter. The entrance is broad and plainly marked, and the harbor entirely free from obstructions at all stages of the tides.

Our own trip was taken in a twenty-passenger launch (it is wonderful how easily these boats accommodate large parties, so free are they from weighty encumbrances and so small is the space required for the engine), certainly a craft of sufficient size to test the water-

draughts of the nooks and corners which we entered.

Before starting for Gloucester we took the precaution to call up "Main 491" (that is the weather-bureau man, you know). They are good fellows up there, and accommodating to a degree. They reported at the weather bureau: "Very unfavorable for motor-boating; heavy fogs and indications of squalls."

This, fortunately, we accepted as a good omen, and on arriving at Gloucester (one hour from Boston by the Boston & Maine) we found conditions ideal for our purpose—sky slightly overcast, breeze rippling the surface, and the motor singing contentedly "air enough, air enough, air enough for anything you want!"

Our skipper knew his business too well to ask us where we wanted to go. We wanted to see things, and he took us to where there were things to see.

He stood at the wheel, well forward, and we took a position at his side.

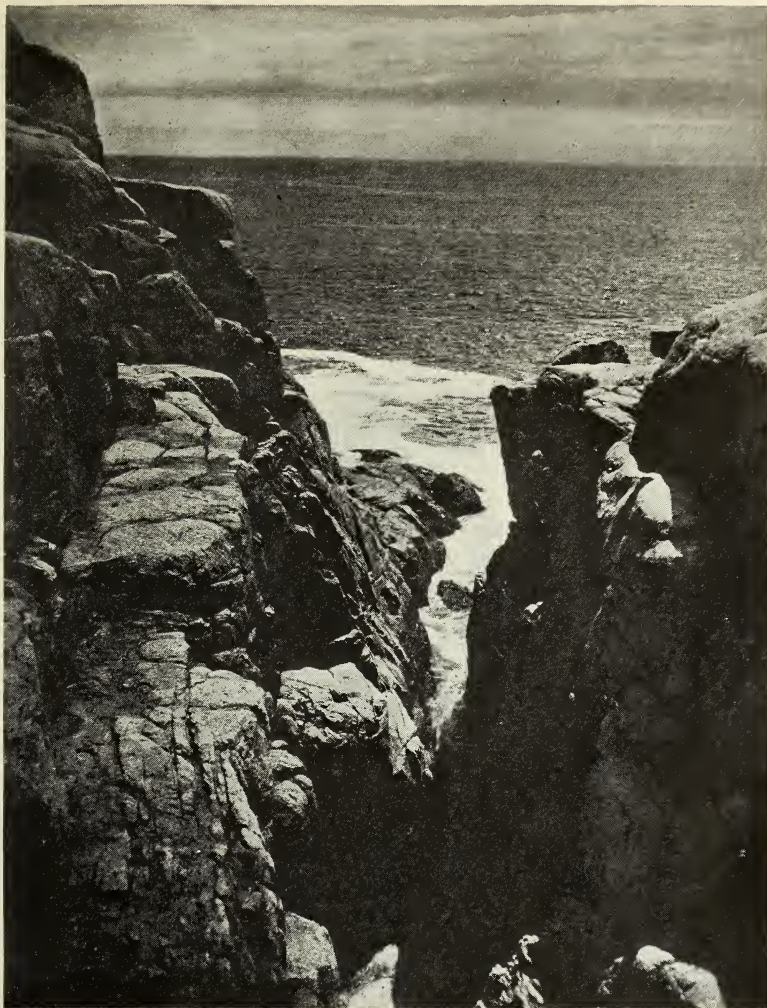
"Much motor-boating hereabout?"

"Is there! Come up any fine day in



Photograph by H. W. Spooner

BASS ROCKS



Photograph by H. W. Spooner

## RACE CHASM

the summer and you can see most anything that is built in that line, from an Italian lobsterman's dory to a floating palace. Why, right over in that little shop they have built seventy-five boats since the craze began, and they are building some beauties now. Perhaps you'd like to see them?"

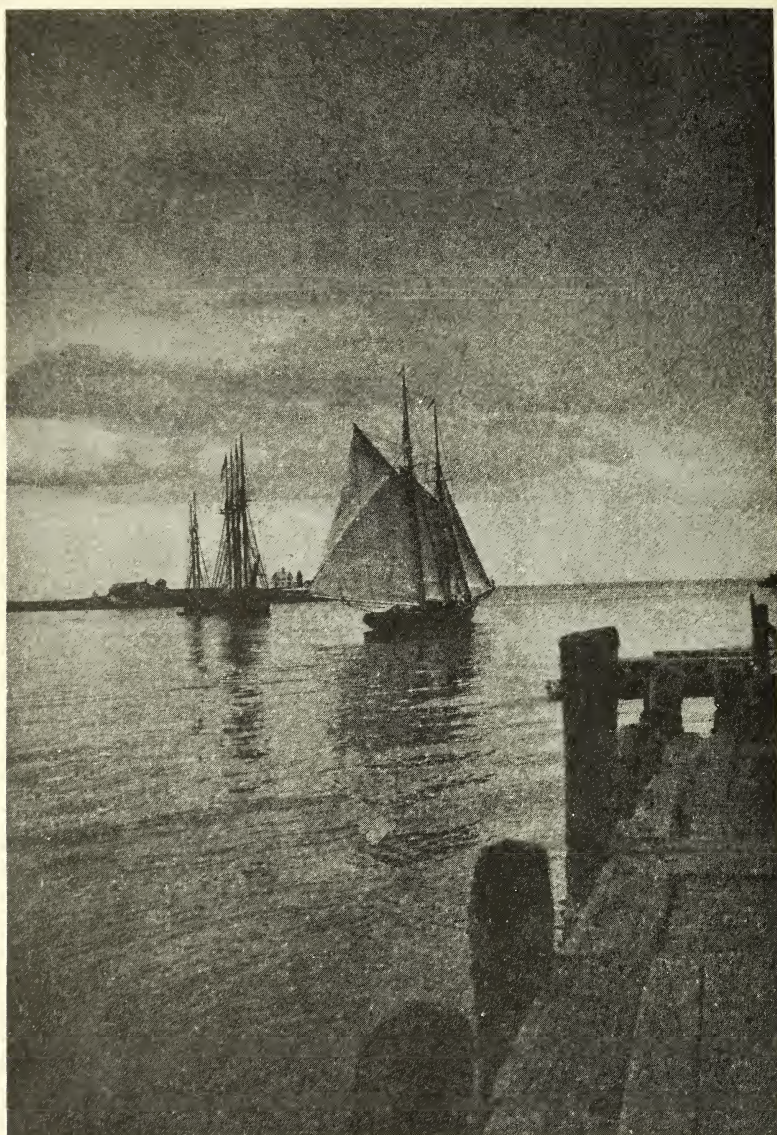
We would. Accordingly, we landed at the convenient little float and looked over the beauties. And beauties they were: a cruiser with four berths forward and all accommodations for comfort; staunch enough for an ocean voy-

age—a long, low, rakish speeder, with a fifteen-horsepower engine in her; a family boat, round and jolly-looking, and a special or private design were on the ways. There are certainly times when it would be pleasant to be able to sign your check offhand for the necessary number of hundreds.

But we were soon consoled by the pleasures before us.

As we pulled away from the landing our guide pointed out the "John R. Bradley," in which Cook made—or did he? At any rate, we were interested.





Photograph by H. W. Spooner

#### A GLOUCESTER SUNSET

Nearby nestled the "Fleur-de-Lis," whose fame and that of her doughty skipper added to the beauty of her lines the interest that always attaches to achievement.

Well, it is an interesting harbor—always something of the most intensely nautical flavor at hand; but our guide was heading the "Wabassit" for the short stretch of canal that joins

Gloucester Harbor with Annisquam River.

It was low tide, but that did not matter. There was water enough even for so large a craft as the "Wabassit."

The digging of this canal was a decided improvement. It connects Essex River, Little River and Annisquam River, with Gloucester Harbor without the long detour formerly nec-

essary. Incidentally, it opens up a delightful maze of quiet water that is a very paradise for the motor-boat.

Here is exploration and interest for a whole summer full of motor-boat trips.

By continuing through to Annisquam, passing out into the open and rounding the cape, one may return to Gloucester after a twenty-five-mile circuit that will include about every variety of water life and scenery to be found—quiet rivers, deep harbors, rocky shores, islands, promontories, beaches and the deep, blue sea.

If one is minded to let out a notch or two of speed or try conclusions with something else of his size, he will not have to look far or long for an opportunity. Manchester is but a few miles away, and motor-boat racing is one of the features of summer life at that exclusive North Shore resort.

As my guide discoursed I took notes, resting my note-book on the edge of the hood forward. How swift is the march of improvement! It seems but the last time out that the boat (the best of its kind to date) so shook and quivered with the explosions of the motor that writing on board would have been out of the question, but the "Wabassit" was as steady as an ocean liner—no more vibration than gives one a pleasant sense of motion.

A very interesting, natural feature of the landscape is Coffin's Beach, with its white sand dunes lifted like carved marble above the blue sea. Thatcher's Island and Ten Pound Island are interesting points for a landing and a lunch, and the point of the cape and old Mother Ann, the quarries at Rockport and the typical New England coast thereabout, the many-colored rocks of Magnolia and the sands of Manchester, quaint old Marblehead and Salem, the beautiful Ipswich River, the winding Essex with its historic shipyards—these and a host of other points of real interest and untiring attractiveness call for more than one day to themselves.

But we were speaking of luncheon! That important feature of motor-boat-

ing can be enjoyed in no way more thoroughly than in the cool, clean dining-rooms of the splendid hostelrys that line these shores.

And it matters so little where you are. From the Hesperus at Magnolia to the Grand View at Annisquam is a series of summer hotels which are a pleasure to visit on their own account. The list will include such popular resorts as the Hawthorne Inn at Gloucester and the Moorland at Bars Rocks, and many others (we counted over fifteen on that circuit), patronized by Gloucester enthusiasts from all over the country.

After luncheon,—which is pretty sure to take on the proportions of a dinner—you will feel like a doze on the beach, or a quiet stroll about Pigeon Cove, or Thatcher's Island, or Race Chasm,—on surf-whitened Bass Rocks—all according to where you chose to stop.

Then as the afternoon begins to wane and the water to fill with the long, slant lights you will want to push out to some favorable point from which to look back at the famous sunsets of this favored bit of coast.

Suppose it is a run out into the smooth, oily roll of the deep sea, say around the reef of Norman's Woe—how many yarns, tragic and comic, gather about that bit of rock!

Even your motor-boat skipper will tell you how his little vessel seems to hear the sirens that cast their hypnotic spells about the unwary.

"Give it a wide birth. You are always nearer to Norman's Woe than you think you are," is a maxim that is all right for the sailing master of a six-master or the pilot of a steamer, but the mosquito fleet may be more daring. The motor-boat skipper may flirt with the sirens of Norman's Woe quite unguardedly and come to a very close acquaintance with as interesting a bit of sea-scape as old ocean contains.

A cup of cold water facially applied with promptness will effectively squelch any half-baked individual who undertakes to recite "The Wreck of the Hesperus."





THE HOTEL MOORLAND

Having taken a good offing, turn with the incoming vessels in the soft light of evening. Feel yourself one of them—the tall-masted schooners and the little smacks and lobster boats all pointed harborwards with the air of peace that belongs to the ending of the days of work.

If the sound of bells from the city churches come floating from out the sunset against which their towers are silhouetted, you will indeed be impervious to sentiment if you do not

yield, mind and heart, to the magic of the tones that spell—*peace*.

I myself am fondest of the backward look, the soft reflection of the west that tinges the eastward view, and nowhere is this finer than looking outward down the length of Gloucester harbor itself.

And the fading light lends itself to that conclusion which is the universal ending of every North Shore motor-boat trip: "How soon can we manage to do it again?"

## AWAKENED

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

The still sod feels the thrill of life  
Pulse through its dreamless night,  
And from the deep, unbroken dusk  
The rose bursts into light.

Thus through the dull earth of a life  
Love sends its tender light,  
And from the barren soul springs sweet  
The rose of manhood white!



### PROGRESSIVE LEGISLATION AT LAST

We congratulate Congress on its graceful flop. The McCall publicity bill has passed with a fine majority that indicates the certainty of its becoming law.

This is one of the President's favorite measures, and at no point is he in closer sympathy with that growing public which believes in the possibility of the cure of corporate abuses without the ruin of the corporation.

No sound argument against the publicity of the transactions of a corporation, which is a creation of law and, in a measure, therefore and always a public institution, can be put forward.

Mr. McCall was just the man to father this important bill. New England's leadership in progressive legislation at the National Capitol, as well as in their own state legislature, does not rest on intrigue, but on the sound foundation of intelligence and righteousness.

May the passing of this important measure prove to be the beginning of the end of the anti-administration clamor.

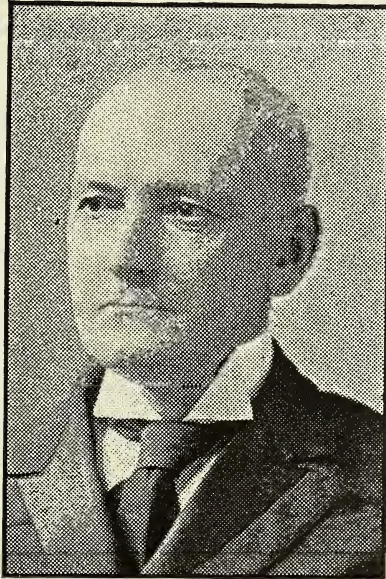
### NEW ENGLAND WATERWAYS TO BENEFIT

The River and Harbor Bill, as reported by the Senate Commerce Committee, contains many items of interest to New England.

Provincetown receives an appropriation of \$145,000, while the appropriation for Fall River is \$143,000. East Boothbay harbor receives attention, and Rockport, Maine, comes in for \$32,000 for the completion of an improvement there. The Saco River appropriation is \$30,000, while a new appropriation for the improvement of the St. Croix is made and authority given to confer with the Canadian government in regard to co-operation in the development of that stream. Providence receives \$434,000,—a well-placed appropriation, and Newport \$30,000 with permission to expend \$183,000 more.

To the House appropriation of \$10,000 for the maintenance of the Point Judith harbor is added \$175,000 for the construction of the west shore arm of the breakwater.

All of these are absolutely needed. We are particularly interested in the



HON. SAMUEL W. MCCALL



Providence harbor appropriation. The improvement of that valuable shipping port is in the interest of the commerce not only of Providence but of all New England.

### THE POTATO SITUATION IN AROOSTOOK COUNTY

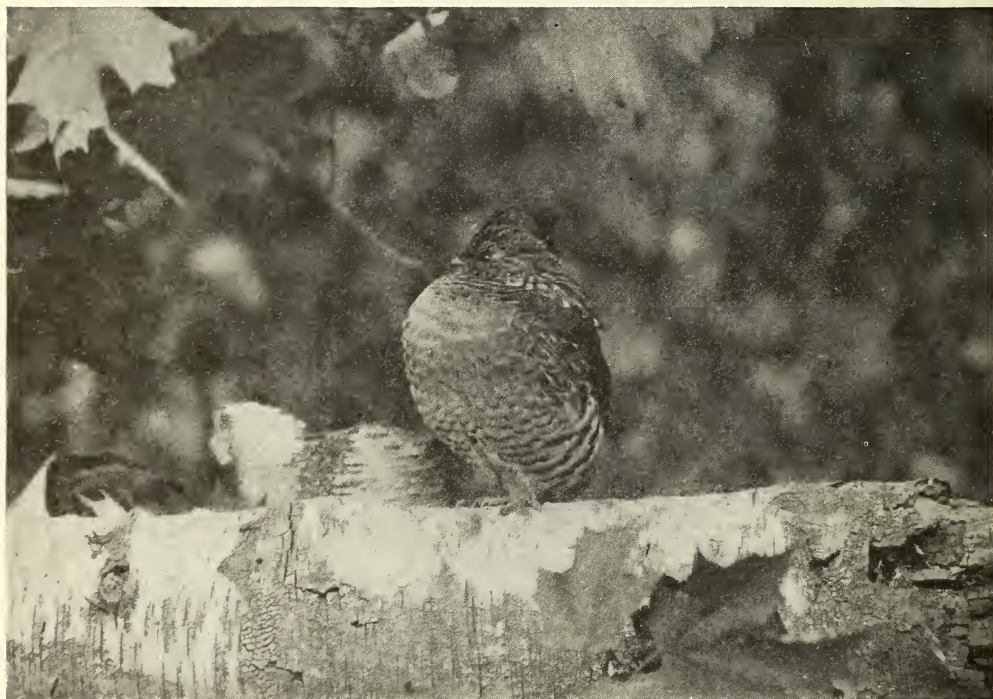
The situation in the potato-growing district of Maine is acute.

There is a magnificent crop which

Boston to-day for potatoes, it is evident that something is wrong that ought to be righted.

Direct dealing between the growers and consumer will remedy the trouble. That means advertising by the farmers of a district, collectively.

There is a demand for their product at a price that is highly remunerative, and such a situation as that which now exists is intolerable, and the remedy should be swift and sure.



FANCY FREE. SEE PAGE 340

the growers have been holding for a fair price. The buyers, however, have succeeded in holding the buying price at so low a figure that many of the farmers have sold to the starch factories, which means, unfortunately, at a price that leaves little or no margin over the cost of culture.

With the high prices prevailing for other articles of food and, indeed, the price paid by retail consumers about

### AERO CLUB PLANS

The Aero Club of New England, of which Mr. Charles J. Glidden is president, are planning to hold an aero meet in Boston this summer.

The idea is to make it a sporting event on a strictly amateur basis. Efforts are being made to raise money for the expenses and for the purchase of a large aeroplane to be the property of the club, and to be used by the

members on the payment of a fee. This, it is expected, will result in an income sufficient to justify the expenditure.

There should be no difficulty in raising the funds for this enterprise. Nothing could more rapidly advance the science of aviation than the reception of the pastime into the ranks of amateur sport.



### THE PORTLAND SOCIETY OF ART

An interesting movement and one of great possibilities for the development of art interest in New England is the Portland Society of Art of Portland, Me., which is about to move into a commodious and attractive home made possible through a recent and generous legacy.

Attached to the new clubhouse is a fireproof exhibition gallery, which should make it possible for the city to have the benefit of such leading collections as are from time to time exhibited through the country. This will not only minister to the culture of the city and add to the amenity of life in the metropolis of Maine, but it will cultivate an art enthusiasm and direct it into the proper channels for productive accomplishment.

The design of the building was done *con amore* by the vice-president of the society, Mr. John Calvin Stevens, an accomplished architect of original ideas and himself a landscape painter of ability.

The enthusiasm incident to the prospective acquisition of this new and beautiful home might of itself be expected to produce at least a temporary awakening.

And, of course, it has. It has convinced the city of the seriousness of the society, and given to the organization a standing it would have been difficult otherwise to command.

But, so far as the membership of the society is concerned, no outside source of enthusiasm was needed.

The members of the society are full of love for their work, and they are almost to a man working artists. Sketching in oil and water-color is a pastime to which the charm of the Maine coast extends a most enticing appeal. Most of the members of the Portland Art Society would disclaim any more serious pursuit of art than that. Nevertheless, at their spring exhibition, recently held, the work exhibited would compare very favorably with any of the members' exhibitions of any of the art clubs of our larger cities. The work included that of professional artists, students, as well as of those to whom the work is rather an avocation than a vocation.

There were in all nearly one hundred exhibits, and the hanging committee are to be congratulated on the manner in which they were shown.

Particularly notable for delicacy of touch and artistic feeling are the water-colors of Miss Mary King Longfellow.

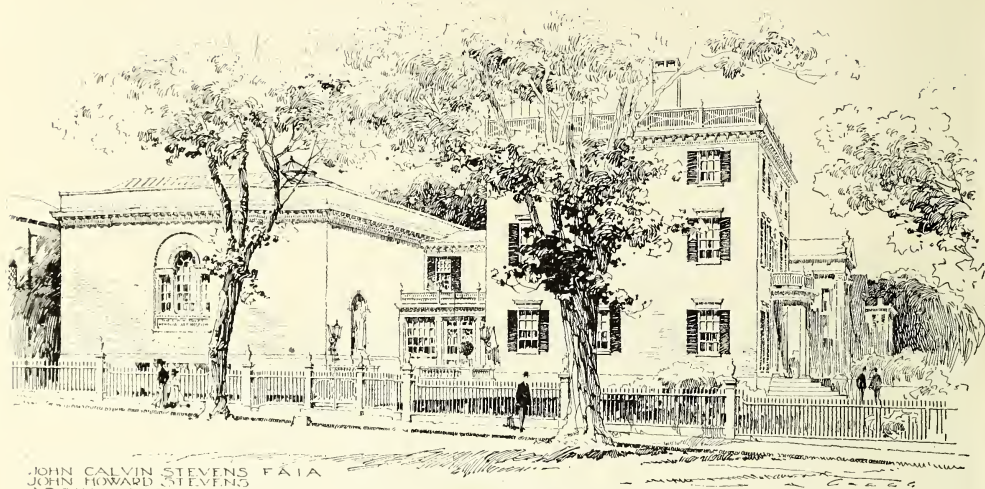
"On the Marsh," by John Calvin Stevens, is an oil of unusual luminosity and restraint. Mr. Charles C. McKim displays work of great vigor and high promise, while Mr. S. E. Matthews, in a little sunset picture, reaches a very high plane of accomplishment.

It would not be possible here to give credit to all to whom credit, and much credit, is due. The total impression was of gladness and spontaneity in the work and an aim toward the best things, that sometimes comes dangerously near compelling us to say, "This is something more than good work."

There is work of promise in that exhibition. There are artists of promise in the Portland Art Society. But, more important than all, there is an *atmosphere* in which budding genius may find itself welcomed and nurtured into vigorous life.

It is to be hoped that ways will be found for the artists of Boston and other larger art centers to come into productive touch with this valuable movement.





CLUB HOUSE AND EXHIBITION GALLERY OF THE PORTLAND SOCIETY OF ART



The twenty-first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given in Symphony Hall on Saturday, April 9th. This concert is notable for the performance of a work by Mr. Frederick S. Converse, a romance for orchestra entitled "Endymion's Narrative," and the performance of the Tschaikowsky Violin Concerto in D-major, by Mr. Fritz Kreisler. The remaining number on the program was the "Variations on an original theme," by Elgar.

The real interest of the audience was in the appearance of Mr. Kreisler. There may be two reasons. Mr. Kreisler for sometime since has commanded and won the breathless and profound attention of his audiences, because his temperament, his violinism, and his intellectual calibre, seem so wonderfully en rapport with each other. The other reason for animated interest in his appearance may be that we heard a certain star, not long ago, pour forth his Russian soul (using the

same concerto as a medium for expression) with vehemence and passion enough to spasmize a statue. Ergo there was some curiosity as to what Mr. Kreisler would do plus a desire to "compare." As to this latter process some allowance must be made for the maturity of Mr. Kreisler as set against the younger years of the star. However, I do not believe it at all a matter of years. There always seems an unlimited and concentrate quantity of the ego about the once-while star prodigy, —a certain aggressiveness, so to speak.

No matter how much an artist has become lionized,—no matter how much he *deserves* to be lionized, he is the greater if he never ceases to bend low before the sacred fire and remains himself an idol-worshipper of the muse. It may be the quintessence of achievement, but nothing more, to play one's vehement *self*, ace-high, to an admiring public. Mr. Kreisler has never done this latter and the star to whom I refer *has*, and, I believe, always will.

Mr. Kreisler summons more than admiration and wonder over himself and his art. He summons and insists upon, when he is at his best, your reverence for music, the wonderful, pour-

ing forth the catholic experiences of mankind. By this very insistence upon and intention of hallowed respect for his art he commands profound respect for himself. The wings of his emotion do not beat the air, they *soar* in rhythmic and subtly refined fluency, and oftentimes his tone and message are the very acme of art.

He made the tender, expressive beauty of the Andante, an experience of loveliness. It is a great relief to feel that with so reverent a high-priest as Mr. Kreisler, you are present at a supplication of the gods. I say a *relief* because the appearance of a soloist too often profits us only the opera-glassing of the projection of a personality into space and our ears.

As to the violinism of Mr. Kreisler, he is past-master of technique, but he never juggles with it. His tone has a unique and wonderful beauty and never does he aim to drain dry the very dregs of tone.

It is said that this artist will not come to America again for several years. He has won for himself a staunch loyalty and admiration of which he may well be proud.

Fritz Kreisler, the profound and legitimate artist, is more than a wonderful master of the violin; he dignifies the very atmosphere of all music and of human artistic expression.

The "Romance," by Mr. Frederick S. Converse, is a most interesting work. Mr. Converse decidedly had a definite and interesting message and a fluency of orchestral manipulation for presenting it.

The opening measures ominously and subtly begin the spell. There is a spontaneity about this work, an ever-present sonority which is now entreating and again broadens into deeply dramatic force and power. Mr. Converse has long ranked as an authoritative composer of the rank of a very select few. This composer's opera, "The Pipe of Desire," was recently performed for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera House with marked success. Mr. Converse was born in Newton, Mass., in 1871, and

was an instructor in composition at Harvard at one time.

The last concert of the year of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be given Friday afternoon, April 29, and Saturday evening, April 30, in Symphony Hall, when Beethoven's great Ninth (Choral) Symphony will be given with four soloists and the Chorus of the St. Cecilia Society assisting. This colossal master-work is a fitting climax to a successful year.

On Monday, May 2, will occur the initial performance of the deservedly awaited "Pop" concerts. These continue every evening except Sunday from eight until eleven on into the first week in July. Mr. Gustav Strube conducts the orchestra and many a music lover looks forward to "The Blue Danube Walzes" and "Peer Gynt" and other numbers beautiful but of a much lighter vein, of course, than the winter concerts.



Is it a reflection of the success of Rostand's play as an amusement feature of Parisian life this winter that so many so-called "literary" plays have been successfully produced on the American stage during the latter part of this year's theatrical season?

However that may be, the fact is a notable one that plays formerly thought to belong to the "high-brow" class and the announcement of which was considered tantamount to an invitation to stay away, so far as "the public" was concerned, have played to good houses. Maeterlinck and Ibsen are coming to be names almost as familiar to the rank and file of theater-goers as to the *literati*.

Mrs. Fiske's presentation of Ibsen's "Pillars of Society" at the Hollis Street Theater is heralded by words of enthusiastic comment. The actress herself, instead of complaining, as has been the wont, at the overwhelming intellectual





ETHEL BARRYMORE, WHO APPEARS AT THE HOLLIS STREET THEATRE

content of the lines, finds them most inspiring and conducive to the best acting.

The engagement is in every way notable, and those who are in doubt as to the dramatic possibilities of an Ibsen piece should make it a point to see the play. The engagement closes May 7, and it is necessary to act quickly.

Mrs. Fiske will be followed at the Hollis by Ethel Barrymore, who will appear in "Mid-Channel." Those who have seen this favorite actress of late say that her work was never more full of enthusiasm and catchy interest.

At the Shubert Theater the New Theater company presented an array of classic plays, including Maeterlinck's

"Beatrice," as well as such old favorites as "The School for Scandal." The engagement is to be followed by Frank Daniels in "The Belle of Brittany," a musical comedy which will meet with favor and maintain the reputation which the Shubert Theater is certainly establishing for itself.

At the Majestic, James K. Hackett, in "Monsieur Beaucaire," will open the month.

At the Park Theater "The Man from Home" is breaking all records. Everybody goes and goes again, and, when their out-of-town friends appear, take them with the certainty of pleasing.

Raymond Hitchcock has concluded a long and successful engagement at the Tremont.

"The Girl in the Taxi," a musical comedy of the ultra up-to-date class, will follow, the engagement beginning May 9. No house has been more successful with comic light opera of this style than the Tremont. Harold De Haven and Adelaide Ritchey will take the leading parts in "The Girl in the Taxi," and give the *esprit* and the *verve* which are so necessary to the success of musical comedy. The music is said to be particularly catching and tuneful.

The Castle Square is making a success of "The Prisoner of Zenda," John Craig playing the double role with marked success.

At the Boston Theater "The Three Twins" comes back, with Clifton Crawford in the leading role. We will be much surprised if this popular piece does not go with a vim that will keep the box office more than busy.

At the Colonial Theatre "Bright Eyes" is to demonstrate anew its popularity with Boston audiences. No musical comedy is more tuneful than this, nor couched in a happier vein. It was heartily received when presented at the Boston Theater, and it was known even then that a return engagement at some Boston house was a certainty. It will find many friends to welcome its new appearance.



### "PERSONAL POWER"

There has recently come from the press of Houghton Mifflin & Company a book entitled "Personal Power," by William Jewett Tucker. The work consists of a series of talks delivered by Dr. Tucker at Sunday vespers during the last few years of his administration as president at Dartmouth College, and are printed as they were delivered without change or elaboration. The sub-title of the book is "Counsels to College Men," but the addresses may be read with profit and interest by those whose college days are long past.

Although these addresses were delivered at Sunday vespers, they are of moral rather than religious significance. Further, they touch upon modern, living topics. They are an earnest protest against vulgarity, display, moral cowardice, littleness. They are a plea for simplicity, honesty, and steady purpose. "Personal Powers" is a book with a hundred thoughts in every line; it cannot be read hurriedly—nor forgotten.

There is a certain class of so-called "self-made men," and, in passing, they have too often out-Frankensteined Frankenstein—who zealously decry a college education as effeminating and promoting of idleness. I would call the attention of these, especially, to the last four essays in the book, which deal with "The training of The College Man." Their notion of the college man's ideal may be altered.

The book is written in the dignified, unostentatious language which is characteristic of Dr. Tucker, and to those who, like the reviewer, have heard most of these discourses delivered, cannot fail to bring up a picture of the earnest, quiet gentleman, speaking with rare emphasis, and few gestures, yet with such power that



twelve hundred college boys sit motionless.

"A clear and well-defined act never leaves a man as it finds him," says Dr. Tucker. The same sentiment may be expressed of this, his latest book.

Houghton Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.

"Something About Singlefoot. Chapters in the Life of an Oshkosh Man." John Hicks, LL. D. Cockrane Publishing Company.

The recent suggestion of changing the name of Oshkosh has aroused a protest from the entire country. The notoriety of limerick and jest has only served to make this little Wisconsin city better known than any of its size in the United States, and its peculiar name has been the advertising agency of its lumber business.

Toward a new book on Oshkosh life the same humorous and widespread interest is aroused. Mr. Hicks, in "Something About Singlefoot," adds some new and interesting chapters, not only on Oshkosh, but on the pioneer life of the great Northwest. As the title indicates, the story itself is a bare collection of incidents centered loosely within the lifespan of a typical Oshkosh man. The incidents, however, are often very unusual and striking, and the reflection of the Civil War on the activity of the town introduces a most picturesque description of northern home life in war times. The book is not a story at all; as a narrative it smacks of the crudeness of the pioneer life it recalls, and the main incidents are the least interesting. It has a certain real value in its flood of incidental reminiscences experienced by a man who lived in the heart of the most thrilling episodes and evolutions of the last half-century.

Mr. Hicks has dedicated his book to "the surviving men and women of the pioneer host that in the last century went into the great Northwest and wrought a powerful empire out of a wilderness"; but the book will interest those of the South and East as well who sent their sons and daughters into the West and who saw the salvation of the great republic.

### ROBERT EMMET'S WOOING

The story takes up Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, at the age of twenty-five years. Many people in Ireland at that time believed that the time was ripe for another revolt, and urged Emmet to assume the leadership. Notwithstanding the fact that he and his family were in good standing, social and financial, and subject to none of the evils complained of, he agreed to lead the movement. When some of his unruly followers resorted to assassination, he at once abandoned his attempt, but too late to escape blame for what had occurred. His companions, to avoid prosecution by the Government, fled to the United States, and he himself could undoubtedly have effected his escape, but for his desire to see the girl to whom he was betrothed, and explain his course.

Emmet's trial and tragic end are matters of history; but the romance connected with his life is not so well known. The girl he loved was Sarah Curran, the daughter of John P. Curran, an eminent barrister and orator. Although Mr. Curran was a loyal Irishman, he was also a loyal subject of Great Britain. He did not believe that the revolt was justified, and strongly opposed any intimate ties with Emmet, and finally compelled his daughter to leave her home when he learned that she had plighted her troth to him.

But never, in life or in fiction, did lovers display a greater constancy or persistence. The girl was willing to sacrifice, if need be, her home and her comfort for her love, even after it seemed hopeless, and Emmet proved his willingness to sacrifice his life, if need be, and did lose his life in an effort to return and explain to her his situation, with a view to justifying his advances under such dangerous conditions. He succeeded in seeing her, and giving his explanation—which was not at all required, as not for one moment did she doubt him—and was captured in consequence.

It is probable that he was convicted only because the law at that time did not permit a man accused of crime to

testify on his trial. His speech, addressed to his judges, might have produced the required effect upon the jury, had he been allowed to address it.

The political career and tragic end of this man, who lived only twenty-five years, and particularly his trial and his own address, have rendered him a character of note in history. But above all, the story of his love and the sacrifice of his life for it have given him a dual position entitling him to the world's consideration—a martyr to his duty and a martyr to his love.

### THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF LUTHER TRANT

To the reader who enjoys a tale of mystery the "Achievements of Luther Trant," by MacHarg-Balmer, published by Small, Maynard & Company, will prove especially interesting.

It is unlike the ordinary detective story, in that the hero is a young student of psychology who has employed the results of his experiments in the college laboratory as a means for the detection of crime. The cases which he is called upon to work out are sufficiently baffling to satisfy the most exacting lover of mystery, and the denouement is always surprisingly simple.

It would demand a very credulous reader, however, to accept as possible the extraordinary success which Trant meets with in the use of these psychological tests, notwithstanding that the author emphasizes particularly the truth that the world as yet is vastly ignorant of the wonderful power which comes from a better knowledge of the workings of the human mind, and even despite the fact that such scientists as Professor Munsterberg have expressed their convictions that favorable results may be obtained through the use of this knowledge.

Moreover, the improbability of the story increases as the achievements continue, until in the two last adventures the unreality is so strikingly apparent that it detracts from the merits of the book.

We cannot help realizing that Trant has fallen from the role of the psychology student into that of the extraordinary detective, and although the mystery is enhanced and the climax is more startling, it is a question whether the story has not suffered because of the change.

### JUST BETWEEN THEMSELVES

A light, vivacious novel that in its characteristically American humor compares favorably with anything yet produced by the creator of "Susan Clegg." It is the tale of a house-party of six bent on having a good time in the little German town of Dichtenburg, and the trials and tribulations that befel them



ANNE WARNER

AUTHOR OF "JUST BETWEEN THEMSELVES"  
LITTLE, BROWN & Co.

because they weren't just alike in their tastes and ways. First of all, it is a breezy satire on the little troubles of married life that sometimes seem to hurt a good deal more than the big troubles. Secondly, and more important, it is a bright, scintillating love story.





#### BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

It is possible that Boston may be emancipated from the smoke nuisance even before the contemplated electrification of the steam railroads running into this city is an accomplished fact. The abatement of this nuisance to the lowest possible minimum is the purpose of a bill framed by the fuel supply committee of the Chamber of Commerce which is now under consideration by the committee on metropolitan improvements of the Great and General Court. At a hearing on this measure recently held at the State House by the committee, not only was there little opposition to the bill, but representatives of the railroads stated specifically that they were perfectly willing to comply with its provisions, and Representative Montague, who had a bill of his own, declared his willingness also to withdraw it in favor of the Chamber's measure.

In the course of its investigations of the smoke problem in various cities the fuel supply committee was unable to find anywhere a law which was capable of enforcement or at least which was being enforced. They found that Pittsburg, Cleveland and Chicago had earned their unenviable reputation as smoke cities in spite of so-called smoke laws on the statute books. One of the advantages claimed for the bill of the Boston Chamber of Commerce is that it is capable of enforcement as well as efficacious.

The committee on fuel supply does not promise that by this bill the abso-

lute elimination of smoke will be effected. To attempt that would be in its opinion to attempt the impossible, for so long as coal is used as fuel a certain amount of smoke is bound to be emitted into the atmosphere. The committee is convinced, however, that the smoke nuisance in Boston is much worse than it need be and much worse than it will be if its bill is enacted into law.

The principal features of the Chamber's bill which have not before appeared in smoke legislation in any of the States are a classification of stacks according to the inside diameter at the top, the grading of smoke in accordance with Ringelmann's Smoke Chart and the appointment of a board to serve without pay whose duty it shall be not only to see that the law is enforced, but also to instruct consumers and aid them in complying with its provisions. Such compliance will be of no less advantage to the consumer of coal than to the public, for it is a well-known scientific fact that dense smoke is proof of wasted coal energy. One trouble with the present law governing the emission of smoke in Boston is that in prohibiting the emission of smoke it defines the smoke which shall not be emitted as "dark," "dense gray" or "black." These terms mean different things to different people; and with no standard of comparison, they are obviously of little or no significance. With a copy of Ringelmann's Smoke Chart in his hand, however, an inspector after very little

practice can tell at once the extent to which any given coal burner is offending against the law.

Another object of the Chamber's bill is to make it as easy as possible for smoke consumers to meet the requirements of the law. This bill, therefore, provides a method by which all coal users may be brought to the point of maximum economy in the use of their fuel gradually. The diminution of smoke is to extend over a period of three years, which will give the offenders ample time to adapt themselves to new conditions at a minimum of expense. The committee is confident that at the end of three years' time if a consumer is burning a certain amount of coal intelligently and in reasonably well designed furnaces, he will be getting the most out of his coal and the public in turn will not have any just cause for complaint.

#### **SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, MASS.**

The Framingham Board of Trade was organized for the purpose of promoting the prosperity of the town in all its varied interests, for making the town a better place in which to live and do business, to make it more beautiful and to promote its material prosperity by securing a unity of purpose among our people. We gained slowly but surely year by year, until the close of last year, when we reached a membership of an even two hundred. We then thought it time to branch out and secure more commodious quarters. This we did by leasing three rooms in a new building, one for the secretary's office, one for a reading-room and another that thrown open with the reading-room formed an audience-room that comfortably accommodates one hundred and fifty. To properly furnish these the members "chipped in" a little over five hundred dollars so that now when our friends call on us we are in no way ashamed to show them our home. On the fifth of January we dedicated these rooms with appropriate ceremonies.

Believing that it is proper to recognize the success of our own industries,

those that have aided in the building up of the town, on the 12th of January last the Board dedicated Mr. R. H. Long's new shoe factory, one of the finest in the world. These delightful occasions with the added charms of our new rooms has caused large accessions to our number, until now we have a membership of three hundred and sixteen. Recently our wives and daughters have organized a village improvement society, auxiliary to the Board to work hand in hand with us in making the town cleaner and more beautiful.

That the Board is not resting upon its laurels is shown by the fact that we have recently secured a new enterprise that has recently purchased a vacant factory and will soon be employing a force of seventy-five men. We have also just completed arrangements for an established concern that has outgrown its present quarters, to come here and build a new factory with 100,000 feet of floor space, costing a quarter of a million dollars, and employing from four to five hundred men. The Board has other little schemes in process of incubation that we trust will work for our good.

While we have been doing these little things we have not neglected our town affairs, but before each of the town meetings held since January 1 we have thoroughly studied and discussed each article in the warrant; the members making themselves thoroughly familiar with the subjects that were to come before the town, thereby securing far more intelligent action than was the case when the business took its chances in the mass town meeting without any careful study of the business men of the town.

EDGAR POTTER, Secretary.

#### **BOSTON—1915**

Perhaps most important in the month's events of Boston-1915 was the publication of the housing committee report. After six months' investigation, centered in four blocks of the North and West ends, this committee has laid bare conditions of congestion



that in many respects rival the crowding in New York's East Side. The committee believes that "a gradual moving-out process" will be necessary before these sections are properly cleaned up. In order to prevent the spread of tenement evils it is suggested that new legislation is necessary which will empower some body with authority of housing regulations throughout the entire Metropolitan district. At the recommendation of the committee, Boston-1915 will establish a bureau, whose duty it shall be to receive complaints of bad conditions, investigate them, and, if they are found warranted, lay them before the proper city departments.

A "Saner Fourth" committee of Boston-1915 has been at work since last August compiling figures about "our annual sacrifice," and bringing them home in graphic fashion to parents and teachers' associations, civic improvement associations, labor unions, etc. Dr. D. D. Scannell, the chairman of the committee, assisted by a staff of ten surgeons, has preached the dangers of the old-fashioned celebration until Boston has awakened to the futility of the "hurrah boys" method of observing Independence Day. A committee of 150 has been appointed to work out a sane celebration for 1910, with the co-operation of the city government. Historical pageants, choral singing, organized sports and fireworks along the Charles River Basin are included in preliminary plans.

*New Boston* is the title of a monthly publication, the first number of which was published on April 30. The new magazine will follow the work of Boston-1915, and keep abreast of all movements "for developing a greater and finer city." It will appear in regular magazine style. The subscription price is \$1 a year.

#### BURLINGTON, VT.

Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

Dear Sir: A few years ago Burlington enjoyed a series of musical festi-

vals, under the management of the gifted and enthusiastic William R. Chapman of New York. He brought a competent orchestra for such compositions as Gounod's "Faust," Verdi's "Requiem," etc., with some of the world's greatest singers, Madam Schumann-Heink and Campanari being of the number.

The great expense prevented the continuance of these festivals, much to the regret of the music-loving people of our city and state. Now that Professor Larsen has organized a thoroughly competent orchestra, some correspondence has passed between Professor Chapman and Professor Larsen, which it is hoped will result in bringing back to us these occasions when no public hall or theater was large enough to accommodate the great audiences. The University gymnasium was the only room that would hold them.

The sessions of the summer school connected with the University will open on July 5, to continue till August 12. It is in charge of Professors Messenger, Thomas and Bassett.

The entire city of Burlington is practically a park, the fences having been removed, but there are two beautiful parks on the lake shore, the "Queen City" and "Hatches," and back from the lake, the "Ethan Allen," commanding some of the most charming views in all New England, if not of our whole country.

We have many summer tourists and visitors, but would have many more if it were more generally known that we are in the very center of many of the most interesting scenic and historic localities in all New England. We are in easy communication with the Adirondacks, Lake George, Saratoga, Ausable Chasm, Montreal, Quebec, St. Anne de Beaupre and the shores and islands of peerless Lake Champlain.

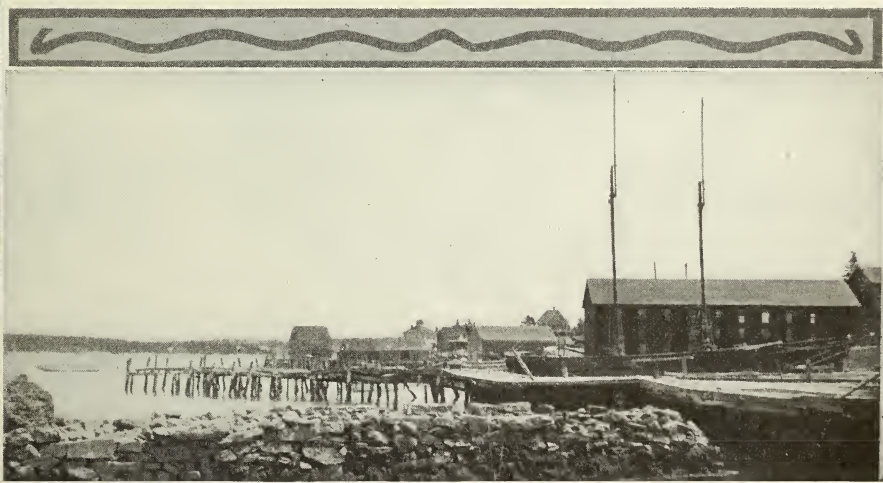
Readers of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE are of the sort to be interested in the attractions of this region.

Yours truly,

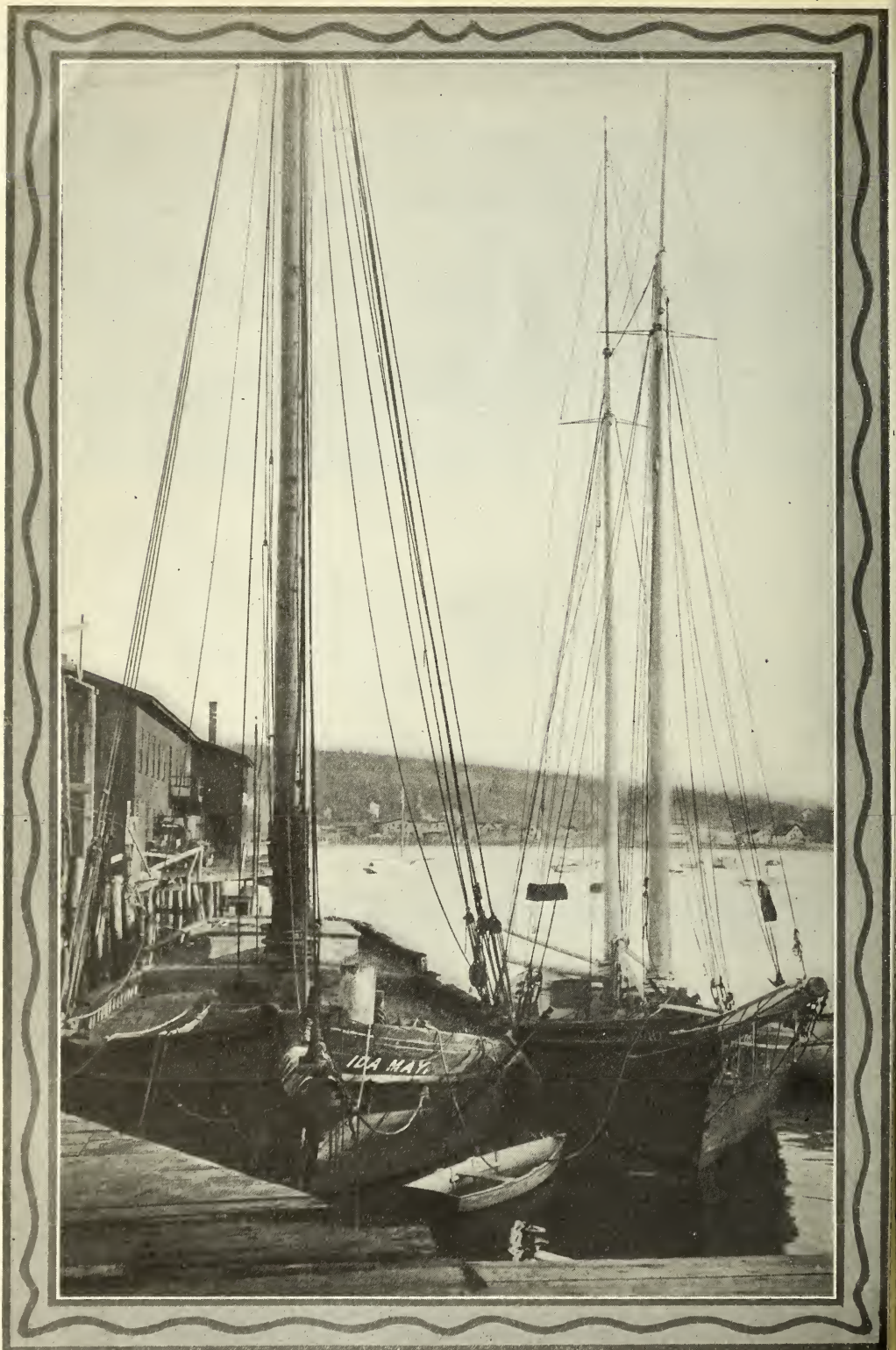
JOSEPH DANA BARTLEY.



Beautiful  
New England



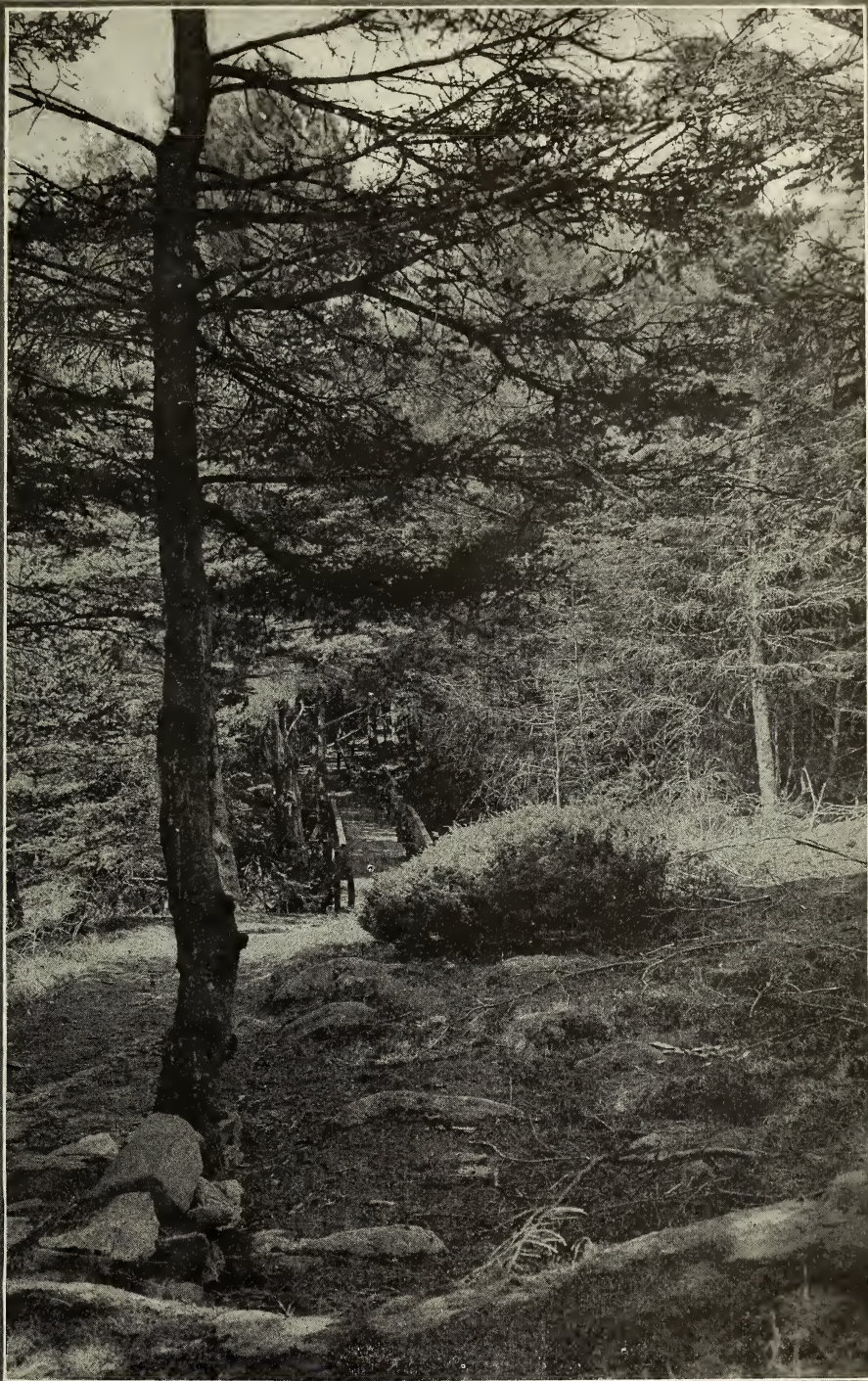




Photograph by Tillinghast

OLD VESSELS, BOOTHBAY HARBOR

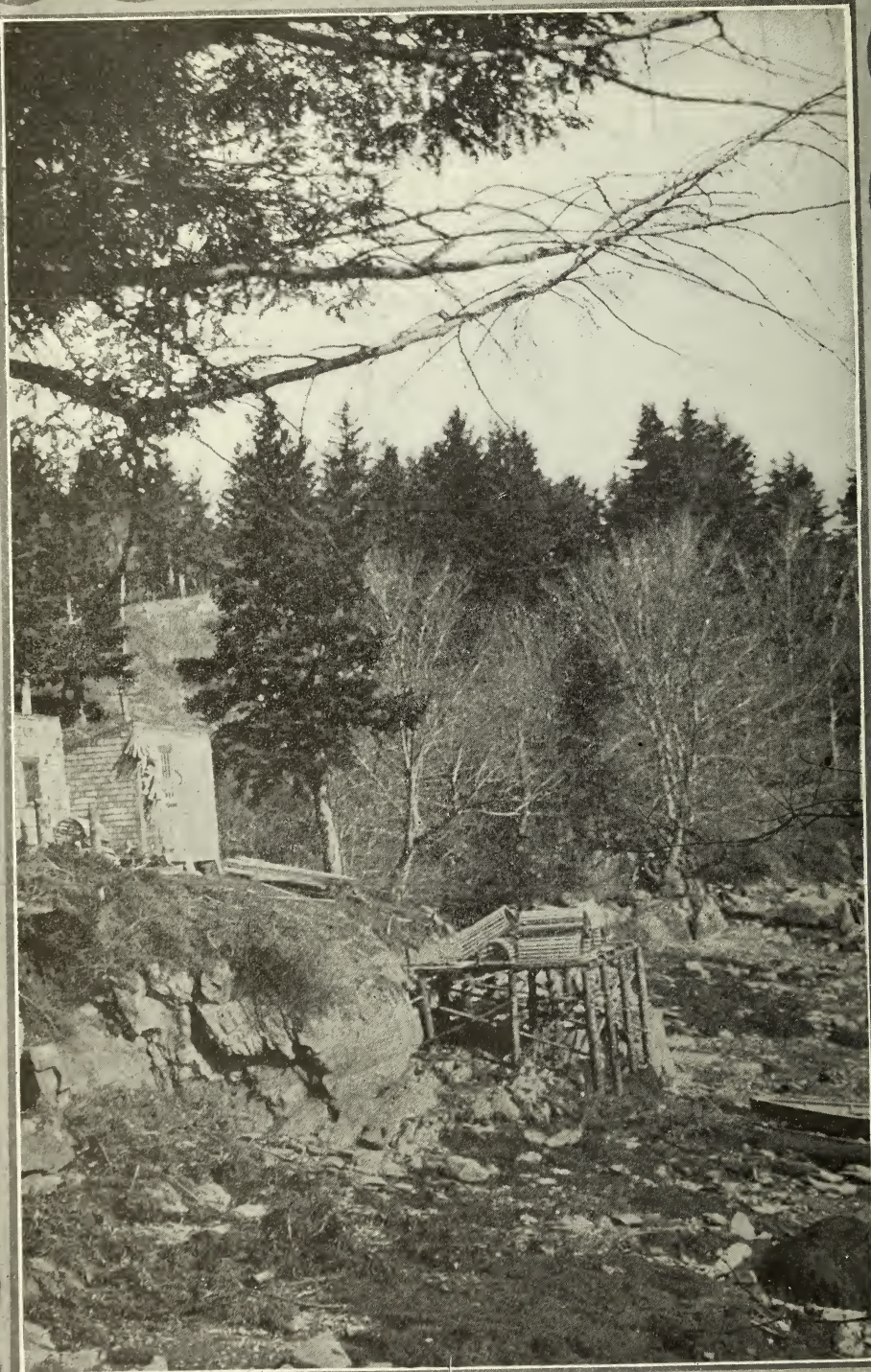




Photograph by Tillinghast

ON THE PATH TO EAST BOOTHBAY

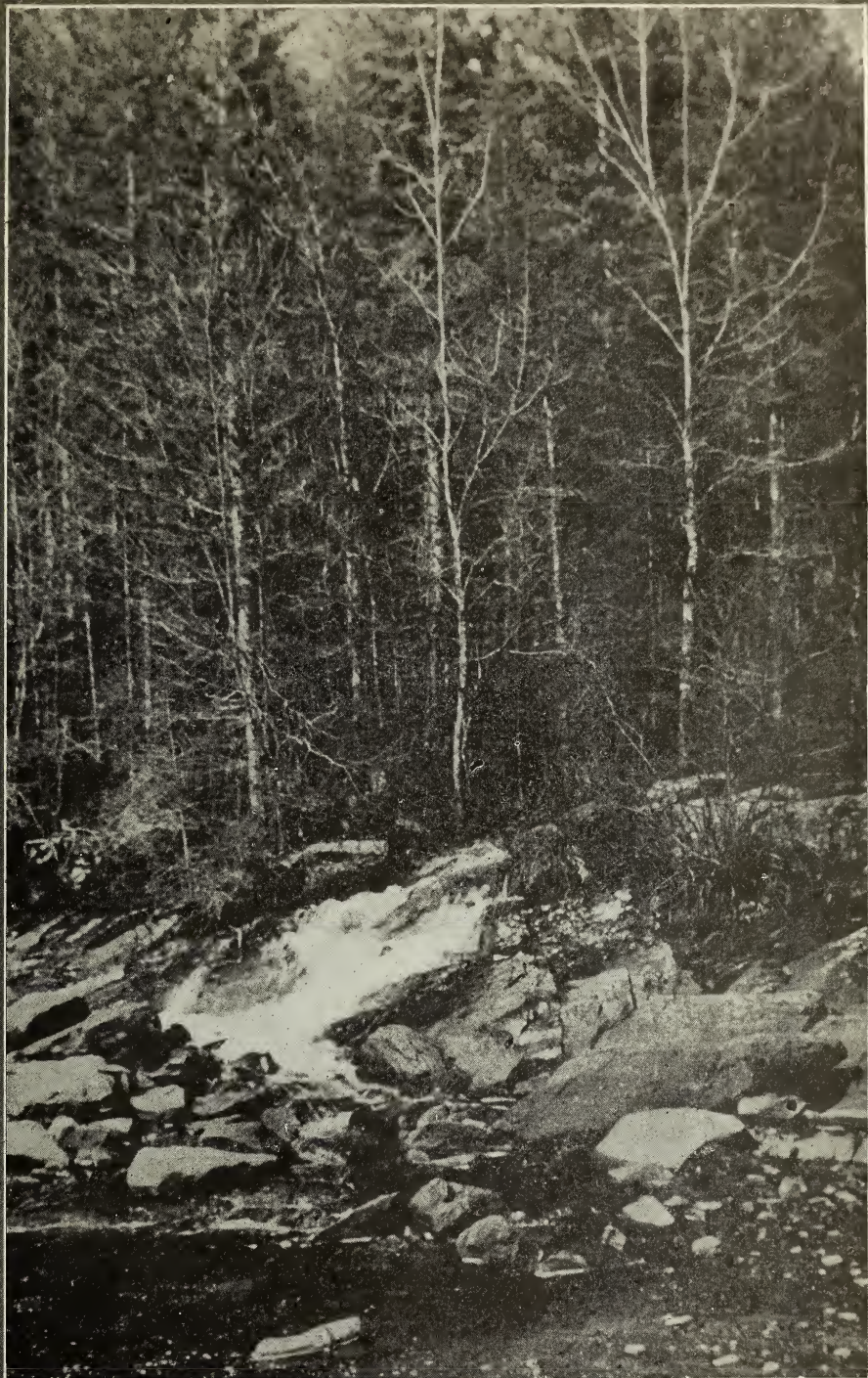




Photograph by Tillinghast

LOW TIDE AT LOBSTER COVE

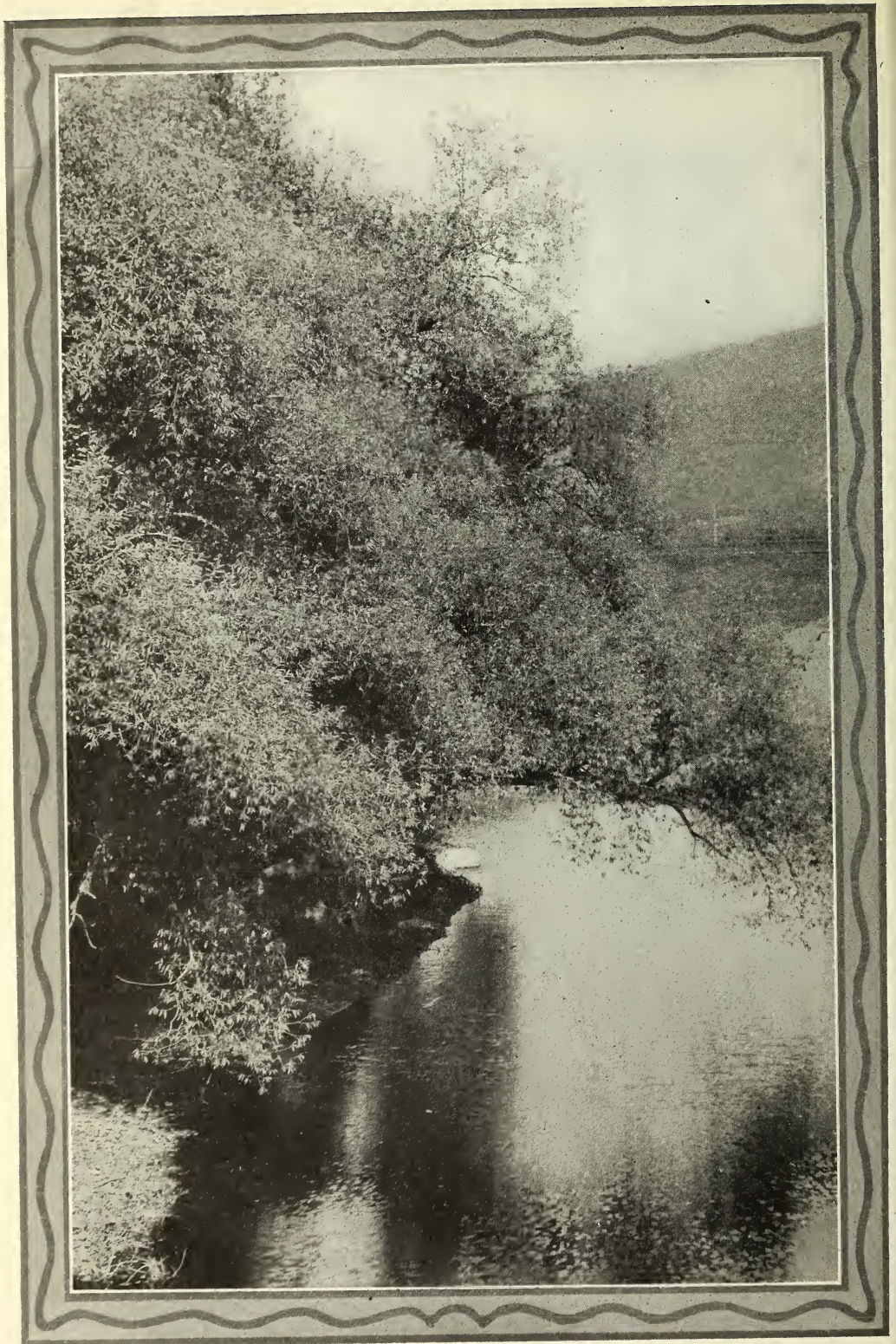




Photograph by Tillinghast

WATERFALL, BOOTHBAY HARBOR





A BIT OF BOOTHBAY SHORE





Photograph by Tillinghast

FARM HOUSE ON THE DAMARISCOTTA ROAD





Photograph by T. E. Marr

INTERIOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON



# NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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## THE RETURN OF THE HORSE

By FREDERICK W. BURROWS

SO far from the summer of 1910 witnessing a practical abandonment of the horse as a means of locomotion, as was so glibly prophesied by serious social students ten years ago, the season just opening is to see a distinct advance in the popularity of equestrian exercise.

Society is turning with renewed interest to her old favorite. Not for many years has the demand for well-bred animals been so keen and the prices so high.

The automobile for distance and general utility purposes, but the horse for the short pleasure ride, is the new *dictum*.

London society takes its morning constitutional either a-foot or on horseback. Upon this my lady depends for the brilliancy of her complexion and the brightness of her eye, and London society girls, as a rule, prefer the morning canter to the morning walk. At fashionable summer resorts both in America and abroad more horses will be seen this year than for many seasons.

Unlike many of the willful decrees of fashion, this movement is a thoroughly wholesome one. It does not mean that the automobile is losing favor: there will be more cars manufactured and a greater demand for them than ever. It simply means that the motor-car is finding its true place both

for pleasure and utility and that place leaves a very wide margin of usefulness for the horse.

One does not always care to go a great distance or at high speed. The speeding automobile in the public park is a public nuisance. But creeping along at a snail's pace while the chauffeur is doing all kinds of things to keep a sixty-horse power motor within the bounds of public safety, is anything but a pleasurable experience, and even if the course be clear, the spin is not comparable with the canter as a physical and mental tonic. For the park or for exercise, the motor is no more the equal of the horse than the horse is the equal of the motor for speed and distance.

You cannot jump a fence with an automobile—that is, not handily, and a horse killing himself under the lash before a heavy load is as unutilitarian as it is a barbarous spectacle. An automobile in a mossy forest bridle-path is as much out of place as a horse on a Glidden tour.

Motor enthusiasm is just as sane as any other enthusiasm, and quite comprehensible, but to return one's affection with intelligent appreciation is a trick which the gasoline engine cannot turn. I have seen men put their hands affectionately on the hood that covers a throbbing six-cylinder, but it does not arch under the stroke like the





## FAST FRIENDS

glossy neck of a favorite mount, nor do two big, soft, shining eyes look into yours. There is no proud mane to toss or feet to prance at a snatch of martial music by the way; no urge of powerful haunches when the way levels off finely for a bit of a run; there is no will to meet will or spirit to respond to spirit. There is the throttle and the wheel and the road and the rhythm of the engine, a sense of power and a consciousness of speed, and we are glad to recognize their charm, but they do not monopo-

lize all the pleasure of motion. And so, while the automobile comes steadily and irresistibly into its own, the horse stays with us.

If this were not true, the loss by this great, modern invention would almost have equalled the gain. The horse is, perhaps, the very acme of animal development. In no other creature outside of humanity are nerves so finely tempered or strength embodied in so much beauty of form. It is a pleasure to learn that Cornell University has

purchased a fine hackney stallion so as to experiment in the improvement of the horse of that type. It is a pleasure to learn that last year's experiment at Readville of racing without public betting was so successful as to insure the repetition this year of that great track event which aroused so much interest among horsemen last year. It is a pleasure to learn that the Canadian National and Military Horse Show at Toronto this spring broke its own record for entries, attendance and all-around success.

Willingly or unwillingly, wittingly or unwittingly, rebelliously, complacently, indifferently or eagerly, we are all slaves to fashion. It would be quite possible for fashion to decree the practical extinction of the horse. But fashion is itself a most obedient servant—to what?—to the movements of the public mind and interest that it is often the first to catch. Fashion to-day decrees the continued reign of the horse. The well turned out carriage is still the acme of fashionable perfection. But fashion so wills because of a strong and abiding sentiment in favor of the horse in the popular heart, that was growing a little restive under his rapid disappearance from the boulevards and parkways.

In many respects the automobile is a more democratic vehicle than the horse and carriage, but in other respects not. The automobile is a greater social leveller than the horse. On the other

hand, a man may keep a horse who cannot keep a car. The farmer can raise his own horse and his farm can supply the grain and pasturage for its support. He cannot make his own automobile or supply his own gasoline.

We are living in an age in which the forces leading toward a more perfect democracy are the dominant forces. With the horse and the automobile it shall be, as with all other adjuncts of civilization: each shall find its place according to the extent and the manner in which it subserves the common good and the brotherhood of man. Fashion, in this as in other things, is but the servant of that democracy which it sometimes affects to despise.

Vitally dependent upon the destiny of the horse is that of the carriage industry, one of the great manufacturing interests of the country, with plants that have cost millions and skilled labor that is the development of several generations of apprenticeship. This industry was strongly intrenched in New England, where it was the main support of a number of communities. Some of these factories are now manufacturing automobile bodies. Others are entirely closed, while the warehouses, for the past few seasons, have been full of second-hand vehicles for which there has been little demand.

The reports this season indicate a very brisk movement in the trade, and it is not improbable that some of the closed factories will be reopened.

## PLATO

By CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON

A bending grass-blade in the rippling green;  
Yet from their course the lordly light-rays swerve,  
Pulsing their miles and million miles of sheen,  
Striking on that frail curve.

Adown the beach the yielding sand-grains slide;  
Yet those green thunderous masses, tower on tower,  
Hurled by the Titan shoulder of the Tide,  
Shatter before their power.

A man—a mortal of mere mortal birth—  
Haunting of yore the groves of Academe;  
Yet here to-day across New England earth  
Echoes the master's dream.



# THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

By WILLIAM T. ATWOOD

THERE are few who would have the hardihood to question the pre-eminence of America in the field of innovation; there are fewer still who would question the fact that a large percentage of the men whose ingenuity has developed the natural resources of this country through invention and through physical and chemical discovery have been New Englanders. Yet it is noteworthy that the New England mind, until very recently, has tenaciously clung to the hide-bound prejudice that medicine, law, and theology are the only branches of human knowledge worthy of extended and specialized study.

Taking this prejudice into consideration, it is somewhat remarkable that the first school for the study of subjects outside the time-honored trio before mentioned should be established in conservative Boston. However, William Barton Rogers, a professor in the University of Virginia, after many years of consideration, decided that Boston was the city best suited for such a school, and in 1853 resigned his professorship and came here to carry out his project.

"I have felt persuaded," he wrote, some years before, "that of all places in the world, it was the one most certain to derive the highest benefits from a Polytechnic Institution. The occupations and interests of the great mass of people are immediately connected with the applications of physical science and their quick intelligence has already impressed them with just ideas of the value of scientific teaching in their daily pursuits."

Seven years after his arrival in Boston, he petitioned the legislature for

the land on which the Natural History Museum, Rogers and Walker Halls now stand. The following year the land asked for was granted together with a charter establishing the school as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

It is hard to conceive a more inauspicious time for the founding of a school than 1861. The war which was to cost the country so much in gold and blood had begun, the levies of young men for the army were soon to begin, money was scarce, the whole country was war-mad, as countries always are in time of war, and those who suddenly discovered that they had lost their teeth just before drafting time, were too busy cheering the boys at the front to have much time for studying.

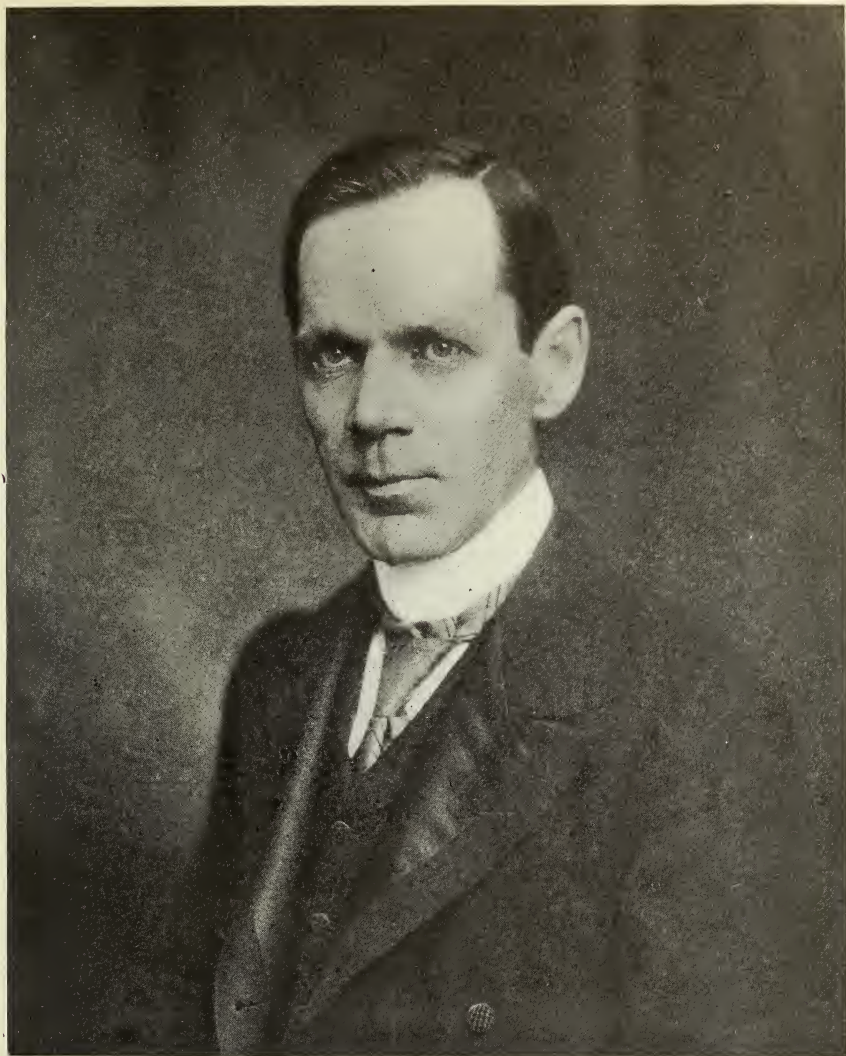
In spite of these discouraging circumstances, Rogers opened his school on February 20, 1865. The enrollment was fifteen.

From this little group of students the present institution with its fifteen hundred undergraduates sprang. Of the original class of '68 there are eight yet living, all holding positions of trust and importance.

The new school proved its worth and the enrollment increased rapidly, its growth being due no less to the zeal and ability of President Rogers than to the value of the institution in fitting men for the important functions of a complicated and mechanical age.

It is interesting to know that such men as Dr. Eliot of Harvard and many other notable educators were associated with the Institute of Technology in its early days of existence.

President Rogers died while address-



Photograph Copyright by Notman

PRESIDENT RICHARD C. MACLAURIN

ing the class of '82 at the time of its graduation.

The most famous name in Technology history, after that of Rogers, is Francis Amasa Walker. President Walker was inaugurated in 1881, and may well be called the second founder of the Institute. Unlike Rogers, he was not a scientist, but he proved himself an administrator of rare ability. Walker was a graduate of Amherst, and before his appointment to the presidency of Technology, had held a pro-

fessorship of Political Economy in the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale. "From a struggling technical school, the Institute grew into a great scientific university" during his able administration.

At his death in 1897, he left a university of twelve hundred students with one hundred and thirty instructors. "His courage, energy, and enthusiasm, and aggressive endorsement of the Institute's plan of education, were the main elements in its successful de-

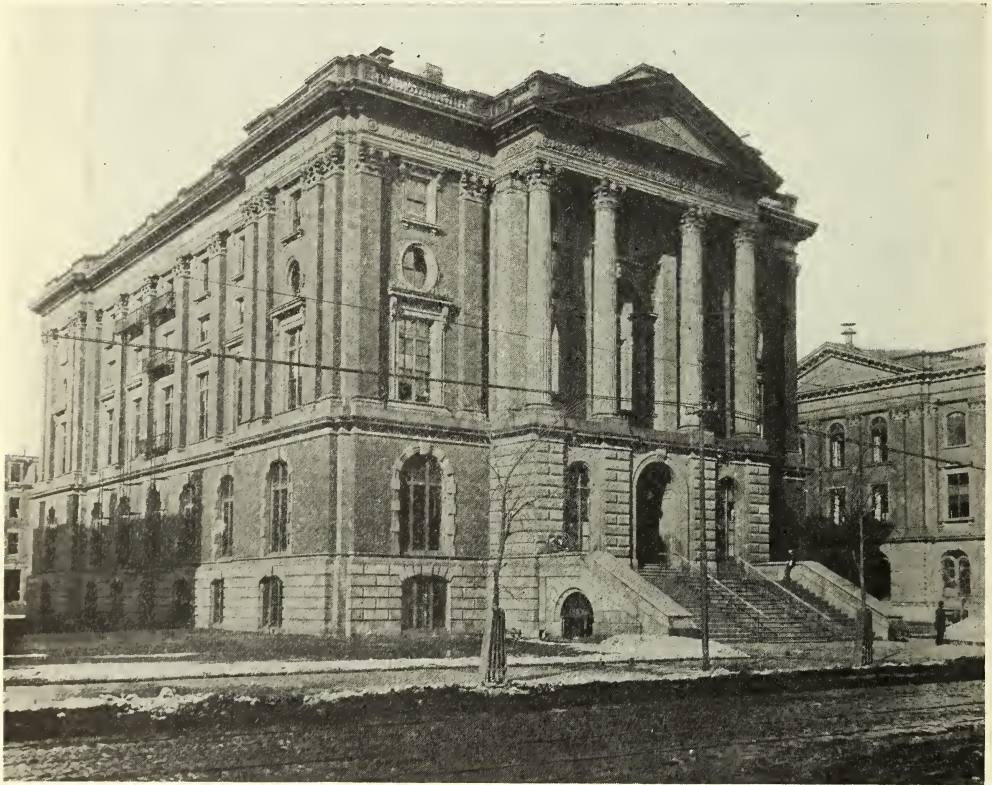


velopment. The spirit of Technology to-day is in a large measure the reflection of the spirit of President Walker."

In 1909 Professor Richard C. Maclaurin, of the Physics Department of Columbia, was inaugurated as President of the Institute. Even in the short time that he has held office, his ability and fitness for the position he holds has been demonstrated.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology is to-day the recognized

With such growth the life of the undergraduate has, of course, become more complex, and his work and social life has grown far different from what it was when the institution was established. Technology, however, was never a lazy-man's school. It was, and is, what Dr. Maclaurin calls "a do-it-yourself" school. It was the first institution to require its students to perform their own physical and chemical experiments. The common method of



ROGERS HALL

head of technical schools. The clear sightedness of its founder in choosing Boston as the site of his experiment, is conclusively proved. From fifteen students, the enrollment has increased to fifteen hundred, distributed through fourteen courses. The institution has long since outgrown the tract originally given it, and splendidly equipped engineering buildings are now located in Trinity Place.

instruction in those branches taking, at that time, the form of lectures with occasional experiments by the instructor. The universal acceptance of this method to-day shows how correct was President Rogers' idea. The value of practical experience has been emphasized no less than that of theoretical knowledge. This method necessitates the use of large quantities of expensive machinery and costly scientific in-

struments—a fact which makes the rapid growth of Technology the more remarkable. One can readily see that in such a school a close application to work is a first requisite, and a much longer school day than is usual in colleges and universities a necessity. Fortunately, most men who enter Technology bring their interest in their work with them, and not a few as graduates of colleges have minds matured enough to appreciate the value

The thoroughness of detail with which these courses are taught, and the strict application which is necessary to their mastery will, perhaps, be shown in the following extract from a booklet published by the institution, entitled "Concerning the Massachusetts Institute of Technology." This extract concerns the subject of Civil Engineering.

"Broadly speaking, civil engineering may now be divided into structural



TECHNOLOGY UNION

of work and be willing to forego some of the idleness and social pleasures attendant on academic life. There are fourteen different courses now open to the student, namely: Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Mining Engineering and Metallurgy, Architecture, Chemistry, Electrical Engineering, Biology, Physics, General Studies, Chemical Engineering, Sanitary Engineering, Geology, Naval Architecture, and Electro Chemistry.

engineering, railroad engineering, sanitary engineering, hydraulic engineering, and topographical engineering, and each of these separate departments is so extensive that the practitioner must choose one of them as his specialty. Thus the railroad engineer may know little about sanitary engineering and vice versa.

"The necessary training for the practice of any of these branches of engineering must include a thorough





ENGINEERING BUILDINGS

study of the fundamental principles of several sciences and of mathematics and mechanics, and also a study of the technical applications of these subjects and of the properties of the materials of construction. The engineer, also, should do more than make himself a merely technical advisor, and should broaden himself outside of the technical limits of his profession. More important than the question how a bridge shall be built is the question whether it shall be built at all. More important than the question how a railroad shall be located are the questions whether it shall be built and where it shall be located. If the engineer is to attain the highest success, he should qualify himself to answer questions such as these, which depend upon economic, sociological, administrative, and perhaps legal considerations.

"The course of Civil Engineering at the Institute is designed to give the student such a foundation in the general scientific branches and in their technical application as will equip him for the civil engineering profession. In addition to work in the class-room, there is much work in the drawing-

room and in the field. The work of a civil engineer is largely out of doors, and a training in the art of surveying is necessary to enable the student to engage in the practice of his profession.

"The civil engineer should be a good draughtsman, for his first work in the profession is likely to be in the drawing-room. For this reason a training in drawing and design is given an important place in the curriculum.

"The civil engineer must have a thorough knowledge of the fundamental principles of mathematics and mechanics and must be able to use them as a tool in the solution of engineering problems. He should therefore have a taste for those subjects and should enjoy applying them to practical problems.

"Besides being trained in science and its application, the civil engineer, in order to be successful, must possess common sense and gumption. That is to say, he must be able to perceive the true relation of things, he must see the proper data for his problems, and he must have the vision which will enable him to apply scientific principles properly.

"The opportunities in the profession are large, and are increasing daily; and any student who goes through the course with credit, so that his teachers can recommend him, will be almost sure, after graduating, of finding ample opportunity to apply his knowledge."

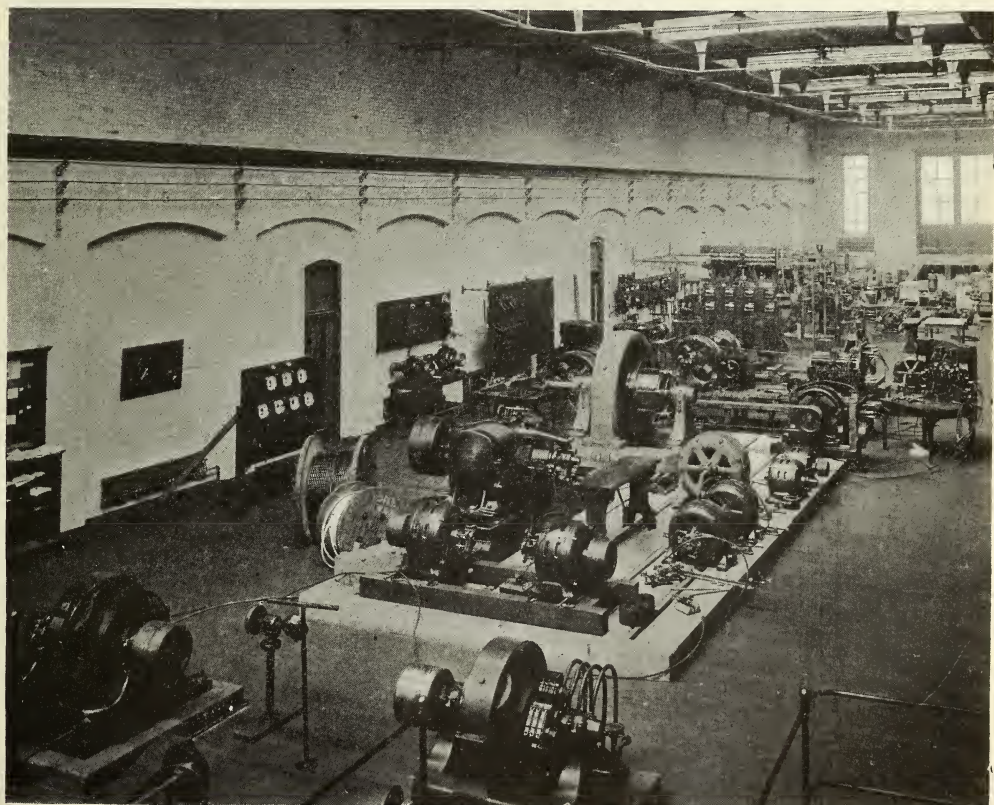
The above description is a revelation to the layman of the extensive knowledge of subjects indirectly bearing upon a profession which are necessary to its mastery.

But lest it should seem that in their pursuit of knowledge the student of Technology imitate those gloomy book-worms of antiquity who delved among the musty tomes with pedantic zeal until untimely death o'ertook them, a word should be said in regard to the social side of the institution.

The Union, which was opened in the September of 1908, is the social

centre of the Institute's fifteen hundred students. Here is a commodious lounging room, library and card room. In the basement is a large dining room seating over three hundred. The value of such a place, especially to the entering class, can be readily seen. Not only is it an excellent place for them to meet the members of the upper classes, but it keeps many a new man away from the resorts to which he would be too likely to drift, especially if he has been bred in a small town and is unused to city life. In the Union are held the Friday Night Entertainments, and many irregular gatherings make it the institution's most valuable promoter of school spirit.

Over fifteen fraternities with an enrollment of more than three hundred members form another important branch of the social life of the institution. Most of them own chapter



ELECTRICAL LABORATORY





WALKER HALL

houses situated in the near-by residence streets. Fraternities were introduced into Technology in 1873.

Several clubs of a more or less secret nature have also been established.

The four musical clubs are too well known in Boston to need more than passing mention.

In 1895 the Institute branch of the Y. M. C. A. was established and its receptions and Sunday evening meetings in the Union are among the pleasant social events of the Institute. The Association has a president elected by and from the student body, and is under the direction of a graduate secretary. The present incumbent of the secretaryship is Mr. J. K. Mason, a man of much experience in this kind of work, who by his earnest enthusiasm and example is doing much to increase his society membership.

The student publications are "The Technique," a year book published since 1885, and the "Daily Tech," a most creditable newspaper. The Department of Architecture, which is the oldest and largest architectural school, issues the "Architectural Record," a paper which ranks favorably with any paper of its kind published in the country. "The Technology Review" is a quarterly publication, published by the alumni. Numerous other pamphlets are issued as occasion suggests.

The athletic situation which is so important a phase of modern collegiate life is not to be overlooked. For the following statement of the athletic situation at Technology we are indebted to Major Briggs, the graduate athletic advisor. It may, therefore, be regarded as authoritative.

"The athletic side of life at the In-

stitute has been followed, until within a few years, only by enthusiasts.

There was a baseball nine in about 1875 to 1876, which was composed mainly of Technology men, and a football team in the latter part of the 70's and early 80's. 'Varsity football was abandoned in 1901 and baseball in 1897.

Track athletics were started about 1879 and have since been the main feature of Institute athletic life.

The Institute now holds three New England Intercollegiate records, and won the championship in 1894.

Hare and Hounds and Cross-Country work have been popular for the last twenty years, and about five or six years ago a partition was made by which the Cross-Country work comes more directly in connection with track work, and the Hare and Hounds men indulge in short slow runs almost every Saturday during the school year.

The Cross-Country team have been very successful, having come in second

to Cornell the last two years in the Intercollegiate competition.

Hockey and Basketball have existed since 1899 and 1900 respectively, with varying results.

In Lawn Tennis the Institute has always made a good showing, and in the New England Intercollegiate Association Championship, has six points of the eight necessary to win the permanent possession of the cup.

Fencing and Golf have also been followed, but erratically.

This year a Crew has been started and promises very well for the future.

The Institute has always been strong in Relay Racing at the B. A. A. games particularly, and have run within a second of the record time.

A Gymnasium team has been developed during the last two or three years.

The distinctive feature of M. I. T. athletics, however, is "Field Day," which takes place, usually, on the first Friday in November; it was instituted to decide the rivalry between the



LIFE CLASS—ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT





CHEMICAL LABORATORY

freshman and sophomore classes, supplanting the old cane rush, in 1901. There is a football game, a relay-race, teams of twelve men each,—each man running one-eighth of a mile—and three heats of tug-of-war, with twenty-five men on each side. This latter has developed into really the most interesting feature of the day, and the varying success of the pull by the contestants are shown by a plummet pendant from the centre of the rope, and creates intense excitement.

The late Samuel Cabot, a member of the Corporation, donated a magnificent Tiffany silver cup, on which is inscribed (within small wreathes) the "year" of the winning class.

In 1906, the class of 1881 erected at Technology Field a "twenty-five year Memorial" entrance gate, above which is a bronze tablet, bearing the inscription:

Not the quarry but the chase  
Not the laurel but the race  
Not the hazard but the play  
Make me—Lord—enjoy alway!

Neither the Corporation or Faculty looked very favorably on athletics until the organization (Jan. 1, 1898) of the Advisory Council on Athletics (consisting of four alumni and three under-graduates), who have entire supervision and control over all athletic affairs. The Corporation and Faculty both have strenuously avoided any interference with the work of this body, but it has administered the athletics with such good results that to-day both are sincerely and thoroughly in sympathy with athletic affairs and aid actively and morally in furthering the policies developed.

The constitution of the Advisory Council on Athletics and its policies

have been since copied in a greater or less degree in almost all the leading colleges of the country."

The position of a technical institute is unique in that it is under necessity to keep its equipment of brains and apparatus more closely up-to-date than an institution of learning covering the more general field of learning usually described as academic.

While the classics are pretty likely to remain classics, and while a revised Greek or Latin grammar is an improbability, our most perfect machinery and nicest instruments, will within a decade be relegated to the scrap heap or museum. New and more complex ways of living will necessitate now un-

dreamed-of improvements in transportation, sanitation, in architecture, in chemical and bacteriological research. New forces will be discovered and old forces will be developed. It is to meet the demand which the future is already making that men are being trained in technical schools—that they may be able to meet intelligently the unknown conditions with which they must cope. If the ideal state which philosophers from Plato to Bellamy have dreamed of is to be realized, it must be realized by students rather than statesmen, and in the campaign which shall accomplish it, the engineering corps will be composed of civil and not military engineers.



By courtesy of "Technique"

PRINCIPALS OF THE TECH SHOW, "THE QUEEN OF THE CANNIBAL ISLES"





"JONES' NOSE"

## SAVING A STATE'S MOUNTAINS

### THE MASSACHUSETTS PLAN OF PUBLIC RESERVATIONS

By CHARLES G. FAIRMAN

THE creation of public reservations is one of the most significant and important movements of the time in its relation to the general public welfare, and particularly as a means of promoting the enjoyment of outdoor life by the millions. Two main factors have operated to cause such reservations to be established: the destructive effect of commercial activities upon natural scenery, and the tendency to create large landed estates similar to those of England, closing the more attractive stretches of the landscape to the public. In some instances many thousands of acres have been acquired by multimillionaires for single estates, and with a tendency to mass such estates together a natural concern arises lest the choice scenery and recreation facilities of certain sections shall be monopolized by a few. Therefore the example of the well-to-do in seeking the country not only has led to the establishment of beautiful private estates, but has brought about by perfectly natural means a movement to secure desirable tracts for public use, controlled permanently by the State,

affording one further example of public enterprise following upon private initiative. Only a few States have engaged in this work as yet to any extent, but their number is sure to increase.

A most interesting example in this connection is the movement in Massachusetts to save the State's mountains. One of the first States to discover that the creation of many private estates is attended with disadvantages, it became a pioneer in taking steps to overcome these drawbacks and secure to the people the enjoyment and uplift which are afforded by remarkable scenic treasures within the boundaries of that Commonwealth. In its campaign to acquire its mountain tops for the people and join them in a great park system to be connected by State highways, Massachusetts is setting an interesting example to other States. No other State has gone about this work in such a systematic and comprehensive way.

Massachusetts now has a chain of mountain parks stretching from Mt. Ann in Gloucester to Mt. Everett in the southwestern corner of the State. Some of these, including such well-

known peaks as Greylock, Tom and Wachusett, are State reservations proper. Others, like the Blue Hills, south of Boston, are included in the Metropolitan Park System, established by means of State loans to be repaid from sinking funds made up of annual payments by 39 cities and towns of Greater Boston. Still others are maintained for the use of the people by various corporate bodies. Thus while the mountain reservations of the State have not as yet been placed on a uniform basis, all are maintained with the primary object of guarding their scenic beauties from spoliation and keeping them accessible to the public. The importance of this work in its effect upon all the interests of the State, is becoming more important as time passes.

The esthetic motive was chiefly responsible for the inception of this movement. Connected with this was a regard for the historic and a desire to

provide means of recreation for the people. Promotion of forestry and protection of game, treated as minor considerations at the outset, received greater attention as the campaign progressed. Repeatedly denounced and ridiculed by persons who could see no good in investing the people's money in rocky cliffs and steep mountain sides, the work thus begun has grown and broadened and is destined to be of the highest economic value.

Out of it there promises to come a general plan for the beautification of the whole State, along with many civic and social benefits. Numerous influences are at work to subserve this end. The Metropolitan Park System is a splendid beginning in the making of a "State Beautiful," and this is supplemented in an important way by the large parks established by Boston, Lynn, Worcester, Springfield, and other cities of the Bay State. Besides the



VIEW OF EASTHAMPTON, FROM WHITING PEAK, MOUNT TOM RESERVATION



various parks—urban, riparian, woodland, mountain and seashore—there are to be considered numerous tracts that are being acquired by the State forester; the extensive holdings of the Metropolitan Water and Sewerage Commission, which are being utilized for afforestation, and the rifle ranges, grounds of public institutions and other lands under public control. When treated according to a definite plan these properties afford an opportunity to do much toward making the State an example in respect to landscape attractions. In this scheme of beautification based on economic improvements the system of mountain parks, to be bound together with State highways, forms a feature of great and lasting prominence. In preserving the face of nature from permanent disfigurement by lumbermen and quarriers, clothing the eminences and slopes with forests and conserving the ponds and streams, the general prospect, as viewed from a car window, highway or piazza, is vastly improved over the conditions that must obtain from a policy of neglect. Quite as important is the assurance that the magnificent outlook from such an elevation as Greylock or Tom shall be available for all time to the public.

Compared to its total area, Massachusetts has become, to a greater degree than any other State in the union, a community of "landed gentry." This is true especially of the North Shore, where President Taft's summer home is located, and of Central and Southern Berkshire. In the former section the shore lands of Beverly, Manchester and Magnolia and the valley of the Ipswich, and in the latter instance the towns of Lenox and Stockbridge, are very largely given up to private estates. In a somewhat less degree the same is true of the South Shore and other localities that might be mentioned. In this way the general public is being barred from the enjoyment of some of the choicest scenery in the State. Any attempt to create extensive parks in the sections that have been so much sought for summer homes would necessarily be difficult and expensive in

its realization. But the establishment of mountain parks has been relatively easy, the hardest task being to convince legislators and taxpayers of the wisdom of the plan.

Hitherto the higher elevations have been little in demand for summer homes for the wealthy, because of the trouble and exertion required to get to them. In the few cases where summer hotels have been built on mountain tops, the ventures generally have proved unprofitable. There is a prospect, however, that conditions will be very different in years to come. Already excellent automobile roads have been built up the sides of a number of the most prominent eminences in the state. And more than all else, the aeroplane and other contrivances for navigating the air easily and swiftly bid fair to revolutionize such conditions. When flying machines capable of transporting several persons at an elevation of from 1000 to 5000 feet come into rather common use with families of means, the urbanite, it is safe to predict, will greatly appreciate the privilege of stepping into a car and whirling through space to a home on some slightly eminence where he can enjoy the cool breezes and imbibe the beauties of the best landscape to be found, "far from the madding crowd" yet within sight of busy centers of industry and commerce. When that time shall arrive the foresight of the men who have been pioneers in establishing mountain parks in Massachusetts will be better appreciated, no doubt, by the people at large.

As in the case of so many movements that bring great blessings to the people, public support for this work was obtained only after much hard though enthusiastic work had been done for the cause by individuals with funds obtained from private sources. The first seed of Massachusetts' great and growing park system was sown nearly twenty years ago by an inner circle of the Appalachian Mountain Club. The moving spirit in the plan was the late Charles Eliot, a Boston landscape designer and the son of Dr. Charles W.



SUNSET ON THE MOUNT TOM CLIFFS

Eliot, now the president emeritus of Harvard. In April, 1890, the council of the Appalachian Club appointed a committee consisting of Mr. Eliot and two others to call a meeting and present a plan for preserving beautiful scenery and historic sites in the State. Invitations to the meeting were sent to about 2000 persons in all parts of Massachusetts. The meeting took place at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, May 24, 1890, and John Greenleaf Whittier, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Francis Parkman, John Boyle O'Reilly and other prominent men of the State extended their support to the

movement. The outcome was the incorporation in 1891 by a special act of the Legislature, of a self-perpetuating body called the Trustees of Public Reservations, empowered to acquire and hold in trust for the use of the public, tracts of land which, because of their scenic importance or their historical or literary associations might be deemed worthy of preservation. The first president of this board was the late Senator, George Frisbee Hoar.

Within a few years several reservations were created by the Trustees of Public Reservations from lands acquired by purchase, gifts or bequests,





MOUNT TOM RESERVATION, LOOKING WEST FROM GOAT'S PEAK

and the interest aroused by the work of the organization led in 1893 to the creation of the Metropolitan Park Commission which has done such a monumental work.

The Trustees of Public Reservations did not at once concern themselves with the acquisition of mountains. However, the Blue Hills reservation, which now consists of over 4900 acres, established under the Metropolitan Park Commission, gave the movement a turn in that direction. In 1897 Mount Ann in Gloucester was acquired by the Trustees of Public Reservations, and in 1899 Monument Mountain in Great Barrington, one of the fairest of the Berkshire Hills, and made familiar to many by William Cullan Bryant's poetical rendition of an Indian legend, was given into the care of the same body, which a few years later acquired Petticoat Hill in Williamsburg. Such improvements as have been made upon the reservations under the control of these trustees have been effected

through funds obtained from private sources. In several instances, as in the case of Monument Mountain, the givers of land have also contributed money for its care, and various special gifts have been made for the same purpose. Miss Julia Bryant, daughter of the poet, bequeathed \$10,000 to the board upon her death several years ago.

Meanwhile sentiment was developing in different parts of the Commonwealth for the creation of State-owned reservations. Prominent among the pioneers in advocating this project was Prof. John Bascom of Williams College, who, in behalf of citizens of Berkshire county, went before the Legislature in 1898 and urged that Mount Greylock, the largest and highest of the State's mountains be made a reservation. For many years this mountain had afforded a fascinating field of exploration for Williams students. It was promised that if the State would buy the land the county would pledge

itself to maintain the reservation forever at its own expense. The petition was granted on these terms, and similar conditions have been adopted in connection with the State reservations subsequently established. From his zeal in behalf of the cause, Prof. Bascom has been styled the "father of Greylock Reservation," and the Berkshire work lent a stimulus to the movement for State reservations which led to a general campaign for the redemption of the State's mountains.

The sum appropriated for Greylock reservation originally was \$25,000, which has been increased by subsequent appropriations to \$93,000. The county appropriates about \$8000 yearly for maintenance. The park is administered by a board of three commissioners, of which Prof. Bascom is chairman. The reservation includes 8187 acres. With a height above sea level of 3505 feet, the summit commands a splendid view of the country in every direction. The county has done splendid work in building roads for the

reservation, many thousand dollars having been expended upon an automobile road forming an extension of an old highway leading from Pittsfield, past Pontoosuc lake and through Lanesboro, the old home of "Josh Billings," and reaching the mountain top by a grand scenic route. Near the summit of the mountain the mountain road winds above sheer precipice. For some distance it is supported by a high retaining wall and one section is cut through solid rock. A branch road to Rocky Ledge overlooks the "Hopper," one of the remarkable scenic features of the mountain. The summit is also accessible by carriage road from North Adams. Soon a commodious house is to be built on the mountain top, to replace the cottage which has proved wholly inadequate to the needs of the place. The park includes a section of virgin forest of much value. The conservation of Greylock's resources is of large importance industrially to Berkshire county, as many streams have their source there and



MOUNT GREYLOCK



contribute to furnish water power for the mills and factories of the towns around.

About the time the demand was expressed for Greylock reservation an agitation was begun in the Connecticut valley for the purchase of Mount Tom for the same purpose, but it did not take effect until later. In 1899 Worcester county asked that Mount Wachusett be made a public reservation, and an act was passed providing conditions similar to those obtaining in the case of Greylock. In 1903 Mt. Tom reservation was created by State funds, maintenance to be provided by the counties of Hampden and Hampshire, which, under a referendum, declared in favor of the plan by a close vote, the influence of the manufacturing towns turning the scale against more conservative communities.

Wachusett is the only mountain of

note in Central Massachusetts. It was referred to by Henry D. Thoreau as

Wachusett, who, like me,  
Standest alone without society.

This eminence is covered for the most part with forest in various stages of growth and has a beautiful lake within its confines and a larger one at its northern base. Herds of elk and deer occupy suitable enclosures and a plant for the propagation of pine and spruce seedlings has been established and young trees are being set out as rapidly as practicable. A new house has been erected on the summit, where both meals and sleeping accommodations can be had, and this has become quite popular as a resort for week-end parties from different Massachusetts cities. The reservation, which comprises 1564 acres, is greatly appreciated



A CANDIDATE FOR FUTURE RESERVATION WORK



APPROACH TO GREYLOCK SUMMIT

by all classes, and on a pleasant Sunday or holiday it is visited by several thousand persons.

Mount Tom, remarkable for its scenic attractions, is so situated as to meet the recreation needs of a large population living in Springfield, Holyoke, Northampton and Easthampton. Previously to the creation of this reservation, Mount Tom summit had been acquired by a street railway company which has a park at the base and an incline railway up the mountain. Independently of this property, which is still in private hands, the State has bought 1630 acres, including five peaks,

the highest of which is 1100 feet above the sea, and embracing a great variety of scenery. An automobile road running the entire length of the reservation, on the west side, has been nearly completed. This road overlooks the country from an elevation of several hundred feet, and rising from 500 to 600 feet above the road loom the trap-rock cliffs which crown the ridge. Crumbled by the action of the elements through many centuries, massive columns of rock have fallen from their place and lie along the roadside, while others, like fantastic obelisks, pierce the sky above. Along the cliffs



grow red pines, seemingly taking root in solid rock. The eastern part of the reservation contains a beautiful valley and a bluff overlooking the Connecticut river. The mountain is a favorite resort for Smith College students.

Forming a continuation of the same ridge as Mount Tom, but separated from it by the Connecticut river, which cut its way through in a prehistoric age, is the Holyoke range, observed to excellent advantage from several points

of State reservations, Mount Sugarloaf, overlooking the Connecticut in Deerfield, and Deer Hill, in Cummington. In each instance a referendum vote was taken in the county that is to maintain the reservation. Mount Sugarloaf is notable for its unusual shape and for the splendid view to be had from the top. The summit and west side are of sandstone formation, one of the curiosities being "King Philip's chair," from which, according



TO WHOM SHOULD THIS BELONG?

in the Mount Tom reservation. The largest of this range, Mount Holyoke, has been acquired by a philanthropic syndicate which has stopped the destructive work of commercial interests, built a new road up the mountain and remodelled an old hotel on the summit. Though owned by a private corporation, it is, to all intents and purposes, a public reservation, and may pass later into the control of the State.

In 1907 there were added to the list

to an old local tradition, the chief witnessed the Bloody Brook massacre in 1675. Eighty-one acres have been acquired by the State on Mount Sugarloaf, at a cost of \$8329; the road leading to the summit has been repaired and the house put in shape for the accommodation of the public. For Deer Hill reservation, which is well adapted for a forest and game preserve, 249 acres have been acquired at a cost of \$4000.

The latest step in the direction of creating state reservations has been the acquisition of 1000 acres on Mount Everett, the "Dome of the Taconics," and, next to Greylock, the highest peak in the State. This is being done under an act of 1908. The mountain is situated in the town of Mount Washington, in Berkshire county, and the territory is especially rich in woodland scenery, brooks and waterfalls. The town contains only 15 registered voters, and an attempt was made at the session of 1909 to obtain an appropriation

chusetts. Two of the three may be classed as mountain parks—Mount Grace in Warwick and Gilson Hill in Billerica.

The property included in these reservations is mostly undeveloped. Its value will be appreciated a great deal more in years to come than it is to-day. The most important work done thus far is thinning out brush and dead trees and building roads, Berkshire county having spent about \$40,000 in building roads for Greylock. The next step logically will be to bring the reser-



MOUNT SUGARLOAF

sufficient to enlarge the reservation and create a State forest of the first rank, the land being well adapted to the purpose and well timbered. This attempt failed at the time, but judging from past experience it may yet succeed.

Having started all these agencies to work to create reservations, the Appalachian Mountain Club more recently has taken to acquiring mountains on its own account for public use. It has established fifteen reservations in New England, three of which are in Massa-

vation into closer relation, to the end that forestry principles and landscape improvement may be applied in a systematic way. Prof. Frank William Rane, the State forester, probably will be asked to outline a plan of procedure for all the reservations, in connection with his work of afforestation. The State forester advises the various commissions, upon application, and a fund of data has been collected at the State House which will prove valuable in making the properties more broadly



useful to the public. The State's policies in this connection are as yet only partially developed. It is not unlikely that other mountains will be embraced eventually in the list of public holdings. The benefits to be derived from State-

owned mountains are receiving greater consideration in other States where there is danger that the natural scenery will be destroyed or pre-empted for the exclusive enjoyment of a privileged few.

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## ON TARBELL'S PICTURE OF "THE GIRL CROCHETING"

*By* PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVE

As she sits with her crochet needle  
Poised o'er the meshes of thread,  
Through the open door the sunshine  
Illumines her girlish head.

Her face, bent down like a flower  
O'er the work in her slim white hand,  
Is full of life's long prophesying,  
That Youth cannot understand:

As she sits by the great round table,  
Whose surfaces dimly reflect  
The face that is never uplifted,  
As one watching might half expect,

Is she glad, as she sits there dreaming,  
That she must be always like this,  
With fingers that know no clasping,  
With lips that know no kiss?

As she sits in her frame crocheting,  
She gently mocks time and care,  
For Art has made her immortal—  
'Tis only her portrait there!

## SOME BOSTON MEMORIES

By WILLIAM H. RIDEING

THE Malvolio of cities—sick of its own self-conceit!" Thus Maurice Barrymore, with Bohemian prejudices, described it in one of those epigrams which spurted from him like sparks from a burning squib. And Boston keeps its good opinion of itself in facing the world and resents disparagement, conscious as it may be—conscious or sub-conscious as it must be—of the changes which are effacing its old distinction, and, as it spreads, are substituting what was academic and literary with what is commercial and noisy. As from Edinburgh, the authors who gave it fame have gone without replacement. It has lost its ancient peace, its dignity, its seriousness, like nearly all the rest of the world. Its new generation has no better manners and no finer tastes than other places. A few old people of placid mien and tireless benevolence; high-minded, altruistic, delicately inquisitive in a transcendental way, their militant instincts so blent with charity that the two qualities nullify each other—dear old gentlewomen and gentlemen, some of them yet linger wistfully and bewildered; but they are as ghosts, with no more of earth about them than the smell of lavender.

Such people preponderated in the Boston I caught glimpses of in the early seventies, a town unraided by grafters, unpinnacled by skyscrapers, soothing in its orderliness, its hotels like the sarcophagi of Egyptian kings, its business done in rows of solemn-faced granite buildings two or three stories high; its modest dwellings gathered within a mile's radius of Beacon Hill, with Commonwealth avenue just beginning to emerge from the shallows of the Back Bay, to dip its feet

like a cautious bather, as it were, without too much confidence in what it was doing in that direction.

It was immeasurably respectable and justified in its high opinions of itself; everybody was polite and intelligent; even the policeman raised his hand and said "Sir" or "Madam" to you when you spoke to him. Its atmosphere was that of an old-world seat of learning, decorous, unprecipitate, calm, with no more expedition than a minuet; Howells has caught it to perfection in the first chapter of "A Woman's Reason." One got the impression of Parnassus transplanted and slightly Anglicised, and of the equipoise, repose and intellectual self-possession of an Oxford or a Cambridge unbound from traditional impediments and occupied with the present and future instead of the past; a place full of inquiry and glowing desires and aspirations. The giants held their own, and to the Saturday Club came Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes and their friends.

When I returned, twelve years later, some of its charm had already gone through deaths, commercial expansion and political decadence, but Holmes, Lowell, Parkman and Aldrich survived, and it had not been deprived of its claim as a "literary center."

I had written an article about Dr. Holmes which pleased him, and he paid me the compliment of saying, "It is written as one gentleman should write of another." He gave me the privilege of dropping in on him at his home on Beacon street, and in summer I was occasionally invited to his cottage at Beverly Farms—"Poverty Flat," he called it, because, as he said, it was close to Pride's Crossing, the



name of the next station to Beverly Farms, a neighborhood of many estates much more splendid than his own.

In a letter previous to my first visit he gave me a detailed description of it:

"The village of Beverly Farms is remarkable for its great variety of surface, its picturesque rock-ledges and bowlders, the beauty and luxuriance of its woods, especially of its pines and oaks; the varied indentations of its shore and the great number of admirable situations for residences along the shore and on the hills which overlook it.

"Driving is the one great luxury of the place. The roads are excellent; they lead to and through interesting villages and open a vast number of fine prospects over the land and the ocean, and among other frequent objects of admiration noble old elms in large numbers. There is a good deal of riding as well as driving, and there are ladies among us who follow the beagles as bravely as those who sit astride their horses' backs.

"There is an infinite number of pleasant walks, but I do not think there is a great deal of walking. I have never asked the shoemakers, but I doubt if sole leather suffers a great deal with us during the summer. I walk somewhat myself—pretty regularly, indeed—but I meet few people moving on their own feet.

"How other persons amuse themselves here I can hardly tell you. I think there is a little gayety among the younger fashionable people, but the atmosphere is not that of Newport or Lenox.

"The 'meet' for the hunt is the least solemn diversion on which I have looked during my ten or a dozen summers here. A solitary bather splashes in the sea now and then, and I have even seen two or three in a state of considerable hilarity, but the water is cold and the air is cool, and the temptation to disport in the chilling waves is not

overwhelming. Still, young persons like it, and a few years ago I liked it well enough myself.

"The wind at Beverly Farms blows over the water a great part of the time, and is deliciously refreshing to those who come from the hot city. Delicate persons will be apt to find the climate too cold, and some may be better off on any of our southern shores; but to those of the right temperament nothing can be better than our cool, bracing air.

"In short, it is a healthy, quiet, charming summer residence, and deserves all its reputation as one of the loveliest spots on the New England coast. But going there, as going to any country place, you must pack the spirit of contentment and a desire for tranquil restfulness with your clothes and dressing case, or you will not find the happiness you are after."

He was one of the most accessible of men, though one could infer from his books he was intolerant of all visitors except his closest friends. Seated in an easy chair, facing the Charles River and Cambridge, a view which recalled lifelong associations, he would chat through the better part of an afternoon and gently persuade one to stay where one's conscience pricked one with the fear of outwearing a welcome. "*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*—I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man is a matter of indifference to me," he used to chirp, and then launch out into discourses as various and as suggestive as the chapters of "The Autocrat." In part they were serious, but they usually ended with a smile in some unexpected turn of wit or fresh colloquialism. He brought Minerva down from her pedestal, and, yielding to his mood, she danced for him; indeed, I suspect that they winked at each other. Psychology, which was then less in the air and less a byword of the street than it is now, often came up in his conversation, and if he did not believe in telepathy, he had inc-

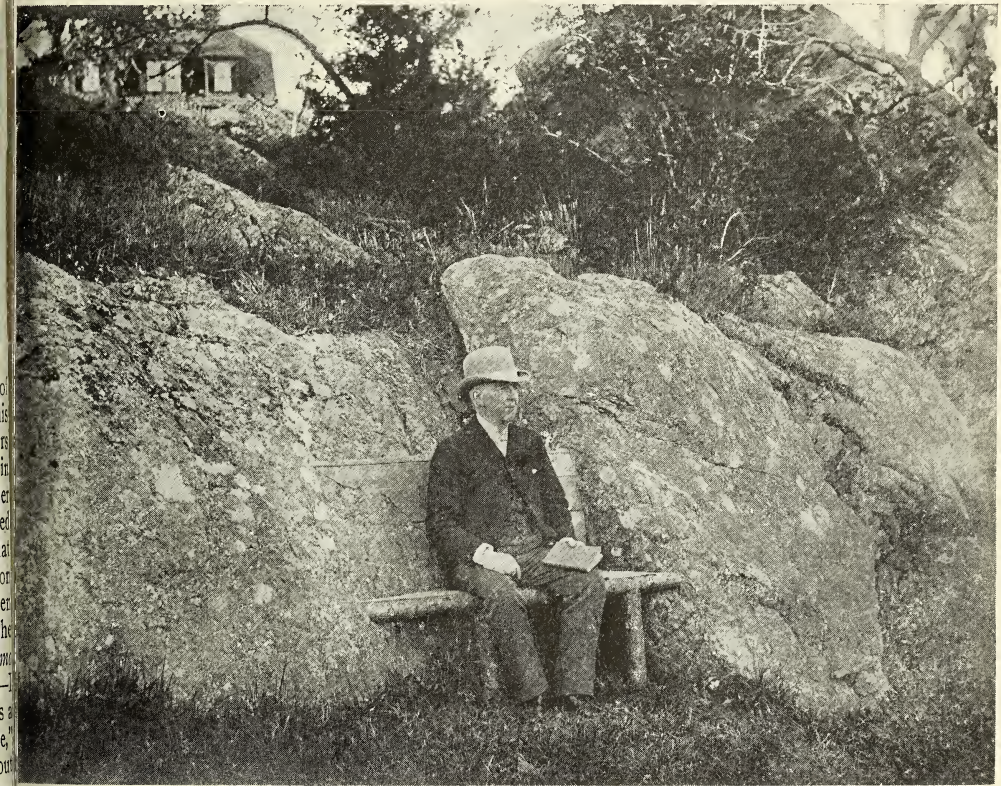
dents within his own experience to quote which inclined him to respect its possibilities.

"Only yesterday," he said, "I happened to think of a man I had not seen for twenty years or more. It was here in this very room. A little later I went down stairs, and there, on the hall-stand, was a letter from him. A coincidence? I think it was more than that."

Another time he spoke of immortal-

used to swing and creak and fill him with terror. "Oh, the dreadful hand," he wrote; "always hanging there ready to catch up a little boy, who would come home to supper no more, nor get to bed—whose porringer would be laid away empty thenceforth, and his half-worn shoes wait until his smaller brothers grew to fit them." Oh, the dreadful hand, I thought now.

"I often think of death, often, as I sit



Copyright by William H. Rideing

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES AT BEVERLY FARMS

ty. He was curled up in his cushioned chair, with his forehead reposing in his palm and his eyes gazing across the river, which was reddening in the late afternoon, toward Cambridge, where so much of his life had passed.

In a pause my memory reverted to an incident in his boyhood. On his way to school, he, small, delicate and fanciful, had to pass under a glovemaker's sign—a great, wooden hand—which

here, but I have no fear of it. No," repeating the word and shaking his head emphatically, "I have no fear of it." Then he relaxed and smiled. "What do you suppose happened the other day?"

He told me that a distinguished editor had called to persuade him to give his views of immortality in a novel form. He was to converse on the subject with a lady author—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps—and an amanuensis was



to record what they said. "I wouldn't listen to it. I told him that I would neither be allured nor McClured into such a project. Why, it would be like a dissection of my spinal marrow. They are always offering me jobs, perhaps because of the facility with which I have turned out occasional verses. I have done far too much nonsense of that kind. Yes, that's it," he said, when I reminded him of his own verses:

"Here's the cousin of a king;  
Would I do the civil thing?  
Here's the first-born of a queen;  
Here's a slant-eyed mandarin.  
Would I polish off Japan?  
Would I greet this famous man?  
Prince or prelate, sheik or Shah?  
Figaro ci and Figaro la!  
Would I just this once comply?—  
So they teased and teased till I  
(Be the truth at once confessed)  
Wavered—yielded—did my best."

"When I think of Gladstone and James Freeman Clarke, both born the same year that I was, I feel futile and almost ashamed of myself," he added. "But I like to hear any pleasant things that are said about me. Here is a letter from a girl who says she sleeps with my poems under her pillow. I wonder if she does—but it's delightful to hear it. I like to be flattered; it is one of the sweetest things in the world to me."

He spoke with the innocence and unconsciousness of a child.

He was in the eighties then, and was proud of his old age and greatly interested in old men and facts relating to longevity. He admired Mr. Gladstone, and when after a visit to Hawarden I delivered a message from the great statesman to him, he closely questioned me regarding the extent to which Mr. Gladstone was resisting the ravages of time.

"Well, I don't often take stock," he said with a twinkle, "but the other day I happened to pick up this (a hand-glass) and look into that (a mirror), and I myself was surprised to find a ring of hair on the back of my neck that

hasn't turned at all yet. But I feel that it's time to take in sail. Look at my contemporaries—they're all in dock—yes, and some of them pretty deep in the mud, too."

That was a year before he died.

With all his geniality he was a Brahmin; with all his love of humanity he was an aristocrat. His consciousness of class and caste was undisguised and quite apparent, and yet he was essentially a Yankee, inseparably autochthonous to New England and nowhere else.

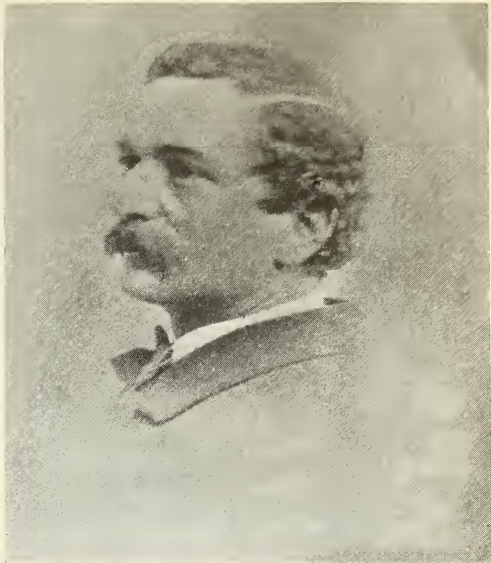
I became a neighbor of Francis Parkman, the historian, at Jamaica Plain. "Make her plain," the train-hands pronounced it, and a roguish friend of mine, hearing it, used to whisper after a glance at some of the feminine passengers, "Can't make 'em any plainer no, sir, it can't be done." Parkman was a tall, lean, shy man, long-faced and melancholy, who for many years had suffered from insomnia and alarmed his friends by the huge doses of sulphonal he confessed to. I never knew any one kinder or more sympathetic. He had a wonderful garden on the edge of Jamaica Pond, and there he cultivated his roses more successfully than sleep.

Howells had gone, but almost any day you could meet Aldrich, "a middle-aged young man," as he then called himself coming around "Brimstone Corner." You might think that, as he was on his way to the *Atlantic's* office, it would be improper to detain him, but very likely he would press you, if you were his friend, to come in with him and smoke. A winding stairway led into an isolated box no bigger than a ship's stateroom. There were two or three prints and drawings in black and white on the walls, and little furniture besides a couple of chairs, an old brass-handled desk and a chest of drawers, band-legged and brass-handled, the latter stuffed full of manuscripts. The windows looked out on the rear of the houses in Beacon street, and on the old Granary burying-ground, across the gray memorials of which and through the screen of foliage we could see Tremont street with its procession of jingling

horse-cars. And there he would grow confidential, leaning back in his chair, smoking a meerschau pipe and twirling a fragile gold chain attached to his eyeglasses, a familiar habit of his. Somehow one always met him with a smile and left him with a laugh. He bubbled like an effervescent wine.

Although for some years we met day after day I had many letters from him, and few that came to an end without some gleam of his touch-and-go humor. He writes to me from his cottage at Lynn Terrace—his "seashell," as he called it—and says: "I am guiltily employed here in writing a short story for the editor of the *Atlantic*, if he will accept it," the editor at that time being himself. Then he complains that he is getting "fat and scant of breath—almost as fat as Howells." He liked to believe himself to be overwhelmed with work, though I never knew a more leisurely man. "I am up to my eyes in lyrics and poems and short stories. Look out for them (in order to avoid them) by and by." Then he praises a little story of mine: "If you had remained in England, you would never have learned to write such good English," and another note begins with a quotation from Caxton, printed in a facsimile of the old English block letters: "After dyverse Werkes, made, translated and achieved, having noo werke in hande I sitte in my studye, where laye many dyverse paunflettes and Bookys."

His study was at the top of his Mount Vernon street house, and he liked to play the recluse in that sanctum. Nothing was ever to be disturbed there; nothing out of order restored to its proper place. The feminine hand of control visible elsewhere was not allowed to raise itself within that retreat of scholarly abstraction. Things might tumble from the table; they were not to be picked up till wanted, and then only by the recluse himself. The ink might spill; the blot on the table was not wiped off, and in the same way an accident to the mutilage was not followed by the application of any restorative towel. Of



ALEXANDER YOUNG, LECTURER AND ESSAYIST

course, he worked there seriously enough, but he had to have a little joke with himself. He chose to be as fancy free as he was when a boy in the attic of his old Portsmouth home, where, finding a half-used bottle of hair-restorer one day, he diligently applied the contents to one of those old-fashioned, unscrapped, cowhide trunks and waited patiently to see the brown and white bristles on it lengthen.

After all, he was always a boy until the premature death of his son, which cast unwonted and unfamiliar shadows upon the rest of his days, and dimmed the gayety which hitherto had been inextinguishable.

I quote two of his letters to me—the first I ever received from him, with its touch of facetiousness, and the last, that adumbrates the deep feeling that flowed beneath the sunlit surface:

April 6, 1882.

Dear Rideing: Will you come and take an informal bite with me to-morrow (Friday) at 6 P. M. at my hamlet, No. 131 Charles street? Mrs. Aldrich and the twins are away from home, and the thing is to be *sans ceremonie*. Costume pre-



scribed: Sack coat, paper collar and celluloid sleeve buttons. We shall be quite alone, unless Henry James should drop in, as he promises to do if he gets out of an earlier engagement.

Suppose you drop in at my office to-morrow afternoon about 5 o'clock and I act as pilot to Charles street. Yours very truly,

T. B. ALDRICH.

Dear Rideing: I knew that you would be sorry for us. I did not need your sympathetic note to tell me that. Our dear boy's death has given to three hearts—his mother's, his brother's and mine—a wound that never will heal. I cannot write about it. My wife sends her warm remembrance with mine to you both.

Ever faithfully your friend,

T. B. ALDRICH.

Dr. Holmes told me, "We never had a Bohemia in Boston and never wanted one," but he was mistaken. The Papyrus Club and the Paint and Clay Club were flourishing when he spoke, and at the Papyrus I used to meet John Boyle O'Reilly.

"Hang you, O'Reilly! You have spoiled the best regiment in Ireland!" exclaimed Valentine Baker, the colonel, when he arrested Boyle O'Reilly for treason. O'Reilly's adventures after that are known—his transportation to Australia; his romantic escape and his coming to Boston in search of any work that he could do. He told me that first of all, and before he turned to journalism, he supported himself as a fencing master and also gave lessons in boxing. But he was not long in finding his proper place. He who could disaffect a regiment from its allegiance had no difficulty in attaching all sorts and conditions of men to him wherever he went, and he was adored personally, not only among people of his own race and religion, but also where there was little sympathy with Irish sedition or the Catholic Church. He was of his

race in the paradoxical contrast of his qualities: amiable, ingratiating, persuasive, but so sensitive that an affront had only to be suspected to inflame him with a passion of resentment and reprisal.

I remember that a *Review*, which I then edited, published an article on the Irish question, in which Goldwin Smith, in his temperate, measured and unpartisan way, chose Irish failings rather than English for his argument. It evoked a furious letter of protest from O'Reilly to me, but hardly had the letter reached me when he himself appeared at my office to overwhelm me with vehement apologies out of all proportion to the words he wished to recant. He was kindness itself and seemed to make his own any tribulation that was brought to him, his eyes kindling as he listened and a responsive interest spreading over his face in his eagerness to be of service.

Flattery never spoiled him, though it came in many forms and with insidious frequency. He might have had high office in the state had he desired it, but the only use he made of his influence was in the recommendation of his friends, not a few of whom were through him chosen for offices of honor and liberal emoluments, while he remained content, like a true journalist, a power behind a screen, at his editorial post.

On one occasion he asked President Cleveland to give a consulate to a needy literary friend, expecting that if his request were granted at all the assignment would be to some small continental port worth two or three thousand dollars a year. He was as much amazed as the beneficiary was delighted when the appointment turned out three times as good as that looked for—nothing less, indeed, than one of Great Britain's chief seaports. I think that the emoluments from it were almost, if not quite, equal to his own income, and I remember how he laughed when he told me of it, not enviously, but with a relish of what was ironical, rather than humorous, in his achievement.

He had an alert sense of humor; hi



Photograph by T. E. Marr

## MARK TWAIN

smile invited you to see the amusing side of what you were doing or relating, when perhaps you, absorbed in it, had not awakened to the latent possibilities of a mirthful turn. He smiled oftener than he laughed, and when he laughed what you heard was a rich, musical chuckle like the low buzz of a cello. Yet he may be said to have been a serious man, fervid and quick to feel, with an underlying strain of melancholy in him that came to the

surface in the dark, deep-set, expressive eyes, which proclaimed his idealism. Physically, he was supple, spare and symmetrical, an athlete in aspect and in action, with well-balanced features and a brilliant complexion, its clearness and glow emphasized by raven-like hair and mustache.

A monument to him stands in a corner of the Boston Fenway, a sufficiently dignified work of art; but I should prefer to see him commemorated in a full-





LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

length portrait statue in such a characteristic attitude as we grew familiar with at the Papyrus Club when he was reading his verses; his figure at its full height; his head poised like that of a listening eagle; the manuscript projected in his right hand, while the finger of the left were hooked in his trousers pocket—the whole expression that of inspiration and exaltation.

Henry Bernard Carpenter, another Irishman, is not to be forgotten. He came to Boston from Liverpool for reasons best known to himself, and though he was the brother of the Lord Bishop of Ripon, and had been intended for the Church of England, he joined the Unitarians and preached to delighted congregations in the building which is now the Hollis Street Theater. His eloquence was overwhelming. Listening to him in his rhetorical flights, one had the sensation of being smothered by the odorous and prismatic downpour of roses. Doctrine and dogma received little attention. The spirit mounted and beckoned in ecstatic accents, which it was almost exhausting to follow, and you came away breathless, entranced and perhaps a little bewildered.

He who had thus moved you was one

of the simplest and most human of men, a poet as well as a preacher, a lover of his kind, who reconciled the kingdom of the world with the kingdom of God. He seldom missed the relaxations of the Papyrus, and on Sunday nights gathered his intimates about him for ambrosial suppers in his rooms in the Hotel Glendon. As fair as O'Reilly was dark, he was nevertheless a type of his race. He spoke with a mellifluous touch of the brogue, quickly, trippingly, with spontaneous humor and wit, and was restless in his solicitude for your comfort and happiness, whoever you might be.

His standards were generous. "There," he said to me one day when we were standing on a Boylston street corner and a friend was seen approaching; "there's the perfect man—a man with all the virtues and all the vices of his kind. That is what I call the perfect man." A not exacting appraisal, but one practically and eminently characteristic of Carpenter.

Who remembers dear old George Snell, the club's Englishman, Boston's Englishman, the Englishman as he is popularly prefigured everywhere—kind, slow, ponderous, who would make speeches and never was able to extricate himself from the web he wove for himself at the outset?

Snell was the architect of the old Music Hall, where I first heard Wendell Phillips and Emerson—Emerson with that fixed, undaunted, seraphic smile, which was never brighter than when he spilt his manuscripts over the stage and took five or ten minutes to leisurely pick up the scattered leaves, beaming all the while on the audience as though they must see what an exquisite joke all this was! The old Music Hall, where Ann Dickenson flamed, with real tears in her eyes, against the subjugation of her sex; where Henry Ward Beecher shook his long mane and poured out his strange mixture of eloquence and familiar jocularity; where all the stars of the golden age of the lecture bureau in its prime flashed in turn, with intermissions of oratorios and ballads; where

I heard Christine Nilsson, fair as a flower, radiant as a star, sing her first song in America! What memories of profitable and improving evenings of Victorian propriety and New England inexpensiveness the old Music Hall, that temple of chaste delights and continent intellectuality, brings up!

But I must come back to Snell to tell a story of him. A celibate, he lived in the Studio building, envired by the accumulations of a discreet taste and ample means; he was sufficient to himself beyond other detached men in that he was a gastronome who had not only a palate and an appreciation, but the gift of gratifying both through his own skill in the kitchen. A cook was superfluous to him; I believe he was prouder of his epicurean talent than of his architecture.

One evening he met Bernard Carpenter and me on our return from a country wedding, and insisted that we should dine with him in his studio, which we were all the readier to do since we had missed our luncheon, and, after trifling with salads and strawberries, were very hungry. His little dining-room would have provoked an appetite had we not brought it with us. Where pictures did not hang against the walls and doors, shelves and cupboards glittered with silver and Sheffield plate, flacons, decanters, goblets and smaller glasses of prismatic Venetian and Bohemian elegance. Out of one window he had built a refrigerator, and behold, within it, a dressed brace of birds, celery, oysters, cutlets! Out of another window, a compact and ingenious range, heated by gas, which seemed more than equal to anything that could be reasonably expected from it. Every nook had been utilized, and what was not of utility in a narrow sense compelled attention by its beauty.

What a dinner we anticipated here! And how we praised the taste, the comfort and the ingenuity of the equipment! But our appetites were gnawing and clamoring for "demonstrations" while Snell stuck to theory and made no progress—not even a start—toward relieving our famine.

Eight o'clock struck on the clock at "Brimstone Corner," and, like Jack Tanner in "Man and Superman," he was "still talking." Carpenter's appreciation, which had been rhetorical and smoothed by a brogue as emollient as scented and superfine oil, drooped now, and he turned to me with the despairing look of a castaway who finds himself alone on a foodless island. Nine o'clock! and like the farmer with his claret, we were "getting no forrarder."

Somewhere between that and ten o'clock our spirits surged. Still talking heavily to us from the distance, Snell lighted the range and went into another room, and we heard him moving about there for half an hour—doing what? We were wondering and hoping when he reappeared in the full uniform of a cook—jacket, apron and flat cap, all of spotless white, the tablecloth across his arm. We stared at him like condemned men who hear that there is no reprieve, for he sat down and renewed his monologue! It was to himself now; we could not speak. In a moment he dozed. "Quick!" whispered Carpenter, tragically. "To the club! Quick!"

We explained elaborately and apologized profusely when we again met him, and he, one of the kindest and most amiable of men, forgave us for the affront we had put upon his hospitality.

"You missed it, though," he said. "Those birds were delicious."

"When did you eat them?"

"Ah—er—er—let me see No, not that night. Er—er—the next day."

But we—Carpenter and I—had experienced starvation as poignantly as Jack London ever described it, for it was past eleven o'clock before we found relief at the club.

Another friend of those days, also a Papyrian, was Julius Eichberg, the musician, father of the brilliant lady who is now the wife of John Lane, the publisher. Eichberg was the last survivor of Mendelssohn's orchestra, a picturesque, pallid and stately man, with a massive, leonine head and a mane of wavy, silvery hair that fell from it like



a storm-tossed cascade. Though a German, he spoke English almost like a native, and wrote it even better, with idiomatic raciness. His unpublished reminiscences of Mendelssohn and others now, I believe, in Mrs. Lane's possession, should some day find a welcome in a book. Serious in manner and sonorous in voice, he was apt in graphic phrases. When he met me on my return from my wedding journey he startled me by a question, asked in the deep, solemn, reverberating tones of an inquisitor: "Well, sir, what is it?—a sacrament or a superstition?"

Playful as he was, an unassailable dignity and self-possession shielded him from too much familiarity, even in those who were his intimates.

One night we were dining at the St. Botolph Club, and when pork chops were served as one of the courses Eichberg helped himself to them freely. A well-known painter who sat next to him, more injudicious than unkind, exclaimed jokingly: "Here, Eichberg,

you mustn't eat those. You can't be a Jew if you do."

Eichberg instantly turned on him in the haughtiest and most uncompromising manner, speaking as from a height and from his soul with inflexible pride: "But I am a Jew." The words had an Olympian menace and defiance in them.

A painful silence followed, and, seeing his mistake, the blunderer stammered: "I didn't mean anything. Why, I have Jewish blood in my own veins."

Eichberg faced him, tossed his mane, shrugging his shoulders as he did so, restrained but not pacified. He breathed from a depth that heaved his body as he cast the extenuation aside. He spoke with a reverberating inflexion, like a pontiff about to excommunicate. A pause offered no possibility of reprieve.

"You—have—Jewish blood—in your veins? So! But even that does not gonzole me."

And, ending with a sigh of unutterable significance, he froze again.



# THE MESSENGER

By LAWRENCE C. WROTH

**M**Y grandaunt led me from the cellar to the attic of the old house in Southern Maryland, which, being given to the grandiose in matters of "family," she spoke of to her intimates as the "Cradle of Our Race." In the garret she pointed out for my future and more careful examination a stout cedar chest, containing (again I use her generous phraseology) "the Archives of the Family!" I came back to that chest several times during the week that I spent with her.

Last in our progress through the ancestral halls we visited the music-room, where on the four walls were ranged the dearest of the old lady's earthly treasures—the portraits of her fathers; and as we passed before them she told me their several histories. That one of the bewigged gentlemen at the beginning of the line, for instance, had been done by Gustavus Hesselius—a citizen of Maryland and the earliest of American painters—in the same year that he painted the "Last Supper" altar piece for St. Barnabas' Church up in Prince George, and, crowning glory, he had asked my ancestor's permission to use his face as the St. John in that famous canvas. The next one in order was the work of the elder Peale, Hesselius' distinguished pupil. Not satisfied, it seems, with painting his picture, Peale had prevailed upon this gentleman to accept a set of false teeth of his own manufacture. This was the first set of enameled false teeth made in America, my aunt said, and I tried to look impressed at this new evidence of the importance of "the family." And thus, she rehearsing, I listening to her well-learned anecdotes of the subject of this portrait, or of the painter of that, we made the round of the room.

Coming then to the last in order and the most recent of them, she fell abruptly silent.

I thanked her for her silence. I felt that silence at this moment was a fitting form of expression, for except for something about the eyes and for the fact of its being surrounded by hair worn long and rather untidily, in the fashion of the earlier decades of the last century, the face pictured there might have been my own, painted yesterday.

"But who——" I began, after a long pause.

"It's your grandfather at thirty," interrupted my grandaunt. "He was the best man that ever lived. You look like him, but you haven't his character."

The old lady was hurt that I hadn't visited her since I was in knickerbockers, and I fear she spoke tartly. As for me, I scarcely heard her. I was so impressed with this wonderful likeness between my father's father and me that I had attention for nothing else. I stared at it from all sides, and I might have been there until this day, mouth agape, had not my aunt persuaded me to the dining-room for luncheon.

Directly as I could, I settled down to an examination of the yellowed papers in that great chest in the garret. There were many things there which appealed to the antiquarian in me, but I gave them scant courtesy in my search for anything that had to do with my grandfather, around whom my interest had centered since the morning's view of his likeness had told me that I was as nearly as possible his double.

Among the evidences of him which I found to reward me was a letter to "his beloved wife Mary," which impressed



itself upon me the first time that I read it, and which lately I have copied in its entirety. Between my first reading of that letter and its recent copying a summer intervenes, and during that summer I heard a tale which sent me back to the musty garret and the cedar chest almost in a fever heat lest certain dates should not coincide as I prayed that they should.

This letter was written in June, 1822, my grandfather being then on a journey westward, engaged in a search for new lands. He writes from Hagerstown in Maryland, this being the second letter to her who sat in old St. Mary's praying for his safe return, he having promised to write to her once a week. The first two pages have in them nothing of more than passing interest. He tells of his journey and inquires of her as to the affairs of the plantation, their small world—whether Caesar has recovered completely from the smallpox; whether the overseer is keeping away from Leutger's tavern at the Cross Roads; about the foaling of Black Bess, and the mending of the bit of road from the landing to the warehouse—these and other matters alike in their restricted importance. Near the end of his letter he writes of this incident of his journey:

"On Sunday I rode about service time into a settlement where there was a Methodist chapel. I went in just as the sermon began, and prepared to receive what instruction I might in such an out of the way place. But what a sermon! I thought the man would have gone mad in his frenzy. He preached of sin and of its consequent everlasting damnation, and so vivid were his pictures of hell that even I, who believed him not at all in that respect, felt my cheeks stiffen with apprehension; but on the whole it was from anger I suffered, rather than fear—anger that he should so frighten the people, especially the children. After he had finished he did something I never saw before—he called on me to bear witness that he spoke according to the promptings of the Spirit. Whereupon I stood up and shortly gave them my

views of Him whom we call the Merciful; and then, lest I be led into unseemly argument in a holy place, I mounted Old Moll and rode off sharply. I was forced to leave the road on account of a storm and take shelter in the wood. There I prayed God to pardon my presumption in exercising myself in matters that were too high for me; and afterwards, the storm being over, I slept two hours."

Here closed the incident for my grandfather.

I have been working for a number of years on a book that is to deal historically and philosophically with the various religious sects that have appeared in Maryland from the time of its foundation to the present century. This may seem a piddling occupation for a man with the use of his limbs, but I tell you it is no small task. Besides, I have a very serious purpose, which is to show that Maryland, like the strange woman, having opened her arms to all comers, has like her been impressed by none of them. Faithless to each in turn, she smiles and immediately forgets. On this and several other counts I intend to indict the idea of religious toleration as a failure, and to show that an established state religion is the salvation, politically and spiritually, of the country.

Towards the latter end of the summer, in the June of which I had visited my grandaunt, I journeyed to the home of the half-forgotten Labadists of Bohemia Manor, on the eastern shore of Maryland. I went from there to Baltimore in search of details of the life and work of Charles Warfield, founder of the "Branch," a short-lived sect of the first half of the last century. On different clues obtained here I spent some days in going from one point to another in various of the central and western counties, finding nothing, however, that in the least had to do with my immediate subject.

One day while in one of the middle western counties, after climbing for an hour in the rich freshness of the morning, taking in with appreciation from an occasional bald hilltop the amazing

breadth and smell and color of the valleys beneath, with the mountains on the yon side of them, I entered upon a woods road that swept off apparently for miles into the dim-lit greenness of a virgin forest. A few hundred yards within, though, the wood ended without warning, and the road bent around its edges with a curve that would have driven a landscape gardener into a jealous rage, so perfect were its unstudied lines, its eternal fitness, as it lay there between the undulatory, sun-washed pastures and the dark, upstanding trees of the forest. Still following it, I came into the open, not two hundred yards from a village that stood at the higher end of a small valley—a cozy, rich little picture valley.

In these hills one village is much like another, each one containing a church, a store and half a dozen frame or hand-hewn timber houses, with occasionally an establishment the proprietor of which combines the trades of blacksmith and wheelwright. The difference in a dozen villages of this type will be that if the town loafers do not spend their time, and nothing else, at the store, they spend it at the smithy. But in the case of the village into which I drove his summer morning I noticed some further differences, the first and chief of which was an undefinable one, except that somehow one felt cleaner for having been there. Externally, the variations from type were more tangible; there were two church buildings, the houses were of native stone, and neither at the blacksmith shop nor at the store were there any loafers.

A short talk with the storekeeper informed me the name of the village, and of the whereabouts of the least rough road which would lead me to my distant hotel and dinner at the county seat. Leaving him to his sugar bags, I turned towards home. I felt pleased somehow beyond reason with the picture which I bore away with me of this hill village, quiet and self-contained, keeping ward over the valley of which itself was the crown and the chief beauty.

Later in that day I fell into amiable

gossip with a country doctor. In this case, as generally, he proved to be the most agreeable of men. To him casually I spoke of the village which I had visited in the morning, knowing that if there was anything about it unusual or interesting he would be aware of it.

"Yes," he said, when I asked him if he knew of the place; "those old Redemptionists over there have built themselves quite a cozy nest."

"Redemptionists? Why do you call them that?" I asked.

"That's what they call themselves. They're a religious sect, you know, or probably you don't know, as they are confined entirely to that valley."

"For heaven's sake, tell me about them!" I cried. "This means to me what finding a new disease does to you."

"All I know about them," he replied, "is just the talk of the countryside. I believe they were Methodists back in the early days, but they cut loose from the rest of the body nearly a hundred years ago and started a sort of sect of their own, and they're still at it."

"But what do they believe?"

"Oh! they believe everything that the rest of Christendom does, except that they deny the existence of a hell or of eternal punishment of any kind. This is not such strange doctrine nowadays, but they had a rough time of it when they first began to teach it. They know that the fear of hell has been a powerful agent in keeping people within bounds, and that, released from this fear, there is danger of laxity in morals; therefore, their children are brought up in the very strictest fashion, and when they are old they apparently do not depart from the ways of their fathers. The sheriff hasn't had to visit that valley for over eighty years. You see, they live by a written rule, almost monastic in its rigor. A large body of oral theology has grown up about their doctrine, and the old fellows can talk by the hour. I'll take you up there some day, if you want to go."

"But why are there two churches in the village?"

"The older one was built under the



old dispensation, as they call the years they spent in the Methodist fold. Robert Strawbridge himself laid the first stone of the building. Once a year, after a week of fasting, they go into it and have a sort of thanksgiving for deliverance from spiritual error, and then they march, singing, over to the new chapel and have their regular service. This happens on the anniversary of the event which gave them their freedom. They say that on that day God sent them a messenger who commanded them to believe no more in eternal damnation, and they worship as a sort of saint or tutelary divinity this personage, whom they call simply the 'Messenger.'

I went daily after this to the village in the hills, making several acquaintances among the inhabitants and trying to gather from this one and that one material for a historical sketch of the sect to which they all belonged. The history of the last fifty years was easy enough to acquire—any one of the older men could tell me that—but when it came to the story of their beginnings, the very origin of their cleavage from the Methodists, they had little to tell except what they had got by hearsay from the generation before them—a bare outline of the facts.

One day one of the ancients, in reply to a question of mine concerning what he had just told me of this period, became rather peevish at my persistence. "I've told you all I know about it," he said. "If you ain't satisfied, go down the valley there to Hugh Bartlett's. He was there when it all happened. Maybe he'll tell you about it an' maybe he won't. He's never told any stranger about it yet, an' nobody else for twenty years."

And to Hugh Bartlett, the patriarch of the valley, I went, learning, meantime, that he was ninety-eight years old, and that he had taught the district school until his eightieth year. His house was a small one of native stone, lichen-covered and shaded by a grove of chestnuts and oaks, beneath which the lawn lay, cool and green and innocent of fallen twigs or any sort of rub-

bish. I was led to him, sitting in the sun on a side porch, a white-haired wreck of a giant, quavery of speech, but with eyes that were steadfast still, and undimmed by what they had looked upon in the long years of his life. His expression awed me, so uplifted and of another world it was. I was reminded of an engraving which I had seen of Job, who did continually offer sacrifice and praise to God. Not otherwise are such expressions as these born on men's faces.

"Pop," said the grand-daughter who had brought me to his side, "here's somebody to see you."

The old man looked up at me and started. His next move was unexpected and embarrassing. He slid from his chair, and falling upon his knees before me, called out happily, it seemed to me: "Art thou come for me, thy servant? I am glad."

"Get up, pop!" said the matter-of-fact grand-daughter. "This is the gentleman you heard was in the village—the one who wants to know about the faith."

"Peace, woman! I know what I know. This is the Messenger come for me."

"You always said the Messenger's eyes were blue, pop," she replied, "and this man's eyes are gray and light-gray at that."

The joy died out of the old man's face as he looked more critically at me. "Come nearer," he said. "Yes," he continued, getting painfully back into his chair, "your eyes are gray and his were blue. But for that very difference you might be his very self."

Sighing, he went on half to himself: "I thought it was the Messenger come for me, his servant."

"It is about the Messenger that I have come to see you, Mr. Bartlett," I ventured after a moment's pause.

"I never tell of his coming to strangers," he answered. "They always mock; but you are so like the body he bore that I'll tell you and take the chance that you have some reverence."

And there, in the sweet June sun,

looking out over the busy fields and the blue-green hills beyond, he told me the story of the coming of the Messenger. In my book, when it appears, there will be a conventional account of the Redemptionist sect of Western Maryland, but here I have set down Hugh Bartlett's story and an extract from one of my own grandfather's letters. Together they offer a chain of evidence stronger than many a one that is wound around a criminal to his undoing, but nevertheless of evidence that is circumstantial merely, and it will not do to say anything about the connection between them in a sober history. But judge now whether there is not a curious inter-relation of affairs here:

It was nearly in these words that old Hugh Bartlett told me the story of the coming of the Messenger:

"I was a boy of twelve years of age when the thing happened which changed our lives and our religion. It was the big event in our history, and I haven't forgotten any of it. It all came about in the old chapel on Sunday morning early in June, a hot day in the sun, but with a good breeze blowing to keep things pleasant. This part I remember well, because, being a boy, the length of the hymns and prayers got me into a sweat, and I longed to be in the waving branches of the old oak just outside the chapel windows. But my fear of old Mr. Strother, who kept his appointment there that day, kept me quiet. All I could do was to wriggle now and then, and envy the freedom of a splendid red, white and black woodpecker which nested high up in the oak, and was now showing himself in flashes as he went in and out of his snug nest.

"Just before Brother Strother got up to give out his text a man came into the chapel. He was so quiet about it that nobody heard him, and nobody knew he was there until he walked up the aisle to the bench behind where I sat with my father. Here he knelt for a moment's silent prayer before settling himself. Those who did as I did, squirmed until they could see through the open door, saw that he had come

upon a big white horse, which now stood at the rack by the roadside. With a little more twisting I was able to get a good look at the stranger himself. He was tall and big-boned, with a fine, large head covered with hair as near gold as any I ever saw. His eyes were blue and in them was what a long life has taught me was the spirit of love—love and tenderness for all things created. He smiled a little at my boy's open curiosity, and I, made happy, smiled back at him. Then began the preaching, and until that was done I thought no more of the man behind me, for Brother Strother was calculated not to let his hearer's thoughts wander.

"He had the name of being the best preacher on the whole circuit. If by best you mean loudest in voice and strictest in doctrine, you might give him that compliment and nobody would object. He preached generally of sin and damnation, but very seldom of salvation through the Redeemer. Indeed, I have sometimes thought since that in his mind this was a weak point in the gospel armor.

"His sermon this time was on the usual subject. He rolled out in his great voice God's curse on sinners, and he made it plain that all of us there had clear titles to that name; if not, in the case of some, through wickedness of their own doing, then because of their share of the original sin of Adam. There was nothing for us but eternal punishment, for Christ's salvation was never meant for such a generation of vipers as we were. We might repent, but even then our salvation was doubtful. But we had better repent, just the same, because if we didn't we should surely taste of hell fire.

"And now there began to appear signs of nervousness in the congregation, especially among the younger people. I knew how it would be. We who had come forth that morning happy because of the little things which make for happiness with children would go home that noon with scared faces and hearts hot with rebellion and sick with fear. God knows why more of us were



not driven into open infidelity and blasphemy.

"Brother Strother's picture of hell was a terrible thing. When he had been with us the preceding quarter a child of ten, a girl, had been carried out in convulsions of fear. Groans of terror could be heard all over the room, even sometimes from the older people. To-day the boys and girls sat, some of them, with stony faces and stony hearts; others of them cried out in horror of what they deemed was almost surely before them. A young woman, newly out of childbed, screamed out and covered her face with her hands, while a look of sullen anger settled on her husband's face. But the great voice went on, louder and louder, it seemed to me. Sweet Christ, the things that are done in Thy name!

"I felt that, unless he stopped soon, the blood would leave my body. My mouth was dry, and cold, damp sweat stood on my forehead and on the backs of my hands. I was sick and trembling. Dear God, how I remember that morning, the last of the old order, the time that Thy Messenger came."

The old man shivered there in the bright sunlight as he lived again for a moment this day of his long-past boyhood. While a minute came and went he was silent, and then, with a note almost of jubilation in his voice, he went on with the story:

"But our deliverance was at hand. Brother Strother came to an unexpected halt in his preaching, and, turning to the stranger behind me and pointing at him, he gasped: 'Bear witness, brother, that the Spirit hath spoken through me!' Then he sat down.

"All now turned to the stranger. He was already on his feet looking at the faces about him; some gray with fear, others red with protest, but very few of these. When he looked down at me in the bench in front, something in my scared face must have moved him, for from white his own face went a deep red, the red of a justly angry man, and his voice shook with anger as he began to speak.

"If you worship such a God as this,' he said, 'you do so, not through love, but fear; therefore, you are cowards and no better than heathen. A part of your duty towards God is to love Him. Has any soul of you an ounce of love for this God whom you have heard preached today; this God that gives with his right hand and takes away with his left; this God that smites his children without relenting? Of what avail is all that Christ said of love? What meant He by calling us the sheep and Himself the shepherd? Why did He say that none should hinder the little children from coming unto Him? You, fathers, do you punish your children beyond their strength? You do not, because in your hearts is love for them, understanding of their temptations and pity for their pains. Do you even torture the dog that kills your sheep? No; because you are possessed of the quality of mercy. And did God, who gave that quality to men, deal too generously with them, leaving Himself bare of it?

"Do you know of any crime worthy of everlasting torture? Hath Christ said in the holy scriptures that man should go through an eternity of torment for his sins in this world? Think of it, if you can—an eternity of torment for the expiation of what was in comparison the thoughtlessness of a moment.

"Look out upon those sunny, smiling fields; those cool, generous-armed trees; yonder brilliant bird in the oak. Did the God who made those make you, who are so much more wonderful, so much more beautiful, only at the last to torture you?

"You asked me, sir,' he turned now to Brother Strother, who sat immovable, his head sunken, 'that I should bear witness that the Spirit had spoken through you. I answer that if it was any spirit at all, it was the spirit of evil, for by your words you have driven away little children from Him who commanded that they should not be let; and you have preached this day the doctrine of a heathen deity, of a very

Moloch, rather than the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God of mercy.'

"With this he ended, and, turning sharply about, made his way down the aisle. He passed through the silent, awed people on the benches, and so out the door, his head high and his eyes alight still with glorious anger.

"Into the saddle of his great, white horse he leapt, and at the same moment there came a sudden darkness and thunder and lightning. Around his head the fire circled and played. He seemed as one of the shining ones. Off he went at a gallop, in the midst of another flash and a roar of thunder. His horse's feet struck fire from the earth. We watched him until he turned the bend in the road. After that we saw him no more, nor did we ever find his horse's tracks beyond that point.

"Within the chapel there was silence. We waited for what Brother Strother should say. To our surprise he remained crumpled in his chair, with his head hanging on his breast. His heavy, ragged breathing filled the room, and my father was the first to realize that something was ailing him. Stepping forward, he took him by the hand, and a moment later he called several of the men by name and together they carried him out, a hopeless paralytic from that day—struck down by the hand of God, we said. Jordan Strother lived many years, but his tongue was never loosed that he might pour out his wrath upon us.

"My father, being a licensed exhorter, took it upon him to dismiss the meeting for that morning. There was a

night service, and every person who had been there in the morning was there at night, and they brought with them others. That service was the first of the new order. It was impossible that we should go on in the old way after the words of God's Messenger and the punishment we had seen meted out to the false teacher; so that we began then timidly to build up the new sect.

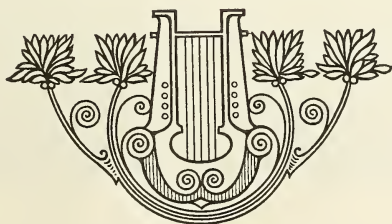
"Now, I am tired of talking; besides, there are others who can tell you of our later troubles and final triumph; it wearies me to recall all that."

"But did you never see nor hear of the Messenger again?" asked I, in whose mind a strange fancy had suddenly been born.

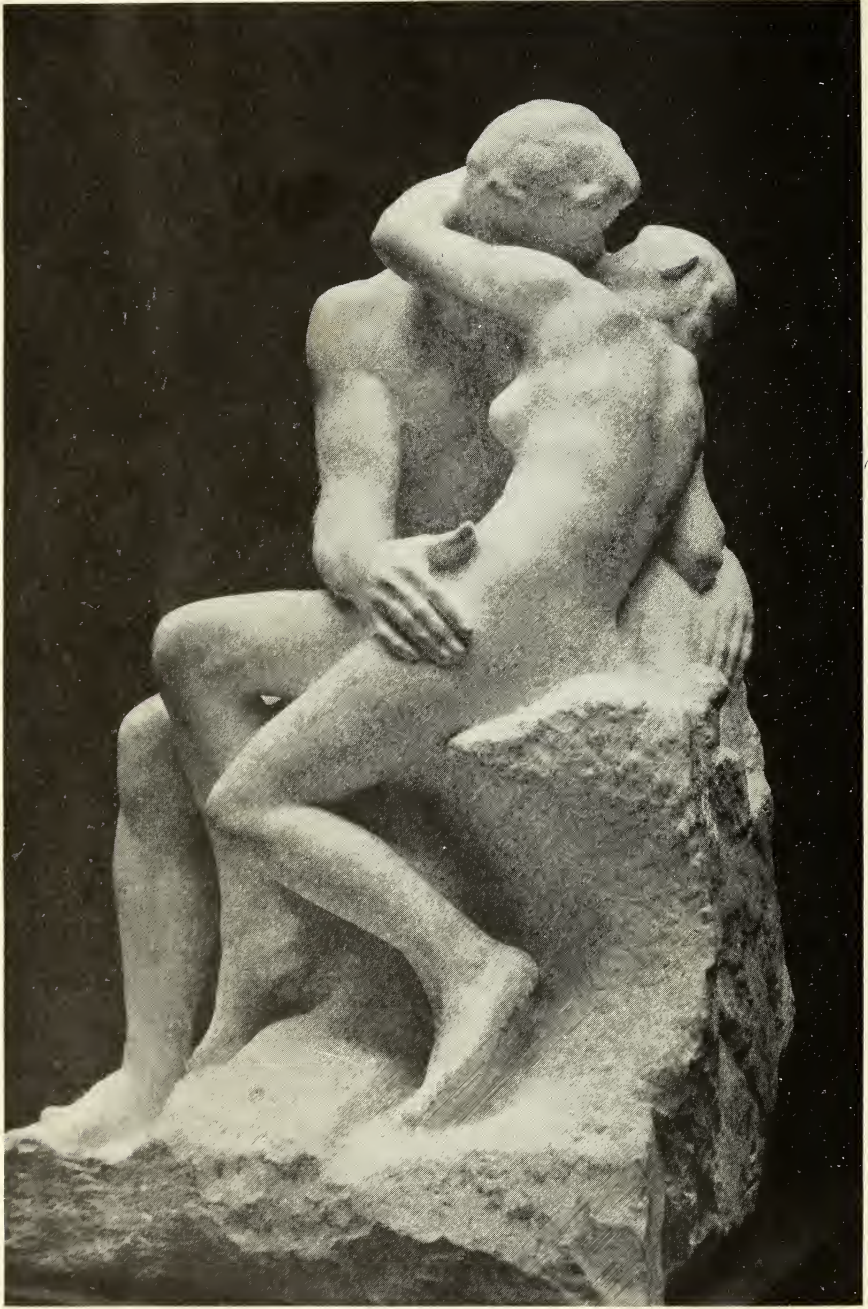
"No; nor could we find his tracks beyond the bend of the road up there. Some held, and their children do to-day, that he was the Archangel Michael; others that John the Baptist had returned to save us from error. Officially, and to avoid strife, we call him simply the Messenger."

"And did all accept the new doctrine?"

"All but one man, Anton Druh, a Dutchman and a wanderer only a few months settled here. He said that the Messenger was but a man like the rest of us, for he said he knew him; had worked on his plantation in one of the southern counties, but had forgot his name. It was a likely story altogether. He was reprov'd, and, still persisting, he was publicly prayed for. The last seemed to anger him, and he left the valley not long afterwards, cursing us for fools and uttering blasphemies."







LE BAISER, BY AUGUSTE RODIN

# A VISIT TO MONSIEUR AUGUSTE RODIN

By KATE MELDRAM BUSS

WAS Whistler right when he said, "Art happens"? Perhaps! But he was surely right when he said, "With the mark of the gods upon him." And in spite of that M. Rodin is another example of the proverb that no man is a prophet in his own country, or, more truly speaking, in his own town, for no one is more talked of in Paris. M. Rodin "*je ne le connais pas*," was the answer we received to our inquiries, when, one day last spring, we tried to find his home out in the sleepy little village of Meudon. But after much walking through dusty country lanes we saw upon a hilltop the Villa de Bril-

lants and knew ourselves near our goal.

Up the steps from the village we climbed till at last we stood before the house, a brick country place of goodly

proportions, suggestive of ease, convenience and earnest practicality, and characterized by simplicity as everything to do with M. Rodin is sure to be. Out in the yard sat an old woman shell-

ing peas, who politely, but firmly, told us, in answer to our questions, that it was impossible to visit the museum or see M. Rodin's work. That was indeed a disappointment to us, and is a recent rule, as formerly students were allowed to visit the museum; but we felt quite sure that the old woman was M. Rodin's peasant wife and that her word must be final. We wandered disconsolately away down the lane towards some



LA PENSÉE

workmen who were busy in a field which, we afterwards discovered, contained the much-discussed statue of Balzac. Hoping against hope for some information, we talked to the work-



men, and in the end one of them told me that if I were an art student and would go to M. Rodin's Paris atelier I might perhaps obtain the much-desired permission to visit the museum.

With that amount of comfort we were obliged to be satisfied, and went slowly down the hill to the little station and by steamer to Paris in the soft spring twilight, which is of all times, perhaps, the most beautiful on the Seine, "the evening mist clothes the river side with poetry as with a veil, the tall chimneys become campanili and the warehouses palaces in the night," while the slowly approaching city gleamed with lights that made one realize that near at hand throbbed the heart of the constellation whose glory illumines the earth.

Praying that the old peasant had spoken truly, the next day I started out again, this time to 181 rue de l'Université, where I found several small buildings, remains of the 1900 Paris exposition, which the state had given to one or two favored artists, among others M. Rodin and M. Jean Paul Laurens. I rang the bell, gave my card to the concierge and told her with much inward trepidation to give it to M. Rodin. To my surprise she took it and left me without a word, and to my much greater surprise she quickly returned and said that M. Rodin would be very glad to receive me.

With great eagerness, yet with apprehension that my French would be misunderstood, I soon found myself in the presence of the master, and after the first glance into his benign blue eyes my fears all left me and I felt as one does toward an old friend. With the usual grace of a Frenchman, M. Rodin commenced by complimenting my French, and, as you all know, a well-timed compliment is a great aid to conversation in a foreign tongue. I told him of my desire to visit his museum at Meudon, and wondered if it were possible to do so. M. Rodin most graciously replied that it would give him much pleasure and asked when I would like to go. Only so great a man could be so simple. After arranging

that I should go the following Sunday. M. Rodin offered to show me what was being done in his Paris atelier, and as we strolled about the room I saw many partly-finished statues—in fact, nothing was finished—and much work that was as yet merely suggested.

Two men were at work in his atelier; one was modeling in clay from life the hand of a pretty little French girl, while the other, a red-haired Englishman, who seemed fairly to worship M. Rodin, was chipping away on a small statue of Eros where the master had indicated with pencil marks his corrections.

Here and there in this atelier—which is wholly a workshop and not at all a show studio—were numerous fragments of hands and feet and many blocks of marble as yet uncut.

Within the atelier there is nothing but gleaming marble, while looking out into the garden one sees but a flaming mass of red poppies, whose color is seemingly reflected in the pink glow of the almost living marble; an inspiration, indeed, if that is ever needed, to the creative genius of a man like M. Rodin, whose imagination seems a thing apart, and whose esprit is a living and breathing force, vitalizing the thing which it touches; although M. Rodin himself said in an interview with M. Paul Gsell that "the artist worthy the name must express the total truth of nature—not merely the truth of its exterior, but also and particularly that of its inner self."

M. Rodin rises at half after six, breakfasts and then works until nine o'clock, when he drives into Paris, where he examines each day the marbles being cut by his workmen, after M. Rodin's own plaster casts, often and often taking mallet and chisel into his own hands, thereby awakening and bringing into life a figure which might otherwise never call forth the admiration, or at least the discussion, which all of M. Rodin's marbles are bound to do. The touch of the master's hand is on everything that leaves the atelier.

At twelve o'clock he lunches, after which he takes up his work with the living model. He has been known to

work for months upon the modeling of a hand.

M. Rodin does not hunt for beautiful models, but finds true beauty in all that nature produces.

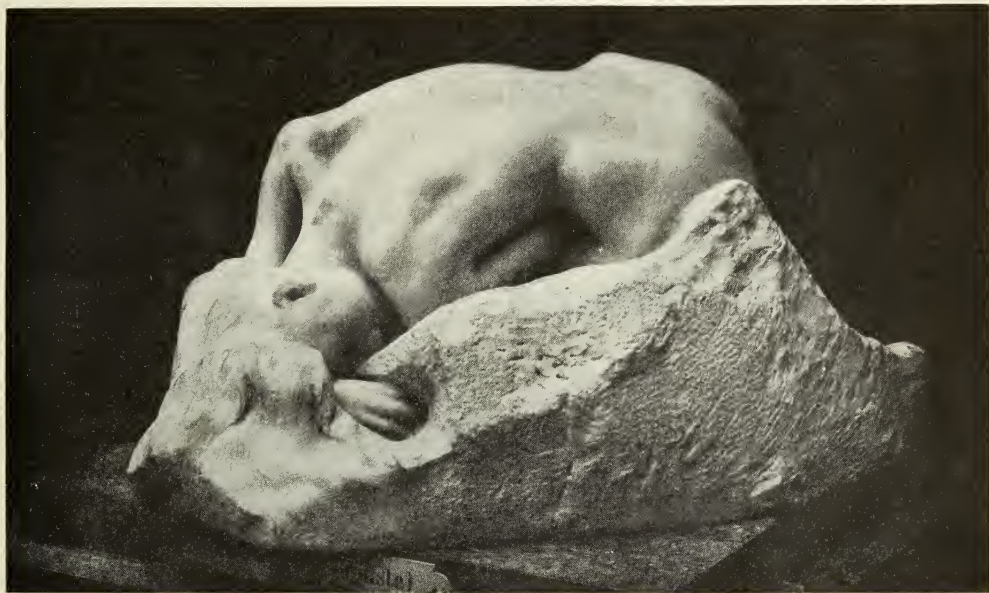
He never fears to touch any theme so long as it is human, so long as it palpitates with real emotion, and he finds nothing unclean in any human passion.

It was with keen anticipation that we waited through the next few days. When Sunday came we went once more to Meudon, along the country road by the Seine, which each morning M. Ro-

some unfinished, some just commenced, and is a museum of rare beauty and interest.

M. Rodin told us we were to feel at liberty to look about, to criticise—imagine that—and to enjoy as long as we wished; and he sent a workman about with us to remove the cloths from many of the statues. And then the master left us, and from behind a screen we could hear him chipping away at some future joy to the eye.

As you see, I'm an enthusiast, and I like to read "Le Balzac de Rodin," by M. Arsena Alexandre, who calls M.



DANAÏDE

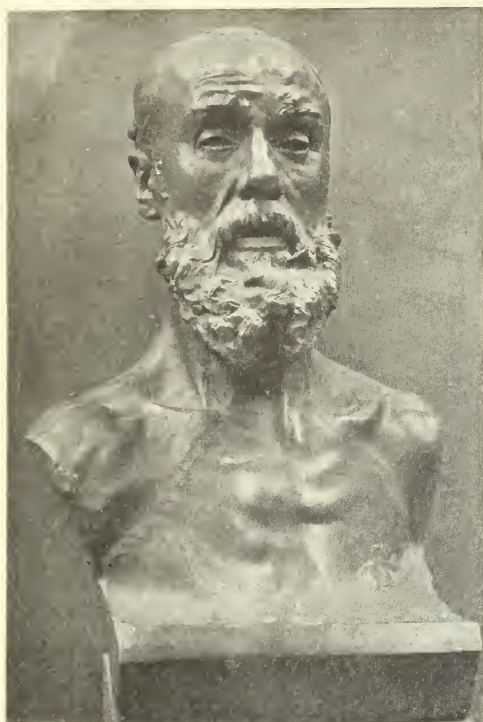
din passes over, on his hour drive into Paris. The master himself, in velvet cap and dressing gown, greeted us at the entrance to his museum, his long, grey beard and wonderful blue eyes making a never-to-be-forgotten picture.

The museum is one of the buildings erected for the exhibition of the Place de l'Alma in 1900, and later re-erected in M. Rodin's own grounds. It is a rather high one-story white building, perhaps fifty by seventy feet, and in its Greek simplicity is a fitting home for its hundreds of beautiful objects.

It is full of statues, some finished,

Rodin the most remarkable artist of his time. It is impossible to describe half or even one-quarter of the perhaps fifty statues which we saw, but I shall try to give you a mental picture of a few of them. The figure of a young girl leaning over the edge of a round bath, evidently about to enter, was rather different in conception from most of his statues, but there was the same wonderful flesh tint in the marble that M. Rodin so well knows how to give, especially to his women's figures—and none of the unfinished line which so many of his detractors criticise. An-





JEAN PAUL LAURENS

other "Le Baiser" has a suggestion of "Le Baiser" in the Luxembourg, although much smaller, and is an ideal expression of the all-absorbing love of youth. The two figures are wholly primeval in their singleness of thought. In a recess, against a Japanese screen, was a bronze copy of "Le Penseur" of the Pantheon, not placed above the "Gates of Hell," as it was originally, but alone, and majestic. What is there for me to say about it? You all know it, and you know that with all his soul and body that man is thinking and brooding upon the perplexities of life and makes you think and brood as well, and in the majesty of the conception one never thinks of the ugliness of the men, or that it is not what the institute would call finished.

Fortunately, M. Rodin is a philosopher as well as an artist. He realizes that he is in advance of his time, and that, accustomed as we have been to find our ideal sculpture in the calmness of Greek art, we are perhaps not ready

to wholly admire the portrayal of psychological problems in marble, such as M. Rodin is constantly sending out into the art world. Many people compare M. Rodin to Michael Angelo, but his intimates say that they are alike only in their grandeur of conception; and M. Rodin himself prefers and admires Donatello over Michael Angelo.

There are in the museum many busts of men and women, one or two of which have been exhibited in America. There are also quantities of fragments, an arm, a hand or a foot, a case of which the minister of fine arts has recently purchased for the Trocadero Museum. M. Rodin is the first living artist to be there represented.

We saw several marbles, apparently finished, which were spotted by the master with pencil markings where he wished changes to be made in what already seemed perfection. A group consisting of several figures centralizing Puvis de Chavannes was in its infancy, and in its general treatment and use of foliage carries out some of M.



TÊTE DE FEMME

Rodin's most radical ideas. Scattered about everywhere were quantities of little *Tanagra* figures, as were fragments of Greek and Egyptian sculpture, about which M. Anatole France recently complained that M. Rodin captures every scrap of antique art that is brought into France.

It is M. Rodin's hope to build for his antiques a large museum, which is to be his legacy to France. This is in a way a grief to his friends, as he is sixty-eight years old, and should naturally work fewer hours in the day, instead of more, as he will need to do, to finish his "Tower of Labor" and his other projects. However, one of his workmen told me that M. Rodin is never happier than while working, and that he will die with the chisel in his hand.

All this time we were spellbound in such a treasure-house of beauty, which was filled with magical light from a rosy sunset eagerly peering in at each

long window, a just tribute of beauty unto beauty.

When we felt that in politeness we ought to leave, M. Rodin joined us and talked most delightfully for a little time, all too short. As I said before, I say again, only the greatest of men could be so simple. He is quite free from that conceit which is so often a defect of small minds; he talked of his work as though he were not known outside of his atelier, seemingly with no conception of the fact that he is called the greatest living sculptor. Finally he shook hands, told us to come again, and sent us away in the twilight feeling infinitely blessed in having been allowed the privilege of meeting so great a man at work among his perfect marbles, and finding in life what Maeterlinck symbolizes in his *l'Oiseau Bleu*, "*Le Bonheur*," finding it in giving of his greatness to each and every thing that he touches, be it marble or human.

## AMID THE DUNES

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

Footsore, I plodded through the yielding sand;  
 Above, a blinding azure, burned the sky;  
 Upon the breeze that faintly faltered by  
 Was borne no hint of any cooling strand.  
 A gaunt tree lifted like a bony hand  
 Grewsomenely beckoning; motionless on high  
 A hawk hung, and sere sedges seemed to sigh  
 As though they fain would leave that lonely land.

Over me still depended the hot noon's  
 Red eye, methought in maddening mockery;  
 I scaled an umber crest. O boon of boons,  
 Did my blurred gaze deceive me?—Could it be?—  
 Beyond those grim, interminable dunes,  
 Instinct with heartening freshness, lay the sea!



# NAN'S CAREER

By MARY R. P. HATCH

**H**UGH RUTLEDGE, with both hands clutching at his hat brim, was rushing up the street at a terrific pace. He had not noticed the approaching storm when he left his law office, a half-mile distant; but as he never let anything interfere with business, and as he saw a man's fancy team which he wanted to seize on an attachment standing before a store, he kept on, only to see that man emerge, jump into his carriage and drive rapidly away. So Hugh decided not to go farther, but find anchorage at once. Dripping as he was, he did not like to enter a store; accordingly, he dived into a corner passageway that ran between two stores—Stern Company and Brown Brothers.

"Here, quick; make a dash!" cried a merry voice. "I will hold my umbrella over you to keep the water off," and a dainty parachute was extended at the place where the water poured from a waterspout to the sidewalk.

He made a plunge to cover, and then took the umbrella, shook it and folded it, leaning it against the walls of the wet building.

"I am afraid I spattered you," he said.

"Oh, not at all," she replied in a pleasant tone, and then they looked at each other for the first time. What she saw was a strongly-built man of about her own height, which was five feet eight, with clear-cut, Grecian features, nose rather short, a black moustache, hair parted on the side (this when middle partings and clean-shaven faces were the fashion was itself a distinction), and the most brilliant dark-brown eyes she had ever seen, well formed, not too small hands and feet, all of which satisfied her ideas of the fitness of things. Not handsome—no.

What it was that kept him from being handsome she couldn't tell; but, truth to tell, she had seen a dozen handsomer men and never cared to look at them twice; men of better presence, too, if inches go for anything; but suddenly the pleasure of standing shoulder to shoulder with a man whose eyes were on the same level struck her as being the best height in the world.

So, also, was he thinking at the same moment. He had never seen a taller girl or one less given to prettiness. Her hair was too light, her eyes too dark, for he admired blue eyes and hers were hazel. She was too slim and her hands were too large, but there was an honest look in those same dark eyes, a charming air of comradeship that impressed him most favorably. She was not a girl to fall in love with a man at first sight, nor for a man to fall in love with; that was the best of it. The girls who blinked and simpered at the first words of the rising young lawyer he was shy of, because he had sternly said to himself more than once that domesticity was not for him this many a year—not until he had made the most of himself, won some of the world's prizes and repaid the devotion of his mother, who had braved labor and poverty for his sake. Now they were keeping house together in a pleasant college town just outside the city, and matters looked very promising for the young lawyer, who was paying his bills by collecting other bills, although as yet he had not managed any great cases in court."

"I think I know you," said the young woman; "or, rather, I know your mother. I am Nancy Waters, teacher of German at the academy. *Ich spreche Deutsch?*"

"*Ich auch.* My name is Rutledge."

"Hugh Rutledge, attorney-at-law, collecting a specialty," she said glibly. "I knew it."

"Have I ever seen you before?"

"Met, but not seen," and she laughed. "You don't want to see us girls," and she laughed so gayly that he laughed, too.

Now, you know when you have laughed together you are more than half-acquainted, and when he said, "The next time I meet you I shall see you if you see me," she replied in the same way—"I shall certainly see you, for I like your mother. I have seen her at church and other places, and would you mind if I said that, now I have seen you, I like you?"

"Not in the least," he replied. "On the contrary, I am tempted to return the compliment, only I don't quite dare."

"You might, because, don't you see, I know you are not given to prosy compliments. A girl can like a man just as she does another girl, and we both have careers before us. Oh! you see I know. Your mother has told me. I know you are ambitious, and so am I. Next year I mean to go to Germany, and after that I expect a position at Vassar."

Her eyes kindled as she spoke and his did likewise. To hear a girl talk of a career was new to him.

"I am glad," he said, and she knew he meant it; then after a little he said more slowly, "I am glad of your friendship. If I might occasionally——" and he stopped.

"Call? Oh, certainly. I intended to ask you. Mother receives every Thursday," and a dainty pasteboard with "Mrs. Hewey Waters at Home," and a smaller one, "Miss Waters," were taken from her pocketbook and handed to him with a frank, cordial smile that said as plainly as her words had done, "I like you." "But," she added, "I don't have much time at mamma's at Home, for I have to serve tea."

"Then if I behave well, later you will perhaps let me come at other times."

"I shouldn't wonder. But see! the

sun has come out. Isn't it glorious, but so hypocritical, after all the storm and bluster, to smile that way just as if nothing had happened. That mud puddle looks inviting, but I should advise you to steer clear of it as, you have no rubbers on."

"I never wear rubbers."

"It must grieve your mother."

"It does. She can't be made to believe that thick-soled shoes are a thousand times better and healthier."

"No? Well, I don't feel as clearly convinced as you seem to be. I wear thick shoes in cold weather and rubbers in wet."

"You were caught out to-day without your rubbers. What is that but proof positive that I am right?"

"Oh! to-day is an exception; but I do hope, Mr. Rutledge, you are not one of those despicable people that are always right."

"Unhappily, I must own up to always being right; but I'll try to hide it if I can by occasionally (not too often, that would be expecting too much of a perfect individual) doing or saying an unwise thing."

"Thank you. You restore my equanimity," drawing her skirts daintily above her daintily-shod feet. "Now my umbrella, please."

"Let me see. Isn't to-morrow Thursday? You don't want to carry a wet umbrella; you can't with all that drapery. I'll bring it to you to-morrow."

"How good of you! That will be ever so kind," she said, girlishly.

"I wish I could get you some rubbers," he said.

"Oh, I have only a few steps to go before I get to a friend's house where I can get a pair. Good-bye! So glad to have met you," putting on her pretty society manner in place of the frank one she had hitherto used.

"Good-bye!" said Rutledge, and he did not stop to watch her walk away, for he saw, only a block distant, the very team he was after.

Walking up to the owner, he served an attachment (the young lawyer was a duly authorized officer as well as lawyer), thus securing payment on a debt



that had long been pending. The tricky individual swore a little, but finally, taking out a well-filled pocketbook, paid the amount due, saying as he did so:

"You'll get there; you will."

"And so will you," said Hugh, with a meaning in his tone that made the man laugh uneasily and say:

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Hugh, sternly, "pay your debts when you have the money, and don't sport a team like that when you can't afford it."

"I guess you are right."

Hugh was walking off rather leisurely for him in the direction of his office and thinking intently something like this: "I must get at 'Jurisdiction' to-night. She isn't pretty but she is clever—too clever for a girl. Those deeds that Harmon left must come first of all; though, as he said, he would call for them to-morrow. Yes, it is to-morrow I am to take the umbrella. I wonder if she is like her mother or her father. Girls take after their mothers and boys after their fathers, or if they look like one, they are like the other in tastes and temperament; that's the law. If Nancy takes after her mother in looks, I shall know her father is like her in other respects. Wonder if he isn't dead, though. She didn't mention him. He must be. I'll ask Hackley; he'll know. I say, Hackley," hailing a friend who was passing, and who came to a sudden standstill and said "Hello!"

"Terrible downpour, wasn't it?"

"Yes," halting for a moment. "Well," he thought, "I thought he wanted to say something particular, but guess he didn't."

"No use in posting myself. It isn't any matter whether he's dead or not, to me, anyway," muttered Hugh, putting down his head savagely and striding by the very man he had been hoping to secure as a client. However, it was just as well.

"Must be a stirring, smart fellow, that. He isn't all grins and bows like Goodale," said Toplin.

"At home from four to six, eight to ten," was the legend inscribed on the card Miss Waters had given him, and

Hugh decided to go in the evening as a more suitable time for a business man. So at eight o'clock he struggled into his dress suit that he hadn't worn since his college days, and then sat down to write an abstract of a case he was interested in. He hadn't given Miss Waters a thought since he left her on the sidewalk, but she had taken a few that he had no leisure for. The only favorable thing about the acquaintance, or so he told himself, was that she was a girl with a career before her, and therefore with no thought of love, romance or flirtation about her. "I am glad of that," he thought, and then immediately fell to wondering if she did really like him as she said she did. But he knew that great latitude must be exercised in a decision of this kind and—she was at home.

The door was opened before he could ring, and a little girl dressed in white presented a silver plate on which he placed his card. Then the young man was announced to Mrs. Waters, who said cordially: "I am so glad to see you have time for a call now and then, Mr. Rutledge. Nan told me of you and the encounter." She introduced him to a few ladies who stood nearest, and went out of her way to ask Judge Holden to let her present Mr. Rutledge.

"Rutledge? I know Rutledge. Trust an old fellow like me to know a smart young lawyer when I see him. I haven't forgotten the way my partner came up against you the other day, if you have. 'Better get sidetracked, Boutwell,' I said when he told me."

"I'm afraid he didn't tell you how clever he was."

"Yes he did; oh! yes, he did. Trust Boutwell for that every time. You simply got in ahead; that's all there was to it. Well, how do you like Walford?"

"Oh! I like Walford all right. The question most to be considered is whether Walford likes me."

"Walford takes her time; Walford takes her time. You'll get into her good graces soon enough; better not too soon; make you conceited. Meanwhile there's the girls. Bless you!

you've got the girls to study; though perhaps you've studied them."

"No I haven't," laughed Rutledge, pleased at the genial manner of the most noted judge on the state bench.

"Sat there twenty-seven years," Mrs. Boutwell, the stout lady in rustling silk, told him later, "and tired to death of it."

"No wonder," thought Hugh.

When Hugh entered, Nan nodded to him in a friendly fashion from the table where she was making tea, and now came toward him with a cup of tea, another young lady following with a plate piled high with many kinds of cake.

"Kitty, this is Mr. Rutledge. My friend, Miss Clinton, Mr. Rutledge. You may sit here together and in a few minutes I will join you. Mr. and Mrs. Carter have just come in and Mr. Carter will want his tea immediately."

Nan was in evening dress, with high neck and elbow sleeves, something thin and black, with touches of turquoise satin gleaming here and there. As she walked away, her skirt rustling, her train sweeping after her, Hugh took great delight in observing her graceful carriage and listening to her sweet, rather high, treble voice.

But he presently came back to the girl seated at his side, for the moment he looked into her eyes he knew she was the one he could have loved. He had thought the same of one or two other women, but never so strongly as he did now, watching her dainty manner, her soulful eyes of bright blue, her waving, brown hair, her slight figure and spirituelle face. And then her manner—shy, beseeching, coquettish, only not quite this last—it was only the desire to please. Hugh smiled at imagining this dainty creature telling a man frankly that she liked him as her friend had done.

It made him a little sad and abstracted at thinking that to love and be loved as other men are was out of the question for him, and so his conversation was not very brilliant, and he was voted "slow" by Miss Clinton, who was thoroughly up to date, for all her ethereal looks and appealing manner.

"Nan may have him, for all I care," she said to herself; but, of course, this was beyond his knowledge, although he was not so conceited as to imagine that she was as much impressed by him as he was by her. Their talk was the most commonplace imaginable, and when Nan came with cup in hand to sit with them, they were both glad to see her.

"Did you bring my umbrella?" she asked, suddenly.

"No, I didn't. Just at the last moment I remembered my promise to steer clear of perfection. To return an umbrella promptly, what would that be but the worst kind of perfection?" and he smiled lazily.

"True. I'm glad you didn't. If you had, I meant to give up your acquaintance. Now I can enjoy it a while longer. May I ask when you will return it?"

"Oh, some time next week, if I can think of it. My business, don't you know, is——"

"Tremendous. It must be. Did you get your feet wet?"

"No; did you?"

"Yes; and I want you to tell Kitty and me carefully and candidly your opinion of the relative value of thick soles and rubbers on all occasions. I told mamma what you said and I'm sorry to say she agreed with you."

"Sensible woman! I see you take after your father."

"Papa! No; I wish I did" and her face flushed, while the tears came near enough to make her eyes misty.

"I beg your pardon," said Hugh, clumsily.

"You didn't know, how could you, that papa died so suddenly that we had no time to get used to his loss. It is a year, but I remember him as though it were yesterday. Don't give it a thought. I just remembered at the time how he used to say so often, 'You are like your mother, Nan.' Forgive me."

"Forgive me. I always was a clumsy fellow."

"No, it was the merest chance that you should have said what you did.



But Kitty is yawning. You needn't try to hide it with that pretty hand of yours, Kit. A snowy mantle of charity, isn't it, Mr. Rutledge, to cover so great a multitude of sins?"

"As which?" he asked, with a smile at Miss Waters, who pretended to be angry with Nan for saying she had a beautiful hand with its one solitaire. Was she engaged? Probably. Well, why should one cavil at another man's happiness? Still his face saddened for a moment and he only smiled, without half understanding Miss Clinton's reply. "Why, the enormity of not attending to what I was saying. And now you are guilty of the same thing."

"How can you say so when I can repeat word for word everything you have ever said to me?"

He went away early, carrying with him golden opinions from the older women and many of the men and young ladies. However, the younger ladies, some of them, thought him a trifle serious, and pronounced themselves afraid of him. During the week he learned several items concerning the Waters family. Mr. Waters had been one of Woford's foremost citizens and a man universally respected. If a mass meeting was called or a reception given to any prominent citizen or former townsman retiring from having won a position of political honor in the outside world, it was Judge Waters who was chairman and who made the speech of welcome. He did not get together many worldly goods, but he lived well and entertained at his table the highest officials of the state and country, even dining foreign ministers who came to see him, having met the family while traveling abroad. Rutledge, who was inclined to be a little supercilious, as young men of his age often are, with high aims and great ambitions, was surprised at some of these facts, as he supposed Nan Waters to have spent her life in Woford, with perhaps now and then a few days' trip to New York, or possibly Washington. Indeed, her remark that she intended to go abroad before teaching at Vassar smacked of this idea. Now he knew she

had intended a wider significance. She meant to study there perhaps several years, instead of a few months, to earn her living and plan for a career, when no doubt her father left herself and mother well, if not amply, provided for. This looked supererogatory to him, who had always considered a woman in her true place only as wife and mother of a good man who cherished and guarded her from contact with harm and unpleasantness; and in this he ignored what his mother had borne for him. But then he would have said, had you reminded him, that his mother was an exception. How is it that every good man's mother is an exception, I wonder?

But as I said in the beginning, the knowledge that Miss Waters had a career and was not, therefore, like other young women, a candidate for matrimony, pleased him greatly, and the more he thought of it, the better he liked the idea. He was very fond of the society of ladies; here was a chance to get the better sort without any harm to himself or her. Miss Kitty was counted out at the beginning because of her engagement ring (presumably), if for no other reason. Truth to tell, he had already made a beginning in the knowledge that he soon possessed thoroughly that the beautiful shell was empty of all but the sound imprisoned in it of a far-distant, far-reaching past that had dowered her with beauty and haunting charms to stir, but not to satisfy, the imagination or the reason. He even came to wonder in a few months how Miss Waters had chosen her for a companion, but he soon discovered that the choice was Miss Kitty's, who, he shrewdly suspected, had just sense enough to admire the strong, true, deep-hearted girl, thus obeying the unwritten law of contrasts.

And so Hugh went often to the Waters' home and Nan and he became great friends. They went walking and wheeling and rowing together, and when winter came, skating and snowshoeing. Golf and tennis were not played much in Woford, which was apt to be a little behind other towns in

matters of sport, though forward in religion and political matters.

One day the ice broke and Nan fell into the cold water. For just a minute, but it seemed an eternity to both, it looked as if she could not be rescued, for the current was strong and she was carried under the ice. But neither lost presence of mind; indeed, judgment and perception were quickened by the emergency, and she was drawn out pale and shaken, but uninjured.

"Oh, Hugh," she said, "how can I thank you for my life? Mamma will do it. I can't."

"We will let that matter rest for a while, until you get on some dry clothes," he replied in a business-like tone; but now that the danger was over he could scarcely speak intelligibly. She noticed it and said:

"You are far colder than I am and more used up. Such a dead, heavy weight as I must have been, water-logged! Come, let's run home as fast as we can."

And so they hurried, if they did not quite run, till they got in sight of the village, when they slowed up a little and fell to talking of their sensations.

"I thought you were gone one time, Nan, and I—it was horrible, the thought that I had lost my comrade. You don't know how dear you are to me."

A burning blush covered her face, rising from her snowy neck till it reached the heavy waves of hair on her forehead. She tried to speak, but she couldn't. She looked at him and lowered her eyes again.

What had he done? That word comrade ought to have made his words harmless? Did she think——? Absurd! He did feel just as he had told her in that one dreadful, awful moment when to live without her seemed impossible. But it was because of his fright, his agitation; and it was because of the remnant of his fright and agitation that he had spoken so impulsively. When she had said in a low, broken tone that she tried but failed to make true and strong:

"No, I don't think I do," he gath-

ered up all the strongest forces of his being before replying:

"There is no woman in the world, Nan, except my mother, that I care for as I do you."

"Except my mother." He felicitated himself greatly on that phrase, but was not greatly pleased at the calmness of Nan's reply. Dignity did not half as well become her as the tremulous sweetness of a few moments before: was not half as womanly.

"To be classed with your mother, Hugh, is a great compliment, and I appreciate it highly. The principal thought I had was the regret for mamma's sorrow and that I had not made arrangements for you to have my tiny fortune when she dies. I shall attend to it now. It will be a help to you."

"I beg you will do no such thing," he exclaimed, struck by her words. "You are younger than I am. You will live longer, presumably. Women do, I believe."

"Come back," she cried, merrily. "When you get to ranging in the region of economic probabilities I can't follow you. However, it isn't necessary, for here we are at home and there is mamma looking out of the window. We have come, dearest," she cried. "I got into the water a little, and then Hugh, like the good fellow he is, must get as wet in helping me out."

Mrs. Waters took in the situation at once, but, rare woman that she was, said nothing but commonplaces. And she offered Hugh her husband's clothes to change. The idea of being arrayed in Judge Waters' Sunday cutaway was not alluring, however, to Hugh, and so he hurried away, followed by a merry word and a glance from Nan, whirling off to her room.

Hugh Rutledge did a good deal of thinking when he got back to his office, after changing his clothes unknown to his mother, who luckily happened to be absent when he returned. He had a good deal of work ahead that ought to have been attended to and ordinarily would have been, but he considered the present occasion one to call for extra measures. It wasn't a happy hour that



he spent in the cold winter twilight with the greyness of the skies unilluminated by so much as a solitary star; even the moon, supposed to be present at such affairs as presiding deity, was airing herself leisurely at a distance, and doubtless busy with happy lovers who hadn't careers and could love and marry in commonplace fashion. Not that he, Hugh, wanted to marry. Not at all. But to lose her by seeing her engulfed in the cold, cruel waters of a frozen river, she, his friend and comrade, even the fear of it, which at the time seemed a reality, had shaken him to the center. But to marry her—that was a different thing. He couldn't marry. He didn't want to. All the poems he had written, passionate and otherwise, in his college days, had always stopped short of marriage. Marriage as he looked at it, by viewing the felicities of his friends, seemed less desirable than friendship. But Nan might look at matters in a different light. He had never thought she did, or would be inclined to, until that one moment when she had blushed so furiously. But was that a fair indication of the situation? Might she not have been so wrought up by her fright as to be unequal to any further demands on her nerves? Nan had nerves that got tangled up sometimes. Even his mother had. Still, he was in doubt and the doubt was not so unpleasant as it might have been. To know yourself to be not wholly unlovable, or, at least, interesting, to the best, sweetest and brightest young woman you know, is not without its charm for the average young man, even though he may not be vain or conceited. Still, he was sorry, he told himself, of even the doubt; for now there would always be the slight restraint in their intercourse. He would have to think about his words and acts as he had not hitherto, and her words and acts would, moreover, be in question. It was a bad business, and he was to blame that he had not taken himself to task sooner.

Hugh did not call on Miss Waters for several days, but he sent her a note saying that he was particularly busy

just now, and she replied by a merry one in which she asked him to bring his friend, Dr. Lamson, to call.

"This message is for mamma," she wrote. "We understand his father was papa's lifelong friend, and we would like to make his coming among us as pleasant as possible."

So had they done for him, he remembered, with a little twinge of something not altogether pleasant—was it jealousy? Not at all, he told himself. It was only a sense of disappointment that Nan should prove herself to be like the other women, when he had thought hers a nobler, grander nature. To be loved, courted and married! That was what all girls thought of, and Nan with the rest. Well, he would be delighted to take Dr. Lamson with him; he wondered he hadn't thought of it himself. True, Dr. Lamson had but just come a few weeks ago, and although he himself had liked him, he had not known whether the Waterses would care for his acquaintance. But why not? Certainly there was no reason against it, now that it was proved that his father was a respected friend of the family.

Dr. Lamson was exceedingly handsome. Indeed, he possessed exactly the attributes that Hugh himself lacked, and therefore admired most. He was tall and was one of the few men who carry six feet plus and two hundred pounds of avoirdupois with ease and, what is more, with dignity and grace. He carried his head at the angle that it naturally called for, instead of the plane of other people's, and if a slightly supercilious air was thus conveyed, it was not unbecoming the firmly chiseled face, devoid as yet of all unnecessary flesh that is apt to come later with middle life.

Dr. Lamson was a handsome fellow and a skilful doctor; besides, he had money to back him, which was the best of all in the world's eye except good principles, and he seemed to possess those in full measure. In fact, if Nan chose to think so, he would make her a good husband, and he would tell her so if the matter ever came up. Still—but pshaw! what did he care except to see

her happy in the way she wanted to be happy? If it was the wifely way, she could not possibly do better than to marry Dr. Lamson.

Hugh and Dr. Lamson did not wait for the reception day of Mrs. Waters. They called on Wednesday evening and found Kitty there. Hugh immediately devoted himself to her with so much *empressement* that she voted her first estimate of him to have been decidedly beneath his merits. And Nan, whose intuition had been strongly sharpened in the last few days, took in the situation clearly.

"He is frightened because he thinks I have misconstrued his regard for me. Foolish fellow—to think I would give up our splendid friendship for a commonplace liking! I must show him I don't mean anything more than he does, for I don't. I simply like him as a friend, brother, cousin." And then her heart almost stopped beating, for she knew that in that moment she loved him as the one man in all the world; that if the world, with all it contained of wealth or riches or friends or honor—she did not think of her mother—were on the one side and he on the other, she would never hesitate which way to go for happiness.

And this in the interval of a merry speech Dr. Lamson was making.

"I beg pardon. Say that again, will you?" she said, while the blood that had left her face came slowly back to it, and she smiled divinely, he thought, but still he said, "I beg your pardon. You are ill. You looked deathly a moment ago."

"Thank you, I am perfectly well. I was just a little faint. We had a heavier supper than usual and I suspect I over-ate," telling her fib with an ease that surprised rather than frightened herself, for Nan was a conscientious soul.

With a mighty effort of will she turned her thoughts to outside matters, and was soon conversing merrily with

Hugh himself, who, seeing her happy unconcern, congratulated himself on the ease with which his fears were being proved groundless. It was all his own vanity, his overwhelming sense of his own importance. Of course, Nan didn't care for him, except as a very dear friend, and she didn't care for the doctor, either; she was too sensible to give up her career for any man, even a handsome young giant like Lamson.

"But what a handsome couple they make!" he had to acknowledge with a feeling of envy as he looked at the two gayly discussing a village matter—she with all the spirit and wit that made her so fascinating, he with a masculine unbending and sincerity that made the professionalism of his manner both weighty and agreeable. He wondered what Nan thought of him.

"How do you like the doctor?" he asked Kitty, turning to her suddenly.

"I think he's just fine, but so unapproachable. Nan seems to be greatly taken with him," she added, with a spice of girlish malice. "Don't you think so?"

"I hadn't thought about it," he declared, lying with a deliberation and method that would have surprised himself if he had considered that it was just the thing he had been thinking about when she spoke. "The doctor is a mighty good fellow," he added, cordially. "Skilful, too, they tell me."

"Yes, he is up in all the new methods, they say, and very enthusiastic in his profession."

The two young men did not stay an hour, for the doctor had a call to make, he would have liked to say two calls, and Hugh was really busy, for his practice was picking up wonderfully of late.

"Two fine girls," remarked the doctor as they walked down the street together.

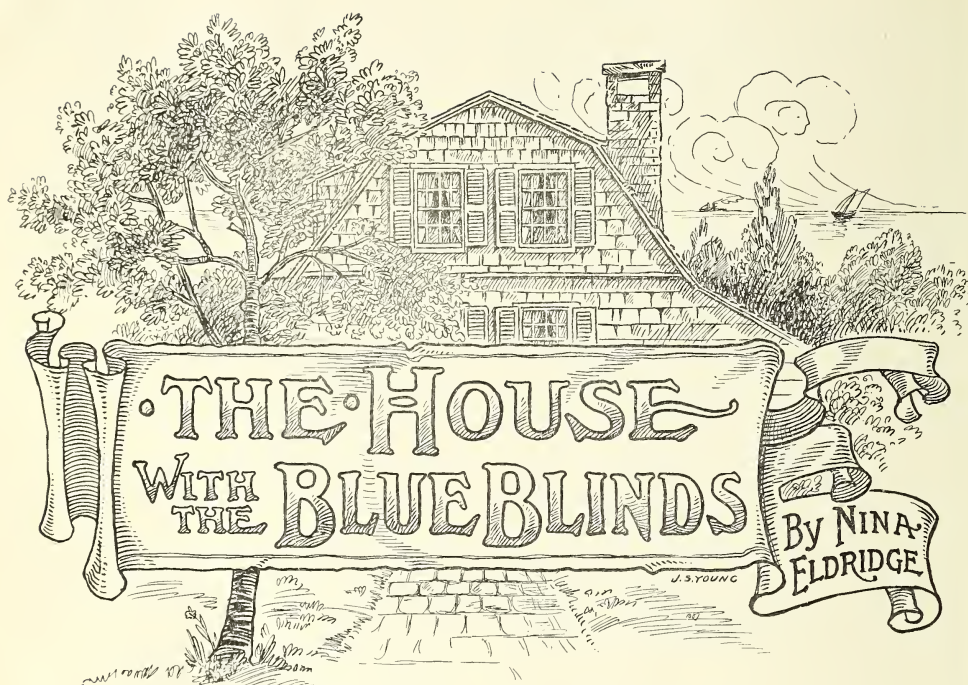
"Yes; which is the better looking?"

"Oh! Miss Waters, by all odds."

"No!" exclaimed Hugh. "I had never thought so."

(To be continued)





THE house fronted Main street on one side and overlooked Vineyard Haven Harbor on the other; but whether the sole inmate looked out on speeding automobiles on the front or on the white yachts from her box-bordered garden in the rear, she beheld a world in sharp contrast to the one behind her blue blinds—those blinds which showed no appreciable difference in color since Captain Abner Luce painted them thirty years ago, in defiance of the entire green-blinded town.

It was commonly believed that Captain Abner had bought the paint at a bargain on account of its color, for he was a queer and penurious person. After his seafaring days were over he had opened a small candy store in his home town, then called Holmes' Hole; and there are still persons who can re-

member the fierce half-whisper, "Show me y'r money," when as school children they had ventured the purchase of a bar of cinnamon chocolate from his counter. The captain and his candy store were gone twenty years ago, but the blue blinds still hung, serving the double purpose of monuments to his thrift and guardians of the treasures within the large white house.

These were many. The four front rooms were not used to live in, in the usual sense of living, but that a sacred presence dwelt within them no one of the privileged few who had stood there in awed silence would deny. Three rooms at the rear sufficed for Eliza Maria, the stately mistress of the house, who seemed, however, more like the priestess of a temple whose divinity is still enshrined, but whose worshippers are rare.

Every morning of the year she arose at half-past five and dressed with precision. Next she knelt beside the high-backed chair at her bedside, and, opening the big, brass-clasped Bible, read aloud the chapter for the day, and then silently the firm lips moved through their long prayer. The duties of the household were performed in never-varying succession; breakfast first, while the canary sang a morning song impartially to her and the sunlight which danced across the harbor and in through her window. His breakfast was served next, and the house cleaned by his mistress' white hands, strangely like his own little claws. Then Sir Thomas was given his saucer of milk and the geraniums in the south window were watered and every dying leaf removed. After the breakfast things were cleared away the two glass lamps with the black-eyed Susans shining through the oil were cleaned and trimmed, and a paper bag slipped over each chimney to protect its specklessness.

The housewife's duties over, the priestess entered upon hers. The lines in the white face softened, the dark eyes glowed with a deep light as Eliza Maria opened the door of one of the front rooms and entered with a reverent step, silk duster in hand.

The room had evidently once been a girl's bedroom, and it still stood in readiness for its occupant. Three rich rugs covered the floor space. The duster passed gently over the bedstead of carved walnut; the pillows, eider-down by the feel, were shaken a bit; the cool linen sheets and soft blankets were smoothed caressingly. Over all lay a spread of lace so fine that anything rougher than Eliza Maria's tender hands would have injured it. A chair of carved ebony inlaid with ivory required careful dusting, which bent the proud old back for several minutes. Before the exquisite dressing-table the priestess always paused to finger the luxurious appointments with a wistful touch which betrayed—the mother.

When the silk duster had done its work here its wielder passed on. The

next room was crammed with rare trophies from every port beneath the sun. A polar bear skin lay cheek by jowl with a royal Bengal tiger hide. The narrow mantelpiece reeked of India, Ceylon and Japan, with its idols of brass and bronze and ivory. Branches of white coral and Red Sea fans filled the fireplace. Chairs of bamboo stood about the room.

As the eye would have lingered on each thing of beauty in turn, it was imperiously arrested by the queen of them all. Between the two front blue-blinded windows hung the life-sized painting of a young girl. An exquisite face, alight with spirituality, and tense with earnestness, shone merrily beneath a coil of heavy, dark hair. Did the glory of the room radiate from the picture, or did it converge toward it? Impossible to say; but for a certainty the picture summed it all up, held it as the fire is held in the heart of a jewel; gave it out like incense. The dusky room seemed full of it, or was that only the fragrance of the sweet-grass mats on the table below which based the squatty Chinese bowls filled with flowers always—the fires of Vesta?

For thirty years Eliza Maria had lived solely to cherish the memory of her daughter Alice, who had gone with her father and mother on their foreign voyages all the fair years of her life. Never had she known a fancy denied, and after the broken-hearted father and mother had buried her at sea in the twentieth year of her age they had come home to set up an altar to her in their home—an altar of four rooms in which all her treasures were bestowed. Here Eliza Maria had passed into her old age, consecrated to a perpetual memory of motherhood. But the very best of Captain Abner had died upon that altar. Alice had taken with her into the depths of the sea all the sunshine of her father's life. He became silent and morose, and, stranger still, a hard miserliness took the place of his natural generosity. Since his death, however, no sign of the latter phase of his life remained in the home of his shadowed manhood. Removing every



reminder of the dark years, even to the clothing he had worn, his wife established the memory of that personality only which she had known in her daughter's lifetime, resolutely, if wordlessly, denying all his later changing.

The eyes of her daughter followed her about the room as she used the duster gently, and then she passed into the next room, which was carpeted and hung with furs. How Alice had loved them! Bears, leopards and cold-climbed foxes had given prodigally of their soft, savage beauty to the room on every side. Here Eliza Maria opened windows and shutters wide to let in the air and sunlight.

Beyond this room was a small one whose latch the duster raised with a hesitant hand. It was empty and unfurnished, save for a rag mat on the floor and an old cradle, one of the wooden kind with a hood such as you see in your great-grandmother's attic. Beneath the hood lay a rag doll, very battered and very ancient. But Eliza Maria always raised it and kissed it with a sort of passionate reverence; then put it back and rocked the cradle softly with her foot for a moment. Soon her own sunlit sitting-room again, while in the closed and darkened room the perfume of sweet-grass, like the soul of the beautiful Alice, held its silent sway.

## II.

### The Herrin' Crick

Billy Frank was coming home from the Herrin' Crick by the 'Longshore path. There had been a big haul and a small number to divide it among, so the shares had been large. Every coaster in the harbor was weighing anchor to drop down past East Chop on a fair tide, while the tugs had already picked up their tows and some were well on their way over the shoals. All was well in Billy Frank's world, so he was whistling merrily.

The 'Longshore path runs close below the Luce garden, and Billy Frank glanced up as he passed, every door and blind closed. The whistle stopped in mid-air.

"Wal, I declare. After eight o'clock in the forenoon and Eliza Maria Luce ain't up yet!"

Sir Thomas came bounding down to him through the garden and rubbed against his long boots, mewing hungrily.

"I swun! Tom, you big rascal, you tell me why Eliza Maria aint' up yet. Things don't look jes' right to me, an' I'm a-goin' to send Hepsie right over. It's a tarnal mistake for any old lady to live all sole alone like that." And the big boots flapped along in a rhythm which must have surprised them.

"She must be sick, Billy Frank. You set right down and hev y'r breakfast while I'm gone," and Hepsie grabbed her sunbonnet and bustled off.

The back door of the Luce house was unlocked, according to the common custom, and Hespie went in.

"Mrs. Luce!" No reply.

Hepsie waddled up the back stairs. Her rosy color paled a little as she saw the stiff old figure on the bed. The eyes were staring and partly closed. The breath came faintly through the relaxed lips. Hepsie's open mouth with some difficulty ejaculated:

"Pore old soul! Ef she ain't had a shock! I guess I'd better go right back home 'n' send Billy Frank fer Dr. Allen!"

By the time the young doctor swung briskly through the garden up to the door, in response to Billy Frank's summons, which, though somewhat mixed with apple pie and doughnuts, had been none the less imperative, Hepsie had a fire going in the kitchen stove, one also in the fireplace in the sitting room, and a fresh nightgown on the sick woman. Dr. Allen was all tenderness as he bent to adjust the icebag on top of his patient's head. Some way the lonely old woman in her helplessness stirred all his pity, but he shook his head after his rapid examination.

"It's hard to tell. She's very frail and we can't be sure how long she has been lying here just like this. Can you stay with her for the present, Mrs. Mayhew?"

"Stay! Course I sh'll stay. I ain't

needed none to home. There's the potato bargain all made, and pies and sugar cookies enough to last Billy Frank a week; so he'll get along alright. No, sir, you needn't be lookin' fer anybody else to take my place."

He gave her some final instructions and then went back upstairs to take a final look at his patient. To his astonishment, her eyes were open and she was speaking. The words were thickly uttered, but his intent ear caught them and his eyes held hers:

"It was—not necessary—for anyone—to come. My—daughter has been—here. You have not met—her, but you must do so—when—she comes back to-night—to get me."

Then the light trembled and went out. Its momentary appearance did not deceive his practiced eye. A few hours, a day perhaps, and it would be over.

"Oh, you ain't gone yet? I thought I didn't hear the outside door."

He was standing for a moment by the blazing fire in the sitting-room, his elbow on the mantelpiece. Hepsie's remark recalled him to the fact that he had been on the point of departure.

"Er—oh, yes, I—Mrs. Mayhew, can you tell me what Mrs. Luce meant? Isn't she alone in the world? She spoke of a daughter."

"Wha'd she say? I didn't know as she'd spoke."

"It was after you came downstairs. Something about her daughter taking care of her, and that she was coming back to-night."

Hepsie's face was troubled.

"I dunno, I'm sure. She never had only the one daughter—Alice. Ain't you never heard about Alice Luce? No, I don't s'pose so. You ain't been here long, and most folks hev forgot all about her so long ago you wouldn't be likely to hear her spoke of."

"She was their only child, and a beautiful girl she was. Her pa and ma jes' worshipped her, but it never spoilt her. They took her all over the world with 'em, fer in them days wives and families went foreign v'yages with their men folks more'n they do now. But when Alice was twenty she died on

shipboard off the west coast of Africa, when they were homeward-bound from the Indies, and they buried her at sea.

"Wal, they never was the same man and woman after. Captain Luce got awful queer, and Eliza Maria jes' lived to take care of all the things they'd collected for her. I'll show you her picture; it's right here."

She guided him into the parlor to Alice's picture, and then hurried out to answer Sir Thomas' mew at the back door. For a long time the doctor stood before the picture, scanning each detail of the lovely face. At last he murmured, perhaps to her:

"Yes, I think you could."

And the eyes above him seemed to respond to his faith through the enshrining gloom. As he turned to go out he noticed that the flowers in the squatty bowls were dead—the fires of Vesta were extinguished.

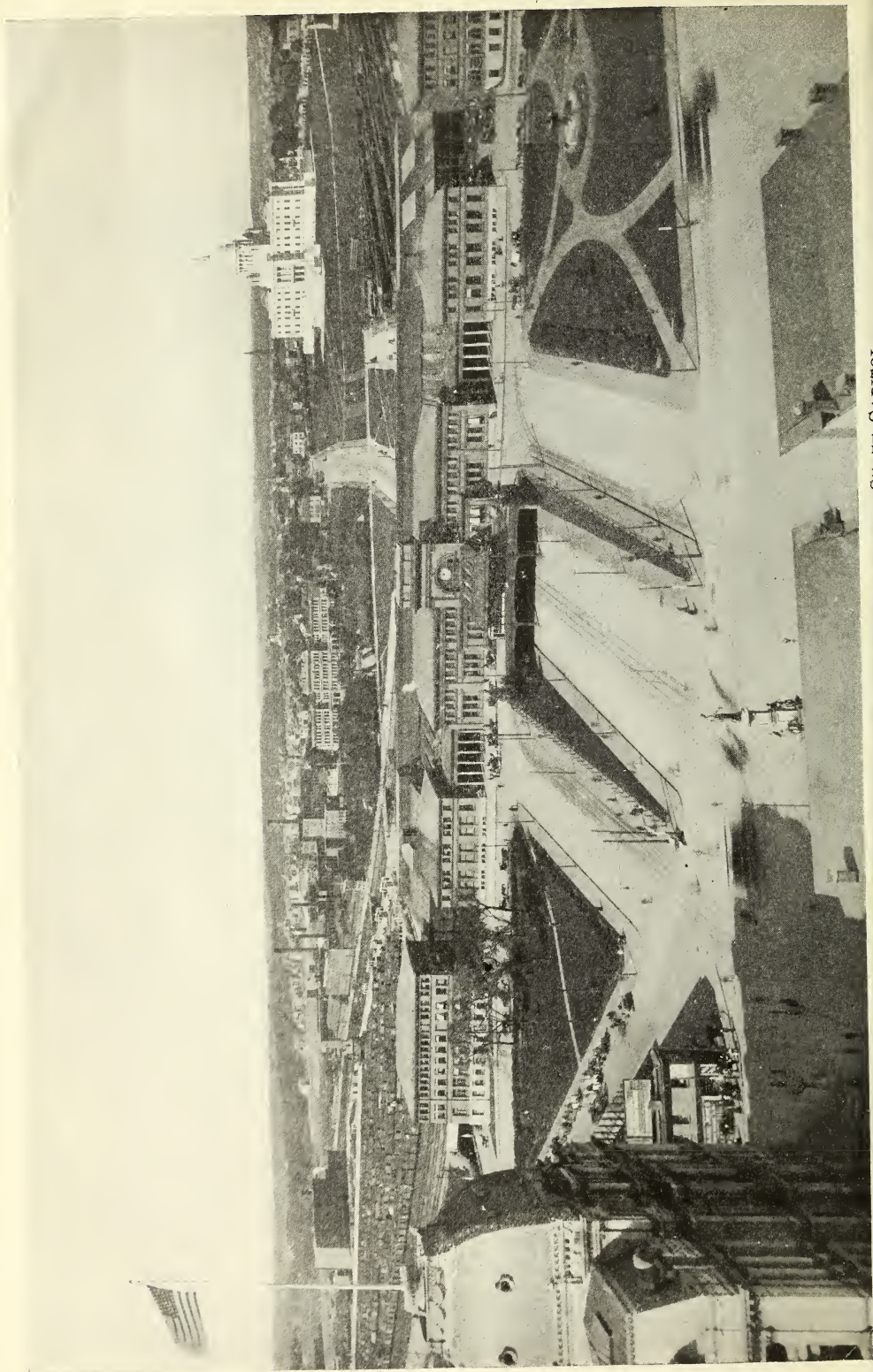
### III.

It was lamplighting time when he hurried down the street again to the house with the blue blinds. A change had come over the waxy face on the pillow and he sat down by the bedside. There was nothing more to do: it was a matter of minutes only. Below, in the spotless kitchen, the teakettle sang merrily on the stove; Sir Thomas purred contentedly beneath it, while through the draughts shone a gleam or two of warm light, reddening as the twilight deepened to dusk. Hepsie sat on one side of the bed, Dr. Allen on the other, stethoscope in place. Finally the old lips moved slightly to frame their last words:

"Yes, Alice—dear—mother's—coming."

Hepsie stole from the room, sobbing softly into her apron. The doctor listened in vain for another heart beat, then waited with bowed head. Her name stole through his spirit. Had she come? A faint fragrance, like *sweet grass*, drifted past him out of the shadowy chamber. He raised his head and smiled a gentle recognition.





VIEW OF PROVIDENCE — SHOWING UNION STATION AND STATE CAPITOL



## PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

### THE GATEWAY OF SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND

By GEORGE H. WEBB, *Secretary of the Board of Trade*

IT was the venerable Dr. Edward Everett Hale who said: "If Roger Williams had gotten the better of my Puritan ancestors in that memorable struggle between them, and exiled them to Providence, I would have been much obliged to him."

Providence is a beautiful city, with more than one advantage of location.

It may seem fanciful that a point but forty miles south of Boston should enjoy a climate appreciably milder and more equable. It is, nevertheless, unquestionably true that, nestled behind the great ridge of land which pro-

pered by its southerly exposure and the warmer waters of the southern shore that the unsentimental reports of the

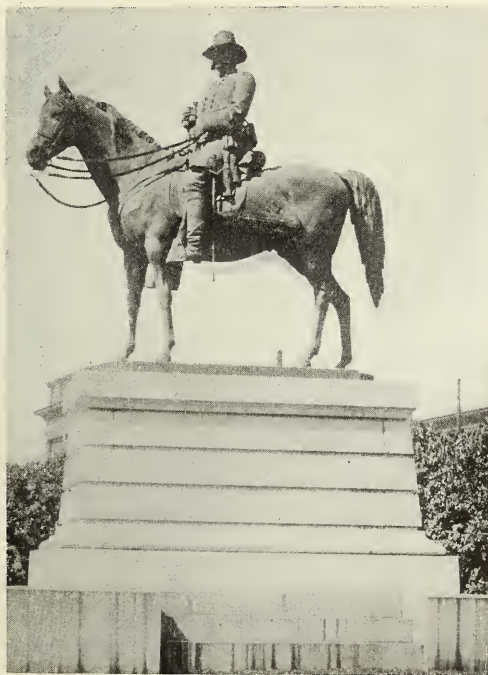
weather department bear out the patriotic claims of her residents.

Situated at the head of Narragansett Bay and overlooking that lovely arm of the sea, the location is as sightly as it is healthful.

But the present lively interest in the city and its favored location is due to other than aesthetic considerations.

The awakening realization of the national government to the commercial value of Providence Harbor and the movement of the Grand Trunk Railway to

give to the city increased and competing transportation facilities, have



THE BURNSIDE MONUMENT

fects it from the wrath of the North Atlantic, its prevailing winds are so tem-



inspired visions of growth and greatness that will advance the metropolis and capital of Rhode Island many points in the list of American cities.

Already the second city of New England and the twenty-second in size in the United States, it is no visionary prophecy that places her within a few years among the ten great cities of the country.

The day of setbacks for New England cities is past at last. They have found their feet and are finding their pace. The incentive, inspiration and impetus of this new development of the transportation facilities of Providence will very effectively hasten a progress already assured on industrial grounds.

With this very near approach of Providence to metropolitan rank, it becomes a matter of more than curious interest to note the tone and quality of the place, the elements of a great city which it already possesses, and the sources of its wealth and prestige. In 1681 Providence was the most com-

pact settlement of the colony of which it was a recognized center, but its commercial growth for the ensuing hundred years was not as rapid as that of Newport, which, on account of its geographical position, was better adapted for the maritime trade of the East Indies, China and the western coast of Africa. Providence, however, eventually became considerable of a seaport town, and for many years the wealth of the city was mainly derived from its shipping interests. With the growing size of vessels, its foreign maritime trade disappeared, although, as the natural outlet of Southern New England, this must be regarded as a passing phase.

Though its reputation as a shipping port suffers temporary eclipse, Providence is to-day one of the great industrial centers of the United States, noted for the variety of its manufactured products and the marvelous development of its leading industries.

Chief among these is the manufac-



THE OUTER HARBOR



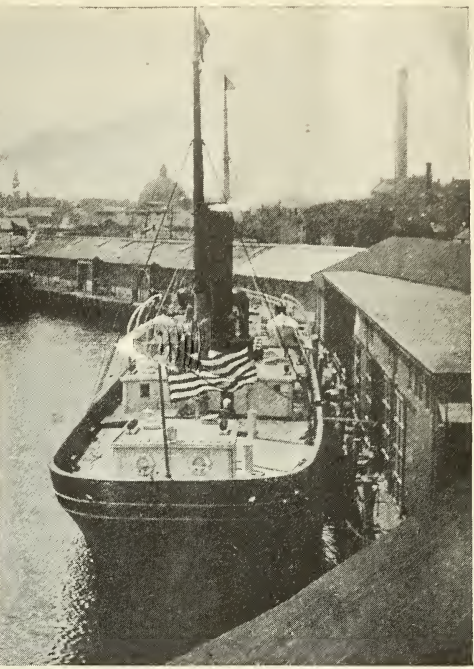
THE INNER HARBOR

ture of jewelry, with its allied interests, approximating a total of 255 establishments, engaged in a manufacturing industry whose products are distributed alike among the civilized and the uncivilized nations of the earth.

The value of the output of these establishments was in 1812 estimated at \$100,000. In 1905 it had increased to \$24,465,384.

The first manufacturing jeweler of whom we have any record was a Providence artisan named Sevil Dodge, and his first output was silver shoe buckles for women's shoes.

In 1794 Nehemiah Dodge opened a shop in North Main street, styling him-



self "a goldsmith and jeweler, watch and clock maker." He applied machinery to the work, and invented a process of "filling" the gold for the cheaper products, and was the real pioneer of the modern jewelry business. By 1805 the number of firms had in-

creased to four and the output consisted of breast-pins, ear-drops, watch-keys and similar articles. By 1812 the annual product attained a valuation of \$100,000. At the close of the war of 1812 the country was flooded with cheap jewelry from Europe, and the business in Providence practically abandoned. In 1818, however, a great revival of the trade took place, and the output in 1820 reached the very considerable figure of \$600,000 annually.

The panic of 1857 temporarily crippled



WEYBOSSET STREET





THE BANNIGAN BUILDING

the business, but by 1860 there were 86 establishments, which were reduced to 52 during the war. Every such setback, however, has been followed by a flood of new prosperity, and in 1880 we find 148 establishments in the trade, from which time growth has been continuous.

The New England Manufacturing Jewelers and Silversmiths' Association embraces in its membership a large part of the manufacturing jewelers and kindred trades of Providence, and of the Massachusetts towns of Attleboro and North Attleboro as well.

The present association still maintains the social features of its predecessor, and its winter meetings are considered among the most complete and entertaining of those of any trade organization in New England. Aside from this, however, the association undertakes to promote the interests of its members and the industry in general. For this purpose the advisory council of the association, comprising repre-

sentatives of the various branches of the industry, meet weekly through the year at the headquarters of the association, 42 Weybosset street.

The organization, through its officers and able committees, has been successful in securing laws and regulations which have been beneficial to the employer and employe, as well as to those who utilize their product. Perhaps the national stamping law and the present as well as the Dingley tariff laws are more noticeable in this connection.

The organization, composed of nearly 350 members, is officered as follows: President, George H. Holmes; treasurer, Wade W. Williams; secretary, Frederick A. Ballou.

All grades of jewelry are made in Providence, from solid gold to the cheapest, and the army of journeymen employed in the shops includes many of the most skilled jewelry workers in the world. The largest establishment in Providence, and probably the largest



THE UNION TRUST BUILDING

jewelry manufactory in the country, is that of Ostby & Barten, while the oldest in the city is that of Palmer & Capron.

Allied to the jewelry manufacture is that of silverware. It was an apprentice of the founder of the jewelry industry who began the manufacture of silverware in Providence, and founded what is now one of the largest establishments of this kind in the world. There were in 1907 twelve establishments engaged in this industry, with a

pany, manufacturers of gold, silver and bronze works of art, is one of those establishments which have contributed very largely to the industrial pre-eminence of New England, forcing a world-wide respect for the skill of her workmen and the breadth and enterprise of her commercial leaders.

Jabez Gorham, the founder of the Gorham Manufacturing Company, was born in 1792. He was an apprenticed jeweler, and in 1831 began the manufacture of silver spoons, with H. L.



PROVIDENCE PUBLIC LIBRARY

capital of \$9,920,099, and giving employment to 2360 persons, to whom \$1,661,460 were annually paid in wages, with a product valued at \$6,654,736.

So extensive is the manufacture of gold and silver ware in Providence that the refining of factory sweepings has become a separate industry, with an annual output valued at \$5,618,287. Previous to 1850 these sweepings were allowed to go to waste as insignificant.

The Gorham Manufacturing Com-

pany, <sup>now the</sup> Webster as partner. The growth of the business to its present mammoth proportions has been gradual.

More than twenty different trades are employed in turning out the finished product.

In 1904 it was calculated that the firm had distributed over \$20,000,000 in wages.

Other industries of which Providence is justly proud are the Brown & Sharpe Manufacturing Company, manufac-



turers of every class of fine tools and machinery, and the American Screw Company, established in 1838 and said to be capable of supplying the world with the commodity it manufactures. The Nicholson File Company represents another great industry in which Providence has held a leading place for many years. The making of files in the city was begun as early as 1839, but it was the invention by a Providence mechanic in 1864 of machinery for doing the work that gave the impetus from which the present proportions of the industry are derived.

Perhaps the largest single manufacturing establishment in Providence is that of the cotton mills of B. B. & M. Knight, operating more than 500,000 spindles, the largest in the world in its line of manufacture. Located in Providence is the Rhode Island branch of the American Locomotive Company, and

the Corliss plant of the American & British Manufacturing Company, the original home of the world-famous Corliss engine, and latterly also of the Dirsell oil engine.

The Rhode Island Tool Company, the New England Butt Company, the Providence Belting Company, the Davol Rubber Company, the Providence Machine Company, the Almy Water Tube Boiler Company, the Barstow Stove Company, the Queen Dyeing Company, with a world-wide reputation for its fast blacks; the American Ship Windlass Company and scores of other manufacturing plants swell the grand total of establishments in her factory system to about 900, with \$100,000,000 invested capital, 40,000 wage-earners receiving \$21,000,000 in wages annually and producing goods valued at \$95,000,000.

The commercial growth of Provi-



RESIDENCE OF MARSDEN J. PERRY



THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH WITH ITS FINE CHRISTOPHER WREN SPIRE

dence for the past fifty years has not been phenomenal, but it has been very healthy and substantial, and the position which it occupies in the financial world reflects the soundness of its great capital investments.

There are in Providence nine national banks, two state banks and three trust companies, with a total capitalization of \$12,326,726. There are also three savings banks in the city, whose combined deposits aggregate \$40,255,589, while the deposits of the national and state banks and trust companies amount to \$103,164,541.

Such, in brief outline, is the indus-

trial and financial strength of a city whose position as the southern gateway of New England is now being developed by the improvement of its magnificent harbor and the entrance into the city of the Grand Trunk Railway system.

The harbor improvements now under consideration are not of a makeshift character. They contemplate a thorough and radical development of the possibilities of the harbor by opening a straight and wide twenty-five-foot channel from the docks to the deep sea.

The United States government has





THE STATE ARMORY

made its appropriation for this work contingent upon a like amount being raised locally. The State of Rhode Island has authorized the issuing of bonds for a portion of the required amount, and it is expected that the city will raise the balance. The improvement, therefore, is well outside of the realm of dreams.

The plan of the Grand Trunk Railway is to build from Palmer, Mass., on the New London Northern, which is controlled by lease by the Central Vermont, a subsidiary company of the Grand Trunk, to Providence, about 65 miles. Surveys are under way at present. The new line would enter the Union Station in Providence, with a right to build to tidewater, where large shipping facilities would be constructed, provided the harbor improvements are carried through as planned.

That the road means business is evidenced by the fact that within a few hours of the granting of the charter a large body of surveyors were set at work on the right of way.

The district over which the new connection will be built is a hilly one, and the railroad officials have brought on men experienced in mountain work to make the surveys.

The completion of the line will connect Providence, without rehandling or transfer to other lines, with the vast extent of country reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific which the Grand Trunk system serves.

The Grand Trunk people are builders. They have built more miles of railway in the past two years than any other system in America, and they have a quiet and persistent way of carrying their plans to fruition.

At the conclusion of these improvements not only will the industries of Providence and Southern New England be brought that much nearer to the world's markets, but the commerce of the city as a port of entry is certain to undergo great development. Already one line of transatlantic steamers has expressed a desire to establish direct sailings between Providence and the Mediterranean ports. Others will follow.

Although Providence has a present population of about 200,000, it is the center of a metropolitan district, supplied with city conveniences of water, light, sewerage and transportation facilities, the population of which is nearer half a million.

A noted Boston architect recently said: "Providence has taken advantage of an opportunity to create a beautiful civic center such as any city in the world might envy, and it has been the first of the large cities to achieve results along the lines to which so much modern thought is being given."

The city has set aside for itself land valued at \$3,000,000, and has converted it into a fine square, making a railroad entrance unsurpassed in America.

If Providence is lacking in streets of great magnificence, it is also lacking in unkempt streets of squalid degradation. It is a slumless city. Such plague spots and centers of vice, crime and actual want as we find clustered behind the railroad tracks or down by the water's edge in most North American cities are almost non-existent in Providence.

The great majority of the people live in detached houses that contain two families each, one family living on the ground floor and the other upstairs, with entrance generally separate. The usual third story is divided equally, and gives three additional rooms to each family. The house occupies a space near the center of a lot containing four or five thousand feet, so that it receives light and air from all four sides. This is the typical Providence tenement at present, although "three-deckers" are



THE SEACONNET RIVER



gaining in favor. One-family cottages are quite numerous. Long rows of residence blocks are almost unknown, and high, crowded tenement buildings seldom seen.

Neither has the apartment house of the well-to-do made much headway, although a demand in that direction is beginning to be felt, and is certain to be supplied in the near future.

Individualism shows itself in the manner of building, as in almost every-

dence in early colonial architecture. New York and Boston have almost nothing left of the grand epoch; "Hartford and New Haven have been done over, and badly done at that"; Salem, often referred to as the center of colonialism, is famous for its numerous mansions, but in Salem there is a particular development of the colonial that makes it in many respects less typical of the period.

In Providence, however, not only are



FRONT CAMPUS, BROWN UNIVERSITY

thing else in Providence, and the East Side and Elmwood districts present many beautiful types of domestic architecture.

It is claimed, and not without a show of reason, that Providence displays more fine and varied types of domestic architecture than any other city in the United States.

High in the list of local claims to distinction comes the richness of Provi-

dence in early colonial architecture. New York and Boston have almost nothing left of the grand epoch; "Hartford and New Haven have been done over, and badly done at that"; Salem, often referred to as the center of colonialism, is famous for its numerous mansions, but in Salem there is a particular development of the colonial that makes it in many respects less typical of the period.

As might be expected of a city of such wealth and age, there are numerous collections of art, libraries, museums, hospitals and other public institu-



tions which minister to the culture or the welfare of the people.

On the ridge in the eastern side of the city stand the buildings of Brown University. Some of the quaint, brick dormitories are more than a century old, while the fine gymnasium and scientific laboratories are of recent construction; and now in process of construction is the beautiful and commodious John Hay Memorial Library, so named from the truly great American statesman who was an alumnus of the institution.

The campus, or college yard, now too small to afford room for the great expansion of the university, is surrounded by a picturesque fence, and is entered through memorial gates of attractive design and patriotic associations.

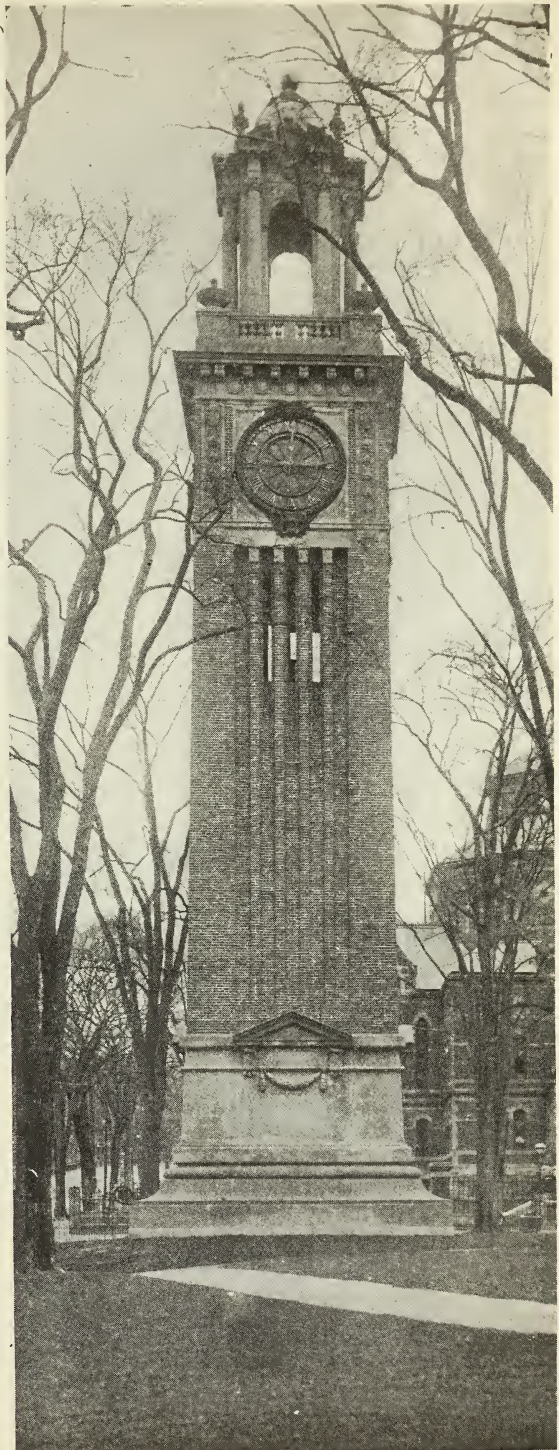
The relations between Brown University and the City of Providence are of a very close and mutually helpful character. The university has found a way of supplying educational needs that make it an important factor in the life of the city, as it is naturally the center from which emanates much of the characteristic repose, breadth and culture that give the city its individual quality.

Very notable among the unique facilities afforded by this typically American university is the Carter Brown Library of American History, the finest collection of its kind in the country.

Under the leadership of President W. H. P. Faunce, Brown University has entered upon an era of increased usefulness and great development.

An interesting feature of the Providence Public Library, an institution beautifully housed in a fine, granite structure on Washington street, is the bringing together of what is known as "the Standard Library."

This is an attempt to bring together the works of the best



THE CARRIE TOWER, BROWN UNIVERSITY



writers in all the different literatures of the world, in each instance, as nearly as possible, in the best editions. It includes less than one hundred authors and has a little less than 1000 volumes. These books form a manageable collection whose educational value is very high. The feature is being imitated elsewhere.

As to public utilities, the Union Railway Company and the Providence Tramway Company have a practical monopoly of the street railway service, their exclusive franchises lasting for twenty years from 1892, the condi-

stock and making provision for maintenance and extension.

The Narragansett Electric Lighting Company has an exclusive right for the same period (twenty years from 1892) for the supply of electric light in the city, the franchise tax not being less than 3 per cent. nor more than 5 per cent., this being determined each five years by arbitration.

The city has 240 miles of streets, 197 miles of which are paved with broken stone or gravel, 33½ miles with granite blocks, 5 miles with cobblestone and 5 miles with asphalt.



THE MIDDLE CAMPUS, SHOWING THE CARTER BROWN LIBRARY

tions being the payment of a franchise tax not exceeding 5 per cent. of gross earnings and a maintenance of a portion of the streets which they occupy. Nowhere is better service given, and the trackage branches out into every accessible part of the adjoining towns.

The Providence Gas Company has an exclusive right for the same period to supply illuminating and heating gas within the city limits. It pays a franchise tax of 3 per cent. on gross earnings, after paying 8 per cent. on capital

There are 24 parks in the city, comprising an area of 608 acres. Of these, the Roger Williams Park is the largest, covering 103 acres. It is very attractively laid out, and for its size is among the finest in the country.

The city government of Providence is chiefly unique for its conservative adherence to historic precedents and the striking continuity of its development.

The mayor, elected annually, possesses but little administrative power. His position is analogous to that of an

ex-officio chairman of the city council, which is the real administrative body.

There is retained from colonial times a property qualification which is competent only for a portion of the electoral ticket. Thus, the mayor is elected by nearly five times the number of voters as are entitled to vote for members of the common council.

The result is often curious and anomalous. Nevertheless, the city affairs have, in the main, been well administered, and exhibit many instances of unusual breadth and foresight.

The assessed valuation of the city in 1909 was \$240,618,600, and the tax-rate \$16.50 per thousand. The city expenses amount to about \$5,342,900 annually. The net debt of the city over sinking funds was, June 1, 1909, \$13,530,203.14.

Providence obtains its water supply from the Pawtuxet River. The system cost \$7,100,000, and includes 371 miles of distributing mains.

The sewage of the city is emptied

into the Providence River, having first passed through the modern and thoroughly scientific precipitation plant just north of Field's Point. There the sewage of the entire city is gathered into immense basins or tanks, where it is filtered and clarified. This plant was erected after a thorough study of local conditions by competent engineers, and is one of the best in the country.

If we have in these somewhat desultory notes conveyed to the reader our own impressions, we will have left in his mind the picture of a city at one and the same time in the center of the stream of modern progress and intensely tenacious of the past.

Its colonial extraction is evident at every turn, while the freshness and modernity of its spirit are witnessed by the progressive spirit of its commercial life, as well as by the breadth and sanity with which municipal problems are met and discussed.



THE ATHENEUM



# FOR "RUSTY" AND OLD HEATON

By GAIL KENT

JANE scoured the dishpan, wrung the dishcloth and hung both in the closet under the sink. Carrying the dishes into the dining-room, she stopped for another glance into the garden.

"Yes, there he sets, his finger keepin' the place in a book, an' his eyes lookin' 'way off into kingdom come. He's a-goin' jest like Lawyer Fisher. Says Lawyer, 'I've pleaded everybody's cause but my own. Now I'm goin' to serve the rest of my life sentence havin' a good time.' But from the day he shet his office down he begun to go to pieces an' he died in less than three year. If the professor'd only get some spunk up, but there he walks or sets 'n' reads them outlandish books, an' don't eat no more 'n' a bird, an' don't have no callers, an' only goes to meetin' once Sunday; then, like's not, sleeps through the sermon. What he wants is somethin' livenin', but I don't see jest how he's goin' to get it. I jest don't."

More poignant than usual this morning was the professor's memory of previous years. It was the day of the opening of Heaton Academy for the fall term. Leaning his head against the back of the garden chair, he could almost see the tower-topped building and hear the bell calling across the campus. Was the young English professor who had taken his place making good? He could see the assembly hall filled with boys, and his thin throat worked. They were *his* boys—the good, the bad, the brilliant, the slow. He had loved them well, and they had professed to love him. However, when one dropped out of the running he was soon forgotten.

Professor Rust was a back number now. He shifted his position and the "Horace" in his hand fell open. His eyes ran idly over the last few lines of the thirty-first ode:

*"Frui paratis et valido mihi,  
Latoe, dones et precor integra  
Cum mente, nec turpem senectam  
Degere, nec cithara carentem."\**

Was there danger of a dishonorable old age after forty years of honor? Might he lose the lyre that had kept his soul in tune with the beauty of youth and of nature? What were his acquisitions that he should pray to enjoy them? His acquisitions? A sun-filled garden, a book-filled house, and memories; dear, joy-filled memories. Yet they were not enough; the "olivae," the "chicorea levesque malvae" of which the poet sang. To drop easily from other lives; to be forgotten readily; to reach the moment when in order to remain tranquil he must enumerate his possessions—were these evidences of propitious gods? Would these preserve for him health and unimpaired understanding?

As if in answer to his meditations, Jane's strident voice sounded from the fence where she was conversing with a neighbor. "They ain't no life about him," she was saying. "He ought to do somethin' perticerler; write his life in a book or get some folks to come 'n' visit; anythin' to let up on that everlastin' readin' o' heathen books, what ain't got one word o' God Almighty's English in 'em."

"He'd better of gone to live with his

\*O thou son of Latona, grant me to enjoy my acquisitions, and to possess my health, together with an unimpaired understanding, I beseech thee; and that I may not lead a dishonorable old age, nor one bereft of the lyre.

sister in the West, don't you think?" volunteered the neighbor.

"Well, that's how you look at it," came judiciously from Jane. "I warn't only a tike in pigtails when Lucilla Rust got married, but even I can remember she was awful bossy-natured, and you know it's a heap more comfortabler to slouch yourself to death than to be drove. 'S long's the house is his, an' he ain't ailin' nor nothin', I guess things is best as they is; only I can't see how it's right for an old man to hang 'round an' mope till the Lord puts him out o' misery. To my mind he's jest a-coaxin' sof'nin' of the brains to himself. You know, as soon as Lawyer Fisher give up work his brains got soft, an' warn't he a care 'n' a sight afore he died! The professor's got too good a set of brains to let 'em soften, but what we goin' to do? I wish some of his old scholars would come to see him, or write, or act's if they knowed he was alive and was hopin' he'd stay so a spell longer."

Inspiration may have come from Jane's statement of his case, or from the lines of the maid-loving, wine-sipping poet. The professor shortly left the garden, and, returning to the library, became absorbed in examining old record books. In these were the names and standing of his former pupils. He ate his dinner with an appreciation which lighted Jane's pale eyes with pleasure. The long afternoon found him still busied with the record books, and when toward five o'clock Jane saw him start, letter in hand, for the postoffice, her high cheekbones flushed with elation.

"Somethin's got him busy," she confided to the kitchen stove; "an' bizziness is what's goin' to keep his brains hard."

Could Jane have followed the letter which the professor slipped through a slot in the postoffice door she would have seen it delivered two days later into the hands of Dr. Avalon Allen's servant, Peter.

Without a flicker of expression on his wooden countenance, Peter placed a handful of letters on the desk. He had seen Dr. Allen staring from the depths

of an arm-chair in a state of pale dreaminess too many times not to know its portent; but, unlike the other servants, he refrained from gossip and grieved immeasurably.

The doctor turned his lean face toward Peter. "Tell Dr. Roberts to attend to the office this afternoon. There are no important appointments." Peter made his wooden bow and departed to telephone the assistant that Dr. Allen was very busy and the outside office was full of patients. "Very busy" meant incapacitated. Dr. Roberts understood, and though there had never been a word or look to suggest the physician's sentiments, Peter knew the assistant grieved, too.

Meanwhile, the doctor leaned back in the easy-chair and dreamed. On the wall hung a photograph of the first Dr. Allen, a man who had laid the foundations of his son's fame, then betaken himself along the misty path of hypodermics to ruin and death. When it proved the son had inherited facial neuralgia, the pain robbing him of sleep and demanding recognition in the midst of critical operations, it was not long before he, too, found the beneficence of a pain-dulling drug and became slave to alternating elation and despair. It was nearly two o'clock now. In half an hour would be time for another potion. His eyes idly sought the narrow lawn which separated his home from the next stone dwelling. How fresh it lay, with its brilliant disc of geraniums in the full splash of sunshine! Gradually his thoughts reviewed the day's events—office appointments, a hospital round, lunch, another appointment, and now this time of rest. More frequent of late were these afternoon hours of musing. The lines of his forehead deepened. His patient after lunch had been the elegantly nervous Mrs. Ward-Redmans. Formerly he had reduced such a woman to a brief statement of symptoms, written a prescription, and courteously, but firmly, dismissed her. The indiscretions of the round and jovial Ward-Redmans and the sensitive nerve centres of the cultured wife had been the subjects of the sufferer's



conversation, and if the doctor remembered correctly he had taken her hand, patting it soothingly, and she had gushed. The lean face flushed and the jaw set. "Fool!" he sneered. Whether at himself or the neurotic Mrs. Ward-Redmans was not apparent.

Idly he reached for his mail. Advertisements of tonics, narcotics and surgeons' instruments were plentiful. A little note from his wife sojourning at a summer resort brought the light to his eyes. Then came a few bills, and finally a thick envelope bearing a village postmark. The letter was long, and, glancing with surprised interest at the signature, he settled himself for a deliberate perusal.

"My Dear Avalon (it ran): It does not seem thirty years ago that you sat in Heaton Academy recitation room translating Cicero's invectives against Cataline. I can see you to-day as I saw you then—tall, thin, straight as a sapling, a shock of yellow hair trying to lift up the forehead that was always in a knot during study hours. But you were by no means a book-worm. We haven't forgotten, have we, how those long legs of yours stood you in good stead on the ball field? O tempora! O mores! However, the boys of thirty years ago are men now, with men's thoughts and men's cares, and the boys' teacher has grown old. My place has been filled by a young Yale man, and I am spending the rest of my days in the peace of the shadow of my own vine and fig tree. And yet the ancient poets do not fill all the hours, and thoughts will wander back to the boys one has loved and sought to help. Sometimes even memory does not suffice, and the garden dial marks many lonely hours.

"To-day, I said, I will write to all my boys whose addresses I can find, and tell them I care as much for their success now as I did years ago, when examinations loomed in sight, and if they need a helping

hand, the hand that once wielded the ferule has not yet lost its cunning.

"Some of the boys, God bless them, have been sleeping these many years under the sod, and of some I can find no trace; but you, my boy, are one of the few whose light is not hid under a bushel. I can think of no one who might need an old schoolmaster less, yet I want to say, if ever the hashing of a human body and piecing it together again becomes irksome; if ever the mantle bequeathed by your eminent father weighs on weary shoulders, come, share the shade of my vine and fig tree. Here are uninterrupted peace, long hours of sun-filled dreaming, a garden of hollyhocks and dahlias, and a waiting guest-room whose many-paned window looks out across the hills and up to the stars.

"To-morrow I am going to write to Ben Alcott, and the next day to Alfred Bean. Do you remember them? Every day I shall send a letter to one of my boys, and there are boys enough for several years. Perhaps I shall not say to all, as I have said to you, 'Come,' for I did not get so close to all boys' hearts as I did to yours.

"This morning I recalled the choke in your grandfather's voice when he read me the newspaper account of your father's operation on the steel magnate's son, some fifteen years ago. 'Avalon makes up for everything that's been hard for his grandmother and me,' he said, and I felt proud that you were one of my boys.

"If ever the time should come, and I sound a croaking old man as I write; if ever the time should come that your grandfather, were he living, would have occasion to fear, when you might be tempted to let the 'making-up' fall short, come to 'Old Rusty,' as the boys used to call me, and we will make it up together.

"However, I need not write you

all this as if there were danger, for you have your grandfather's strength, your father's genius and your own high sense of honor. So, after all, my letter resolves itself into a brief statement and a prayer—I am proud of you. God bless you!

"Your old teacher,

"JOHN RUSKIN RUST."

The letter dropped from the surgeon's hands. His eyes were a blur of tears. In the corner of the room a dark shadow took shape and grinned, but the doctor did not notice. Back, back his mind slipped to the year he was fourteen, the year he spent at Heaton. His mother had died during the summer, and his father had sent him to his grandparents. Even now he could see the green campus, the brick dormitory, the ivy-covered academy and the brown-beaten ball field. Even now the professor's recitation-room came before his eyes—bare, ugly, its walls relieved by a picture of the Forum and a bust of Caesar. At the master's desk sat "Rusty." Was there ever another such man? He was tall and loose-jointed. A mop of red hair shadowed his wide forehead. His blue eyes under shaggy brows were hard as steel to a sneak; tender as a woman's to a tongue-tied penitent. Once the boy, having lied, started home from school. All the way "Rusty's" eyes had followed him, compelling, stern and sad. Half-way down the country road he had broken from his companions and gone back to the schoolhouse. The master was at the desk, fingering a ferule. "I've come back for my licking," said the boy, doggedly. A light came into the man's eyes. "I was waiting for you," he replied. "There will be three punishments—one for lying, one for cowardice and one for breaking the window." Three distinct chastisements followed, and when the boy, sobbing, but with relieved conscience, turned to the door, he found himself caught in the long arms and held close until his sobs ceased. It was the boy's last lie, for he was instinctively a gentleman.

The doctor moved uneasily in his chair. From the sidewalk came the mechanical melody of a hurdy-gurdy. The surgeon recognized the "Stein Song," and half-consciously repeated the words:

"Oh, Heidelberg! dear Heidelberg!  
thy sons will ne'er forget

That golden haze of student days is  
round about us yet.

Those days of yore will come no more,  
but through our manly years

The thought of you, so good, so true,  
will fill our eyes with tears;

The thought of you, so good, so true,  
will fill our eyes with tears."

The mantel clock chimed two—no, three. He had dreamed away an hour, and impatiently he drew a tiny phial from his pocket. In the corner a shadow retreated close to the wall, but the doctor saw its skulking shape and frowned. For the sake of the old school, for "Rusty," for grandfather, could he stand the eternal presence of that shadow? A cynical smile curved his lips. Another dose and he would be sure to vow it his last. For the sake of the old school, for "Rusty," for grandfather, could he go without this next dose? Sweat broke out on his forehead. His hand shook. His smile broadened. Behold! Dr. Avalon Allen was become a sentimentalist. For the sake of the old school, for "Rusty"—The shadow tip-toed out of the corner and glided to the middle of the room. The doctor arose and threw back his shoulders. For no one's sake but his own, for his manhood, his honor, could he live one afternoon without the stuff? A shadow darkened the sun streaming across the floor. He saw it, the grinning shape, but a few feet from him, and he sank into a chair, for the name of the shape was Fear, and its black presence meant death to hope.

He took a tiny medicine glass from the desk drawer and the shadow retreated. With another look at the photograph on the wall he muttered: "It's no use, 'Rusty.' Like father, like son."



"The days of yore will come no more,  
but through our manly years  
The thought of you, so good, so true,  
will fill our eyes with tears,"

tinkled the hurdy-gurdy. Once more he pushed back his chair and said aloud: "The son is not yet down and out, however."

The door swung open and Roberts flung himself into the room. "Allen," he cried, "Metcalf has just come back from his Maine trip. It's appendicitis and he's rotten with pus. For heaven's sake come to the hospital."

"Metcalf?" the doctor said, and his jaw hardened.

"Yes, Metcalf." Then Roberts noted the other's sweated face and forbidding jaw. "Oh, I know you're death on him, Allen. But he and I were chums at the medic, and by ——, Allen, you've got to do it. What's your kick? He told the Van Brunns that you're drugged half the time and you lost the chance to operate. Well, you are. Haven't we watched you for a year? But you went into it with your eyes open. It wasn't for us to say anything to you. Metcalf's got a conscience, so he told them. It was going too far; I told him so at the time. You can do more doped than the rest of us normal. You can save Metcalf now. You know the cost of each moment. Come on."

Dr. Allen held up his hand. It shook visibly. "I can't do it," he answered, simply.

"Can't?" demanded the younger man. "Can't? You've got to! You know how to fix your hands."

"But," said the surgeon, slowly, "I had decided not to take any more. I'm going away for a while—going to 'Rusty.'"

Dr. Roberts burst into a mirthless laugh. "Not take any more? You'll take it, as your father did before you, till you're a disgrace to the profession and a shame to your friends. Take your dose and come on."

"Bob," said the other, childishly, "if I take this I'm done for. I'd decided not to take any more this afternoon."

"Great heavens, man!" cried Rob-

erts, irritably, "and you'll let Metcalf die that you may experiment in time and quantity? What if you are done for? You are, done for, anyway. You're bound as straight for —— as you can go, and while you're wondering whether you'll get there a day sooner or later Metcalf is dying. He's a man, Allen—clean and an honest worker. Maybe he can't do the cutting you can, but he's worth a dozen irresponsible geniuses like you. Doctor, if you never lift the knife again, if it means your endless perdition, be a man; sacrifice your little last sputtering spark of decency that makes you want to do what you haven't the nerve to do, and stop haggling."

The surgeon looked at him without answering. Then he pulled the tiny glass toward himself. Roberts turned his back. It is not easy to see a great man lay naked a consuming weakness. When the assistant looked again the doctor was reaching for his coat.

In a moment the two left the office, one anxious and hurried, the other with set jaw, as if his whole being were concentrated in an effort for self-control, and behind the latter glided a shadow whose name was Fear.

Dr. Metcalf was already upon the operating table, and with a glance of relief when Allen appeared the etherizer filled the cone and the patient passed rapidly from the period of primary anaesthesia to that of muscular relaxation. Then Dr. Allen became the famous surgeon, with firm jaw, swift fingers and certain knowledge. There was no hesitation in making the incision. In dividing the muscular fibres and reaching the seat of inflammation. Skillfully the abscess was removed, the cavity irrigated and the tubes inserted for drainage. Like machines the nurses anticipated and supplied his wants, handing him now an instrument, now a gauze pack. The doctors watched his work and marveled. It was a master who held the knife, and those who saw did him homage. Nevertheless, from behind a glass-topped table with rows of shining instruments and bottles, skulked a grinning shadow. In an

incredibly short time the operation was terminated and the patient removed to the private ward.

With the exception of Allen and Roberts, the doctors had left the room. A nurse was clearing away evidences of the operation. Dr. Allen turned to the marble bowl to wash his hands. A horrible feeling of nausea overcame him; his knees shook. The sweat broke over his body. Across his cheek came a cold breath. It was the chill of Fear. Then he saw it—the terrible shadow. It had crept boldly from the corner. It glided toward him. It took shape—a vulture with beetling eyes, heavy wings, long claws. The doctor threw up his arms, cried out hoarsely and fell. The shape pressed him down, down; its beak buried in his throat, its talons tearing his heart.

A few hours later the two men were talking together in the doctor's home. "Your wife?" Dr. Roberts was asking. "Don't drag Edith into this," was the pained reply. "She knows, and she's suffered enough in the past year. Let us wait."

"You're a man, Allen—a strong man—and this business sha'n't down you. To think you didn't touch the stuff for a bracer! No wonder you caved in! Shall we fight it out together? You know there isn't one in the profession feels toward you as I do, and I'm with you through the whole of it, no matter how hard the fight. Metcalf? I telephoned, and he's coming out of the ether in great shape. I thought for a while it was your life or his, but we are going to keep you both. Can you put up with suffering? Shall we go into the fight? You know what it means even better than I. Will you, Allen?"

From across the square came faintly the rattle of the hurdy-gurdy:

"Those days of yore will come no more,  
but through our manly years  
The thought of you, so good so true,  
will fill our eyes with tears;  
The thought of you—so——"

Dr. Allen gave a weary sigh. "Yes, we'll do it; but ask 'Rusty' if he will help out."

So it came about that two days later Professor Rust sought Jane, an open letter in his hand. "Jane, a very dear friend, ill and in trouble, wants to come to me. He is a surgeon. His assistant, Dr. Roberts, will spend as much time with him as can be spared from their city practice, and a servant, Peter, will be an attendant. Now, if this is too much for you——"

But Jane's homely face beamed. "They hain't a corner in the house but is redd up for company, and I'm clean sluggish with so much o' nothing' to do on my hands."

The professor continued, hesitatingly: "Jane, if I should say I shouldn't care to have my friend's illness discussed with—ah—with the neighbors, other than remarking it is a nervous affection, I am sure—ah—you——"

Jane's gaunt cheeks flamed. "I never hires out unless it's to accommodate friends, as you know, professor. What's your friends is my friends, and I ain't one to mouth over a friend's troubles."

When Jane rushed back into the kitchen to vent her energy on a batch of pies, the professor wrote the following letter:

"Dear Avalon: There was once a boy who did wrong, but he turned back, demanded his punishment and bore it like a man. But that was not all. He was great-hearted enough to let his friend comfort him. The same boy has again done wrong and he must bear his punishment, but, thank God, he is still great-hearted enough to let his friend try to help and comfort him. The garden of hollyhocks and dahlias is waiting; also the guest-room, with its many-paned window looking out across the hills and up to the stars. And I am waiting with the same statement and prayer I wrote before: 'I am proud of you. God bless you!' Come as soon as you can.

"Your old teacher,

"JOHN RUSKIN RUST."



# BIRD ARCHITECTS AND ARCHITECTURE

By L. W. BROWNELL

**B**IRDS are by no means the only creatures that build nests, but they are, beyond doubt, the one class of animals with whom the term nest is inseparable, popularly speaking; for, while many of them do not actually build nests at all, still the majority of them are such wonderful architects and the styles of their dwellings, if we may apply such terms to a structure that is only used to hold and protect the eggs and young, are so many and so diversified that we have come to know the birds as the nest-builders, pre-eminent, in nature's realm.

Birds build their nests everywhere and in almost every conceivable situation, from the surface of the earth, and even beneath it, to the tops of the tallest trees; from the sands of the seashore to the ledges on the faces of the most inaccessible cliffs; from the miasmatic depths of the lowest marshes to the limit of vegetation on the highest mountains; from the sun-scorched desert and the treeless plains to the deepest forest, where the rays of the sun scarcely ever penetrate, and from the equator nearly to the North Pole, or at least to the outskirts of the region of eternal ice and snow. Everywhere they are to be found by him who knows the habits of their builders, but it is safe to say that let any one who has no knowledge of these habits start out on a nest-hunting expedition and he would come home thoroughly imbued with the idea that the country through which he had passed was practically devoid of breeding birds, even though, in fact, it might be most generously supplied with them, and while he had, in all probability, passed by, without knowing it, dozens of their nests in the course of his tramp.

I had this amply exemplified one spring when I took a friend out with me on a nest-hunting jaunt. He was sure when he started that they would not be hard to find, but he learned his mistake before we returned. He found one nest by his own unaided endeavors during the course of the entire day's tramp—a robin's that was so conspicuously placed that he could not well overlook it—but he passed within a very few feet of a number of nests without a suspicion of their whereabouts until I showed them to him.

No one upon examining a bird's nest can but help be struck with the beauty of its symmetry and the intricacy of its structure, and when we stop to consider that it is all done by two little creatures with no other appliances than their feet and bills, the latter of which are the principal tools used in its construction, the wonder is not alone that the finished article is so perfect and of such beauty, but that they can do it at all. Where is the human being, with all the tools and appliances which he can bring to his aid, who could reproduce the abode of even those species that build the simplest type of nest?

The nest-building of a bird is a business, a necessity, and beauty is by no means the end for which they strive in their architectural designs, for to say that the birds are influenced by the desire for the beautiful in their nest-building is to attribute them with an aesthetic taste trained to such perfection as to govern the principal action of their lives, to the exclusion of all other considerations, which they are very far from possessing. The nest is built primarily from a strictly utilitarian standpoint, and if in the building of it such material is worked into its con-

struction and it is formed in such shape as to give it beauty in our eyes, it is a matter of accident rather than design. The one and only object for which the birds aim is to erect a structure in which may be combined the greatest amount of security with the greatest amount of comfort for them and their offspring. In placing on the outside such materials as lichens, mosses, etc., which invariably lend undoubted beauty to the structure, they are adding such things as will make it con-

surroundings. This is most aptly exemplified in the dainty, diminutive, cup-like nest of the hummingbird, which, saddled to the horizontal limb of some tree, is so covered on the outside with bits of lichen as to exactly resemble a natural excrescence of the limb itself; and also in the nest of the parula warbler, which, built in the midst of a bunch of usnea moss, which hangs from dead trees, is practically indistinguishable by the sharpest eyes from the moss itself.



KINGBIRD'S NEST AND EGGS

form most closely to the general tone of its surroundings, and thus give it greater security from the prying eyes of its enemies. Indeed, this is the one great end for which all birds strive—protection for their young from their natural enemies—and it is most often attained by the blending of the colors of the materials which go into the construction of the nest with its immediate

Even in the case of the terns, sandpipers and other shore breeding birds who build no nests at all, but simply lay their eggs in a slight indentation of the sand among the pebbles of the beach, this protective color scheme is the undoubted cause of their not constructing a nest, for their eggs, which so closely resemble their surroundings as to make their discovery almost a matter of





SHE RETURNED WITH FOOD

chance, would be infinitely more conspicuous if they had a background of anything but the sand and stones.

Nevertheless, the birds have a sense of the artistic fairly well developed, as is instanced most forcibly in the case of the bower birds of Africa, who build their bowers, apparently as a place of courtship alone, as they have no connection or nothing whatever to do with their nests, and decorate them in the most fanciful manner with all sorts of bright stones, pieces of metal, shells, strings, etc. But they never allow this artistic sense to govern their actions in the building of a nest, for the nest, as I have said, is simply a receptacle for their eggs and young, and as such it must be so built as to best answer the requirements of such a receptacle, irrespective of any other consideration. It is used only during the breeding season and deserted immediately thereafter, never to be returned to except in the few instances where a pair of birds will use the same nest for several successive years, as in the case with many of the raptorial birds.

Though the birds may not always display their artistic taste in the building of the nests, they undoubtedly do

display what is of far greater service—a marvelous intelligence that is manifest not only in their choice of a situation, but in the material of which and the manner in which the abode is constructed. It has been for many years one of the popular myths of natural history that instinct is the faculty that causes a young bird to build a nest corresponding in all particulars to that which is typical of its species. That instinct does play a small part in the successful carrying out of this work is undoubtedly true, but it is undoubtedly truer still that this instinct is largely qualified by an imitative and also an actual reasoning faculty. That imitation is one of the greatest factors in the actual building of the nest is abundantly evidenced by the fact that birds reared in captivity have but little idea of nest-building, merely dragging together a heterogeneous mass of material without shape or individuality. If instinct alone was responsible for the nest-building ability of the birds, then those birds that are reared in captivity would be able to build as perfect a nest as those that are reared in the wild state, and it would follow that



SHE FED HER YOUNG IN TURN



CHIMNEY SWIFT'S NEST OF TWIGS

each generation would construct their abodes in exactly the same manner and in the same general situations as had been done and used by all the preceding generations, from the time when nest-building was first commenced by the original forefathers of all the feathered tribe. As it is, nest-building is entirely a matter of evolution, the nests of the different species changing in accordance with the requirements of each species, as those requirements made themselves manifest with advancing evolution. Furthermore, many species of the present day have shown that they are possessed of more than a small amount of progressiveness in being able to grasp and take advantage of the changing conditions caused by the advance of civilization. This is abundantly illustrated in a great many species, among which may be mentioned the chimney swifts, who originally nested in hollow trees, but who now almost universally use chimneys as being better suited to their needs. The barn swallows, who formerly built on the sides of cliffs and caves, but who

now use our barns as offering better protection; the Phoebe, whose natural nesting site was the narrow ledge of some cliff, but who has changed for the more advantageous situations offered by our outhouses, bridges and other similar structures, and the martins, who once bred in the small hollows of dead trees, but who now much prefer to use the bird boxes erected for them by kindly human beings. There are instances of this kind enough to fill a small-sized volume, and there are many more of a different nature that help to prove that a bird is capable of some amount of reasoning power, and is not entirely the creature of instinct that many naturalists would try to have us believe.

The Wilson's thrush is a bird whose natural nesting site is the top of a tussock or some such slight elevation above the level of the ground, in a low, swampy place; but one year I found several of their nests placed from four to eight feet above ground in black-alder saplings. This was accounted for by the fact that the spring had been unusually rainy, and in the swamp in



which I found these nests the water stood from one to two feet deep. Had the birds used their usual nesting sites, the young would have been in grave danger of being drowned, and it is worthy of note that, although I searched the swamp pretty thoroughly, I found none of their nests in the natural sites; all were placed in the situations I have described, with the exception of one which was placed on the top of a tree stump about four feet high. The brown thrasher is naturally

It would seem to me that in the light of such instances as these, which are innumerable, that but little thought would be required to show the fallacy of the theory that nest-building is entirely a matter of instinct, and that such a theory is not only untenable, but unfair to the birds as well.

Why it is that the different species build nests so widely diversified in structure, material and situation is a question that no one has as yet been able to satisfactorily answer, except in



GRASS WOVEN NEST OF THE ORCHARD ORIOLE

a bush-breeding bird, placing its very bulky nest from three to six feet above ground, and yet I have found them breeding flat on the ground in a very rudely-constructed nest. And, vice versa, the ground dove of the South habitually lays its eggs on the ground, its nest consisting merely of a few straws loosely placed together in no definite form, and yet I have found them breeding in trees at a considerable distance from the ground and in a fairly well-constructed nest.

the general way as being a result of evolution, each species, as it was formed, conforming to the new requirements and new conditions as they became manifest, until we have the thousands of different species and the consequent thousands of different nests that are to be found to-day. One author advances the theory that the situations are chosen that are in nearest proximity to the source of food, and materials used that are the handiest. But this theory falls to pieces when we



NEST OF THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE

consider the fact that many birds, especially among the fish-eaters, who usually breed in large colonies, often have their nests several miles from the nearest source of their food supply, and it is not infrequently the case that birds will carry their nesting materials half or three-quarters of a mile to the chosen site, when materials that would have answered just as well were to be found considerably nearer. However, be the reason what it may, the fact still remains that the situations chosen, the materials used in the construction of the nests, and the shape and structure of the nests themselves are many and diversified, each species keeping strictly to its own form of architecture.

There are those birds, such as many of the terns, plovers and other shore

birds, that make no nest at all, simply laying their eggs on the bare ground. This is not from the reason that they are of a low order of bird life, for they are not; but, as I have already stated, it is undoubtedly from the reason that in so doing lies the greatest security. The whip-poor-wills, night-hawks and others of the goatsucker family lay their eggs on the dead leaves of the high, dry woods which they inhabit, without so much as an attempt at nest-making, but the majority of the birds form nests of greater or less elaborateness.

The birds may well be said, in respect to their architecture, to represent the different vocations of mankind. There are the miners, represented by the kingfishers, bank swallows, bur-





SHE LOOKED HER BROOD OVER

rowing owls, etc., who excavate tunnels in the earth, at the end of which they construct an enlarged chamber in which to lay their eggs and rear their young. There are the carpenters—the woodpeckers, titmice, etc., who bore holes in the limbs of dead trees, in which to deposit their eggs. Some of the nests are lined with downy material, while in others the eggs are laid on the flooring of chips that have accumulated at the bottom of the hole during the course of its construction, and on this rough couch the young must make themselves as comfortable as they can. Those birds who, like the robin, or, more noticeably, the flamingo, build nests the foundation of which is made of clayey mud, may well be termed the masons. There are no weavers among men who are more dexterous at their vocation than are the Baltimore or orchard oriole of our own country, or the weaver birds of South America and Africa, whose nests are marvels of the weaver's art. Then we have the tailor birds of the tropics, who actually sew the large leaves of various trees together by their edges with the long, pliable fibres of different

plants, to form a bag in which to construct their nest. What basket-maker can plait reeds better than our little marsh wren, whose abode is a symmetrical ball of plaited rush leaves and grass, warmly lined with cat-tail down and so closely woven as to be entirely impervious to the hardest driving storm, or can make a basket more perfect than the cup-shaped nest of any of our vireos, woven of strips of grapevine bark and dead grasses, each one a marvel of symmetry and beauty? The barn and eave swallows are the original brickmakers, for they knew, long before man found it out, that clay could not be made to hold together satisfactorily without the aid of straw. The chimney swifts are joiners who use a glue of their own secreting with which to fasten their twig-formed nests together and to the side of the chimney.

There are many instances of birds using strange materials in the construction of their nests, a few of the more remarkable of which I will note. I once found a nest of the yellow warbler, the common summer yellow-bird, well



THE MARSH WREN'S SYMMETRICAL NEST





NEST OF THE LEAST BITTERN

known to us all, built entirely of white cotton waste. It was built within three feet of a country trolley track, on which the birds had undoubtedly collected the material; was in full view of every passer-by, and, moreover, was very bulky, being nearly if not quite twice as large as the ordinary nest of this species. It was a most conspicuous object, easily seen from a distance of as much as a hundred yards, and was a distinct departure from the usual care which a bird exercises to conceal her nest as much as possible. The Rev. J. G. Wood mentions in his "Homes Without Hands" of finding in Switzerland the nest of one of the wagtails made entirely of watch-springs, which they had undoubtedly collected from the rubbish heaps of the watch factories. Mr. Hudson tells of the nest of the spotted flycatcher found in Hyde

Park, London, which was made entirely of used wax vestas which smokers had discarded, and also of a pigeon's nest placed on the roof of the Crystal Palace which was made entirely of hairpins and wire. These are but a few of such instances that could be quoted, but they go to show that a bird does not always use the same materials that its progenitors did in the construction of its nest.

Abnormal sites are also not unusual. Only this spring a pair of wrens which came under my notice started, and had nearly completed, a nest in the end of a waterspout, when a heavy rainstorm came up, and, as a natural consequence, when it was over the nest was lying scattered on the ground beneath. An instance is noted of a pair of birds (robins, I think) that built on top of the pulley running on a stretched wire



rope by means of which a flatboat was propelled across a small stream in the capacity of a ferry. The fact that the nest made frequent trips from one side of the stream to the other seemed to trouble them but little. Nests have been found in discarded cans, pottery, kettles, saucepans, old hats and many other such unlikely places, but these are naturally the exceptions which prove that the birds are not entirely creatures of either habit or instinct.

Much more could be written on the subject of birds' nests than it is possible to put into the space of a short article, but I am loath to leave without speaking of those unnatural birds—the cowbirds of North America and the cuckoo of Europe, who not only do not build any nests, but actually shirk their

parental duties by laying their eggs in the nests of other birds, forcing the owners of the nests thus used to rear their offspring together with their own. These owners frequently resort to various means of ridding themselves of this unwelcome addition to their families, but the most intelligent attempts are made by the little yellow warbler, who, when she finds one of these eggs in her nest, will frequently build a flooring over it, at the same time heightening the walls of her nest, thus, in effect, adding a second story to the nest she had already built in which to deposit her own eggs. These two-storied nests are not uncommon, and several have been found containing even three stories, the first two containing a cowbird's egg each.



DAINTY NEST OF THE HUMMINGBIRD

# THE TAXATION NEEDS OF MASSACHUSETTS

## FOR THE BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

By S. R. WRIGHTINGTON

*Secretary of the Manufacturers and Merchants Committee on Tax Laws*

THE movement for some sort of a revision of the tax laws of Massachusetts, which, as these words are written, has crystallized, for the time being, into the presence before the Massachusetts Legislature of a resolve to permit submission to the people of a constitutional amendment to make possible the classification of property for taxation, began many years ago. That it will continue for as many years longer as is essential for tax reform is certain, for the commercial interests of the State are thoroughly aroused to the necessity for radical changes which shall rescue the State from the shackles of inequitable tax laws which cripple its industrial development.

The present constitutional provision under which our taxes are levied has been in force since 1780. It could hardly be expected that a taxation system framed to meet the needs of a day when the fireside spinning wheel would be adequate to the necessities of a great industrial State like ours.

As a matter of fact our tax laws and the methods that have come as a legitimate consequence of them are unjust and a serious handicap to the prosperity of the State. In many instances our tax laws are ignored. They are not enforced equally because they cannot be, and they are evaded by otherwise strictly honest men because they believe that they are within their moral rights to break laws that are manifestly inequitable. Without passing upon the technical points of honor involved in this, I submit that a system of laws

that has become the subject of jest and ridicule is sadly in need of reformation.

The constitutional clause under which the legislature is empowered to levy taxes is apparently simplicity itself and reads as follows: "Full power and authority are hereby granted to the General Court . . . to impose and levy *proportional* and reasonable assessments, rates and taxes . . . and also to impose and levy reasonable duties and excises."

It is the presence of the word "proportional" that is responsible for the inequity against which many protests have been made for many years. For, although the word sounds eminently fair and harmless, it is in reality a legislative wolf in sheep's clothing. For the courts have held that the word "proportional" means that all kinds of property—real estate, money, machinery, stocks and bonds, furniture, stock-in-trade, etc.,—must pay annually so many dollars per thousand as a tax, regardless of the relative earning powers of these various classes of property and regardless of whether the property contributes in a large or a small degree to the expense of government. Thus a wood-lot (and one-half of the territory of Massachusetts is good for little else) requires 40 to 60 years to develop, during which time it pays 40 to 60 taxes at its full valuation, although there is an income only once in the last year, when the timber is cut. The word "proportional" in our Constitution makes adequate relief impossible.

Again, if a man owns a \$1000 piece of real estate and a \$1000 New York



bond, he has to pay the same amount upon both, although the real estate requires police and fire protection, street lights, city administration, etc., whereas the bond requires nothing, being locked up in a safe, perhaps in another state. The real estate is rented for \$100 per year (10 per cent. of its value), the bond is a 4 per cent., returning \$40 per year. Yet, they must pay the same tax. If the local tax rate where the owner lives is \$20 per \$1000, this is equivalent to an income tax of 80 per cent. Again, if a man owns a \$1000 share of stock in a Massachusetts corporation owning real estate, and also owns another \$1000 share in a New York corporation owning real estate, each piece of real estate pays its tax, but Massachusetts exempts the Massachusetts share from taxation, and places a tax on the New York share, making double taxation on the New York property. All this is "not fair," and greatly hampers the development of the State's industries.

The presence of this word "proportional" in the tax-levy clause of the Constitution makes it impossible for our legislature to pass laws making the State attractive to industries that would be glad to come to Massachusetts because of the State's natural advantages. Pennsylvania and Maryland, by exempting manufacturing machinery from taxation, have derived untold benefit, far in excess of the taxes thus remitted, from the many large manufacturing plants that have located within their borders, bringing with them work for the people, trade for the storekeeper, increased real estate values, and general prosperity.

Such, in brief, is the situation. Its evils have long been recognized. Governor after Governor has recommended changes in our methods of taxation. Commission after commission has suggested alterations. Legislatures are annually confronted by a multiplicity of bills designed to tinker the tax laws. But tinkering is not what is needed. The several commissions that have considered the problem have recommended various things, but all

their recommendations have come to naught. Any recommendations of importance that have been made have involved some form of classification of property which the Supreme Court has declared to be impossible under our Constitution as it now stands.

What the industrial and commercial interests of the State demand is a comprehensive and thorough revision which shall go to the root of the difficulty and not mere patchwork legislation. There has already been too much of that. Any comprehensive plan of taxation which will be accepted by the community as fair will necessarily involve some form of classification, that is, some differences in rates, upon different kinds of property.

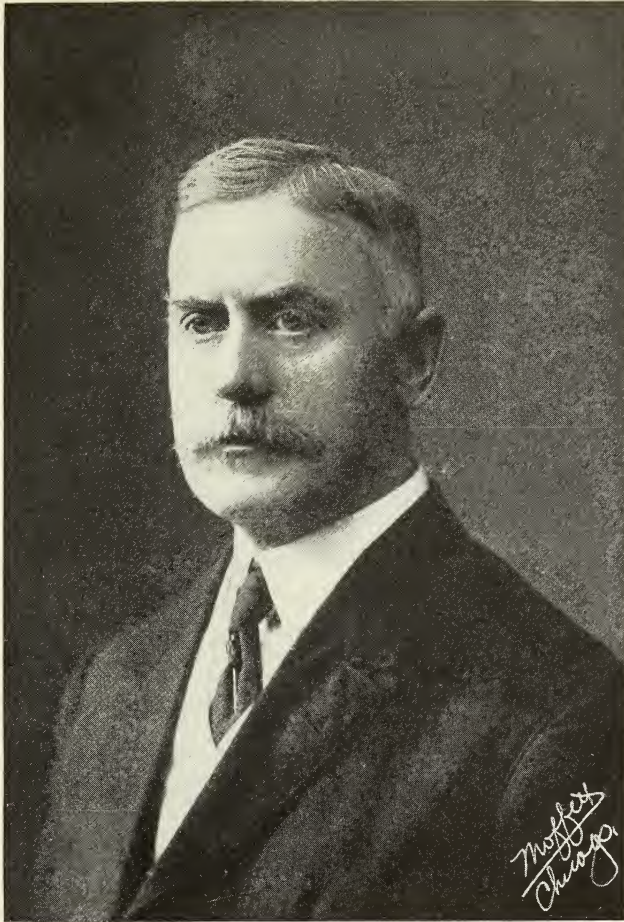
When the Constitution was adopted a uniform property tax was possible. Conditions have changed and business competition between states and the use of stocks and bonds that simply represent property taxed elsewhere, make it impossible to enforce the present high tax rate against all kinds of property. As a result the heaviest burden of taxation falls upon the merchants, manufacturers, farmers and workers, and they bear an unfair share of it. Attempts upon the part of authorities in Massachusetts and elsewhere strictly to enforce the present tax laws have only resulted in still greater concealment of property subject to taxation.

It is generally recognized to be unwholesome to continue a system of laws that cannot be enforced except against a part of the community. Tax reform in Massachusetts has become not only a vital necessity to industrial progress but a question of public morals as well.

The representatives of the people of Massachusetts who framed our state Constitution did not wish or intend that it should never be changed. On the contrary a method was deliberately provided whereby the people might improve it when necessary. Provision was made, however, against hasty or ill-considered action in this direction. They did not wish proposals made for

changes in the Constitution unless persistent and widespread demand from the voters proved the necessity for a change. For this reason they required that two successive legislatures must vote for an amendment and that it must then be submitted to the people at a state election.

tion of reform. In addition to striking out the single word "proportional" from the taxation article of the Constitution, the amendment adds a safe-guarding final clause to it that makes it read as follows: "Full power and authority are hereby given and granted to the said General Court to impose and levy



BERNARD J. ROTHWELL,  
PRESIDENT OF THE BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

It was thus provided that the people themselves should finally say whether the Constitution should be changed or not.

The amendment to the Constitution proposed by the commercial interests that have been urging this legislation is conservative as well as in the direc-

reasonable assessments, rates, and taxes upon all the inhabitants of, and persons resident, and estates lying within, the said Commonwealth, and for such purpose the General Court may classify property in a reasonable manner."

"In a reasonable manner," to a



reasonable man and to the courts and legislature, can mean but one thing—that the rights of all classes of property must be zealously guarded in any and all changes.

It is interesting to note that the justice and necessity of constitutional provision permitting the reasonable classification of property for the purpose of taxation has been recognized by the Supreme Court of the United States which in *Pacific Express Co. vs. Seibert* (142 U. S. 351), says:

"This Court has repeatedly laid down the doctrine that diversity of taxation, both with respect to the amount imposed and the various species of property selected either for bearing its burdens or for being exempt from them, is not inconsistent with a perfect uniformity and equality of taxation in the proper sense of those terms; and that a system which imposes the same tax upon every species of property, irrespective of its nature or condition or class, will be destructive of the principle of uniformity and equality in taxation, and of a just adaptation of property to its burdens."

It is also of interest that the International Tax Association at two of its conferences, at which a large number of the States of the American Union and the Canadian Provinces were represented by commissioners appointed by the several Governors, unanimously adopted the following resolve:

"Whereas, The greatest inequalities have arisen from laws designed to tax all the widely differing classes of property in the same way, and such laws have been ineffective in the production of revenue; and Whereas, the appropriate taxation of various forms of property is rendered impossible by the restrictions upon the taxing power contained in the Constitutions of many of the States:

Resolved, That all State Constitutions requiring the same taxation of all property, or otherwise imposing restraints upon the reasonable classification of property, should be amended by the repeal of such restrictive provisions."

In the following states the legislatures have the power of classifying property for the purpose of taxation: Rhode Island; No constitutional restriction ever existed. Connecticut: No constitutional restriction ever existed. Vermont: No constitutional restriction ever existed. New York: No constitutional restriction ever existed. Maryland: No constitutional restriction ever existed. New Jersey: No constitutional restriction ever existed. Pennsylvania: By constitutional amendment of 1873. Delaware: By constitutional amendment of 1897. Virginia: By constitutional amendment of 1902. Minnesota: By constitutional amendment of 1906. Colorado: Provision made in first constitution adopted. Idaho: Provision made in first constitution adopted. Montana: Provisions made in first constitution adopted. Oklahoma: Provision made in first constitution adopted.

In one of its first public documents issued by the Taxation Committee of the Boston Chamber of Commerce the case for the plaintiff was stated so succinctly that I cannot do better than to quote one page of it as follows:

#### **"Massachusetts Taxes Her Opportunities**

"Machinery and stock-in-trade are taxed so heavily as to hamper business development. Other manufacturing states practically exempt machinery.

"The tax on growing forests aggregates more than the value of the timber. This causes deforestation.

"The tax on personal property operates unequally; unjust discrimination results; much property escapes taxation.

"No one is satisfied.

#### **"Whereas**

"Different classes of property require different treatment.

"The growth of certain kinds of property is essential to general prosperity. A satisfactory system of taxation will encourage this growth.

**"But**

"Under the Constitution of Massachusetts, the Legislature can make no distinction.

**"Therefore**

an amendment to the Constitution is needed to remove an obsolete restriction and to give the legislature the necessary power to make reasonable classification of property for purposes of taxation."

This is the whole story in a nutshell

In studying the taxation question, the committee sought a method whereby the burden of taxation would be fairly distributed. Many suggestions were considered; but it was found that no material change could be made under the existing constitutional restrictions.

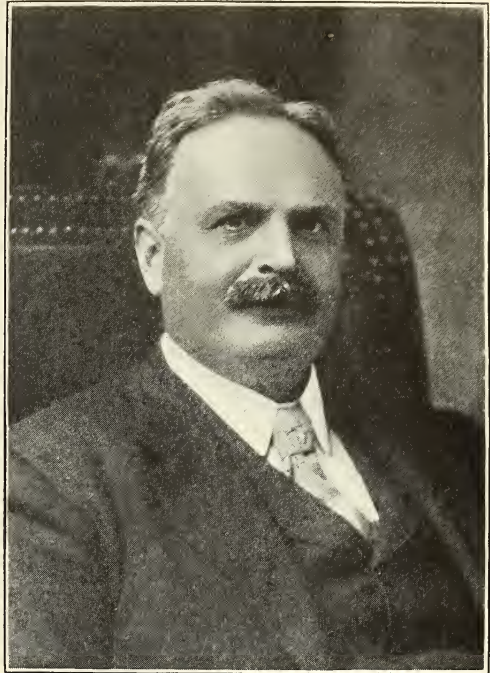
The present system of taxation in Massachusetts has for the last forty years been a source of constant dissatisfaction and complaint. In that period no less than five special commissions have been appointed by the Commonwealth to investigate the working of the system and report plans for its improvement, but their reports have resulted in no substantial change.

The committee found that manufacturing industries are subject to much heavier taxation than imposed by competing States. Machinery, for example, is practically exempt from taxation in Pennsylvania, and is very lightly taxed in other leading manufacturing States.

Pennsylvania has become the second manufacturing State in the Union. The opinion of its citizens that this is due largely to its system of taxation is confirmed by the Report of the Mayor's Advisory Committee on Taxation and Finance of the City of New York, which in 1907 acknowledged that Pennsylvania "is increasing its capital and products faster than New York," and ascribed as a reason the fact that Pennsylvania "has never taxed the goods or other personal property of manufacturers."

Eighteen States of the Union, including Pennsylvania, New Jersey,

New York, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, exempt from taxation all or some of their manufacturing establish-



JOHN CANDLER COBB  
CHAIRMAN OF THE TAXATION COMMITTEE OF  
THE BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

ments or authorize the municipalities to limit such taxes.

In Massachusetts, on the contrary, machinery is subject to heavy taxation upon a high valuation in many of our manufacturing cities and towns. In Lawrence machinery of domestic corporations alone pays 45 per cent. of the total tax on personal property. In Lowell, out of a total assessment of \$15,300,000 on personalty, \$8,300,000 is paid on machinery. The Commissions of 1896 and 1907 called attention to the desirability of doing something to lighten the burden on the manufacturing industries of the Commonwealth.

Another question of importance is that of the taxation of intangible personal property. Strict enforcement of the usual tax rates from \$15 to \$20 per thousand takes one-third to one-half



the income from a conservative investment in stocks or bonds. No investor can afford to contribute to the state such a proportion of his income. No country has ever succeeded in collecting a tax at such a rate on any class of property that can be removed.

An attempt at strict enforcement in this State through power of State supervision of local assessments has resulted in emigration from the state that has attracted widespread attention. Public sentiment in many communities recognizes the injustice of the existing rate of taxation when applied to intangibles and will not permit assessment at full value.

In Boston, where assessors have been zealous in enforcing the personal property tax, the total assessment on personal property is now 19 per cent. of the total valuation. In 1795 it was 50 per cent. In 1850 it was 36 per cent. This illustrates the gradual transfer of the burden of expense of government from personal property to real estate, which cannot escape.

Experience in other States which have adopted a fair rate of taxation on intangibles shows a constantly increasing proportion of this class of property subject to taxation, as well as a constantly increasing revenue from this source. The present method of taxing intangibles has been well called confiscation tempered with favoritism.

Under existing laws, too, injustice is done to the holders of forest property. The State of Massachusetts has nearly three million acres of waste land suitable only for forestation. In fact, one-third to one-half of the total area of the State is adapted chiefly for forest cultivation and might be increased from \$10 to \$300 an acre in a couple of generations. Yet, we have no commercial forests, despite the rapidly increasing price of lumber. Afforestation on any extensive scale is impossible under our present tax laws. The legislature has granted exemption in certain cases for a limited period of years, but this applies only to the early year in the growth of forests, when the timber is of little value and the taxes would in

any case be light. After the period of exemption the growing crop of timber is subject to taxation at its full value in each year at the full local rate.

Since the crop requires forty, fifty, or sixty years to grow, it follows that if the present laws were enforced, timber would have to pay thirty, forty, or fifty taxes before it is brought to market. The interest on the taxes paid in the early years of the growth of the crop amounts to almost as much as the taxes themselves.

The Forest Service of the United States has, for the last two years, been investigating the taxation of forests, and it has come to the conclusion that existing laws encourage the destruction of forests when enforced, and discourage reforestation of lands once devoted to timber, or afforestation of lands that might well be devoted to that purpose.

So much for what has been done, the need for it and certain special ideas that have been advanced to remedy existing evils. What of the opposition?

This has been inconsiderable in so far as open work has been concerned. There has been, however, not a little secret special pleading in secret against the measure. One of the arguments advanced has been that the passage of the amendment would result in the pressure of special interests upon the legislature.

We can best judge of the probability of this, it seems to me, from the experience of the other states around us which have tried it for many years. New York and Connecticut have no restriction at all on the power of the legislature to classify property for taxation and all the States on the Atlantic coast from Rhode Island to Virginia, as well as New Hampshire, Vermont, Minnesota and other western states, permit and practice classification. From none of them has come any complaint of this sort.

Pennsylvania amended its Constitution to permit classification in 1875. Several of the other States have followed it. The commission in Ohio, of which Wade H. Ellis was chairman



FREDERICK P. FISH  
2ND VICE-PRESIDENT

recommended in 1908 an amendment like that which we advocate.

We now permit classification under the excise clause of our Constitution and there has been no pressure for special rates or frequent changes under our inheritance or corporation taxes. The idea that we shall spend all our time in the future quarrelling over rates of taxation is an ingenious suggestion which would never have been thought of had not some of our opponents needed arguments to protect the financial advantages that now accrue to them from the defects of our present tax system.

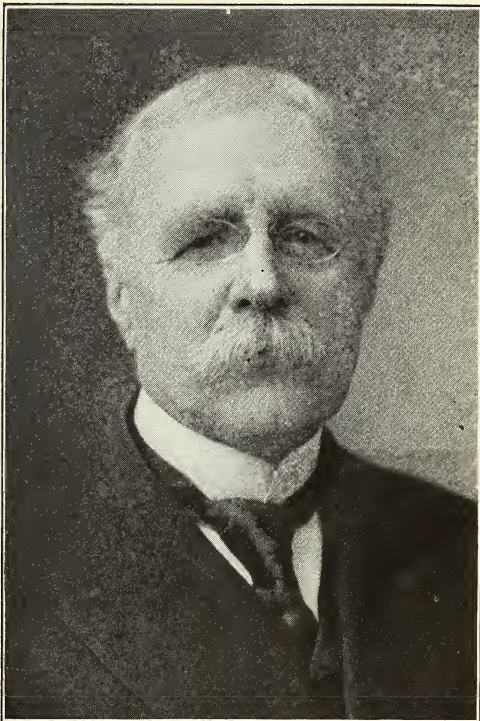
In fact Massachusetts practised classification during the first twenty-five years of its existence, and by this means aided in establishing manufacturing, until a decision of the Supreme Court interpreted our Constitution, which is precisely like that of New Hampshire, differently from the in-

terpretation of that Constitution by the New Hampshire courts. Mr. Nathan Matthews therefore argued that our court had interpreted our Constitution erroneously. But it is idle to debate what the court ought to have decided. To return to our original practice we must change the Constitution.

The need of tax revision is great. It has long been recognized. The demand for revision will be, must be, met—the only question is how soon?

When such as a committee as that which I have the honor to serve as secretary, composed as it is of men representing practically seventy-five per cent. of the capital invested in manufacturing in this State, demand reform, reform must come.

When the Boston Chamber of Commerce with its thousands of members from every branch of commercial life are behind a movement, that movement must progress.



DANIEL D. MORSS  
TREASURER



## THE SUPPLIANT

By MRS. HELEN COMBES

My little girl, whose footsteps fell  
So softly on the winding stair  
Of this old mansion, who can tell  
If to your ear the fervent prayer,  
Which all day long my lips repeat,  
And all night echoes through my heart,  
Is wafted by some magic sweet  
To where you dwell, long leagues apart.

My little girl, whose shining eyes  
Lit the dark corners, warmed the chill  
Of winter; in the lowering skies  
No sun that shines their place can fill.  
Empty the nest, the bird has flown;  
Cold is the hearth, the embers grey;  
One sits, disconsolate, alone,  
And one has gone away.

My little girl, what stately homes,  
What palaces 'tis yours to share  
I know not; word no longer comes  
Of where you go, or how you fare.  
If sweet contentment came to bless,  
Or sorrow is your daily meed,  
I may not share your happiness,  
Or comfort you, if great your need.

My little girl, the pomp and power,  
The rank you craved for overmuch.  
May lose the glamour of an hour  
And turn to ashes in your touch.  
Then let your tired footsteps stray  
Across the land, the ocean blue,  
To where the old house, lone and grey,  
And I still wait for you.

# CHILDREN ON THE STAGE AND OFF

By MARY EDNA LEONARD

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**T**HERE has been a great deal of argument of late to prove that it is cruel to let children perform on the stage. This point of view presupposes both a lack of insight into child nature and a lack of perspective as to cause and effect. But let it be understood that this article is not written with an eye to fostering infant histrionic talent; merely is it a matter-of-fact comparison of one child to another, regardless of environment.

For the protection of the stage child from unwholesome theatrical work I would suggest a clause to that effect in any law concerning stage life, even as

I would like to see such a law for majors—a law absolutely barring the so-called “problem plays” of the day, and all else that in the name of art (a cloak often for Mammon) is anything but an influence for good.

The dramatic instinct of childhood has for many years been the basis of education. In the home the mother instinctively dramatizes the toes of her darling as “This little pig went to market,” etc. Later he sits on father’s foot, “Riding a cock horse to Banbury Cross,” while sister, just out of the cradle, plays mother to her doll—a kind mother, if that has been the mirror of



THE FARMER IN THE DELL





LEONIE AND VIOLA FLUGRATH AS MIMI AND  
HENDRICH IN "RIP VAN WINKLE"  
WITH THOMAS JEFFERSON

life held before her vision, or a spanking one if of the other type.

Vivid scrolls of paint on the artistic dull walls of mother's house executed by the little "painter man," who thinks "won't she be pleased," is an interesting but devastating example of creative instinct gone rampant. Wise is the mother who sees behind this havoc with the eye of love, and finds a legitimate outlet for such dramatization rather than chastise with the cast-iron hand of a legal justice which sees neither "backgrounds" nor "foregrounds." The dual personality of "painter man" and "mother's sunshine" comes partly from the inborn dramatic instinct; he is and he isn't. It is here that Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten, struck the educational gold vein—organized play.

In the kindergarten, play based on the dramatic instinct—play with blocks—play with paint and paper—play with clay—play with scissors—all give

him a chance to express himself dramatically; maybe the blocks don't look like barns; maybe the paint doesn't appear to represent a flower; the clay seems unlike a doggie and the work with the scissors is hard to reconcile as a pretty lace dress, yet still they are getting acquainted with life. Then, again, this dramatic, creative tendency is led by suggestion to further resemblance of the things created. Take the "game period," where through organized play the children become acquainted with social activities and their relation and interdependence one to another, such as games of blacksmith, cobbler, postman, etc.; all these show the dignity of labor, while at the same time the infants have a chance to be carpenters, postmen and the like.

The depth of the dramatic instinct is sounded when a child can in sympathy impersonate a nodding flower or a hopping sparrow. Then it is we know



LEONIE FLUGRATH AS LITTLE HAL IN "THE  
SQUAW MAN" WITH WILLIAM  
FAVERSHAM



LEONIE AND VIOLA FLUGRATH

that they unconsciously sense the unity of life, while we in paths of sophistry have strayed afar.

Again, this principle is the cause of playgrounds with their sand gardens. Statistics show that in neighborhoods where broken windows abound the introduction of sand gardens as a suggestion for play has reduced the work of glass breaking to a minimum. And why? The children have a chance to

play and nearly every phase of play is dramatization *ad lib*. Mountains, hills, streets of sand, are made in play, but would they take if the imaginative element were lacking? Here the old-time "farmer in the dell" holds the "audience," and each is standing spellbound when "the farmer takes a wife, the farmer takes a wife," hoping to be the chosen one; also, even when the "dog takes a cheese, the dog takes a cheese,"



it is the spontaneous thought of every child, "I bony to be it!"

Yes, and the schools and the lower grades are having impromptu dramatizations of reading lessons, where the wolf comes and eats up Little Red Riding Hood, *et ceteras*. While up higher

ing a dramatic club? A horror, a pollution, some think (those types who think they think), but foreseeing ones know where and why they work. There are many reasons why they believe in these clubs aside from the dramatic appeal; the social element, the concen-



GROUP OF OLDER CHILDREN, DOROTHEA DIX HOME

the children are getting ready to be Hamlets, Ophelias, Othellos and Dessy de Monas, the programme reading, "The proceeds will be given to the library fund."

And what is this? A settlement hav-

tration, co-operation, mental alertness needed are a few of the reasons for such clubs, aside from the interest awakened in getting money to enlarge "our clubroom." In other words the Glied-Ganzes (member whole) thought

which manual clubs, etc., do not foster because the work is more individual (the interest often dangerously abetting selfishness) is one of the strongest reasons for dramatic clubs. They must work together, to think of the good of the whole, and when this is carried out in giving plays in which the earnings are given to the settlement they have escaped the pitfall of self-complacency, which, having one plate of soup free, wants the whole tureen—and I speak from wide experience in club work. The dissatisfaction of the habitual charity recipient is well summed up in the playroom child who, when given the week-end bunch of flowers, said: "Snippy bunch." And why? She was used to getting, getting, getting, thinking of self, self, self. No matter how poor the children, you injure them if your would-be kindness does not help them to think of others. And that is why the dramatic club with its sniff of the tattered and torn stage atmosphere is doing so much good.

You can't lose that dramatic instinct. It bobs up even in churches, for isn't the play ousting the fair when funds are needed? The "committee" knows how to interest the young people and get the audience together.

### The Children of the Stage

Now we come to that phase of life called "the stage," as if it was a labeled wild animal on exhibit and the workers there equally curious and different from house cats.

You often hear people saying with a sad, sad nod of their sad, sad heads, "She's gone on the stage." Why not say in the same key, "She's doing housekeeping," or "He's selling papers"?

It is the same with the children working on the stage: they are regarded as a thing apart from childhood. This fallacy,—that the stage child stands apart from all other children, only goes to show how little acquaintance some have with childhood in general. To put a human being in a class by themselves is to deny the universal power which is responsible

for our coming "we know not where nor how." A stage child is as like any other child, as one pebble another. Like pebbles some are rough, some are smooth, some have blemishes, but all are pebbles in spite of classification, the environments and past eons tending to mar or polish. A home child can be neglected, spoiled or understood, and like the stage child responds when the right chord is struck.

That it is natural for any child to act, I think I have clearly shown, the dramatic worth of such acting depending upon the imaginative development of the child. It is the symbolic age, mirroring the childhood of the Race, which must become acquainted with life, and so express itself through rhythmical action and dramatization."

To give a concrete illustration of this fact, let me take the Flugrath children, so well known as Jefferson's able supporters in Rip Van Winkle, with whom I have worked and know intimately and so can pronounce most normal children. Take Leonie, the little Weenie of the cast, if Mr. Jefferson felt obliged to reprimand her, he had only to say "I'm afraid I'll have to take your part away from you" to restore harmony, for Leonie would weep copiously at the mere thought of losing "her part." Is that cruelty? And that is the universal feeling among stage children. They love to "play parts" and the psychological physician admits work done lovingly never injured anyone.

If a kindergarten of stage children were to be established the teacher would be in ecstasy, for the responsive chord is tuned aright. Many a time have I sat with the Flugrath children telling them wondrous fairy tales and finding in their faces a true mate to every expression in my own. Little five-year-old Leonie, when I went to see her last, stopped bouncing her rubber ball to tie it carefully to a nearby chair saying, "Now you stay there till I come back," whereupon she gave me an impersonation of the love scene between Faversham and the leading woman in "The Squaw Man," the child



part of which she created when but three years of age. After this marvelous piece of mimicry, she stamped for the "Fido" tied to the chair.

Another illustration of the normal interests of the stage child can be gained by a visit to the Dorothea Dix Home for stage children at 748 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass. At this home, as can be seen in the accompanying photographs, are rooms combining the home and school atmosphere—and surely the children look like children. The most interesting part of this work, showing as it does the broadening vision of thoughtful men and women, is that the president is a Boston clergyman of note, the Rev. Dr. W. H. Van Allen.

The only seemingly plausible objection, in my mind, that the "prosecution" can offer to a child doing stage work, is the change in the hours of sleep. And at this point I can do no better than quote Francis Wilson when he said, "Some people cannot understand any one's being healthy when their hours are arranged differently." That is it; the same as in other lines of work, or thought, it is well nigh im-

possible to believe that the other fellow may be right, too. Alas, even as the Quaker said to his friend: "All the world's a little queer but thee and me—and sometimes—I think—THEE'S A LITTLE QUEER."

But aside from points of view, I never have seen a more healthy lot of children than those doing stage work; and according to my vision it is because back of it all is Interest, Happiness. (But then, perhaps, I, too, am a Quaker.)

If any harm comes to a child on the stage then one can see it is not merely through playing parts. Then what is it? It is simply this, outside influence, influence which, as I have said, is in any home, any school, any place. Take a stage child carefully supervised as to outside life, associates, lessons, naps, etc., and as anywhere in life they are secure.

As to the effect on the audience, it is purifying in the extreme, giving tone to the whole atmosphere,—hardened faces relax and all sit back in sweet peace, for except as you are as a little child, you shall not enter the kingdom of happiness.

## IN THE STORM

By KATHERINE DE FORD DAVIS

A Valkyr I,—as I roam the cliff  
Through a sullen sunset glow;  
And O the salt sweep that stings my cheek,  
And the thunder of surf below.

My heart leaps against the surge and roar,  
As I lean to the charging foe;  
And the fierce delight of a furious fray  
In this gale-swept hour, I know.

Defiance I fling in the tempest's teeth,  
While the blast goes shrieking by,  
With victory's thrill I tread the storm,—  
A conquering Valkyr, I.

# THUMB-SCREWS OF HEREDITY

By AGNES B. CHOWEN

AT the upper end of the table the talk was all about the king and his two grandsons, who had gone across the bay to meet the father of the boys, Crown Prince Philip, returning from a tour of the continent. Arnold, the king's second son, had preceded his father and nephews by a few hours in his own yacht.

"It is the children's first experience on the water," her majesty was saying, with an uneasy glance out of the window into the black night, where an occasional hiss of wind sent a tremor through the ivy leaves. "If the storm breaks before they land, it may prejudice them against a calling for which their father and grandfather have much love."

The Countess Amalia laughed. "Children and animals rarely suffer on a rough sea. I dare say the boys will enjoy a tossing immensely."

It was to be a happy occasion, this return of Philip, greatly beloved in the realm. While discussing the festivities the guest at the queen's board frequently glanced at Margaret, opposite her majesty, taking little part in the conversation, and not in the least betraying to their curious eyes her feelings with regard to the home-coming of the heir to the throne, her cousin.

Facing Margaret sat Frederick, step-brother to Philip, a trifle pale, and far more distracted than she. He was listening with apparent interest to the conversation between Count Brun and his neighbor, but rarely did his eyes leave Margaret's face; and in spite of the distance which she had put between him and herself, she lost not one word of his. But her eyes persistently evaded him, till, driven desperate by hunger for one reassuring glance, he raised his voice so that she must hear, and there was bitterness in it as he said:

"You are mistaken, my dear count. Personal experience convinces me that the woman does not live who would not sacrifice her heart,—and any other heart,—for the crown." He was not even thinking of the man to whom he was speaking. At the words, Margaret's heavy lids slowly lifted and her eyes met his for the first time in a flash of reproach. Then deeper pallor and a look of keen suffering came over her, and involuntarily her hand went to her breast. Whispering something to her neighbor, she sent an apologetic glance toward the queen and quietly left the room, her handkerchief to her lips.

"One of Margaret's coughing spells," her majesty compassionately explained. "We please her most by ignoring them."

"It isn't surprising that she coughs," the countess asserted with asperity. "It is a wonder that she's alive at all. Yesterday, while we were visiting the poor and sick, we again found her by the side of that young student who is dying of consumption. She was caring for him and studying his malady as though she were a trained nurse. Her rooms are littered with books on the subject, and sometimes I surprise her poring over them till daybreak."

Frederick sat in mute and rebellious agony, seeing nothing save the pain he had called to Margaret's pale face, burning to be away, far away in the dark and threatening night. The meal seemed endless. His smiles were travesties, his attention awkwardly shammed. When finally released he fled to the garden and his eyes eagerly sought her windows. A shadow was passing slowly to and fro.

"She'll never forgive me—never!" he miserably cried. "She won't even permit me to tell her how deeply I despise myself for that cowardly thrust. I am



a brute!" He wiped his forehead and hastened on. With all his feeling of repentance there was something of a new yearning joy; for, in spite of everything, she cared. Did she care for him, or only for the hurt in his words? He did not know. He only knew that he must implore her forgiveness, humbly, compellingly, on his knees. Of late she had a way of remaining unseen for weeks at a time, and always when suspicion almost maddened him. He had hurt her,—had intentionally hurt the frail blossom in whose mere appearance was an appeal for protection. If she would only give him one little chance to wipe out the hateful words!

His quick step led him, as usual in such circumstances, to the Grecian pavilion in a remote corner of the vast park. He needed the isolation, the calming effect of solitude. The heavens were coming even lower, and again a menacing rumble rolled over the sea, causing him to draw his cloak closer, though the night was oppressive. He reached the pavilion. At one of the tall pillars stood a white, ethereal figure, resting its head against the stone. His heart leaped with a sharp shock and seemed to stand still. In an instant he was there.

"Margaret!"

"Yes, it is I," she softly replied, and he sank on the step and drew her hand to his lips.

"Forgive me, forgive me," he chokingly stammered.

"Your wish to hurt was cruel," she gently reproached him.

"I was mad with fear, with jealousy. You have avoided me so persistently of late, and have given me not even a crumb of hope to keep me from desperation. When Philip comes you will be with him again—always with him. He loves you."

"Not in the way you think."

"I think only as everybody else in the realm thinks," he spoke fast and hoarsely. "My widower half-brother can afford to marry for love this time, having made a diplomatic marriage before. The people worship you, and already look upon you as their next

queen. Think how my love would be ridiculed, spurned as presumptuous, if it were known. Pity my misery, Margaret. Philip loves you; everybody knows why he is returning from this triumphal tour without bringing a bride from elsewhere. Do you love him, Margaret?"

"I pity him more."

With a jubilant bound he was beside her, bending yearningly over her. "Then why do you avoid me so cruelly—now?"

She waited, apparently struggling with her answer. Then, with a resolve of which he little guessed the cost, said, steadying herself as well as she could, "I avoid you, Frederick, because—I'm afraid of your love. I hoped never to hurt you with this disclosure, but our every meeting convinces me that there is no alternative."

Her voice trembled in spite of her, and his arms went out to her, but she put him away bravely and went on: "Soon after you showed me your heart, Frederick, Dr. Mann warned me never to permit myself to love any man better than my judgment, because—the disease that has cursed our family through many generations of intermarriage is showing its talons here, too." She laid her hand on her breast, and, as though she had forgotten him, stared into the illimitable darkness.

He took both her hands firmly in his, and she bent to their comforting strength like a frightened child. "You can't imagine how I felt, Frederick," she huskily whispered. "Life, happiness, you, the future, all snatched out of my reach, pulling my heart-strings in agony after you. Ah, Frederick, sacrifice and resignation are beautiful in the abstract, but impossible at the threshold of life. Often when you accused me of hiding I was away in other cities consulting great physicians, because Dr. Mann wanted me to. The verdict was ever the same—I had inherited the curse. Dr. Mann also wanted me to see the great American doctor who is now only an hour's ride from here; him they call the wizard, who never mistakes, but after one glance consigns people to life or death.

But I was not equal to that. It would be like lowering the lid on my own coffin. Ought I go?"

He drew her to him and passed his hand soothingly over her hair. "You ought to banish all doctors, all medicine, from you forever. Our lives will be measured by happiness, not by years, and they shall be very full. There shall be no sacrifice for a mistaken principle." She clung to the lapels of his coat with a shiver of delight.

"I've been so frightened," she awesomely whispered. "Why, it nearly maddened me to find myself, without warning, set aside for the grave. With every hour of horrible isolation the longing to be happy seemed to increase." Her head sank to his breast. He folded his cloak around her in a manner that defied the world.

"You must fight, Margaret. This depression is only part of your indisposition."

"I have fought it. I have rebelled, struggled, wept, implored, used all known remedies, and tried to hurl it from me by my right to live, but all in vain. The slow eating away of my life continues in spite of my opposition and prayers. It is bitterly cruel to be chosen by death so early; to know at the very beginning of life that it will never be yours to taste full maturity,—the happiness of home, the love of husband, the rights of womanhood, never to hold a child of your own in your arms, never to——"

He drew her head back to his breast. "Dr. Mann is one of the many self-sacrificing but deluded uplifters of the human race," he said, a mountain of strength in the assurance. "He deals with material things only, in his zeal forgetting that there must be a far more just dispensation in the general scheme of the universe than substituting a curse for the birthright of the blameless. My frightened love, you know that we live more than one life at the same time. Why let the purely physical triumph? In the better,—the life of mind and soul, you are mine, and you must come to me."

"Ah! if I dared," she breathed, dreamily.

"There is nothing to dare." He tried to lift up her face to his, but the act brought back the full realization of the truth. She put him away with an alarmed:

"No, no! It would be a sin,—a crime against mankind, a crime against you, my superb, my strong Frederick, destined for great things."

"Destined for nothing save our love. What has mankind done for us that it should have the right to our happiness?"

"If you should ever be king——"

He laughed outright. "I king, with Philip, Arnold and Philip's two sons before me? I am a mere nothing, barred from the privileges of most men by my birth. Every day tells me that I have a right to nothing save my happiness, and no power can rob me of that when you tell me that you love me."

"We do not agree on your rights," she evasively replied. "The king's affection for you is not disguised to me, he——"

"He proves it rarely," he intercepted, almost vehemently. "To-day I hoped as never before to be near him in his joy, to welcome Philip home. But, as usual, I remain behind, looking after them like the stepchild in the fairy tale."

"It needs the strongest, bravest of the family to remain and guard the queen and me," she comforted him. "The king loves you. Don't you know that the sick child of the family has the constant attention of the parents while it lives? We must understand such things by instinct. You need but look upon your brother and nephews with a physician's eye to understand the king's attitude. There are many others of our family scattered the world over, who, at the very beginning of life, harbor this germ of slow decay, against which thrones and crowns are powerless."

"That should not affect us, Margaret. Family marriages will continue down the ages as they have in the past.



Sickly monarchs will wield the scepter without regard to our actions long after we have ceased to be. We cannot, in an hour, bring a revolution."

She stepped back and straightened up, her eyes gleaming. "But we can begin one, in the name of humanity. It is always such excuses, such selfishness, such shifting of the first step, that keeps the race of kings deteriorating. I speak from unshakable conviction when I say that it is an unpardonable crime to bring into the world diseased bodies destined to suffer as I have suffered in the last few months, ending perhaps in insan——"

He threw his arm around her shaking form and placed one hand over her lips. "My heroic conqueror of the impossible! You are mine. I am yours. Nothing on earth matters beside that. We have our own little world to live in and our love is its axis. Margaret, set duty and morbid brooding aside and tell me straight from your heart that you love me." He removed his hand and bent low to her lips. "Answer from your conscience, Margaret."

"I'm afraid," she cried, trembling. "I can't! Not now,—it would be a——"

"Listen, Margaret," he whispered, hoarse and impassionate. "I am nothing without your love. It can make at least a man of me. It is my all in life. Do you love me?" She shrank closer to him, weeping and pleading.

"I have said enough, Frederick. Don't burden my soul with more than I can answer for hereafter." But he remained merciless.

"You must speak the words that mean my recreation; that will enable me to show all the world that there are better things than being a king. Do you love me?"

Silence cloaked a fierce chaos of yearning. He waited. In a few minutes she lifted her face and it was transfigured with radiance. "Yes, Frederick. So much happiness will I snatch from the very edge of the grave as it gives me to say it. I love you better than anything else on earth!"

"Thank God," he fervently murmured, going down before her and lift-

ing her hand to his lips. "Margaret, will you marry me?"

She clasped her hands across her breast. "Oh, my love, I can't in one minute cede to you all that my conscience has been wrestling with for months," she panted. "I am faint, unstrung. Some joy, like grief, is too much. Give me time to think."

"I am afraid of your thinking," he vehemently urged and then realized her position. "Forgive me, dear. The brutality of man's love will end only with man himself. I shall wait—a little while. For to-night our joy shall be calm as the sea."

She smiled through her emotion, for the hiss of the white-edged waves was mocking his comparison. He smiled also, dreamily, again folding her in his arms, finding it difficult to believe in the reality of the moment. Distant thunder like the funeral march of the elements rolled nearer, intensifying the depression, and in the silence that followed, the universe seemed to have stopped breathing. Presently a serpent of fire shot from out space and all the leaves began to shiver, while tall tree-tops bent earthward.

"The storm is upon us," she whispered. "We must go."

He held her close till the restraint broke and large drops fell with warning slowness. She hid her face. "I'm afraid of electric storms," she whispered, and he yielded. With one arm around her he led her slowly, very slowly, toward the palace.

They had hardly reached the shelter of the hall when the monster so long preparing burst in a shrieking fury, and in a twinkling the buildings, the garden and the sea were wrapped in chaos. After a brief good-night she hastened up the stairs, white-faced and eyes to the window. At the first landing she remembered, and looked back to him. His eyes brought her to the balustrade, and she let her hand down for a last touch. He pressed it to his face and again all the world was forgotten. A tremendous report shook the building and in terror she fled.

He remained as she left him, his head

against the rail, a turmoil beneath his rigid exterior. The storm was unlike any he had known, and he was no longer thinking of himself. The next crash brought down the chapel spire. He did not move. He was listening tensely for the repetition of a sound that had nearly overcome him even while his eyes were smiling reassurance into Margaret's. In his mind he could see a stately ship tossed about like a chip in an eddy—one moment almost completely submerged, the next shooting upward, whirling, spinning, plunging madly, hopelessly. All along the coast jagged rocks were waiting for the frail playthings of man.

Again the low boom of a gun vibrated on the hurricane, holding him spellbound, but only for a minute. He hastened away. The wrath of the heavens beat fiercely against him, but he managed to make his way to the water, and with the aid of a dozen brave men launched a boat toward the signal of distress. Other crafts of all sizes were already under way, but few of them returned. Man's power was as nothing at all. The night gave a page of horror to history.

In the first gray light of day Frederick re-entered the palace pale, bewildered, bloody, and leaned against the mantel of his mother's room without speaking. The queen left the window where she had watched through the night, and paced to and fro in white abstraction. "I am glad that you, at least, have returned, my son," she said in the voice of almost a stranger. "You know—you have heard all?"

He lifted a restraining hand. "Don't say it, mother. Not yet!"

She stopped before him, her rigidity melting to undemonstrative but loving compassion at the proofs of his night's work. "There's nothing to be gained in denying the truth, my son," she softly said. "Human emotions have no weight beside this decisive stroke of fate. Frederick, you are king."

He winced. "Not yet, mother," he pleaded. "Not yet."

"Yes. The confirmation came two hours ago."

With a look of terror he started for the door, but she held him. "You are going to—her?" she asked.

"Yes."

"It will avail you nothing, my poor boy. As obscure Prince Frederick you might have won; as king, never."

"Then, before heaven, I shall never be king!"

"Oaths cannot change the dictum of destiny," she replied, taking his hand and leading him to a sofa. "Sit down. It is hard for you to submit to me in this moment, I know; but in justice to her you must first listen to what I have to say, as my views are shared by her. You have lived care-free and lightly, my boy, because I wanted you at least to be happy; but now, in a twinkling, a power greater than mine, yours or Margaret's has lifted you to the head of a nation and all is changed. You know how it stood with your half-brothers—physically. Is it mere chance, think you, that a whole family of kings, decaying at the core who would have continued the canker down the line to imbecility, are wiped out in an hour; and you, strong, young, the first fresh blood in many generations, mentally, morally, physically a thousand times more fit to rule than they, are placed in their seat? No. It is the wise ordering of Fate, Providence; call it what you will. Your mission is to be the first regenerating force in a realm of kings. You can't fight predestination, my son. You are a small but very important factor in the onward march. You must wed foreign blood. The individual must efface himself for the benefit of the masses. Kings are kings in their deeds. A responsibility which you cannot shift here or hereafter is yours. You must submit."

He had grown very white under the words. Perspiration stood heavy on his brow, and he appeared to be staring into another world. "Mother," he said, "I see all,—the great world, the mighty call, the right of the blood, the insignificance of the individual. Still I swear that, whether king, prince or pauper, I shall call no other woman wife as long as Margaret lives."



She started. "Don't put it to her *in that way*, Frederick. There's a depth in that frail frame which you, with all your love, have not sounded. Now go, and be gentle with her."

He went. In the princess' ante-chamber the Countess Amalia stopped him. "She's still asleep," she anxiously whispered.

"When did she retire?"

"Immediately after the awful news came. The shock nearly prostrated her and she bade me, under penalty of her greatest displeasure, not to disturb her till noon." He strode past her and thrust the door open. The rooms were empty. The bed had not been used. A look of crushing anguish came over him as he hastened away, and for hours the affairs of the kingdom were at a standstill in the search for the missing girl. At noon he returned, haggard and hollow-eyed.

"Any word, mother?"

Silently she handed him a paper, her hand shaking even as his as he tore the wrapper and read:

"My Frederick: The horrible truth reached me first, telling me we must never meet again. Blindly I fled from the palace, seeking some refuge in which to think. Chance brought me to

the station as the fast express was pulling out, and I boarded the train, where, in a hidden corner, I tried to plan self-destruction. Forgive me. But within me all was turbulent chaos, shot through with the cry, He is king! He is king! When the train made its first stop I left it and walked up the streets of a strange city, not in the least knowing where I was going, but conscious that a power far greater than my will was leading me. I entered a large building and came to myself when I stood face to face with the great American Wizard. Then my strength left. With the remaining remnant I poured out my story and waited for the death thrust. He smiled gravely, as all the others had, but when he took my hands it was life, not death, that passed into my veins from his touch. 'Poor child,' he said, 'they have almost succeeded in frightening you to death. There is no trace of the disease whose shadow has tortured you. You will conquer this stubborn, strength-usurping cough, and then after a slight, a very slight, operation will return you to the world as strong and well as any woman of your physique walking under the heavens.' Oh, my king! It isn't a dream. It is the truth! It is God!"

## THAN HAPPINESS HIGHER

By ARTHUR POWELL

Beauty is but a breath;  
Love is a loss turned gain;  
Happiness is a death  
That wakes to a sense of pain.

If only that breath be mine,  
If only I feel Love's knife,  
What need of the poppy-wine? . . .  
Thrust. Love!—I have lived my life!



## THE GREAT SUMMER IMMIGRATION

After a fine, early start, followed by a touch of sulks, New England has settled down to real summer weather, if anything, a little ahead of the regular schedule. Summer homes were generally opened in May, and the outlook for summer travel New Englandward is very bright.

Beverly is one of the first points to feel the pressure of eager demand for real estate as well as for cottage and hotel accommodations. A deal is reported of property at the Farms, nearly three miles away from "the summer White House" at Burgers Point, in which a Chicago woman paid \$50,000 an acre for land that a very short time ago would scarcely have brought a titlle of that sum.

Not alone along the shore but in the city proper has the coming of President Taft had its effects. Houses near the water front have been rented for months in anticipation of the coming of the President, and Beverly residents who have never rented their houses before will do so this year. Rentals of cottages will be at higher figures than ever and the top figure of \$25,000 may be exceeded this summer.

Newport is rapidly filling up, and is the same brilliant summer social center.

Up Lenox way, also, the summer movement was felt unusually early.

Now that the Jacob's Ladder Boulevard is open to automobilists there is almost a continuous State road from Pittsfield to Boston. Hundreds of tourists make the trip over the mountains every week, and hotel men ex-

pect a big increase in business. The road to Greylock summit was opened early in May.

Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine resorts average a week or two later than those of Southern New England, but the reports indicate that the world's greatest summer recreation ground is more appreciated with each passing season.

This mighty annual influx should be turned to good in more ways than one. Not only is it a great financial asset, that it is, and as such should be wisely fostered and developed. It is also a power for civic improvement and social uplift, and to turn it to account in these ways is one of New England's problems.

## LIVING COSTS AGAIN

The committee of the Massachusetts Legislature investigating the Boston Milk situation were compelled, after a thorough canvass of the situation, to place themselves on record as believing that an increase of price to the consumer is the only way out of the difficulties.

Thus again has the "high-cost-of-living" been found to be the result of conditions not alterable by government action. Milk can be cheapened by repealing the sanitary provisions for its protection. No sensible person advocates this. Modern sanitation costs at every point: but the increased cost goes into the product as an actual increase of value.

A very important item in costs all along the line, is thus indicated. Modern popular education has raised



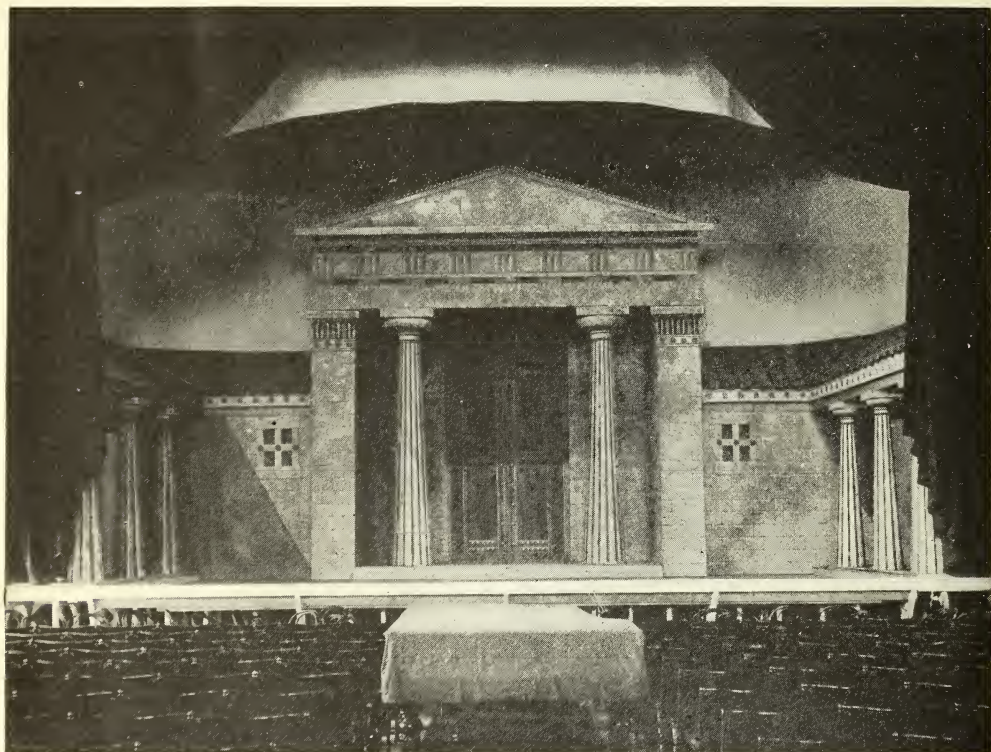
the standard of popular demand. It is no longer possible or permissible to sell goods once freely marketed. Good goods cost money.

Tariff revision is not yet complete—never will be, in fact, as it is a matter for almost continuous readjustment and an expert commission is the real tariff solution—and much needs to be done in the way of breaking up illicit trade combinations. The government is prosecuting both of these points ac-

goods cost more, but they reduce other costs, and the whole situation increases earning power. Let us not forget that the country is very prosperous and become foolishly disgruntled at our own progress and betterment.

#### DARTMOUTH PRODUCES A GREEK PLAY

Of unusual interest among college Greek play presentations is that of the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles on the



NOVEL STAGE SETTING FOR OEDIPUS BY DARTMOUTH STUDENTS

tively and earnestly. But living costs will only be partially modified by any action which the government can take. A general step backward, in culture as well as in prosperity, would be required to change some of the most important elements in the situation. After all, there are compensations. It will take a long, long time for even one doctor's bill to be made up of one-half a cent a quart increase in milk, and so on all along the line. The better

evening of May 20th and June 28th in Webster Hall.

A circumstance which adds peculiar interest to this rendering of the *Oedipus* is the fact that the part of the blind prophet Teiresias, whose warnings form so impressive a feature of the earlier portion of the play, will be taken by Joseph Bartlett of the Senior Class, a student who has been blind from childhood, and who has, in spite of his physical disability, carried his

appreciative study of Greek and Latin through his college course.

The music of the six choral odes will be that composed by John Knowles Paine for the production of the *Oedipus* at Harvard University in 1881.

As to the staging of the play, the following announcement was made in the *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine* for February:

"In the matter of staging a play of Sophocles, absolute archaeological accuracy is impossible. There is not sufficiently definite knowledge of the scenic conventions of the fifth century before Christ. Therefore, one of two courses is open. We may adopt those conventions which have been generally adopted, and have become familiar, in modern presentations of Greek drama; the whole background consists of a more or less elaborate gabled front, modeled upon a Doric temple, flanked by extended wings in the manner of a stoa. Thus there has arisen a cold convention of white marble or grey limestone, laid in courses of rectangular blocks, in a form for which there is no archaeological justification, and without an attempt to suggest the Greek use of color as applied to architectural decoration. The second possibility is to get away from this conventional palace, and create something having the suggestion of habitation and harmony of color. This latter has been adopted, and the palace front on the *Francois vase* has been taken as the starting point. With this have been coupled plans and restorations based upon the palace at Tiryns, and such examples of colored detail as are procurable. From other sources have been taken features that complete the general plan and harmonize with it. The effect produced is that of a primitive palace, fronting upon a courtyard surrounded by columns. In this courtyard the action of the play takes place."

#### SENATOR LODGE

It is a relief and satisfaction to feel that the effort to unseat Senator Lodge has already failed.

Senator Lodge is a power for good,

a man of ability who honors the State and serves both its own interests and those of the nation not only with zeal, but with conspicuous success. His retiral would be inexcusable looked at either from a partisan or non-partisan standpoint.

#### DEATH OF THOMAS E. MARR

The death of Mr. Thomas E. Marr removes from the photographic world a unique figure and one to whose skill the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* has been greatly indebted.

Few issues, in the past two years, have been without examples of his work. In the present number the Trinity Church Interior and the very unusual picture-portrait of Mark Twain are Mr. Marr's work. The *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* is glad to acknowledge the debt which it owes to his artistic skill.

#### NEW FOOTBALL RULES

The Football Rules Committee has become altogether too much given to petty internal politics to do really good work. The results of this summer's session are bad in that the new regulations enormously increase the dependence of the game upon officials, a situation that does not work for genuine sportsmanship. Too much watching, two little manliness. The changes are not in the right direction.

It appears that the story, "An Idyl of the Bottomlands," *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*, September, 1909, was a direct plagiarism of a story, "Pernilla," by "Karl Erickson," (Mrs. Emma Shogren Farman), *Scribner's Magazine*, May, 1890. The story was purchased by us in good faith of an author of supposedly good standing. We greatly regret the occurrence and most cheerfully acknowledge its true authorship. It was a good story and it fooled us.—*Editor*.

#### CANAL PLANS INDORSED

At the convention of the Massachusetts State Board of Trade which was held at the Hotel Vendome, Boston, there were present over one hundred





HOME OF THE PROVIDENCE ART CLUB

delegates from the various trade, improvement and mercantile organizations of the New England States. President Lloyd E. Chamberlain of the Massachusetts Board of Trade, under whose auspices the gathering took place, presided.

Resolutions were adopted declaring in favor of an intercoastal waterway as outlined in the plans of the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association.

The spirit of the meeting was earnest and progressive, and indicative of the new spirit that is animating the business interests of New England.



The Ray Memorial, Andover, has been enriched with a striking portrait group of Joseph Gordon Ray and Emily Rockwood Ray as a memorial to whom the building was erected by their daughters, Mrs. Arthur K. Pierce and Mrs. Adelbert D. Thayer.

The artist chosen to execute this important commission, Mr. Frank H.



PORTRAIT BY MR. FRANK H. TOMPKINS

Tompkins, has produced many portrait canvases of striking originality and power. He is a sincere believer in the possibilities of portraiture as a form of art expression, even to the extent of believing that many of the masters whose program pictures (to borrow a term from the musical critics) are the admiration of the world, are often represented more effectively by their less known but wonderful portraits.

Mr. Tompkins is singularly felici-

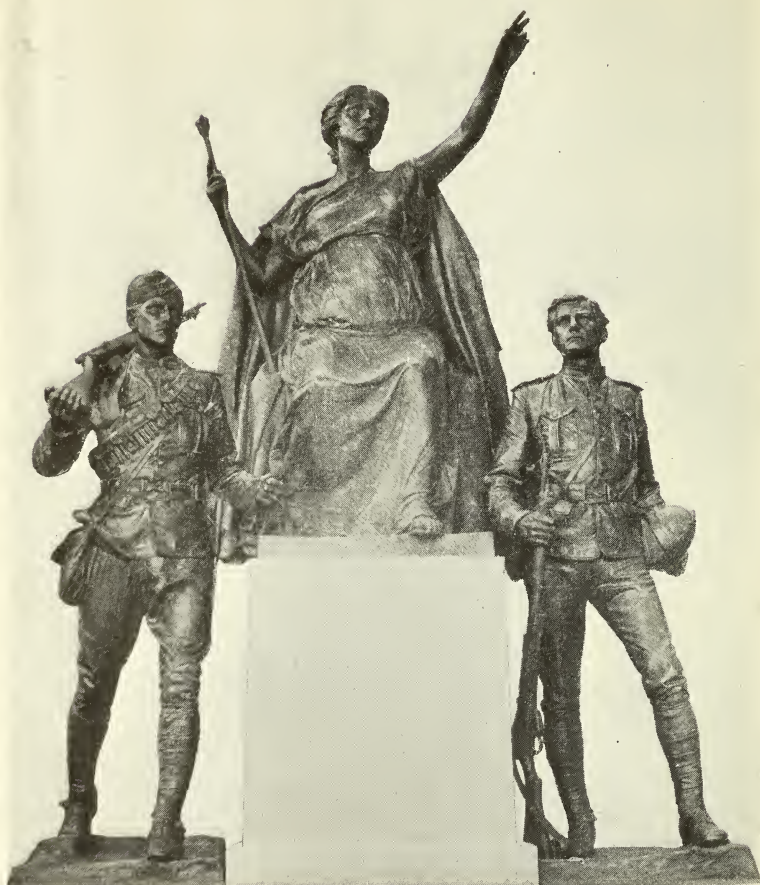
tous in his grasp of the typical in the individual.

He interprets for us the universally human type within the individual, as it reveals itself to his trained vision, nor does the portrait suffer thereby.

On the contrary, it is all the more vital as a portrait—in plain language it is a better likeness of the sitter because of that which it reveals above and beyond him.

So in the canvas which forms the subject of our illustration, the aged





BRONZE GROUP FOR THE SOUTH AFRICAN MEMORIAL, TO BE  
ERECTED IN TORONTO, W. S. ALLWARD, SCULPTOR

couple are given with faithful portraiture. Their friends, the members of their household, the man in the street who knew them, gratefully admit the "speaking likenesses." Even this involves a great deal more than photographic exactness. It means a catching of characteristic expression and its faithful reproduction—character study, in short.

But Mr. Tompkins goes farther than that. The painting not only gives us Mr. and Mrs. Ray in their dear old home, it gives us the homes of our New England fathers and all loving old couples that the stress of time and change have but welded into a warmer

sympathy and closer interdependence.

Then there are the strictly painter's problems of light and shade and color, of flesh tints and luminous edges, of unity, tone and emphasis.

These, multiplied by the severe requirements of a particular architectural setting, are among the demands made on the artist's skill by such a commission as this great eight by ten canvas which Mr. Tompkins has painted for the Ray Memorial at Andover.

This building, which houses a public library and a considerable collection of valuable works of art, is of classical design, and Mr. Tompkins' painting

hangs where it is surrounded with the simple and chaste detail of Greek architecture. The light is subdued, but sufficient, and the painting was keyed by the artist to suit its ultimate position.

The successful completion of so important a commission is a matter of general felicitation, and both the artist and the donors are receiving many and warm congratulations.

### THE PROVIDENCE ART CLUB

The spring exhibit of the Providence Art Club brought together some hundred examples of the work of local artists. The occasion was a society event and afforded an opportunity for the club to extend the hospitality of their delightful home.

Within the four square walls of a quaint old building the artists of Providence and vicinity have surrounded themselves with a veritable artist's dream of imagination—stirring bohemianism. The club-house itself is always a large part of the exhibit to strangers.

Not but that he will be strongly impressed by the paintings and sculpture that adorn the gallery. Much of it is work that must be taken seriously, and that establishes the name of Providence as one of the strong, producing art centers of New England.

### THE SOUTH AFRICAN MEMORIAL

The three figures shown in the group opposite are to be placed on the South African Memorial which is to be erected in the City of Toronto to commemorate the services of the Canadian troops who fought in the late South African war.

It consists of a granite shaft sixty-five feet high, mounted on the top by a winged figure of Peace, which is to be cast in bronze. At the base, the group shown in the illustration consists of three bronze figures, typifying Canada sending her troops to the front. The bronze work is by the Gorham Manufacturing Company of Canada.



The cycle of the days have whirled around until the musical year now is but a reflection. We have one or two new cards to shuffle into the pack for, speaking of opera, Boston and New York are going to play at a new game next year. One ace is missing,—exit, Hammerstein; we are going to have a sort of trade and exchange of honors, as it were, for several of the high spots are going to disport themselves around in a sort of progressive euchre—circulating about between anywhere from two to five cities. I am not sure but that Mary Garden is to be in all four at the same time. The Chicago Opera Company is going to appear at the Metropolitan the latter part of the season; Tetrassini and Renaud will sing with the Metropolitan, and a few other changes. Meantime, the close of the first season of Boston Opera has come to pass, and, between Boston and New York, about three dozen kings, queens and jacks have already crossed the Atlantic with enough good American dollars in their pockets to start an oligarchy. Speaking of Standard Oil or any other monopoly, these jealous, uncouth, irate, and ill-kempt specimens of humanity, otherwise known as grand opera satellites, simply use the American public for the gasoline to run their motors safely into some European garage. Having made the above aspersions, I want to except Mme. Gadski, Mme. Homer, David Bispham, Schumann-Heink, Anton Van Rooy and one or two others. Sometime it would be interesting to try to solve this problem: why is it that every performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra always carries one into a realm of beautiful idealism? Why is it that these Symphonic performances always make us feel in the presence of a *brotherhood* of earnest and devout *artists*? Why is it that opera always evidences such a superabundance of the ego—not wholly because opera necessitates oc-



casional individual display, but, *many times*, because we *feel* out the menagerie aspect of the situation, and in order that no lesser star be blamed for this, let me say that I am thinking of Caruso in his Boston performance of *La Boheme*—a cockatoo, in some poorly done mimicry and occasionally letting loose canary tones which he happens to possess by the grace of God and no fault of his own brain. On this occasion I could have made an equation: this performance (and many others of a more distinctly Bostonese habitat) *are* to a performance of the Boston symphony orchestra *as* a moving picture show *is* to the Greek Classics or a devout religion. It might be summed up in the question: "*What is real art, and who are the real artists?*"

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is really the classic of American contemporary musical art. The best that America has to offer and the best that Europe has to offer to America is what we hear in this hall through the judicious elections made by Mr. Mudgett. And as we listen either with curious interest or with worship to some new or old idol, we realize all too little the debt which Boston's musical public owes to this man who has so faithfully served her for over nineteen years. In Symphony Hall, during the past season we have heard Geraldine Farrar and Olga Samaroff, the pianist, in a joint recital; Mme. Sembrich, in song recital; Schumann-Heink and the new Dutch contralto, Tilly Koenen; Blanche Marchesi, Cavallieri and Olitzka, Teresa Carreno, who always charms,—Kreisler and Elman (to the advantage of Mr. Kreisler), the Flonzaley Quartette, which, by the way, is the highest paid quartette in the country, and one which has really incited a genuine enthusiasm,—Mme. Liza Lehmann, Gustav Mahler with the Philharmonic Orchestra, the Handel and Haydn Society in Bossi's cantata "*Paradise Lost*," the Cecilia Society and the People's Choral Union, Busoni, the renowned pianist, and other artists and artistic productions.

Perhaps the most notable occurrence of the musical year was the appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, of Sergei Rachmaninoff, as composer, pianist and conductor. And a most satisfying and gratifying occasion it was,—for we felt the presence of a *man* as well as an artist and even as you read this perhaps the recurrent rhythmic rocking of those still-born waves in the *Island of the Dead* will come back to you.

The Hess-Schroeder Quartet, the Hoffman Quartet and the Longy Club have each given performances of chamber music. The members of these institutions are all Boston Symphony Orchestra virtuosi. The Boston Orchestra Club brought to our notice music unheard here before, including much that is neo-French.

The Kneisel Quartette gave their usual number of concerts and this year made a specialty of reviewing the last quartets of Beethoven.

Also, there have been many concerts and recitals by local artists. It has been a year full of good things and though seats have not needed to go a-begging, yet Boston can well bestir herself to show her acute discrimination and appreciation of real artistry,—unillustrated,—by a more enthusiastic embracing of her most ennobling influence—the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts.

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Now that the winter's symphonic joys have taken to their shelves for the summer, it is a real pleasure to have a delightful postscript to them, *i.e.*, the popular "*Pops*." The enthusiasm in them increases, and no wonder, for the popular attractiveness of the numbers is a veritable tonic to the early summer languor which we all experience after being surfeited with the winter's intellectualities and strenuities.

June 7th has been chosen as "*Tech*" night and the entire house has been sold out to Technology students, so that the evening will be in the possession of them and their friends. During June there will be a "*Wagner*" ev-



EMMET CORRIGAN IN "THE PROSECUTOR," HOLLIS STREET THEATRE

ening, which is always a favorite happening, an "Italian" evening, an evening devoted entirely to "French" music, and one entirely to the music of Russian composers.

Also, there is to be a "soloist's" night. On this welcome occasion we will have various members of the Symphony Orchestra in solo performance. The violin, 'cello, trombone, clarinet and other instruments heard in solo will make a diversion from the usual ensemble. All of these "nights" will occur during the month of June.



As the summer-closing season draws near, the theatres are lining up with strong attractions that will hold the interest of the public as long as possible.

The Park Theatre is fortunate in the popular favor which attends the performance of "The Man from Home."



At the present writing it has already run for twenty weeks, creating an enviable name for William Hodge, who stars in the role of Daniel Voorhees Pike. Mr. Hodge has a style of his own that gives him a place by himself as a comedian. His work is characterized by a quiet drollery that is intensely American, and the people like it.

In "Mid-Channel," a Pinero play which attracted large houses at the Hollis Street Theatre throughout a two-week engagement, Ethel Barrymore appeared in a role quite new to her. Miss Barrymore has been so generally identified with light comedy work that her success in presenting a deeply emotional part was a most gratifying surprise and gives proof to the great versatility of the actress.

At the end of the Barrymore engagement the Hollis Street Theatre was closed until May 31st, when it opened with Franklin Searight's dramatization of "The Red Mouse," William Hamilton Osborne's popular novel, known in its stage form as "The Prosecutor." Orrin Johnson, Emmet Corrigan, Katherine Emmet, William Owen, Rapley Holmes, Harriet Worthington, and Millicent Evans constitute a cast of as great all-round strength as has been gathered together in many years. The play deals with conditions in a metropolitan city, with its political bossism, and evils of high living. The story revolves around the temptations that beset a prosecuting attorney and the influence of great wealth which comes from marriage before its accompanying responsibilities are learned. There is also a strong vein of comedy running through the play.

Robert Edeson in "Where the Trail Divides" is made the closing attraction at the Colonial Theatre. Mr. Edeson's appearance as a noble redman in this play of his own was watched by the audience with the keenest interest. The Edeson Indian of "Where the Trail Divides" was somewhat rougher than "Strongheart," but, as a type, no less interesting than that popular hero. The play deals with a very real problem of racial intermarriage.

At the Tremont Theatre the "Girl in the Taxi" supplies just the kind of up-to-date musical comedy that always fills the house. Carter de Haven is the most conspicuous of the many good players in the company. The fun begins at the beginning of the play and the movement of the piece is the liveliest imaginable.

At the Majestic Theatre the Charlotte Hunt Stock Company is successfully presenting some of the most popular of recent plays, such as "The Blue Mouse" and "The Great Divide." Miss Hunt is a finished and adroit actress and her company is of unusual excellence.

"Brilliant stage effects, feminine and electrical," is the phrase by which one dramatic writer characterized the appearance of "The Goddess of Liberty" at the Shubert Theatre, where "the Eddie Foy girls" and Howard and Weyburn in popular songs unite to make a very bright musical comedy. This will be the closing attraction for the Shubert Theatre. While the Boston theatres are closing their doors, it is interesting to note the dramatic activity in other New England cities. In this the Keith Stock Companies are very important factors.

Our cover picture this month is a portrait study by a Portland, Maine, artist, Mr. S. B. Matthews, of Miss Marie Pavia, the leading lady of the Keith theatre stock company in that city. Miss Pavia has made a strong impression in the Maine metropolis and her conscientious work in the exacting demands of a stock company repertoire have won warm recognition in a community that in culture and critical acumen is second to none in New England.



#### THE ROYAL AMERICANS

In this story of love and war Mary Hallock Foote has taken advantage of the strange complications which Civil War introduces into the heart of the

family circle to weave a plot of touching interest.

The adventures of Captain Yelverton and his motherless daughter carry the reader through some of the most picturesque groups of Revolutionary times—the Albany Dutch, the Philadelphia Quakers and the men of the New Hampshire Grants.

The author draws her pictures with minute fidelity to truth, with a strict conscience of her obligations as an historical novelist. Her broad, warm, human sympathy illuminates and her workmanlike finish and accuracy command respect for what might otherwise be felt to be a somewhat commonplace story. There is nothing novel, unique or particularly striking in the conception of "The Royal American." But it is so very well done and withal is so thoroughly humane and kindly in its analyses of motives that it is like an old story told by a wise head and that gives a pleasure of its own.

The story will certainly interest the lovers of colonial history as well as those who are simply looking for a good, stirring tale. It is published by Houghton Mifflin & Co., and is sold \$1.25.

#### HOW TO STUDY BIRDS


The Outing Publishing Company

have issued another of Mr. Herbert K. Job's excellent Bird Books. "How to Study Birds" is a very helpful as well as readable book. It is one of those less usual how-to-do-things books which not only tell the other fellow how, but go ahead and show him how by actually doing the thing before his eyes, as it were, so numerous are the examples and so luminous the illustrations.

The portion devoted to photography will be the most helpful to many readers. The practical directions are those of an experienced camera-hunter. The difficulties are not minimized, but the reader is shown what difficulties to expect and given some very helpful suggestions about meeting them.

Those who do not intend to make a definite pursuit of bird-study will still find much of interest and inspiration in Mr. Job's book.

"A series of delightful literary pilgrimages" characterizes the "Excursions of a Book-Lover," by Frederic Rowland Marvin (Sherman, French and Company, Boston). Charmingly intimate and interesting in their manner of expression, these reflections of a most capable and comprehensive author are sure to inspire enthusiasm.



## ~With the~ NEW ENGLAND BOARDS OF TRADE

BOSTON—1915

Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

The committee of the Boston—1915 movement which is working for a Safe and Sane Fourth of July in Boston this year already has issued its circular giving the outline of the plans of the celebration of the Fourth.

The Executive Committee of the Safe and Sane Fourth of July movement, which is composed of Timothy J. Buckley, Robert E. Burke, Timothy A. Butler, Miss Lotta A. Clark, Mitchell Freiman, Edward E. Moore, William Orr and John W. De Bruyn, has sent to the various improvement organizations of the city and many



other societies of Boston, a circular on the celebration of the Fourth of July.

In this they ask each organization to help, and if possible have a float in the parade. These floats, it is wished, should represent some feature in the history of the United States.

The passage of the "less noise" bill by the Massachusetts legislature gives vitality to the movement.

### **BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE**

On recommendation of the transportation committee, a protest of the executive committee of the Chamber of Commerce against the proposed amendment to the long and short haul clause of the Interstate Commerce Act was called to the attention of Congress on Tuesday last by Senator Lodge. The amendment proposes to strike out from Section 4 of the Act the words "under substantially similar circumstances and conditions." Section 4 at present reads as follows:

"Sect. 4. That it shall be unlawful for any common carrier subject to the provisions of this act to charge or receive any greater compensation in the aggregate for the transportation of passengers or of like kind of property, under substantially similar circumstances and conditions, for a shorter than for a longer distance over the same line, in the same direction, etc."

In the opinion of the transportation committee the amendment would work far reaching injury to New England interests in that it would do away with the advantages of rail rates made in competition with rates by water. The resolutions of the executive committee are printed herewith.

#### **Protest Against Amendment**

Resolved: That the proposition to amend the fourth section of the Interstate Commerce law by eliminating the words "under substantially similar circumstances and conditions" is entirely subversive of the present method of rate making in a large part of this country and will tend to reduce the making of rates to a mileage basis.

Whereas: The proposition to amend

the fourth section of the Interstate Commerce law by eliminating the words "under substantially similar circumstances and conditions" is entirely subversive of the present method of rate making in a large part of this country and will tend to reduce the making of rates to a mileage basis; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Boston Chamber of Commerce record its strenuous opposition to this amendment on account of the far-reaching effect it would have in upsetting present conditions and in injuring New England interests.

### **PILGRIM PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION**

In no respect is the result of the enthusiastic work of the Pilgrim Publicity Association more apparent than in the awakening of the newspapers of New England to the general advantage of strengthening the "booster spirit" in the East.

Throughout the last twelve months the association has supplied to the New England press a great deal of material of news value as well as of educational worth and gradually the papers have come to an understanding of the unselfish methods of the association and to work hand in hand with it.

The character of the results accomplished by the Pilgrim board of directors at their weekly meetings, and the importance of the addresses delivered at the monthly banquets of the association, have carried great weight with the press of all New England.

It is not to be gainsaid that much has already been accomplished for the good of the community.

The Pilgrims now number about 350 members, mainly advertisers, advertising managers, publishers, printers, advertisement writers and designers. Each active resident member hands to the treasurer \$15 at the beginning of the association year. This money, together with that received from the non-resident membership dues, \$10 per year, is expended by the board of directors, the only restrictions being that the results shall be in keeping with the objects of the association.

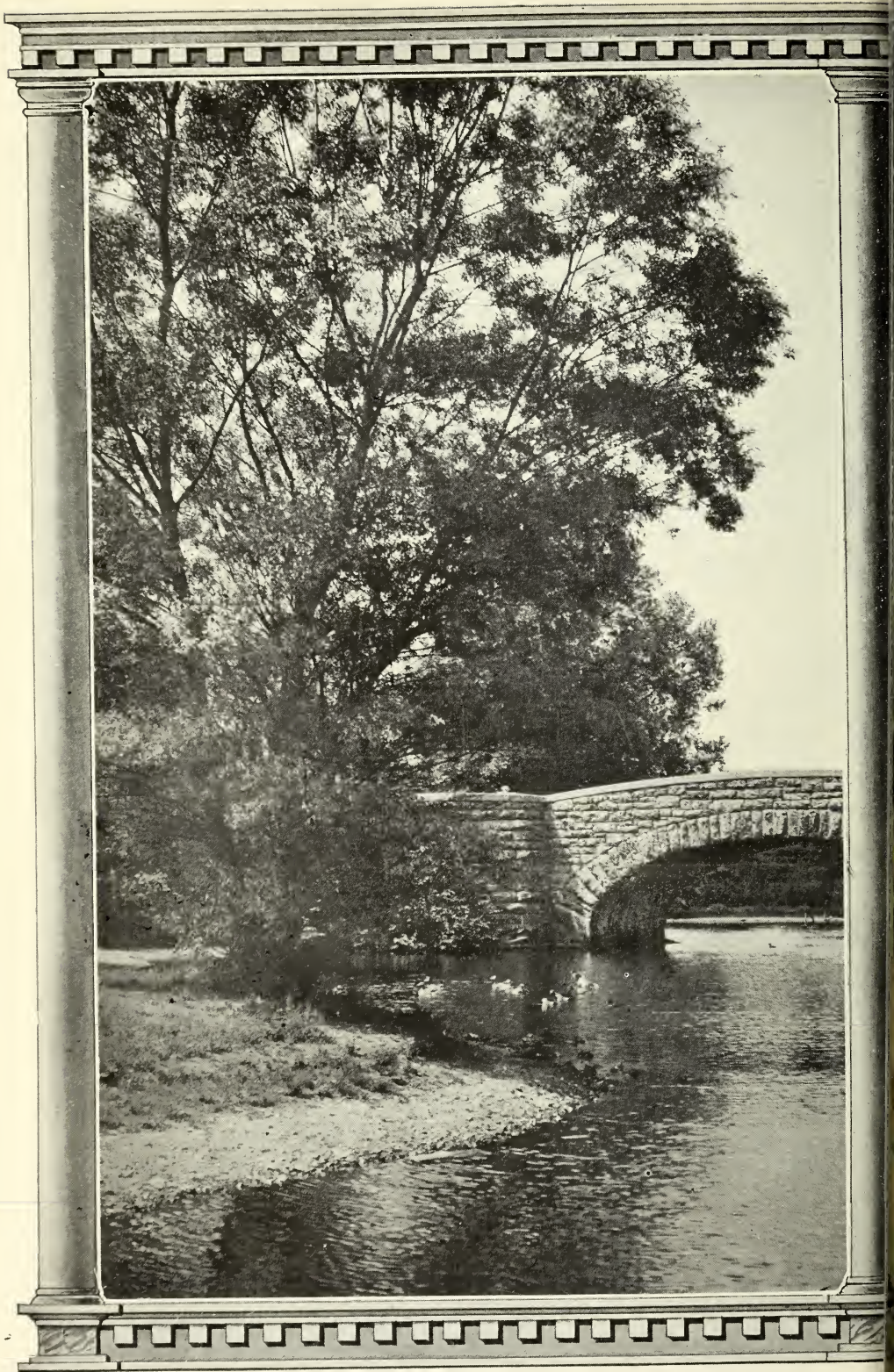


BEAUTFVL  
NEW ENGLAND

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A BRIDGE IN FRANKLIN PARK





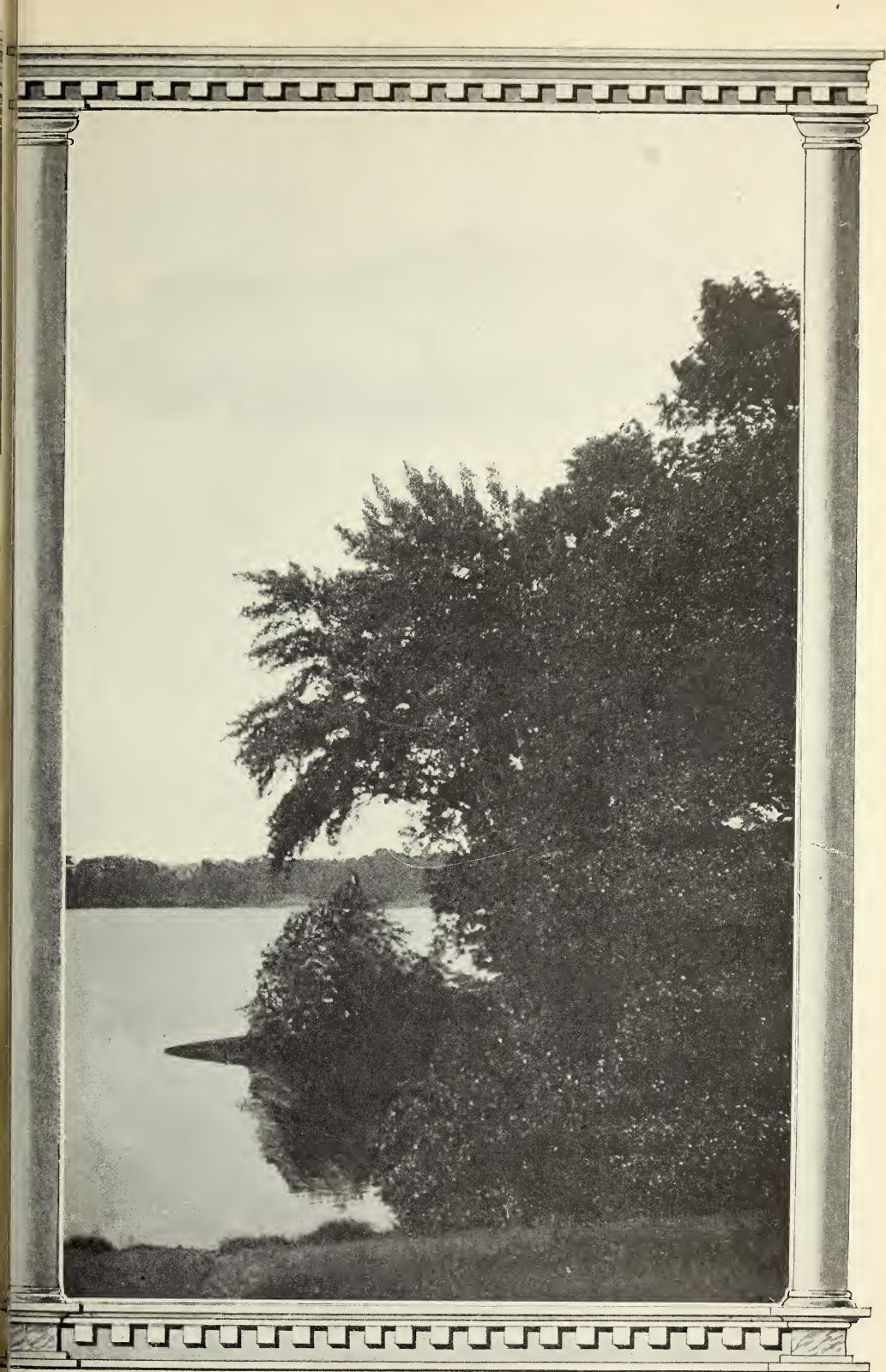
THE BROOK IN THE FENWAY





THE SPRING FRANKLIN PARK





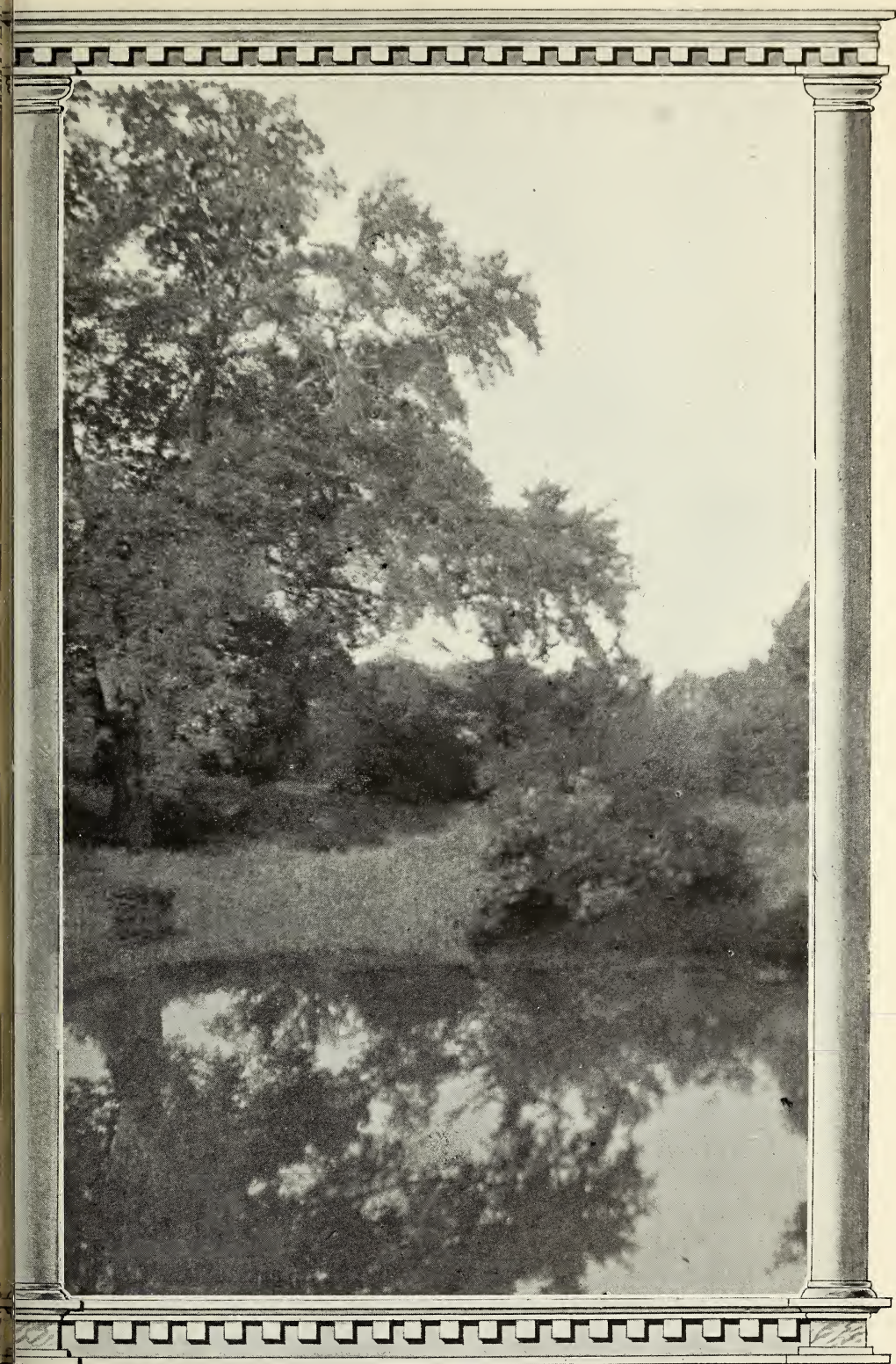
A GLIMPSE OF JAMAICA POND





THE CHESTNUT HILL, RESERVOIR





A QUIET POOL IN THE FENWAY





HONORABLE DAVID A. ELLIS

# NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XLII.

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NUMBER 5

## A DECADE OF SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION IN BOSTON

By DAVID A. ELLIS

*Chairman of the Boston School Committee*

THE great reform of the decade in Boston school administration was the substitution on January 1, 1906, of a school committee of five for one of twenty-four. This created an organization of great potency and led to numerous important reforms. I can hardly hope to sketch them briefly, much less attempt their adequate relation, in the time allotted me. I will, with your permission, do what I can within the limit set.

The new committee began its administration by the abolition of sub-committees, the agencies through which the old board had largely transacted its affairs. This not only resulted in the absolute publicity which now prevails, but necessarily required enlarging the functions of the school officials and strengthening their hands. These officials, therefore, were placed upon tenure, and were charged to a large degree with the duties of the sub-committees of the old board.

The financial department of the school committee was completely reorganized. A board of apportionment was created to divide properly the sums appropriated for supplies and incidentals, and many effective and systematic economies were introduced. Coal is

bought to-day at a price determined by chemical analysis; light and gas charges have been considerably reduced; all purchases are made upon open competition, and many other minor economies have been effected. The main function of one official now is to buy upon proper requisitions. The main function of another official created by the new school committee is to audit the bills, to classify the expenditures, and to act as financial adviser of the school committee. I invite your attention to the annual reports of these two officials. The report of the business agent shows a thorough financial diagnosis of the system. The allotment with precision of the proper amount for expenditure for each item in advance is now under careful study and will soon be available. The school committee has not only handled well the existing appropriations, but has also secured increased appropriations for the public schools.

The schoolhouse custodian was vested with the custody of schoolhouses and with the supervision of the janitor force. The appointment of janitors must be made under civil service laws. The promotion of janitors has been put by the new school committee upon a



strict merit basis. The compensation of janitors has been put upon an automatic basis. All "pull" has been abolished from the field of appointment, promotion and compensation of janitors. I invite your attention to a detailed examination of this system.

The secretary has been vested with various functions of former sub-committees. He deals with all applications for the use of school premises under fair and uniform rules, which have stimulated an extended use of school buildings and of school yards. He enforces properly and uniformly the rules and regulations of the school committee, and a system which was notably decentralized has been brought into close and harmonious relations under proper and uniform rules and regulations.

The whole system has been symmetrically articulated. The superintendent's term of office has been extended from two years to six years, and his powers have in all respects been immensely enlarged. The supervisors have had their term of office extended. Their name has been changed to assistant superintendent and their powers have been greatly enlarged. To the superintendent and assistant superintendent have been transferred many functions of the old sub-committees. Under the old regime the school system was administered by the division committees. To-day it is administered by the superintendent and assistant superintendents. The powers of the principals have been enlarged. They have been vested with the power to pass such legislation, not inconsistent with that of their official superiors, as they deem wise. The power of the average teacher has been greatly increased, and she to-day, through the various councils and conferences, exercises far more influence of a proper type than ever before. The result has been a symmetrical articulation of the school system from the top to the bottom.

The new school committee has accomplished much toward improving the teaching service. It has raised the standards for admission to the Normal

School, from which most of our teachers come. It has made more efficient the work of that school. A model school has been created to give the Normal school pupils practice. A supervisor of practice has been appointed to make this part of the work of the Normal School pupils as effective as possible. A supervisor of substitutes has been appointed to observe and assist the Normal School pupils after graduation and during the period of substitution. An elaborate and well-articulated system for the education, observation and assistance of Normal School pupils has been created. Appointment of instructors has been placed upon a civil-service basis. Comparative merit instead of pull regulates the matter. Entrance to the service has therefore been carefully safeguarded. The new school committee has done much to stimulate efficiency in the service. It has established the promotional examination plan, which makes increase in salary dependent upon increase in efficiency, and not, as in the past, upon the mere ability to live and fill a place. It has created a system of sabbatical years' absences on half-pay for the purpose of rest or travel and study. It has arranged with neighboring colleges for courses for the assistance of the teachers. It has established teachers' reference libraries. It has established a pension system for the retirement of superannuated teachers upon fair pensions. It has established a maximum age for admission to the service as teacher of 40, and a maximum age of continuance in the service of 70. The new school committee has, in short, endeavored to guard the entrance to the service, to better the condition and to stimulate the efficiency of those in the service, and to make possible the decent departure from the service of those whose efficiency has waned.

Great and important changes have been made in the elementary schools. The average number of pupils per teacher has been materially reduced. A decade ago it was 53; to-day it is 44. The course of study has been reduced

from nine years to eight years. This has involved the establishment of a new course of study and the division of each class into groups, progressing at different rates of speed. These have proved reforms of great importance. Considerable attention has been given to the moral development of the children, and in the reorganization of the truant officers' force, in the creation of a supervisor of licensed minors, in the establishment of the disciplinary classes, and in the creation of the Juvenile Court, through the initiative of the school committee, progress has been made in this direction. The health of the children has been carefully promoted. A department of school hygiene of broad scope and of large efficiency has been established. Extensive playground activities have been undertaken. Systematic school athletics have been organized. Advanced courses in physical education have been established. Nurses have been appointed to look out for the physical welfare of the children in connection with the school physicians. Systematic measuring and weighing of the school children for the purpose of studying their growth is being undertaken. A careful study has been made of the health of the children attending the first three grades of the schools by a committee of competent physicians, and their recommendations are being carried into effect. A committee of eminent oculists and electricians have made certain suggestions with reference to the lighting effects in the schools, and the children are profiting from their expert knowledge. Open-air rooms have been established in many schools, and an open-air school has been established in Franklin Park for the benefit of pupils of low vitality. A medical inspector of special classes has been appointed to examine children whose mentality is questioned. Each child in one large division of the city has been examined to see whether it is a diphtheria carrier, and it is hoped that perseverance in this course may go a long way toward stamping out that disease. Finally, with a view to emphasizing more forcibly in the minds

of teachers and pupils the value of good health, a health day has been established in the public schools. The school committee has done much to promote the vocational training of children in the elementary schools. Experiments are being conducted in various parts of the city in manual training, shop arithmetic, working drawing, design, shop work, tool and metal work, textile work, printing, bookbinding, shoe repairing, furniture making, cabinet making, metal working, sheet metal working, silver smithing, hand and machine sewing, cookery, housekeeping and domestic science. A committee on vocational advice has been established, consisting of people within and without the service, to assist the children graduating from the elementary schools in shaping their future careers. While progress has been made in all these advanced directions, the school committee has never failed to emphasize those fundamental studies which constitute the backbone of the public school system.

Great and important changes have been made in the secondary schools. New courses of study have been established. Uniformity of instruction and economy have been promoted by the creation of heads of departments and of instructors, and the better classification of the teaching force which has resulted. Rules have been formulated and put in operation to eliminate from high schools pupils infirm of purpose, and a summer high school has been established to enable those who are deficient in their courses to save a year's attendance. The school committee has eliminated from the high school many of the ill-attended and therefore costly electives. The speaker believes that no part of the school system stands in greater need of reorganization than do the high schools. Each school of secondary education ought to be absolutely definite and of single purpose in its aims. It ought either to be cultural, commercial or industrial, long term or short term, and when the high schools have attained that singleness of purpose greater efficiency at less expense



per pupil will result. Great progress has been made in this direction. The High School of Commerce has been established, a long-term high school, to prepare boys for commercial life. The High School of Practical Arts has been established, a long-term high school, to prepare girls for home-making or for feminine occupations. The Mechanic Arts High School, a long-term school, has been devoted by the new school committee to the single aim of preparing its pupils for industrial efficiency. Purely cultural secondary schools we have always had. Short-term secondary schools have also been established, *i. e.*, the trade school for girls, whose name explains its purpose, and the school of bookbinding and printing, whose aim is obvious. The school committee established a short-term clerical high school, but the lack of funds has resulted in its temporary suspension. The ideal of democracy, the extension to the individual of the best opportunities, has been sensibly promoted in the last five years of secondary school administration.

In the continuation schools the same ideals have served as guides. In the evening elementary schools proper, in the evening elementary schools for non-English-speaking people, in the evening elementary school classes in millinery, sewing, dressmaking and cookery, in the evening high schools proper, in the evening commercial high schools, in the evening vocational high schools, in the evening industrial schools and in the part-time day continuation schools for the wholesale leather and dry goods industries, the new school committee has reorganized and extended its system of continuation schools into a well-rounded and effective whole.

The establishment of the new school

committee has led, in brief, to many reforms whose effects have been far-reaching. The mere bald recital of them has formed the basis of this paper. While their just exposition in proper detail and in true relation to the systems of the past and the present and to the ideals of the future would require many times the space and time allotted me, yet the large effects of the work of the new school committee may be briefly summarized. The whole system has been entirely removed from the field of politics. The most helpful citizens in their particular lines have been drafted for service as advisory committees. The educational, official and financial administration of the schools has been made moral and efficient. The selection, promotion and retirement of teachers, officers and other employes of the school committee have been placed upon the most liberal, progressive and meritorious lines. The welfare of the pupils from the point of view of their health and morals has been materially advanced. The educational opportunities afforded to pupils in the elementary schools, in the secondary schools, both long and short terms, in the evening schools of various types, and in the other continuation schools, have been immensely enlarged; and in all branches—in the old studies which constitute the basis of all public school education, in the higher cultural subjects and in those commercial and industrial fields which have become so important in this age—the public school system of Boston has not only kept abreast of the best school systems in the United States, but has, in some respects, set the standard on this continent. The new school committee has, in short, purified and vitalized the public school system of Boston.





Photograph by Katherine E. McClellan

## LAURENUS CLARK SEELYE

### A CRUSADER IN THE CAUSE EDUCATION

By ETHEL SYFORD

**I**T is the dawning of a day,—a day which is a signal one in the consciousness of nearly five thousand collegewomen. Chroniclers have already recorded this day as a milestone in the progress of a great institution and of American education. To the mind of him who has not been an actor on this particular stage this chronicling will mean the dry array of certain facts concerning educational growth and the association of the life of one man with this growth. To those who have participated in this enactment the chronicling is but an index to various and intimate recollections which will ever be vivid and vital and emblazoned with the influence and spirit of one man.

Chronicling, of itself, is a vain thing. History, of herself and for herself, is but a bloodless figure gazing down a chasm piled high with a chaotic mass of dry bones and gasping facts. It is the *interpretation* of the past and the light which its shadow casts upon the present and future which make the chronicling of things of consequence. Come with me—it matters not whether as actor or onlooker on its stage—and let us reflect; let us interpret the chron-

icling. Let us turn the lock in the door of the Hall of Fame of American education and mark who tread there. Here comes one who was and is world-famous as a scientist; out of the array I see a number whose research and results along certain lines of scientific investigation entitle them to badges of honor. There are those who wear their official gowns well and with refined dignity, who have given much and to whom much is due, but who have *judged* falsely, and who can never erase from their hands the bloodstain of some bleeding individual whom they have crushed in un-Christian and cruellest injustice. There are several who are identified with education in the Middle West in a never-to-be-forgotten way. Others stand forth as associated with certain movements of educational value, and still others by virtue of a significant individualism and its utterance.

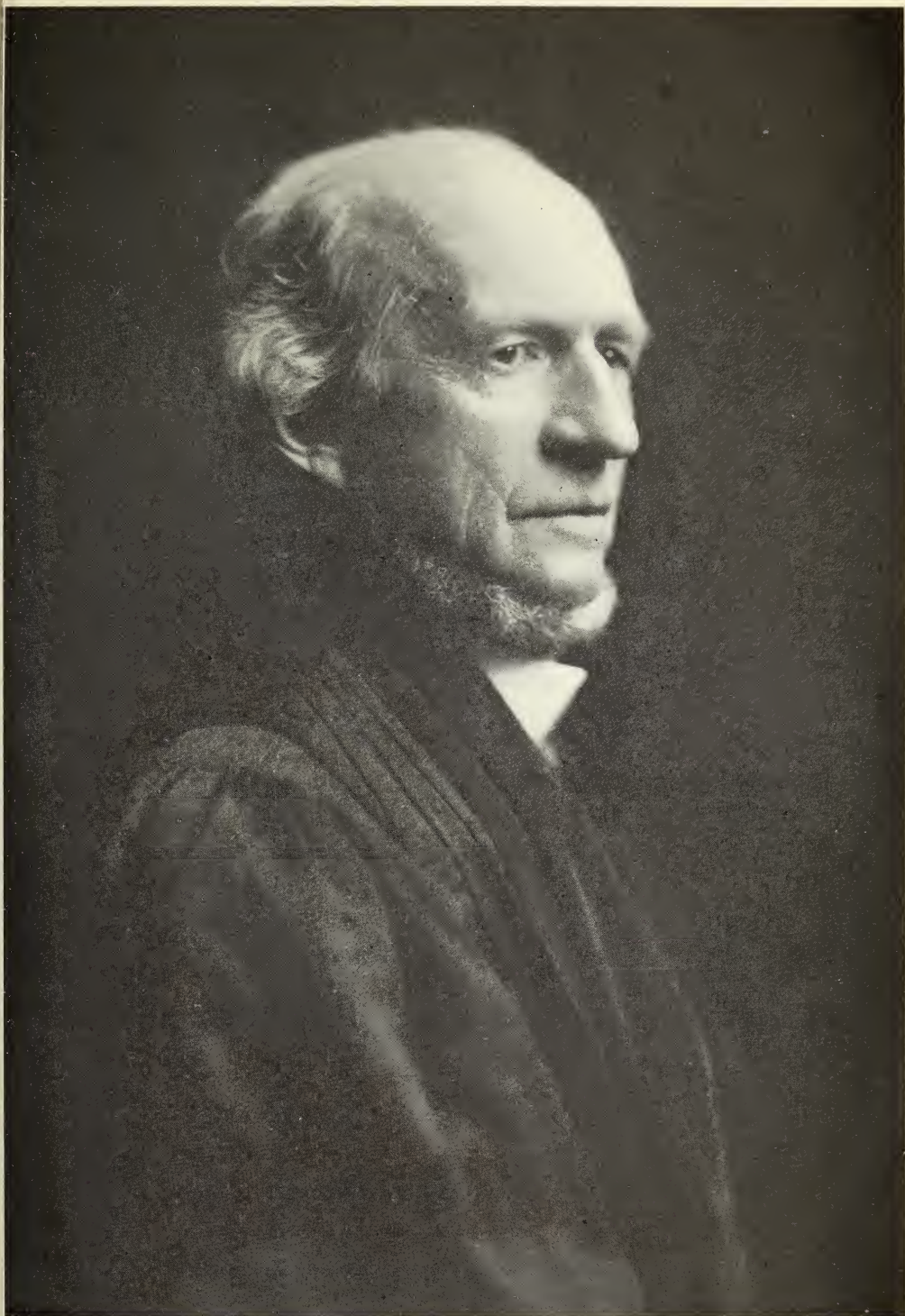
But listen. I hear the voice of an amen,—full-voiced, definitely full of conviction, yet beseeching, soulful, a prayer in itself. There he stands,—a tall, lithe figure, head erect, with the intrepid resoluteness of "Forward,



march!" eyes lit with a far-seeing fire of spirituality, and his mouth set firm with the absolute conviction of its practicability for the fight—and for any fight; his whole countenance aglow with the flush of fearless enthusiasm, now lined with an occasional furrow of unerring sagacity and wisdom, and now lit with a smile that is sympathy and human kindness. Whose is this strangely wondrous face? It is a face full of the things which made and guided Smith College. You ask who he is, and before I could tell you a host over five thousand strong clamored to cry out, "President Seelye"—Laureus Clark Seelye, a fearless adventurer, a crusader in the name of God and of education for women—"the young David," he was called during his pastorate of the North Congregational Church in Springfield, which position he held during a part of his young manhood.

In 1871 he was chosen as the first president of Smith College by a committee which had been appointed to select the head of this institution. The equipment consisted of one building,—the homestead of Judge Dewey,—a fund of over three hundred thousand dollars from the estate of Sophia Smith, and a board of eleven trustees named by Miss Smith in her will. The man who was chosen by these trustees to become president was at that time Professor Seelye of Amherst College. His very first act in regard to the summons was compatible with the sagacity he has always shown in regard to practical problems. He declined the summons. He considered the funds at the disposal of the proposed college inadequate to properly carry out the proper plans. However, he reconsidered his reply and agreed to accept the presidency on the condition that the fund be allowed to accumulate interest to make it sufficient to build the necessary buildings before they actually opened the doors. Accordingly, the doors of Smith College did not open until September 9, 1875. Again President Seelye was far-seeing and insisted that there be no preparatory department, and that the intellectual stand-

ard should be on a par with men's colleges. The same keen sense of values was shown in the manner in which music and art were considered. Schools for women at that time were inclined to either ignore these branches, as in the colleges for men, or to devote a disproportionate amount of time and attention to them, and to ignore Greek and other serious mind training. President Seelye was instrumental in placing music and art as electives of equal rank with those studies with which they were co-ordinated. Furthermore, these "arts" could only be taken by those who were qualified for advanced instruction in them of a *college grade*. When you reflect that even to-day Smith College is unique among women's colleges, and one of the few of *all* American colleges to maintain that it is possible to examine mental attainment through the processes of tones and scales; when you reflect what a sentimental and superficial accomplishment nine-tenths of the music in America was in that day; when you reflect that this man advocated the requirement of Greek for entrance in a woman's college in a day when it was seriously doubtful whether persons of feminine gender ought to be or were capable of being educated; when you reflect that in a day when the study of the Bible was a sort of fearfully wrought, cut-glass rosary which all institutions of learning carried around with them in a perfunctory way, this man advocated the placing of biblical literature in an honored place by the side of other literature, to be studied, not from a theological, but from a literary point of view; when you reflect that it was a time when he who was unorthodox was unsaved, and yet this man was broad enough to forego installing any service which was denominating in character; when you reflect that *in that day* he advocated and urged that the students go forth into the churches of Northampton and identify themselves in the places of worship of their own faith, whatever that might be; I say again, when you reflect upon all these things you understand why he *was* "the



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LAUREUS CLARK SEELYE, D.D., LL.D., RETIRING PRESIDENT OF SMITH COLLEGE



young David,"—a man whose keen sight saw a vision. He dared to believe that vision practical. He was an idealist whose chief characteristic was practical sagacity in material matters. From the standpoint of *that day* President Seelye was a romanticist, an adventurer, a crusader filled with the faith of feminine possibilities,—even a rebel against the fetters of conservatism in education's creed. *All* people of that day believed in femininity as the only thing to be tolerated in persons of feminine gender. A *few* people thought it possible that this species had brains the training of which *might* be profitable. Almost any humble home might have entertained at table the American educators of that time who were *absolutely convinced* that education, in serious doses, could be *safely* administered to persons of feminine gender without serious damage to their femininity. President Seelye dared to stand forth and try it. He drew a line through the sentimental femininity of that day, wrote it crescendo and the "intelligent gentlewoman" has ever been and is the watchword of Smith College. It may be that the results of the Civil War, the rise of democracy, the will of Sophia Smith are the significant causes. It *was* a case of the time and the opportunity, but these might easily have but created a monstrosity, except for the captainship of the right *man*.

In President Seelye's address at the quarter-centennial anniversary of Smith College he said: "The past justifies the affirmation that here, with increasing wisdom, trustees and teachers will continue to seek the best means to realize the highest ideal of a woman's college. Here the body will be cared for as the work of God and the helpmeet of the Spirit. Here high scholarship will be maintained as the pathway to clear insight and sound judgment. Here, refined manners and good morals will be assiduously fostered, that the gentlewoman may never be lost in the scholar, and character may be ever held superior to learning. As expressing still my supreme wish for the future of the college, which it has

been my privilege to serve, and with stronger emphasis in view of its history, I would repeat, in closing, the same words which I uttered at the beginning of its academic work: 'To virtue, knowledge,' is the sentiment upon our college seal. May the time never come when the spirit of this institution shall reverse the order of these words and make knowledge first and virtue secondary." And on down through the years he has steadily achieved this. He has guided without reins. No college is freer from rules and "red tape," and no other college has more consistently maintained individual dignity and refinement, and certainly no college body is as unanimously and lovingly loyal. A member of the faculty recently said: "There has never been a moment, from the day he began with twelve girls, to the present day of sixteen hundred, when he has dropped the standpoint of the individual and handled merely the mass." And it is through this earnest and sympathetic treatment of the individual that he has handled the mass. With what simplicity, tenderness and reverence his words in chapel and vesper service have seemed to reach forth to each one the fervent assurance that the best expression of her self in womanly service to those whose lives she touched should be her effort, her duty, her joy. No matter how small, how insignificant that service may seem to the giver, it is needed, *she* is needed in God's world. Firmly, with conviction and in sympathy, has he placed in the life of every one of the five thousand who have touched his life the assurance of the intense *practicability* of womanly lives of Christian charity and love and service, one to another. If I were obliged to interpret the life and thirty-five years of untiring work of President Seelye; if I were to apostrophize his achievement; if I were to signalize it to the present or to the future as an example, I would do so in these words: *The ecstasy of Christian service*. The best and most that a woman can be is no more than she ought to be. We deserve no coronet for whatever of ser-



Photograph by Katherine E. McClellan

PRESIDENT SEELYE AWAITING ALUMNÆ PROCESSION ON THE STEPS OF SEELYE HALL

vice or duty we accomplish. The fact that we accomplish it is only the signal of some degree of potentiality, and that very *power* implies *duty*. At one time some Smith girls had done a certain thing which was a considerable contribution of service to society. The reporter for some printed sheet or other went to President Seelye for information that he might proclaim the facts. In his quiet and dignified way, President Seelye answered: "Yes; they have done much; and they have *received* much; *but I do not think they have any Christianity to boast of.*"

No senior at Smith College has ever worn a cap and gown. There are no freshmen and no sophomores. The girl who is just entering Smith College is made to feel that she is to be regarded in as respectful and as serious a light as is her senior sister. Rank, degrees and insignia, class numerals and other pigeon-holing devices are to him non-existent. They are all precious lives, whom he expects to help him as he has ever striven to help them, in a common work. Up to a recent time he

knew the name of every one who had ever been a Smith girl. The increasing numbers of recent years have prevented this, but even now he will say, "Who is this girl?" "Oh, she was here —years ago she belonged to the class of ———." "Yes, but I want to know her *name.*" Every girl who has ever been at Smith College feels that President Seelye has a genuine and not a perfunctory interest in seeing her become all that it is noble and worthy that a woman should be.

Simplicity, sincerity and unostentation characterize the happenings in this girls' world as they characterize him. On commencement day there is no blaring of trumpets, no processioning of rank and office paling in decrescendo into comparative insignificance. No one who saw him leading his little grandchildren as he walked from his house to the steps of Seelye Hall, where he was to stand to review the unending line of the alumnae, will ever forget it. He had given them, each and all, the most of himself, and they came forth, thousands strong, to this last



commencement of his administration to show their reverent love and appreciation. I hope I have made you feel that there was every reason for this line of thirty-two classes singing as fervently as they did:

Cheer, cheer, cheer for President Seelye!

Sing as you never sung before;  
For the college as it stands  
He has made with heart and hands,  
And we love him, yes, we love him  
evermore!

This sight and the beautiful occasion of the next afternoon, at which most impressive and heartfelt tribute was paid him by the trustees, faculty and whole body of alumnae, and at which he was made president emeritus of Smith College, were events unparalleled in the annals of educational leadership or by any other evidence of loyalty. President Seelye's achievement is a unique one and this was a unique occasion. These exercises were characteristic of him and of the manner of his administration,—a quiet, heartfelt but dignified and restrained emotion prevailed throughout this whole finale, for he has ever lifted his hand against emotional surging, whatever the emergency.

One of the strongest influences,—an incalculable influence,—has been the morning chapel service and the Sunday evening vesper service, and the disappointment has always been keen when the services were conducted by any one else. He stands there the very embodiment of the spirituality which he utters. Others say in substance the same things, perhaps; some because they believe in them; others because it is meet that young people hear these things; but few of the apostles of Christian faith say them with face so aglow with the absolute conviction of their practicability. He *verily believes* what he said in his baccalaureate address: "In the two comprehensive commandments, thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and

with all thy strength, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, Christ laid the only sure foundations for building up in the individual and in society the noblest life. Where Christian love is dominant, socialism and individualism cease to be, as they frequently have been, rival and antagonistic forces."

President Seelye has been as closely identified with the life of Northampton as any other citizen. In March the Northampton Club gave a dinner in compliment to him as her leading citizen. Few men with so idealistic a vision have been as capable executors or financiers. His reply to the tributes of the trustees, faculty and alumnae on that memorable day was full of his usual humble modesty in his judgment of his relation to what he has attained and his insistence upon the crediting of other forces. One of the most beautiful things any man ever uttered at the completion of any achievement were his: "I am unspeakably indebted to the high ideal of womanly virtue, intelligence and character which I have been permitted to witness from earliest childhood until the present day in my home, which has made it impossible for me to doubt the value of character and refinement and an intellect which qualifies a woman for the highest vocations. 'Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her.'"

He is the king of over five thousand, because he never was their monarch. His spirituality and sagacity inspired faith, and with implicit and unflinching confidence they have ever *taken him seriously*. At times of crisis, when others were filled with rampant decree, he has lifted his hand and said: "It is not for us to *judge*." He achieved the most for the college because to him it was never a tower of Babel,—a mechanism containing a mass, but a fellowship for Christ-like service. He has been, and is, and may he *always* be, the president-spirit of a great fight and a great victory; but he is more—a crusader in the name of education and of Christian service.



Photograph by Shaw, Portland Camera Club

PORTLAND LIGHT

## “PORTLAND 1920”

By CHARLES M. ROCKWOOD

OF the innumerable follies that exercise the human mind, none seem more gratuitous than that of prophecy. The literature of things that never happened is enormous and grows apace. As Maeterlinck observes, the man who could forecast the event by the tenth of a second could break the bank at Monte Carlo.

The future serves us to the best advantage as the abiding place of those ideals whose presence there gives tone and uplift to the work of to-day. Portland 1920—Portland, that is, one hundred years from the admission of the Pine Tree State to the Union, and three hundred years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers,—is a live theme, not because any one is competent to forecast the minutest phase of the least or greatest event, but because there are men in her midst who are working, and working together, with large ideals and earnest purpose. Portland 1920 is a dream city, but it is a dream that exists in the minds of men who are doers and not hearers only of the modern word concerning municipal development.

At a recent dedication of an addition to the city's park system the chairman of the exercises, Hon. Clarence W. Peabody, said:

“A new era is opened by the extension of Lincoln Park into our midst, and the erection at one time of a remarkable group of administration buildings which will make this in architectural grandeur and civic importance one among the notable squares of America.”

The buildings referred to are the new City Hall, the Cumberland County Courthouse and the Federal Courthouse. And to these should be added the tasteful Masonic Temple and the nearly completed Fidelity building, which, although a commercial structure, is an ornament to the city, and gives evidence of civic pride as well as commercial enterprise in the thoughts of its builders. Sentiment is also rapidly crystallizing in regard to the needs of the High School, and a beautiful new High School building in a fitting location is a part of that



dream city which we have called Portland 1920.

In addition to Lincoln Park, which is in the very heart of the business section of the city, the park system of Portland includes the Eastern and Western Promenades, with Fort Allen Park and Deering Oaks Park. The two "Promenades" are broad boulevards, with a wide parking space on one side. They are located on the cliff-like edges of the two hills that bound the city at these points of the compass. From both extensive and beautiful views are obtained of the harbor and its islands, the sea, the surrounding country, and, far to the west, the White Mountain range. Fort Allen Park runs from Eastern Promenade to the water's edge, preserving an ancient landmark and putting the observer on more intimate terms with the harbor and its shipping than the broader view from the more elevated parkway above. Deering Oaks Park is a beautifully wooded park of more extensive acreage. It is intersected by the windings of a fine waterway and is a favorite resort of the people of Portland.

Together, these reservations form a park system of metropolitan breadth, and conceived in the modern spirit of reserving for the use of the whole people the natural beauties of the location.

In the interests of Portland 1920 the city cannot do better than to listen with

respectful approval to the further plans of those who have made so successful a beginning and given already so large an earnest of the beauty of the dream city that is to be.

There are four, or possibly five, principal squares caused by the intersection of streets. Monument square and Longfellow square are adorned with large bronze monuments, one of the loved poet, the other a tribute to the soldiers of the Civil War. The setting of the Longfellow statue at the intersection of elm-arched residential streets is charming. Portland 1920 has nothing to add, but much to preserve and admire in the present arrangement. The Soldiers' Monument is of unusual dignity and beauty. The City of Portland is to be congratulated on the possession of one of the best soldiers' monuments in the country. Situated as it is in the very heart of the business section of the city, its surroundings, practically speaking, must partake of the accidents of commercial development. There is a large square in front of the Union Station and another facing the Grand Trunk Station. These are the two railroad entrances to the city, and they are adorned by substantial and architecturally attractive depots. Otherwise these squares are left quite to themselves, but the eyes of civic pride are on them, and it will be surprising if the dream city of 1920 does



Photograph by Shaw, Portland Camera Club

PORTLAND'S OPEN WINTER HARBOR





Courtesy of the Hugh C. Leighton Co., Portland

STATE STREET FROM SPRING

Strange to me now are the forms I meet  
 When I visit the dear old town ;  
 But the native air is pure and sweet,  
 And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,  
 As they balance up and down,  
 Are singing and whispering still.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

not see them adorned with trees or other embellishment.

There is considerable sentiment in the city in favor of erecting a statue to Lincoln in the park bearing his name, and this may matrialize at any time.

Among the new buildings that will

be a factor in the city of 1920 is the home of the Portland Art Society, a picture and description of which appeared in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for May.

The churches of the city are already well housed, and it seems unlikely that





Courtesy of the Hugh C. Leighton Co., Portland

#### EASTERN PROMENADE

anything new in the way of ecclesiastical architecture will develop in the next few years, unless among the smaller societies on the outskirts of the city.

The steamboat landing is very likely to enjoy extensive improvement. Indeed, it is understood that definite plans are entertained by the Eastern Steamship Company with this end in view.

I think it quite safe also to promise the building of a new hotel in some such favored location as the Eastern Promenade. The city is already supplied with a number of houses that leave little to be desired, the Falmouth, the Lafayette, the Preble, the West End, the Congress and others; but the full development of the great vacation, excursion and outing business which centers at Portland calls for the erec-

tion of still greater accommodations.

Such a site would be as inspiring as that of the world-famous Chateau Frontenac at Quebec, and the flourishing of that pleasure resort in a great and growing city like the metropolis of Central Canada is indicative of the possibilities of Portland as a pleasure resort, and not only a distributing point for the great playgrounds of Northern New England. This latter it must, of course, always be. Its location in that respect is strategic, and transportation companies have been too wise to neglect the fact. But while that is of great importance to Portland, it is not any more so than the development of her own local possibilities as a great, popular resort. Nature has done all that could be asked. The surrounding country is rarely beautiful, and the great Casco Bay Harbor, with its three hun-

dred islands, is one of the world's most exquisite scenes. It takes rank with the few most ideally beautiful places that can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

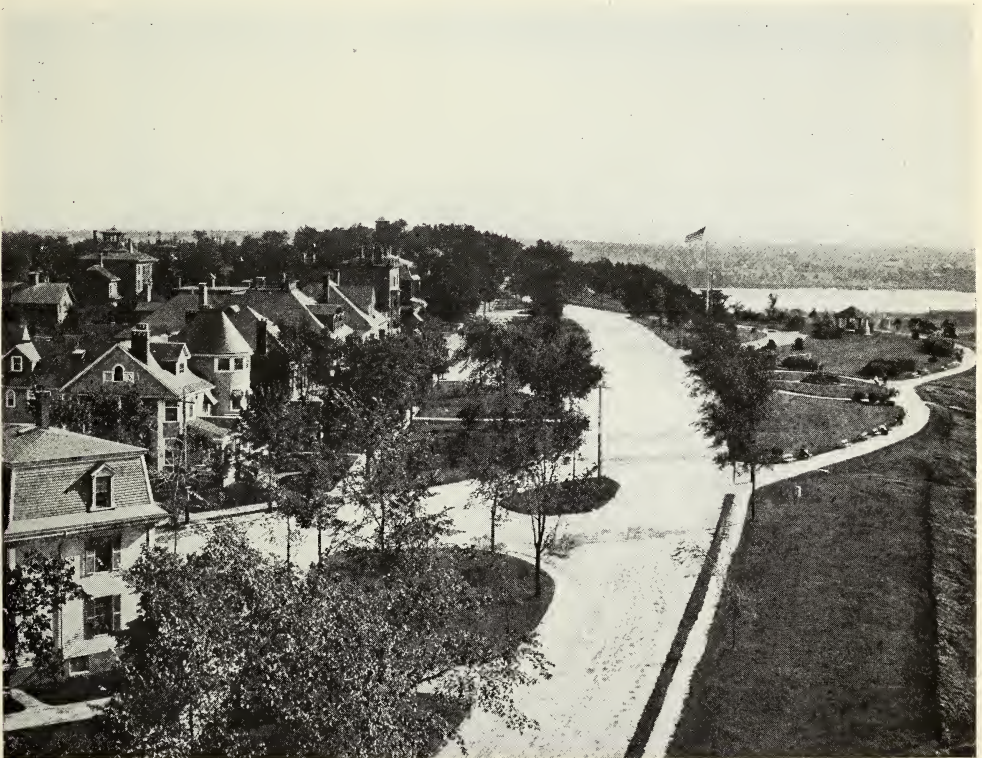
In all this note our avoidance of the phrase, "summer business." It is not exclusively as a summer resort that Portland should be known. The winter climate of the Portland district is pure and invigorating, and snow and ice are among the jolliest of playfellows. A very good beginning has already been made in the way of winter outing in Maine, and the idea is certain to develop.

Portland 1920, then, is to be, among other things, one of the great, popular pleasure resorts of the continent. The historic and literary interests in which the traditions of the city are so rich certainly supply an added attraction. The Longfellow house draws a steady

line of pilgrims, and there are footprints of Hawthorne, of Harriet Beecher Stowe in her most creative days, and others in the first rank of American letters. The near proximity of Bowdoin College makes practically a Portland institution of that great-little college with its splendid traditions.

To the west the White Mountains are visible on clear days, and, by Portland, is one of the natural ways of approach to the White Mountain district. Poland Springs, Sebago Lake and the Rangeleys are within easy automobiling distance. Old Orchard Beach and Casco Bay are at her doors. But none of these can belittle the charm of Portland herself to the tourist.

But it would not be within the scheme of this article so to include it for any soundness of argument or ought-to-be-ness in the nature of the case. Too many ought-to-be's are either



Courtesy of the Hugh C. Leighton Co., Portland

WESTERN PROMENADE





Photograph by Chenery, Portland Camera Club

#### THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COAL POCKETS

has-beens or never-will-be's. We call this enlarged outing and tourist business a feature of Portland 1920, because there are men in Portland that have organized to work for that end, and their work has already shown itself to be of the result-producing kind.

The advertising committee of the Board of Trade is the center of this movement. The committee has the confidence of the city government, from which it receives occasional appropriations, and the fund is increased by voluntary contributions of public-spirited citizens.

One of the largest topics connected

with the development of Portland is that of the harbor and its shipping facilities. It was the capacious and beautiful harbor that attracted its first settlement, and there have happened many of the most stirring events of its history. There, in 1775, appeared the British squadron which bombarded and fired the city, rendering three hundred families homeless. In and out of this harbor during the Napoleonic wars sailed the neutral shipping of America, amassing for its inhabitants the fortunes reflected in its great colonial mansions. There occurred the historic battle between the Boxer and the En-



Photograph by Laing, Portland Camera Club

**SURF ON ROCKS NEAR PORTLAND**

terprise in the war of 1812, and on Portland soil sleep the two brave captains side by side. From Portland Harbor, with great *eclat*, sailed the late lamented Edward VII. of England, then in his youth. In Portland Harbor was built the pier that was to receive the cargoes and the passengers from the Great Eastern, that most daring of maritime adventures. Into Portland Harbor sailed the stately British warship that brought to his home soil the remains of the princely philanthropist, Peabody, with honors higher than ever before or since paid by Britain to a private citizen. And in this harbor oc-

curred one of the most daring and impudent seizures made by the rebel gunboats, followed by quick reprisal and the capture of the offending marauder.

The United States government, realizing the strategic position of this beautiful roadstead, has made it one of the most strongly fortified of our harbors. The lighthouse at its entrance was the first built by the government on the Atlantic coast, and it was so well built that there has never been a need for its alteration.

At present the harbor is largely used for imports of coal and lumber, and for export of the latter commodity.



As the winter harbor of the Canadas and a terminal point of the Grand Trunk Railway system, the harbor enjoys a new development of transatlantic business, including heavy shipments of grain as well as a large passenger traffic, principally Canadian-bound.

There is no safer or more commodious harbor to be found on our coast. It is easy of entrance and a half-day nearer Liverpool than any other large harbor in the United States. The larger development of these great facilities

and steadily increasing traffic. The large and commodious ships of the Eastern Steamship Company and their busy fleet of smaller vessels maintain daily sailings to Boston, as well as to all ports of call between Portland and St. John, connecting there with other Canadian ports. These include such important points as Bath and Boothbay, Eastport, Calais and Lubec. The Maine Steamship Company maintains tri-weekly sailings to New York with large and able vessels. The vessels engaged in local ferrying to Casco Bay



Photograph by Lamson Nature Print Co.

#### PORTLAND UNION STATION

are only in part within reach of the foresight and enterprise of the city. To a far larger degree it is dependent upon national commercial and political movements. Closer trade relations with Canada, for example, will mean much for the development of Portland shipping. It is impossible to forecast these things.

Something more definite may be said, however, concerning the coast-wise trade. The importance of Portland as a North Atlantic transfer point is obvious, and results in a very large

points and the numerous fishing vessels and coasters that call *en route* or to escape the stress of weather, as well as not infrequently to exchange cargoes, all contribute to the busy, moving panorama of the harbor.

Portland 1920 is certain to show a very large increase in industrial activity. Two very considerable factories are now in process of erection, and others will be continually discovering the many advantages of the location. But the principal growth will be that of the market extension and internal

development of the industries now located in the city—that is, in so far as present activity is an indication of future accomplishment.

The industrial life of the city to-day is so varied as to preclude the assumption of any but the broadest causes for its growth. It is true that some of the largest industries are a natural evolution of the lumber business, of which Portland is so important a center. The fish-packing and canning industries are also the result of the availability of the raw material. But there are scores of

may be outlined under five heads: First, a great manufacturers' dinner was given, which afforded an opportunity for the crystallization of the general sentiment toward co-operative activity. Second, an industrial booklet was prepared, outlining the important facts and emphasizing the new program. Third, a manufacturers' exposition, to open October 31, was determined upon, to make a complete exhibit of Portland-made goods. This will undoubtedly attract buyers and be of great educational value. The scope



Courtesy of the Hugh C. Leighton Co., Portland

CONGRESS STREET IN WINTER

other lines of manufacture carried on in Portland that are there for no other reason than that they are the development of local enterprise or attracted to the city by its shipping facilities and general advantages.

The industrial committee of the Board of Trade is working along original lines to foster a spirit of mutual helpfulness among the manufacturers, with the idea that co-operation is possible among the most diversified industries. The program of the industrial committee, as at present formulated,

and variety of this exposition will occasion universal surprise and admiration. Fourth, it has been arranged that pupils of the Portland public schools, accompanied by their teachers, visit the different plants and become acquainted with the industrial life of their own city. The good that can be accomplished by this very simple plan is incalculable. A spirit of patriotic interest in the industrial achievements of their own city will be aroused, and it is difficult to place a limit on the possible results for good. Fifth, systematic



presswork is arranged to give wider publicity by all for each and each for all.

This is a program to arouse enthusiasm; it is so direct, sensible, practical and pointed. It is in itself a development and an expression of aroused sentiment that indicates the trend of things too clearly to be ignored. The idea that the industrial committee of a board of trade can get men together for some other purpose than to aid in financing "new industries"—that they can get together to help one another—is one upon which Portland is to be congratulated. The days of wasteful isolation are giving place to the days of economic brotherhood, and that spells increased efficiency at decreased cost. Industrial Portland 1920 promises to be an object lesson in the tremendous advantages of that type of co-operation which does not stifle individuality, but fosters and develops it.

It should not be understood that Portland does not welcome new industries. Her circle of manufacturers is

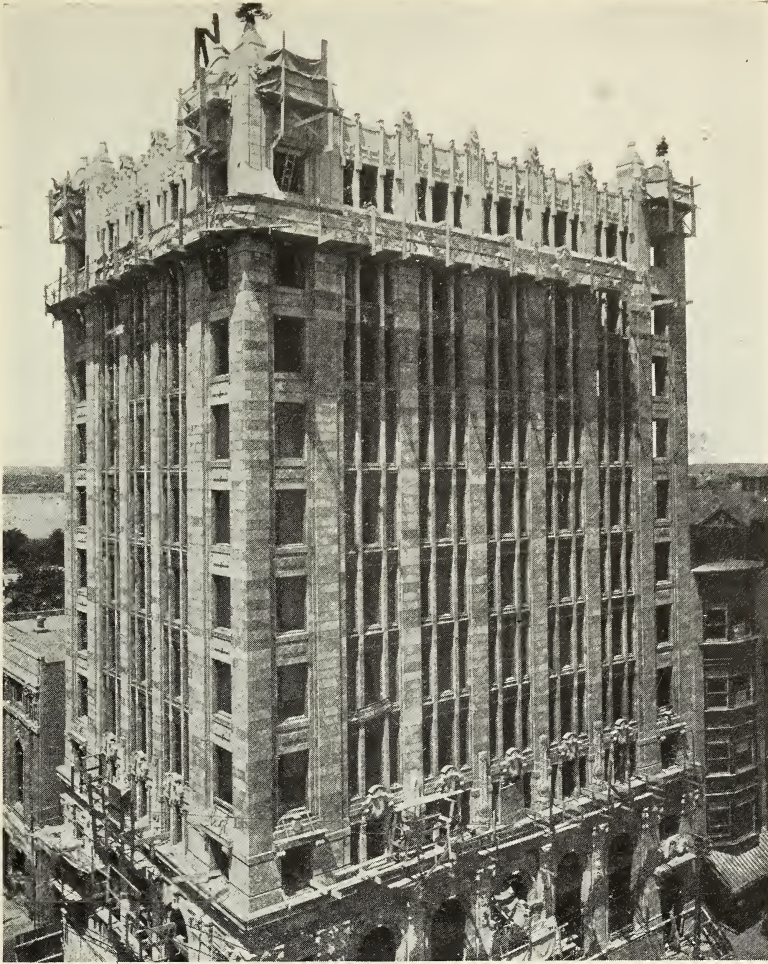
not a closed one, and it is always ready to receive and welcome the newcomer. But it has found something better to do than simply to attempt to locate new industries. To any progressive manufacturer this plan of co-operation will appeal so strongly as to constitute in itself one of the strongest possible inducements to locate in Portland.

Portland to-day has six national banks and five trust companies, the aggregate capital of which, including surplus, amounts to \$6,356,000, while the deposits total over \$20,000,000. In addition to this the savings banks report deposits of \$24,000,000, which is a very high per capita rate, the population of the city being about 70,000. The trend of the times for the past decade has been so markedly toward the consolidation of banking capital that it would be strange if Portland should long resist this tendency. There are a number of very handsome banking offices in the city, and the completion of the new Fidelity building will add to the num-



Courtesy of the Hugh C. Leighton Co., Portland

CONGRESS BLOCK, HOME OF THE PORTLAND CLUB



NEW FIDELITY BUILDING

ber one of the finest in all New England. The banking interests of the city may be depended upon to hold up their very important end in any movement for the betterment of Portland. Their work is carried on less conspicuously on the publicity side than some others, but it is a very vital factor in the case, and the breadth or narrowness of any community's business life is a very certain reflection of the methods and ideas that prevail in its banking circles. Judging by this standard, the development of Portland 1920 will find ample support in the banking circles of the city.

To these forces should be added another of the very first importance. The railroads centering in Portland are mighty elements in the city's prosperity. The Boston & Maine, the Maine Central and Grand Trunk railways are all city makers of the first order. The public service rendered in modern times by a railroad corporation under the head of "advertising" has not yet received the recognition that is its due. Obviously, a railroad's prosperity is dependent upon that of the district to which it furnishes transportation, and plans for the improvement of the countryside enter very largely into the





Photograph by Shaw, Portland Camera Club

COUNTRY SCENERY AROUND PORTLAND

make-up of the year's campaign. The arrangement of rates, the number of trains, efforts after special business, excursions, through connections, as well as literature of all kinds, are prepared with the development idea strongly in mind. Leaving Portland Thursday, June 9, with an itinerary that included fifty-five towns in the State of Maine, the Maine Central "better-farming special" carried an exhibit of modern farming methods that was of the highest scientific and economic value. The enterprise was carried out under the auspices of the College of Agriculture

of the Maine State University. It was not a showy exploitation of imitation philanthropy intended to earn a little good-will for the road; it was a serious effort to raise the standard of farming methods in the state. This is looking very broadly at the obligations of a railroad to the community. Indeed, it may not inappropriately be regarded as a governmental function. What the increased prosperity of Maine agricultural interests means to the metropolis of the state is too obvious to require explanation. It may be succinctly said that the Maine Central Railroad is do-



ing a constructive work for the territory tributary to Portland which will add very materially to the importance of the city as a commercial center.

Under the head of harbor improvement we have already alluded to the work of the Grand Trunk Railway in providing facilities for shipping grain, as well as for passenger traffic from European ports. From their docks the largest steamships may arrive and depart at any stage of the tide. The two grain elevators built by the road are among the largest in the country, and the exports of wheat are in excess of seven million bushels annually. Portland is one of the most important shipping points for apples, the annual shipments reaching as high as 300,000 barrels. The total of exports for the last fiscal year were in the neighborhood of \$28,000,000, while \$6,200,000 worth of imports are recorded for the same year. The Grand Trunk road connects Portland directly with the vast West, and the significance of the fact points to

those larger possibilities that inspire boundless enthusiasm, but are too large and complicated for the estimates of the most careful foresight.

But man cannot live by bread alone. It would be a most inexcusable misrepresentation of the metropolis of Maine to convey the impression that the only forward-looking of her people was commercial. Not that the commercial is necessarily a "lower" activity. Indeed, commercial life is a very sensitive barometer of the entire mental and moral tone of a community. The enterprise and healthfulness revealed in the business world of Portland, to the thoughtful reader, will tell much of that other life which is less tangible and far more difficult to describe.

Among the churches of Portland there is an earnest spirit of united effort which expresses itself in a church federation that is a live force for good in the city. This organized interdenominational activity, in which all of the Protestant churches of the city



Photograph by Tillotson

DEERING OAKS PARK



share, maintains a religious census of the city, so conducted as to materially assist each parish to reach its own. The "parish" of a modern Protestant church is so indefinite an entity that anything which will aid the individual church to locate its own parish is doing fundamental church work. The kind of religious activity maintained by the different churches depends, as elsewhere, upon their location and environment. In the more prosperous residential districts it gathers a more educational, almost pedagogical, tone, while in other sections it becomes institutional or aggressively evangelistic. Only the most unreasoning could maintain that the earnest idealism, the perpetual forward-looking of the churches, their prayers and their labors of love and charity are not very important factors in the development of Portland 1920. Their program may be less definable for the very reason that it has supplied the ideals that limit and define the more material and tangible activities. The dream city of 1920 has no more earnest workers for its fulfilment than the clergy of its churches. We have already indicated that, with the possible exception of one or two of the outlying districts, it is not likely that any church building operations will be conducted in the city during the next decade. The churches are already well housed and free to turn their energies to the ministrations for which they exist.

Outside of the church life the most direct application of religious idealism is, perhaps, to be found in the educational world. Portland 1920 is to see very decided advances over present educational methods and facilities. A new high school, it is reasonably certain, will be the tangible monument of this development. Many problems of school life are now being carefully and earnestly approached by the leaders

and by the people generally. Such a problem is the true place of athletics in education, and the proper method of handling that important but difficult and easily corrupted phase of school life. Another question of gravest moment is the extent to which industrial education may profitably be introduced into the public schools. Portland is not indulging in radical experimentation, but it is ready to adopt all that is of proven worth. Bowdoin College is a powerful influence in the educational ideals of the city, which give an impression of a strong literary and classical leaning. The influence of classical ideals is apparent in many ways, as is also the moral force of her Puritan traditions. Portland erects a strong bulwark against the encroachments of materialism, and that fact is to be taken into the account in any serious forward movement. As Portland grows it will more resemble Boston than New York. Indeed, there are a great many respects in which the city gives the visitor the feeling of being in a second Boston.

It is impossible for any well-wisher of New England not to look with the profoundest interest upon the trend of life in this old-young city. He who indulges in the forward look will find much to arouse enthusiasm, much to praise in the progressive and far-sighted activities of her men of affairs. He will build his hopes for to-morrow upon what he sees being done to-day. Nevertheless, with increasing earnestness and continually recurrent emphasis his mind will be drawn back to the world-old problems. Portland 1920 will be a city in which the boys of to-day will be the young men, the young men of to-day the active workers, and the workers of to-day the counsellors and guides, to so large an extent will she be the creation of the moral and educational forces of to-day.



# HOW PORTLAND WAS SAVED BY A GIRL

By PROFESSOR INGRAHAM

**T**HAT'S a portrait of my grandmother, Clara Carver, the girl who saved Portland from an Indian attack, you know. We regard it with almost sacred memories, as our choicest treasure."

These words were uttered by my hostess in one of the most elegant and wealthy homes in the Forest City.

It was an oil portrait of a beautiful girl, about 17 years old, in Indian garments, which displayed her tall, lithe, well-developed figure to advantage. She stood at the brink of a weird, fire-backed chasm, with two old-fashioned rifles in her arms. Her large, bright, blue eyes were fixed upon a party of Indian warriors who were ascending the burnt slopes of an extinct volcano. Upon her clear-cut features there was an expression of determination and defiance.

I studied this portrait with great interest, for the thrilling story of Clara Carver, is, in some respects, without parallel in the early history of New England.

Soon after the battle of Bunker Hill a hunter came to Falmouth, as Portland was then called, with the alarming intelligence that several hundred hostile Indians were within a few days' march.

The little settlement by the sea was ill prepared to resist an Indian attack. The best fighting men had gone to participate in the exciting and important events around Boston.

The leading men of Falmouth assembled in council. One of their first moves was to get more definite news about the Indian army. For this purpose they dispatched Zenas Taylor and Obadiah Brewster.

These men were old, experienced

scouts and hunters. They took dried meat enough for several days, so as to have no fires. Their instructions were to gather all the information they could and return well in advance of the Indians.

They traveled north for three days without observing any indications of their red foe. In the evening of the third day they saw a faint glow, as from a distant fire, toward the northwest. As silent as shadows, the scouts moved through the pine woods until they came to a high, steep hill.

They climbed the hill. From the summit the scouts looked toward the west upon the evening fires of a large Indian village. They were astonished to find an Indian village at this place, in the heart of the great, pathless forest, and they decided to remain upon the hill until morning.

Zenas Taylor was the older man and more experienced in woodcraft. This, with his strong character, made him the leader. In the morning he said:

"Now, Brother Brewster, I'll climb the tallest tree upon the hill and gather all the information I can about the Indians. This village in the woods puzzles me. I hunted here late last fall, and I'm quite sure there were no Indians in this vicinity at that time.

"While I'm in the tree you might find some water to drink with our dried deer meat. Be very careful to make no noise and to leave no tracks. Do not go within their sight for a moment. Their trained eyes are very sharp, and if our presence is detected we have little chance to escape. We're altogether too near their village for our own good.

"As soon as I have made a survey of their village we'll eat a hasty breakfast and hurry back to the settlement.



There's no longer any doubt that the hunter told the truth, and a large force of Indians is about to attack the place."

The hill, Mt. Metalluc, which the scouts had ascended, is about ten miles north of what is now Weld. It was covered, for the most part, with large pine trees, some of which are still standing.

Taylor climbed the highest tree upon the hill, and, concealed by the thick branches, looked down upon a large Indian village in a natural clearing, several acres in extent, by the side of a river. The village was about a quarter of a mile west of the base of the hill.

The old scout thought this was a temporary village, from which the Indians were planning to raid the neighboring settlements. The place was so wild and remote that their chief evidently though he might store plunder and keep captives for a time without detection. There were squaws about the camp doing menial work, several dogs, but no children, so far as Taylor saw.

These tactics were so different from the usual Indian methods that the acute Taylor believed that this was the band of Black Wolf, the "evil genius of the border." The military operations of this notorious chief so closely resembled those of white men as to lead Belknap, Graham and other early historians to the conclusion that he was a white man in disguise. He formed a confederacy of five powerful tribes, armed his warriors with the rifles of their slain foe, trained them in the use of these weapons, and became the scourge of the border of Northern New England and New York.

If this was the army of the famous, or, rather, infamous, Black Wolf, Falmouth, with many other settlements, was indeed in grave peril. It seemed as though they could only be saved by the miraculous interposition of a Higher Power.

The scout counted more than 400 warriors. He had no doubt that there were many more whom he could not see. They had built a large fire beside

the river, and were apparently holding a council.

The experienced scout believed they were discussing the attack upon Falmouth. He considered the matter of such supreme importance that he decided to remain a short time longer and gather what information he could from the conduct and gestures of the Indians. He trusted to his intimate knowledge of the country and his fleetness of foot to reach the settlement well in advance of so large an army.

During this time Brewster had been hunting for water. He found none upon the hill. Near the west base of the hill he discovered an excellent spring.

Between this spring and the Indian village there was a dense growth of trees and bushes. Brewster approached this spring with great care, so as to make no sound and leave no tracks.

As he bent over the spring to fill his can he was startled by a movement in the bushes. Before he could move away, two squaws with vessels for water stood by his side, in front of the spring.

The squaws were even more surprised and startled than the white man. Brewster realized that his safety and that of his companion depended upon the silence of these women. As he leaped upon them, the younger said quietly:

"I'm a white captive; attend to the other."

The strong hand of Brewster instantly clutched the throat of the older squaw to choke back any sound. But she was stronger and more supple than he anticipated. By a quick movement she twisted her lithe body out of his hands and ran swiftly toward the river, sending forth the loud alarm cries of her tribe. Before he could catch her she reached the high bank and leaped into the stream, swimming easily and yelling with all her strength to the warriors at the council fire.

This unfortunate affair appeared to seal the fate of the scouts and of the settlement. Before they could reach the foot of the hill it would be surrounded by the great Indian army. There was no hope now that they could

scape and get back to warn the people of Falmouth.

From his position at the top of the tree Taylor could not see what happened at the spring, on account of the trees. But he heard enough to understand it quite well. He saw the warriors run into the forest, and knew they were surrounding the hill. He descended and waited at the foot of the tree for the return of his companion.

Almost dazed by the unfortunate episode, Brewster ascended the hill. The squaw who had called herself a white captive followed him.

When they arrived Taylor observed the squaw with surprise and asked Brewster who she was. As the younger scout did not reply the girl said:

"I'm a white captive. Ten years ago, when I was seven, the Indians burned our home, killed my father, mother and sisters and carried me away. My brother Eli was at Falmouth and escaped, I hope.

"The Indians have treated me kindly, in their way. But they are not my people. Black Wolf, the great chief, made me his daughter. But when we started on this war he told me that I was now big enough to become his squaw. When he returns, with much plunder and many captives, he will make me his squaw, with great feasts, tortures of his foes and rejoicings. He killed my father, my mother and my sisters and I hate him." Her last sentence was emphasized by a passionate stamp of her moccasined foot.

"How many men have Black Wolf killed?" asked Taylor.

"Black Wolf is the chief of five tribes," replied the girl. "Each tribe has about 100 warriors with him. Every warrior carries the gun of a dead paleface. Black Wolf is a great chief."

"When will he start for Falmouth?"

"When the sun is highest to-day he will start with all his warriors. He will move swiftly and strike hard. He will leave no house standing, no paleface alive. Black Wolf, the great chief, has sworn it by the Great Spirit before the council fire."

While Taylor was considering this

almost appalling intelligence, Brewster asked:

"You said your brother's name was Eli. 'Tis not a common name. What is the family name?"

"His name is Eli C. Carver; mine is Clara Carver."

"Your brother is one of the best young men in the settlement and one of my dearest friends," said the scout with emotion. "He is the adopted son of his uncle, Consider Carver, the richest man in Falmouth."

"Oh, I'm so glad my dear brother is alive," said the girl with deep emotion. "Won't you take me to him? Won't you let me go back with you?"

"My poor child," said the scout, kindly, "we would surely take you back to the settlement if we could. But we are two hunted white men upon a hill, surrounded by 500 Indian warriors, armed with guns and led by the great chief, Black Wolf. Our situation is entirely hopeless. The bullet or tomahawk is more merciful than the torture stake and we will fight to the end.

"But the Indians will not harm you, for they consider you to be one of them. Tell them we made you a captive and you escaped. The time may come when you can escape from them and go to the settlement. Now, my good girl, you must leave us."

Very slowly and reluctantly the girl walked away. When she had disappeared, Taylor said:

"Poor girl, her story is pitiful. How I wish we could help her. But our situation is worse than hers.

"Now, Brother Brewster," he continued in a more brisk tone, "we must look after the Indian braves. For some time a small party of young warriors have been cautiously ascending the hill, flitting like shadows from tree to tree or from boulder to boulder. I think they have been sent up to ascertain our number and position. If they find more than one white man upon the hill, a part of them will return to report to the chief, and the rest will remain to see if we change our position. This is no real attack. That will come later, from a different direction.



"The important point at present is to convince them there is more than one white man here. When I fire, you may follow so quickly as to show I didn't reload."

A moment later an Indian exposed a part of his body for an instant and Taylor fired. The report of Brewster's rifle followed quickly.

As the experienced scout had predicted, this ended the first attack. Presently they heard loud shouts, as of command, at the foot of the hill. Taylor partially understood the Indian language and he said:

"Some chief, I think it is Black Wolf, shouted to other chiefs to follow him, with their warriors, to the black chasm. I think the next and real attack will come from that side. You may remain here to watch this side and I'll move a few yards to a position where I can watch the chasm. We'll continue the struggle as long as we can."

The old scout crawled cautiously through the thick undergrowth to a place where he could see the black chasm, without being visible to a foe upon the opposite side.

North of the hill which the scouts had ascended there was another hill of about the same height. These hills were separated by a singular chasm, several hundred feet deep and from ten to twenty-five feet wide at the top. The almost perpendicular sides of this chasm were black, as though burned by a great fire.

From the brink, about twenty yards back, the top was a bare, somewhat uneven ledge. In the hollows a little soil had collected and sustained a few stunted bushes, none of which were large enough to conceal a man.

Farther back, upon each side, the soil became deeper and was covered with good-sized trees and dense undergrowth. Among the trees upon the opposite side there was something so singular and strange that Taylor could not understand it.

Scarcely was the scout settled in his new position when about fifty Indians came from the woods upon the opposite hill. About an equal number were

at work within the woods, apparently cutting small trees to make a bridge across the chasm.

An athletic young Indian, with the head-dress of a chief, advanced to the brink and prepared to leap across.

"I can stop him, if nothing more," muttered Taylor, grimly, as he raised his rifle and took careful aim. But the unreliable flint was shattered upon the steel without producing the spark to ignite the powder. Taylor felt that the end had come. Before he could replace the broken flint the Indians would be upon him in overwhelming numbers.

As the athletic chief poised on the brink there was a report of a rifle and he went down into the black chasm.

Taylor was amazed. What friendly hand had fired this timely shot?

The report of the rifle seemed to come from some place between him and the brink. But there was no one there and no spot where a man could be concealed. What was even more strange, no smoke had followed the discharge.

The Indians appeared to be equally puzzled. They were looking all around in bewilderment. A large, powerful chief advanced to the brink and looked down, as if to see where the young chief went.

There came the report of another rifle and the powerful chief also went into the chasm.

The second report followed the first so quickly as to leave no doubt that at least two friends were very near. But where were they?

The second report, like the first, had come from between the scout and the brink, and had been followed by smoke.

The experienced scout was baffled. He could scarcely believe the plain evidence of his senses.

Who were these mysterious and terrible friends, whose forms were invisible to his keen eyes, whose rifles emitted no smoke, whose bullets were unerring as the shafts of the Death Angel?

The actions of the Indians convinced the acute Taylor that something had

occurred which he had not seen and did not understand. The warriors were wild with rage. They danced and leaped and brandished their weapons like maniacs, and uttered wild yells of fearful menace.

Presently they separated into several groups. These bands seemed to be clamoring against one another. The largest group was shouting something about the "Evil Spirit, the fire mountain, the sacred place, struck down by his wrath."

It flashed into the keen mind of the scout that the hill upon which the Indian stood was a fire mountain or extinct volcano (the only one in New England). The superstitious Indians believed this weird and fire-blackened hill was the abode of the Evil Spirit. It was surprising that even the great chief, Black Wolf, could have induced the superstitious warriors to ascend this sacred and awful hill.

Now the larger part of them were shouting in terrified tones that the Evil Spirit had struck down the chiefs in his wrath, and that if they did not retreat at once from the sacred hill a still more dreadful vengeance of the offended deity would burst upon them.

The quick-witted Taylor began to put a new flint into his rifle as fast as he could. He believed that even so little a thing as another rifle shot would cause the wavering Indians to retire from the fire mountain. Before his rifle was ready, something occurred that caused the scout to start to his feet with a cry of amazement and terror.

Suddenly from the heart of the eternal hill there burst forth an appalling voice in the Indian tongue, distinct above all other sounds:

"The Evil Spirit! The Evil Spirit!" The ignorant and superstitious Indians, already wrought up to the point of expecting such a climax, retired from the place with awe, and never set foot upon the sacred fire mountain again.

The old scout was not a superstitious man, and he certainly did not believe in the Evil Spirit of the Indians. But the awful voice came so unexpectedly

from the heart of the hill that it startled him for a moment.

Upon second thought he believed it was the work of the mysterious friends who had fired the timely shots. But he could not understand how the awful voice was produced or where it came from, any more than he could understand the mysterious rifle shots.

Taylor did not move for some time. He expected that his unknown defenders would appear after the Indians retired. But they came not. The fire-blackened chasm was as silent as though it had become the abode of the dead.

The scout understood Indian character too well to think for a moment that they would give up their efforts to capture the white men upon the hill. Their second attack had failed and they had retired from the sacred fire mountain. But this, with the death of two chiefs, intensified their desire to capture and torture their paleface foes. They would not come again over the sacred hill, but a third attack would soon be made in some other direction.

Taylor rejoined his companion. For a long time the two scouts discussed the strange events at the chasm. Without doubt, they had powerful friends upon the hill. Who were these friends? How came they upon the hill in the heart of the virgin forest, many miles from any white settlement?

Zenas Taylor and Obadiah Brewster were Puritans, devout and respected members of the quaint stone church upon the hill by the sea at Falmouth. In their extremity they sought a higher power. Under the great, green trees they knelt in prayer. In simple, earnest faith they asked the Lord, if it was His will, to deliver them from their enemies, and to save Falmouth from those who would go forth to destroy it. After this prayer they felt comforted. They believed that deliverance would come.

It was beginning to grow dusk under the trees, when the trained ears of the scouts caught a faint rustle in the bushes. Before they could raise their rifles, Clara Carver, the white captive,



stood before them, as modest and quiet as she had appeared in the morning.

"Why have you come back, my child?" inquired Taylor in a kind voice.

"I did not go back," replied the girl quietly. "I went to the chasm to fight the Indians and keep them away from you."

Both of the scouts leaped to their feet with ejaculations of the most unbounded amazement. It did not seem possible that this girl, this child, had wrought those marvelous deeds at the chasm that defeated a hundred warriors and entirely baffled the comprehension of the white men.

"When you sent me away," said the girl, "I made up my mind not to go back to the Indians, but to stay with my own people. I hid in the bushes near you."

"When you shot the two young warriors they fell quite near me. I crept up to their bodies and took their guns, powder-horns and bullet-bags."

"I meant to give the guns to you, but I was afraid you would send me away again. While I was hesitating I heard Black Wolf shout to some of his chiefs to follow him to the chasm. I thought of the great cave and made up my mind to fight the Indians there."

"Yes, I'll tell you about the cave. When we first came here, Black Wolf examined the two hills. He took me with him, as he usually did."

"We went all over the fire mountain. He showed me the great hole in the top, which he told me was once full of fire. It is now full of water and the sides look as though they were stained with blood. Nothing can live in it."

"Black Wolf said the Indians believed this place was the home of the Evil Spirit. When I asked him if he was not afraid of the Evil Spirit he laughed and said there was no such thing as the Evil Spirit. It was a lie which the medicine men told so they could control the warriors."

"Black Wolf was not like other Indians. He told me that he was once a white man."

"Yesterday I felt a strange desire to visit the fire mountain alone. As I

stood at the brink of the chasm I saw a small animal run a little way down the opposite bank, enter some bushes and disappear into the rock.

"I leaped the chasm, followed the animal and found a small opening in the rock, hidden by the bushes. The opening was round, about two feet in diameter."

"I crawled through and dropped about three feet into a large cave which runs clear through the hill, with a smaller opening at the other end."

"As I was climbing out I slipped and hurt me. I uttered an exclamation and my voice sounded so loud and hoarse that it scared me. There is something about the shape of the rocks which makes your voice sound dreadful."

"I ran to this cave with my guns. The entrance is about fifteen feet below the brink and I had to take the guns down one at a time. But I had everything ready in the cave before the Indians got there."

"When Red Serpent, the only son of Black Wolf, tried to jump over the chasm I shot him with one of the guns. There is a draft through the cave and it drew the smoke inside."

"Then Black Wolf came to the brink to see who had killed his son. Black Wolf was a great chief; he was so cunning that no one could deceive him."

"He alone detected the entrance to the cave. His awful eyes were looking at my face. He was going to speak. I pulled the trigger of my second gun."

"Black Wolf, the powerful chief of five great tribes, threw up his arms and with my Indian name, White-Fawn, upon his lips, went down into his place."

"He killed my father, my mother and my sisters. He will lead his fearful band to deeds of blood no more."

For a moment all the bitter sorrow of the poor girl's blighted life rose to the surface. By a strong effort she suppressed her emotion and continued her story as quietly as at first:

"The death of Black Wolf made the Indians very mad at first. Then the tribes separated. The medicine men began to proclaim that the Evil Spirit

had struck down the great chief with the lightning of his wrath because he profaned the sacred fire mountain, and he would also destroy the warriors unless they departed from the holy place. The Indians were becoming badly frightened.

"I was reloading the guns when a strange feeling came over me. I felt that my time to act had come. Putting my hands upon the stone at the entrance to the cave, I gathered all my strength for a great effort.

"Then I screamed the awful name of the Evil Spirit at them with all my might. I screamed for my freedom; I screamed for your safety; I screamed for the safety of Falmouth, where my brother is. The Indians thought the Evil Spirit was coming and fled from the holy fire mountain."

The Puritans believed in the interposition of Divine Power in human affairs of men. They regarded the girl with reverence, as the agent of a higher power.

"Verily, my child," said Taylor, "the spirit of the Lord descended upon you, as it did upon the holy women of Bible times, for your voice did not sound human. I have not dared to tell Brother Brewster how strangely it affected me."

"The cave made my voice sound unnatural," said Clara Carver, simply.

After a short silence Taylor inquired; "Do you know of any way we can escape, my child?"

"Oh, yes; I've been looking about and have planned it all. Our escape will be very easy and sure."

The scouts started with amazement for the second time. Escape certainly did not appear easy and sure to them. Clara Carver continued:

"The warriors are around the hill. Only squaws are in the village, and they will retire to sleep when it is dark.

"The path from the spring to the village is watched at different points by three young warriors. No living thing could pass their sharp eyes. One yell from their lips would bring a hundred mighty warriors. But the daughter of

the great chief can remove them from our path without a sound.

"We will escape through the Indian village."

"'Tis our best plan," said the experienced Taylor. "But the squaws will hear our steps as we go through the village, the dogs will bark and an alarm will be sounded for the warriors."

"You forget that I am the daughter of the great chief and was to become his squaw. I am the queen over the squaws. They obey me. The dogs know my voice."

For the moment Taylor had overlooked this important point. He removed his hat with a reverential gesture and said:

"Brother Brewster, does not our Holy Book tell us that a child shall lead them? Verily, I do believe that this child has been sent to us by the Lord for our deliverance. Like the three holy men of old, we shall go forth from this awful place without even the smell of fire upon our garments. Brother Brewster, let us offer up thanks unto His name."

The Puritans knelt in a simple, earnest prayer of thanksgiving. When they arose, Taylor said:

"Now, my child, you may lead us; we will follow and obey, without question or hesitation."

With feet which were shod with silence they descended the hill to the spring.

"Wait here while I clear the path to the village," said Clara Carver.

In a few moments they again heard her voice, although her steps had not been audible and it was now very dark.

"Come on; what we do must be done quickly," said the girl.

As silent and almost as swift as cloud shadows they moved toward the Indian village. As they approached, several dogs barked and the squaws peered from the wigwams.

At the command of the girl the men halted in the darkness, and she glided swiftly forward and spoke to the squaws. They recognized their queen and went back to bed with grunts of



satisfaction. The dogs became still at her command.

They passed through the heart of the Indian village without interference. As they left it behind, Clara Carver, without slackening her swift pace, related how she had cleared the path:

"I told the young warriors that I had found a secret path to the hiding place of the palefaces. There were five of them, three asleep. If they would get some companions, while I watched the path in their place, I would lead them. They might capture the white foe after great warriors had failed. The thought of such a prize, which might make them chiefs, almost drove them wild. They have gone to get companions. When they return we must not be here."

When they were about two miles from the Indian village the girl turned to Taylor and said:

"Now, you must lead us by the shortest or quickest path to Falmouth. Remember that each step we take to-night is one step farther from the torture stake. With the first light of morning 500 mad Indians will be upon our trail.

"If we escape, Falmouth will escape also. For if we get there first the Indians will not attack the settlement, now their great war chief is dead."

Presently the moon rose and lighted them upon their way. They traveled all night without rest.

Before noon of the second day they arrived at Falmouth.

As Clara Carver had predicted, the Indians did not attack the place. The warriors were disheartened by the loss of Black Wolf, divided into tribes which could not agree upon any plan, and informed by their scouts that the swiftest riders of the Falmouth settlement were gathering good men from other settlements, they turned back and later joined the larger band, which, under the British General Burgoyne, descended upon Northwestern New England and New York.

When the people of Falmouth heard the report of their trusted scouts they were convinced that the settlement had been saved by the coolness, courage and craft of Clara Carver.

Indeed, the fight between the border heroine and the warriors at the black chasm was one of the most important Indian battles, in its results, in the history of New England. For the death of Black Wolf, the evil genius of the border, was the end of the Indian raids and massacres in that part of Massachusetts.

Idolized by the people of Falmouth, reunited to her dear brother, the adopted daughter and heiress of her uncle, Consider Carver, the remainder of Clara Carver's life was full of felicity.

About ten years later Falmouth and Casco Neck were incorporated into Portland. The good people of Maine's chief city still have a warm place in their hearts for the memory of Clara Carver.

*NOTE: A short time ago the writer visited the spot which Clara Carver has made so famous in song and story. The cave and extinct volcano are still exactly as she described them. There is even the bunch of bushes which conceals the entrance to the cave. It is one of the most singular and weird spots in New England and worthy of a more detailed description.*



# THE YOUNG NATURALIST AND THE CAMERA

By DR. R. W. SHUFELDT

*Photographs from Life by the Author*

IT is a long time ago since I was a boy, and I am proud of it, for in some things I am just as much of a boy as I was in the days when, with my old single-barrel, muzzle-loading gun, I used to bring down the grey squirrels in the hickory and chestnut woods up in New England. That's almost forty-five years ago, and lots of things have changed since then. Still, things that I did, things that I had and things that I saw seem to me to be just as fresh in my memory to-day as they were a week or so after they came to pass. There is nothing strange about this, for it often so happens with people who have been a good deal in the woods and fields all their lives, and have hunted and collected specimens a whole lot, and have been what they call nowadays real nature lovers.

As long ago as I can remember, my whole bent, every bit of me, was a naturalist, and I was so fortunate in my early home as to have a big room all to myself, with comfortable closets to put my things in and a convenient table to do all my work at. All kinds of woods, ponds, the river and the salt water were near at hand, and you can just guess what my room looked like. In those boyhood days I had all sorts of pets, even including a tame eagle and a monkey; lots of my time was

spent in collecting, in the old-fashioned way, specimens of every description, as birds' eggs and nests, snakes and turtles, plants and all the rest, and these were studied and gone over with such books on the subjects as I had in my boy library. At fifteen I could draw and paint birds and other living things pretty well, and to this day I have kept a lot of those early efforts in an old portfolio. As for making stuffed skins of birds and animals—that I had learned when very young, for I remember when I attended the public school

my collection numbered over 300 bird skins, all named, labeled and kept in neat cedar trays in a chest. Lots of things I did, though, and the way that I did them would be considered awfully old-fashioned now, and some other time I hope to tell you all about

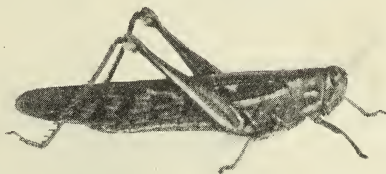


FIG. 1. THE AMERICAN LOCUST

that. We must come down now to what I started to tell you in this story, and that will take quite a little while. You must know that in those long-ago days no boy, or even no person outside of a regular photographer, ever thought of having such a thing as a camera or of taking photographs. The regular photographers did all that sort of thing and they made a tremendous mystery of it. It was no kind of use then to ask a photographer how he did this or that, for he simply would not tell you, and



perhaps laugh at you for having asked him.

Fortunate it is for boys and girls of these days that so many of them cannot only own their own camera, but most painstaking, smart boys or girls can easily learn how to take pretty good pictures with one of them. Then we find another great change that has taken place since I was a boy, for since those long-ago days the boys and girls of the present time, if they chance to

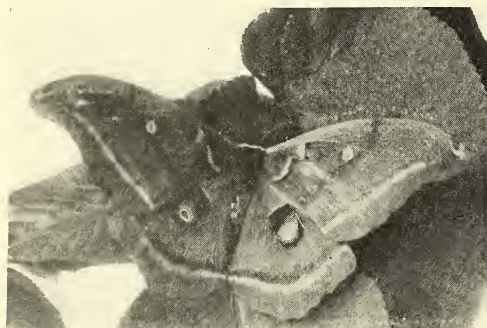


FIG. 2. THE AMERICAN SILK-WORM MOTH

have any love for nature study (and I am glad to say that many of them have), there are all sorts of ways by means of which that desire is encouraged. We find this in all the nature classes in the public schools, in special institutions for it, as in the case of Arcadia, at Sound Beach, Conn., and the like; finally, in certain special cases, instruction by private tutors. All this is very encouraging and does a whole lot of good. It was very different fifty, or at least forty, years ago; for if a boy or girl then developed a love for such things he or she was usually discouraged at once by the parents, and sometimes the friends of the family. The young naturalist was frequently thought to be "an unnatural child," and everything possible was done to force him or her to take up with the practical pursuits in life. Natural history was only intended for professors and people in big museums and other places. All this was very bad indeed, for the study of natural history and anything in the nature world about us is the very best

thing a boy or girl can do, for they not only learn a good deal in that way, but at the same time it teaches them to be good observers, and good observers in this world are sure to be the ones who succeed the best in any struggle,—life's great struggle included.

In these days boys and girls have a great many things, too, that are a great help to them in their nature studies. These things not only include a great many useful nature books, but likewise fine microscopes for them, guns, drawing materials, tools, instruments adapted to their use and lots else besides. One of the most useful and at the same time one of the most valuable of all instruments nowadays that boys and girls have placed in their hands is the camera, and this very camera can be made to be the most indispensable aid that the young naturalist has in his or her entire working outfit.

In buying one, go just as far as your spare money will let you go. Don't invest in a toy. Get a good camera, or else wait until you can. Be sure to have one that takes a tripod, and buy all that goes with the instrument, so you can learn to make your own pictures from the start to the finished prints. Keep studying and working until you have mastered all this and are on the high road to almost daily improvement.

What I am going to tell you about here is not how to take good pictures exactly, for I am supposing that you know enough about that already, but I am going to try and point out for you how to put your camera to the best uses to help you along in your nature studies. It took me a good many years to become an expert nature camerist, but it came finally, after hard work and lots of trials and experience. Any boy or girl with plenty of patience and determination can do precisely the same thing. Patience and knowing how to profit by experience are the two main things essential to final success.

Remembering this at all times, let us see next how to go to work. Let us say, first, you are studying insects or some forms related to them. Hundreds



FIG. 3. SADDLE-BACK CATERPILLARS

of them of all kinds are to be met with in the woods and fields anywhere, even close to city homes, and, indeed, the very heart of the town itself. It makes not much difference what you select for your first trial, though some are much more difficult than others. Any big

beetle or bug will do, but just for example let us suppose you have captured what most people call a big "grasshopper," but what really proves to be our American locust—a very destructive insect. My own photographic picture of one of these is given in Fig.



1 in this article. It is life-size. Now, having captured your locust (and what I say now practically applies to everything else of the kind), the first thing you must do is to carefully examine it to the minutest detail, to find out whether or not it is a perfect specimen. It is foolish to undertake to photograph such a specimen unless it be *perfect* and a full-grown one, for that would be throwing away time and material to no purpose. See that your locust has all of his *six* legs intact and in perfect "working order"; that its wings are not torn or disfigured in any way, and that its

while you are taking his picture. A small penknife will do, about the same size as the insect. Next rig up a reflector of another big sheet of white cardboard, perpendicular to the other piece, so it will *reflect* the sunlight from your window down on your locust. This is very important and gets away with the undesirable shadows. Now set up your camera on its tripod in the proper position to make the exposure and focus on the object you placed there where the locust will stand later on. Focus till that object is exactly life size, and perfectly sharp on your

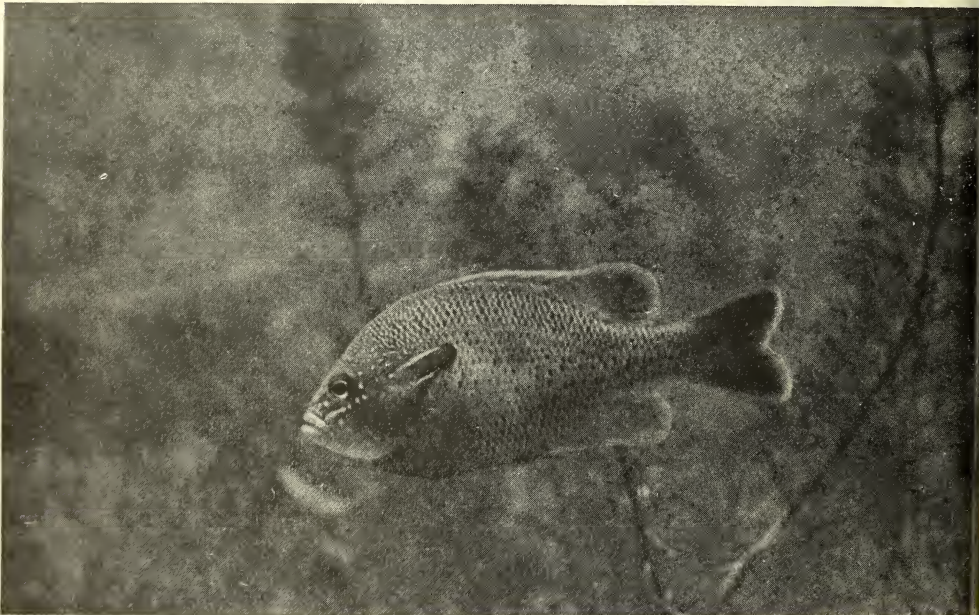


FIG. 4. THE LONG-EARED SUNFISH

"antennae" sticking out in front of its head are both there and not broken. Having satisfied yourself of all this, next, on a bright day, take some stand, as an artist's easel or a spare tripod, and set it up near a window where you will get good, though not direct, light. Place on this, in a curved position, a good-sized sheet of thin, pure-white cardboard, with the convexity toward you. Fix it so it is immovable; then on the level part place some object about the same size as your locust, where you intend to have him stand

ground-glass and *centered there*. Strict sharpness can be determined by the use of a small magnifying glass and with it examining the image on the ground-glass of the camera. When satisfied of all this, take away your penknife, being careful not to disturb anything, and with a soft pencil make a tiny mark where the middle of the knife was. This is to guide you when to put your locust down, with its side towards your lens. You must now *pose* him. Here is where your patience will come in. My locust (Fig. 1), I think



opped off the paper thirty-two times, having to patiently replace him each time before the chance was finally offered to make the exposure with the bulb and shutter. He must not only and *there*—just so—but duplicate parts must not be opposite each other, or else they will in the picture *appear single*. See that its *antennæ* stand apart, and so, too, the “hoppers” and front legs. Succeeding in all this, next squeeze your bulb, and, *watching close*, give it time according to your lens, plate and amount of sunlight at the time. If you believe

more important person in the world than a great naturalist. To this end the photographing of your animals does not end there. You should begin early to keep a series of notebooks, one for each group you take, as birds, fish, insects and so forth. Here you should devote a page to each specimen and paste in there a good print of it, and beneath write out all you have found out about it in nice, neat handwriting. Enter where you got your specimen, whether it was an old or a young one, a male or a female, its color and size in

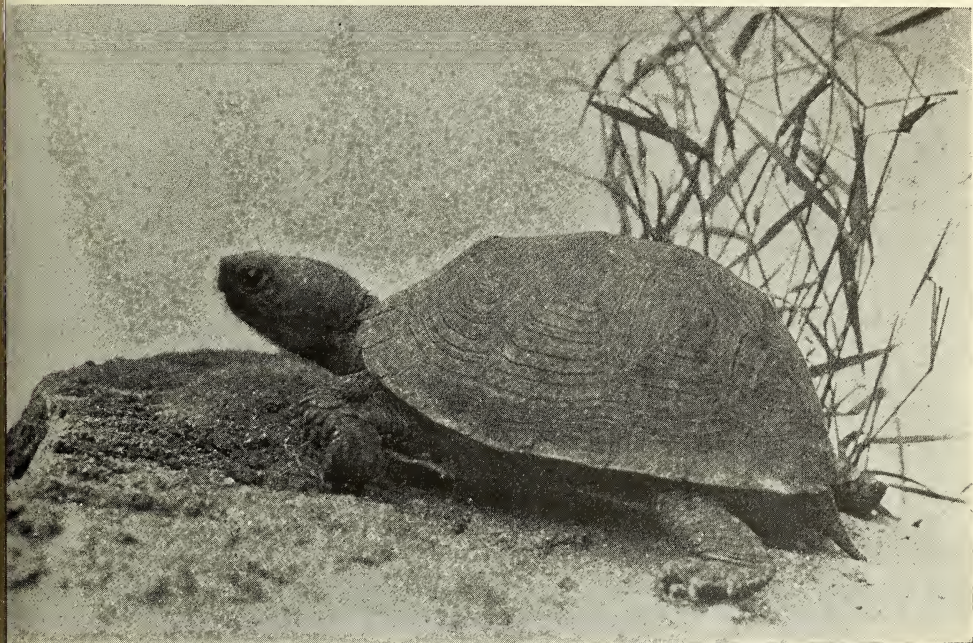


FIG. 5. COMMON BOX TORTOISE

you missed it, or the insect is rare, make two trials, in case of possible failure.

If you are successful, you have good reason to be proud of your success, for such pictures, when well taken, are real contributions to science and of no little value.

Never forget the fact that you are a young naturalist; therefore, be kind and gentle to *all* creatures you have to do with. If you hope to become a naturalist in after life, study hard to that end, and remember that there is no

life, its common and scientific name, date of capture, its habits so far as you know them, and your experiences in photographing it. If you work and study hard, such notebooks will soon grow to become of great value, improve as you get older and be of immense service to you later on in life. A very good place to look up the common and scientific names and how to pronounce them is the Century Dictionary. Short life-histories of the specimens are also often to be found in that great work.

With some little differences in han-





FIG. 6. YOUNG TURKEY BUZZARD

dling, the photographing of other small animals will be the same as for the locust. For example, in the case of the silk-worm moth (Fig. 2), which I reared from the caterpillar, the spray of linden leaves was held in position by being screwed in a small vise and the latter attached to the top of a spare tripod. The white background was secured by placing a sheet of pure white blotting paper a foot or more behind it all, resting on an artist's easel.

You will note here how the lighted

wing is brought out in relief by the dark leaf behind it, and the shadowed wing by the light background, and the moth tilted a bit, as it catches the eye quicker in that position and is more artistic. The "saddle-back" caterpillars are on a branch or stem of blackberry, and some of the leaves show where they have been feeding upon them. Study this picture well (Fig. 3), and note how the stem inclines at an angle, and the *light* so managed as to bring out all the details of the caterpillars.

The prickles in these latter give a smarting and painful sting, which one is not likely to forget after the first experience of the kind. Their colors are beautiful, but I shall have to tell you about coloring your photographs at some other time. It is not hard, with the proper paints.

Some time will pass before the young naturalist will be able to photograph living fishes successfully, though it can be done, as one may see by studying Fig. 4. Great patience is required

good photographs of, but you must bring to bear all the patience and experience you have had to make photographs worth the while. Fig. 6, a young turkey buzzard, or vulture, shows an easy bird to take, a much easier specimen, for example, than a humming-bird, which I am able to say from personal experience. This young buzzard grew up in captivity, and later on was kept in a great cage at the National Zoological Park in Washington, where many boys and girls have seen



FIG. 7. AN OLD 'COON

sometimes in getting successful photographs of live turtles and tortoises. The box tortoise, so familiar to many boys and girls, is a hard one, especially in the trick of getting him to keep his tail out in full sight. Like people, these turtles and tortoises are sometimes cross and unaccommodating, and others again gentle and handled with ease. This picture will bear a little study, too, though it is one of my earlier efforts. Many birds are very difficult to get

him many times. Curiously enough, the young of this species of bird are *white*, while the old ones are glossy *black*. Birds are often photographed nowadays in their native haunts and such pictures are great studies, and there is no reason why the young naturalist should not succeed in doing this in some of the simpler cases.

Most "mammals" are difficult subjects for you, especially the active and smaller species. The old raccoon in



Fig 7 took me nearly an entire day to get his picture. The log upon which he sits is in a vise fastened to the top of a tripod, while the background is a sheet some ten feet away. My! he *was* cross and bound to have his own way, and he knew nothing about looking pleasant. Once he flew at me from under the bed in the room, and before I could stop him gave me a terrible bite on my leg. Then, again, he got on top of the bureau, and before I could reach him he threw at me my hair brush and comb, shaving brush and one

or two other light objects that were there. Still, by using kindness, patience and peanuts, I at last got his picture, and another, which I got on the same afternoon. He has had the honor of having appeared in colors in a big book published on animals a few years ago in London.

I have seen some pretty good photographs of different kinds of animals taken by American boys and girls in my time, and I only hope what has been said here may help to tell them how to make even better ones.

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## THE GREEN PATH

By MILDRED McNEAL SWEENEY

A green hill up—a green hill down;  
Between the path, a fairy thread  
Blowing in the May wind from the town.  
The early grass so thick is grown,  
I ask what mortal foot has sped  
Along before me, and more than once,  
To mark the faint line for my own.

I pace in the wind. And time fulfills.  
And soon before my step there runs  
A little figure between the hills.  
The fairy voice, long dreamed of, shrills  
In laughter and the bright head suns  
A way along, for she will try  
The steep, the smooth, the plash of rills.

Forward we look, we two. The way  
We take is not half long enough,  
But shall be, on another day—  
Or so, with cheek touching cheek, we say:  
And—"Never shall the way be rough."  
—But ah, dear, dear heart. I had forgotten—  
I go not with her all the way.

## NAN'S CAREER—II.

By MARY R. P. HATCH

HUGH RUTLEDGE went to work and by force of will allowed not a single thought of the evening to intrude. He studied until eleven and then took down from the top of a bookcase a meerschaum pipe given by a friend lately returned from Paris, looked at it thoughtfully and returned it to place. The thought had just struck him that it was an unsociable thing to do to refuse to smoke with a friend and afterwards smoke a solitary pipe. Another look decided him. Going across the hall, he rapped lightly at the office door of Dr. Lamson, who slept in the back office, to be within reach of the telephone and supposititious night calls.

"Come in," he called.

"No, I won't come in. I only wanted you to come to my room for a smoke, if it isn't too late for you."

"Never too late to smoke for me, I'm ashamed to say. I mean to knock off something when I'm short of New Year resolutions some time," and he followed Hugh to his room and sank into the deep chair that was hospitably pushed toward him. Not a word of the girls was spoken. They talked as man to man of what they hoped to do, and yet in a somewhat shamefaced way that men have when building air castles to live in. It seemed to make it more substantial, give it an extra brace, to say offhand that "So-and-So has his three thousand a year, and though he's a first-rate judge of the law, he's no pleader and never will be"; or, "Dr. Green, you know Green or have heard of him, is a good doctor—nobody denies it; but he made mistakes which I should be ashamed of in the beginning of his practice, and now he's the head of a hospital with a practice that brings him in ten thousand a year."

When they parted Hugh was surer than ever that if Nan wanted to get married she had better marry Dr. Lamson, and then he turned out the lights and sat down to think a little, as he often did when he had a knotty point to untie. But to his disgust he began to think of Nan with such fire and force that the very room seemed to pulse with life. He could see her in the chair opposite, gazing at herself in the mirror, walking about the room, and he could almost hear the swish of her garments and the silken rustle that men like best of all in a woman's dress—its sound is so purely womanly. Nan always seemed to fill any room she was in. He had noticed that before; but to have her, even in fancy, invade his—that was a different matter and not altogether agreeable. He turned on the light again and sat down to write. Yes, he had decided to write a love poem to Kitty. He had written a good many verses in praise of the ladies he had cared for more or less in days gone by, and he was rather proud of the collection. "To Lucille," "We Met but to Part," "Only Once," "Good-Bye," these were some of the titles. Nobody ever saw the poems but himself. He would have laughed at the idea of having them published, although some of them were well worth reading. So now he dipped into his pleasant task, which, if the truth must be told, was to exorcise the spirit of one divinity by piping the praises of another.

However, the words would not come, to say nothing of the spirit, and in an hour or so he pushed aside pen and paper, only to snatch it up again and write a few burning lines "To My Divinity." Nan? No, not at all; but what Nan might be were matters differently arranged, and so forth and so forth.



Then having given way so far to the tyranny of expression, he tore the sheet deliberately in two, turned out the light and went to bed. The poem lay on the desk in the morning and he twisted it into a couple of cigar lighters and stuck them behind his mirror. Then fairly well satisfied with himself, he started for the courthouse.

Nan did not get out of her troubles so easily. She was singularly sincere and clear-sighted, and now that she knew she had met the love of her life she thought the matter over seriously, without trying to belittle its measure, in any way. She was convinced that, the regard was all on her own side, except for a certain amount of friendship that was incomparable with the great love she had for him. Now, what should she do? Drop it? As well think of dropping her own personality. Let him know it? Never. Give up the acquaintance? She couldn't. Strong-hearted as she was, she couldn't. Besides, she would rather have his friendship than another man's love. Men never love like women, she had heard or read somewhere. They have too many interests, too many ambitions; they think more of outside life—the strife for existence. To be his friend until he married, and after that, if she could. This was all she could think of, and cold comfort it was for the loving, passionate woman who had come to her twenty-fourth year without knowing anything of real love before. True, she had cared for a young man, Leslie Carlton, and might have married him had he lived; but she would never then have known the full meaning of love. She said to herself that she would rather be half-loved by one whom she could respect and adore than be adored by a man whom she could but half-love. Nan smiled drearily and went down stairs with a sense of suffocation at her heart—a reaching out for something so illusive, yet so fervently longed for, that she felt as if the world had suddenly narrowed to this sickly hope of clutching at a fantasy.

But the two, with all his heaped-up emotion between them, met as hitherto,

when they did meet. Hugh did not call as often nor stay as long. When he came, Nan tried to be the same to him, except, of course, now she had a secret to guard, she must think of that. So matters went on until school closed and she got ready to go abroad.

It was a move she had looked forward to with great pleasure. Her mother was to go with her, and they were to live first in Leipsic, next in Bordeaux—two years in each city. When the day came for their departure Hugh made his farewell call, with a lowering enthusiasm at her prospect and his own career that did not please him. It suddenly seemed as if the night never looked so dark and lonesome, and yet there was the new moon winking at him cheerfully over his right shoulder, and all the stars that he knew anything about in their high places, fixed to all eternity and yet changeable as all things earthly. The June night was full of the sweet scents of green things growing, the gray mists of the valley were rising to meet the gray, pallid hues of the night just where he was. But when he felt about him the clinging dampness, the cloying heaviness of it all, he set his teeth and plodded on with one thought uppermost—he must not let her know he cared so much about her going, or she might misconstrue the nature of his regard for her.

She met him at the door with a bright smile of welcome.

"Almost ready?" he asked, lightly.

"Almost. Mother seems to have a great faculty for recollection which is likely to bring us back at the last moment for a key, a string or a spool of thread."

"I envy you. I wish I were going, too."

"I wish you were."

"But that isn't for me these many years, probably. I hope you appreciate your advantages."

"I do, I assure you," she said, with a brave front, but trembling lip.

"You don't seem quite well this evening, Nan, or happy. Has anything

gone wrong?" he asked, looking at her critically.

"No, indeed. I am perfectly well and very happy," she said, looking into his face, but dropping her eyes next moment so that he wouldn't see how full of tears they were.

But he saw them. However, he only said, cheerfully:

"Now, Nan, I have only a couple of minutes to say good-bye in and that's more than enough, because I don't mean to say good-bye at all. Write as soon as you get there, and don't be stingy of words, either. I shall expect a good, long letter and a good many of them."

"You shall have them," she answered, and she spoke clearly and naturally. Then they shook hands cordially and separated, and at this moment Hugh was more moved than Nan, for the pain of parting had again struck him in full force.

However, he ran down the steps and without looking back hurried into a side street, instead of following the usual one to his office. Then with head bent and white face he walked the length of it, but turned at the end and raised his head defiantly as he thought:

"Why shouldn't I marry like other men when I love a woman so that it turns me sick to part from her?—when I know she loves me, when mother would be glad to have me marry, and marry Nan, above every one else? My practice is good and Nan, the darling," and he laughed softly, "would marry me without a cent, I do believe."

And then he turned back. For years afterward that end of the street with its quaint, old-fashioned houses, with the ivy-covered church and brick schoolhouse at the corner, possessed a

peculiar fascination for him. It was a happy-faced man who ran up the steps to the door, and, finding it ajar, walked into the sitting-room. Nan had been crying and her eyes were still wet, but she was startled at his return, without guessing in the least the cause of it.

"Has anything gone wrong?"

"Yes, everything. Nan, will you marry me?"

"No," she said promptly. "You don't want me. You don't want to marry. You've said so, or the same as that, twenty times."

"Well, I will say twenty times now, if that will convince you, that I do want to marry you. I have always wanted to, only I wouldn't own it to myself."

"But if you wouldn't that shows your reason was against it."

"Not at all; it merely shows my lack of reason. I never was so happy in my life as I have been the last few moments in thinking you might love me, perhaps."

"Perhaps," she said, with a happy laugh. "You knew I loved you."

"And the career."

"I give it up and the trip to Germany till we can go together. Mamma didn't want to go. She will be glad to stay at home."

"And you? Would you rather stay?"

"Hugh," she said, solemnly, "I am happy in your love, but I don't deserve it."

"You deserve it and more," he replied, impressed by her intensity: "but you shall never be sorry you gave up your career for me, if I can help it."

"A career is nothing to me now," she said. "To sew on buttons and knit your stockings (only I don't know how to knit) seems the greater glory. I will help you in your career, but mine is ended."







THE FROG POND, BOSTON COMMON



# HISTORIC HAPPENINGS ON BOSTON COMMON

## I.—IN COLONIAL AND PROVINCIAL DAYS

*By* MARION FLORENCE LANSING

**I**T is a far cry from the little Puritan settlement on the barren fields of the promontory of Shawmut to the great modern metropolis of Boston. In the old records and on the old maps we find a seven-hundred-acre peninsula, connected to the mainland by a half-mile neck of land over which the high tides frequently washed, whose chief recommendations for occupancy were the precious ones that it was well watered, easily fortified and comparatively free from wolves, rattlesnakes and mosquitoes. Then we look at the modern city, and we feel as if the very land under our feet had changed,—and so, indeed, it has! In the two hundred and eighty years of her life, Boston has cut off the tops of her hills and dropped them into her waters; she has filled up her shallows and built out her points, until she has trebled her size and so changed her shore line that the mariner of long ago, if he tried to sail up Long Cove or into Back Bay, would find himself stranded on fashionable streets, forty, fifty and sixty years old.

Yet with all the changes that have swept away so many landmarks, one spot has remained undisturbed, and that in the heart of the city. Save for an occasional paring off to make a street or to give place for a burying ground, and the inevitable pruning of civilization which has changed rough pasture land into a charming landscape garden, Boston Common is still the same fifty acres which the town, under the leadership of Governor Winthrop,

bought in 1634 from the first settler, Rev. William Blackstone, paying him for it the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, toward which each settler contributed six shillings or upwards. We become bewildered in the mazes of old diaries and descriptions and are lost in our travels up Sentry Hill or along Frog Lane or past the Old Pump, but behold the next turn brings us out on the Common, and we are at home once more. Later generations have tunneled under it and built around it, yet in all the three centuries not even the name has changed. Early in the nineteenth century there was an effort to rename it Washington Park and to christen the Frog Pond Crescent Pond. But the old, homely names have persisted, with their reminiscence of the time when the waters of the Back Bay lapped the foot of the Common, and every man felt at least a six-shilling-worth claim on this common town property. Some one has said that as a link between the old and the new the Common represents the "continuity of things in Boston as does no other tangible object." As in our imaginary travels it was a safe and conspicuous landmark, so from the events which took place in swift succession on this great central meeting-place we can construct a picture of three centuries of Boston life. Grim Puritans drilling every Saturday morning, who opened and closed their manoeuvrings with lengthy prayers, jostle against gay British redcoats, who drove off the cows to build themselves fortifications.





LOOKING UP TREMONT STREET

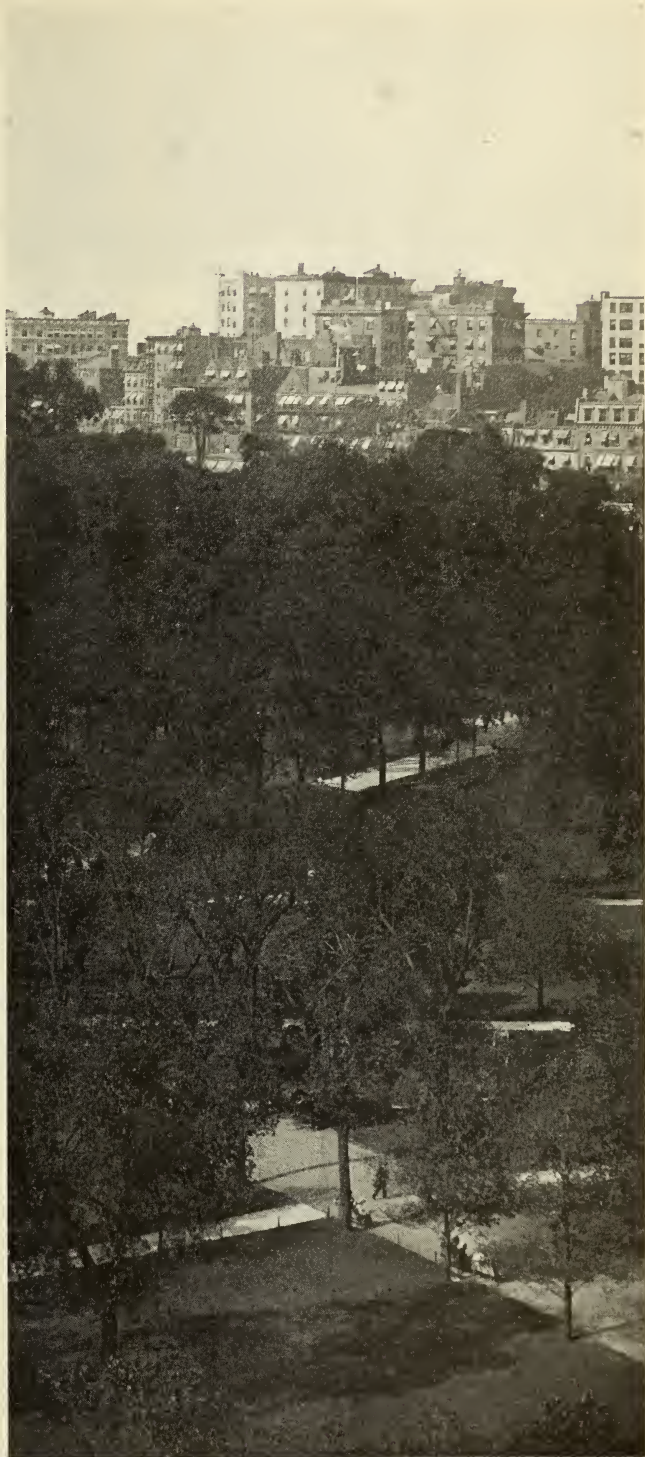
Fair dames promenading at sunset, anti-slavery orators, and Indians dancing war dances, funerals and pageants, all these will crowd the canvas and call back the life of those far-away days.

In these days of park systems and public playgrounds we are apt to take for granted the reservation of land for public use, but in reality this immense park gives Boston an envied distinction among the cities of the nation. In no other town was so large a plot of ground set aside to be kept forever open. Travelers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are constantly remarking on it. William Penn planned, in his original drafts of Philadelphia, to have large squares where the avenues intersected, but in later sketches these disappeared. Bowling Green in New York was a field opposite a fort, used for military purposes and reserved for public city use, rather as an afterthought, early in the eighteenth century. But within a few years of its purchase it was voted in Boston town meeting that in future no land should be granted for house plot or garden out of the fields of the Common, and the same spirit is evident in the city charter, which devotes a clause to its preservation intact forever.

The delicate sensibilities of a traveler of the early nineteenth cen-

tury were offended by the historic background of so beautiful a park. Would you believe, he says, that this charming spot was originally and until recent years set apart as a cow pasture? But what would Boston Common be to us without its historic associations? Elder Oliver gains a mysterious importance in our eyes as we wonder what the debt was that his fellow-townsmen owed him that they decreed that he, alone of all Boston men, should be allowed to pasture his horse on the Common, while his neighbors were only allowed to keep there pigs and cows.

Of the Common of unkempt pasture land with its three trees and its rock quarries, from which the foundation of many a famous Boston house was taken, there are, in spite of our British friend, many pleasant memories. It was to it that Madam Hancock turned when her husband, the Governor, told her that he had invited to breakfast three hundred or more officers of the French fleet visiting in the harbor. Messengers were sent in every direction for provisions, and still there was not enough till Madam Hancock, in despair, sent her servants out to milk the cows on the Common, trusting that the pride of Bostonians in offering a worthy reception to their distinguished guests would compensate them for their dry suppers. And it did! There was never a murmur from the people, and Madam Han-



PATHS THAT LEAD IN EVERY DIRECTION



cock could stand on the porch of her beautiful home on Beacon street and watch the Frenchmen coming across the Common,—such an array of gold lace as she never saw before, she told some one,—and know that their eleven o'clock breakfast lacked no necessary provision.

It was a pretty hospitality that these residents of the fine houses bordering the Common dispensed to their guests, and no home was more famous for it than the Hancock house. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company held

wine." A traveler of the seventeenth century tells us of a "small but pleasant Common where the Gallants a little before Sunset walk with their Madams till the nine o'clock Bell rings them to their respective Habitations," and Mr. Bennett, writing in 1740, adds to this picture: "Every evening," he says, "after drinking tea, the gentlemen and ladies walk the Mall (a shaded path of the Common), and from thence adjourn to one another's houses to spend the evening."

Along with these pleasant social



IN THE HEART OF BOSTON COMMON

their annual elections on the training ground on the first Monday in June, going through their parades and evolutions before the Governor, who gave the new officers their insignia of office. From this occasion they usually adjourned to Faneuil Hall for a banquet, but on one of the election days we read in a child's diary that after the ceremony "Mr. Hancock invited the whole company into his house in the afternoon, and treated them very genteelly and generously with cake and

courtesies ran more serious events. From the training ground where they had drilled so regularly there went out in 1745 two thousand and seventy men to capture for England the French fortress of Louisburg, on Cape Breton Island, and on the fields of the Common were lighted the bonfires which celebrated that victory. The news came by packet boat during the night that after six weeks' siege the fortress was taken, and the people were awakened in the morning by the discharge

of arms and the booming of cannon, and doubtless also by the calls of the town criers. "With one accord," says a newspaper of that day, "the people of all ranks arose from their beds to joy and thanksgiving, and each one severally contributed to wear away the day in rejoicing." A tent was set up on the Common, where "punch in casks profusely flowed and wine luxuriously was spread," and a "very handsome" bonfire closed the celebration until the happy day when all the town turned out on Long wharf to welcome the victors home with more cannonading, more ringing of bells, and probably an even handsomer bonfire.

The French did not forget this defeat, but sent their warships into New England waters to try to punish their enemies. One day the report came that the fleet was on its way to attack Boston, and an alarm was sent out to the neighboring towns for aid. The men of Boston must have felt a sense of security and relief when they looked out on the Common two mornings later and saw encamped there 6400 men, all well armed. Some of them had come from as far away as Brookfield, making the seventy-mile journey in two days, and bringing on their backs heavy knapsacks with fourteen days' provisions. But they were not needed. The French fleet was so beset by tempests that it gave up its purpose of attacking the town. It was not until 1758 that the final struggle of England with France came on, and General Amherst reviewed the army on the Common before he led them northward into Canada.

Right here, tucked away between statistics of armies and lists of town rules and regulations, we come upon an account of the first Boston fad, which the people took with all the seriousness that has characterized their later days. A company of Scotch-Irish, coming over in 1720, brought with them two innovations,—the potato and the spinning wheel. To the latter the people, who had found it hard to get linen, turned with enthusiasm. The selectmen saw the opening of a new and use-

ful industry, and bought twenty spinning wheels with which to set up a spinning school for children, offering a prize of five pounds for the first piece of linen "spun and wove here." They even built a brick manufactory house opposite the Common, where now stands Hamilton place, on the wall of which they had portrayed a female figure holding a distaff in her hand. The craze spread from the children to their elders, until spinning wheels were the "hobby-horses of the Publick," and in good Boston fashion a society was formed "For Promoting Industry and Frugality." The fourth anniversary of this society was celebrated in 1753, when "three hundred young female spinsters, decently dressed," brought their spinning wheels to the Common, and, setting them up on the grass in three rows, sat at their work all the afternoon, spinning to the accompaniment of music. The weavers also appeared, dressed in garments of their own making, and one of them worked a loom on a stage that had been borne to the spot on men's shoulders. The trustees of the society and the selectmen of the town looked on admiringly for a time, and then went over to the church to attend public worship celebrating this event, where a sermon was delivered to suit the occasion (one wonders on what text!), and a contribution was taken up to aid the industry. Truly, religion and business went hand in hand!

British and French visitors were always impressed by the religious atmosphere of the town. M. Robin, telling of his stay in 1781, says he never saw or dreamed of such observance of the Sabbath. "All affairs," he writes, "of whatever importance they may be, cease; one is not permitted even the most innocent pleasures. Boston, this populous city, where a great excitement always reigns, seems deserted on Sundays. The streets may be wandered through without meeting anybody. One enters no house without finding everybody engaged in reading the Bible." A Frenchman who lodged in the same house with him undertook



to relieve the tedium of the day by playing the flute. The people gathered about the house, and would, M. Robin was sure, have made some violent demonstration had not the landlord warned him to desist. It was said that people were not even allowed to walk on the Common on Sundays. At any rate, we find on the statute books a law that no person shall ride to and fro about the Common on Sundays to water his horses.

This was the Boston that was stirred to its depth in 1740 by the preaching of George Whitefield, who began what was known as the great revival. Of all the colonies, he had the most to say about Massachusetts. The Sabbath began here on Saturday evening, and was "perhaps better kept by the ministers and people than in any other place in the known (!) world." One cannot help wondering if he had visions of some undiscovered planet, where even the Puritans were outdone in piety.

Whitefield was only twenty-six years old when he first came to Boston. He was met four miles outside the city by the Governor's son and other gentlemen; was frequently entertained during his stay by the Governor at his home, and driven in his own state carriage to the place where he was to preach. At first he held his services in the large chapels. Then they proved too small for his audiences, and he adjourned with them to the Common, where he preached day after day to immense audiences. It was estimated that twenty-three thousand gathered there to hear his farewell sermon. Governor Belcher himself drove him to the ferry on his way to Northampton, where he was to visit Jonathan Edwards, and wept as he bade him farewell. The joke passed around Boston at the time that between early rising to hear Whitefield preach on the Common and the use of the new remedy, tar-water, the physicians would soon have no practice left.

It is interesting to see how in the twenty years before the Revolution celebrations of the King's birthday,

the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot and other royal holidays alternated with rebel rejoicings when the Common was given over to ardent patriots. We read of Colonel Hancock's Cadets parading in their fine new uniforms on the King's birthday, and the next month some new restriction of liberty is causing what comes very near being a riot. They were an independent race, those forefathers of ours, and they showed their minds in no uncertain way. A law had finally to be passed forbidding processions decked out in any disguise or carrying any pageantry, so popular was the custom of gathering in the evening and parading the streets and lanes of the town with effigies of obnoxious persons and caricatures of unpopular acts, then closing the evening by hanging the objects on the Liberty tree or burning them at the foot of the Common.

The Stamp Act caused great indignation in Boston. When the news of its repeal was brought on the sixteenth day of May, 1766, by the captain of a vessel only six weeks from London, the patriots turned their energies to a fitting recognition of the triumph. When the word came the bells in the different churches were set ringing, the ships in the harbor displayed their colors, guns were discharged and bonfires were kindled in different parts of the town. But such informal celebration was not enough. The selectmen, sitting in Faneuil Hall, appointed May 19 a day of public rejoicing, and the Sons of Liberty set their wits to work. The young patriot engraver, Paul Revere, was first appointed to prepare an obelisk or pyramid which should be the central feature of the occasion and should be preserved forever as a memorial of the day. Unfortunately, it caught fire that night, but pictures of it have come down to us.

The impatient patriots could not wait till dawn to begin the day. As soon as the clock had struck one, the bell on Hollis Street Church began to ring. Christ Church in the North End soon replied, and in a few minutes every bell in Boston was ringing. The

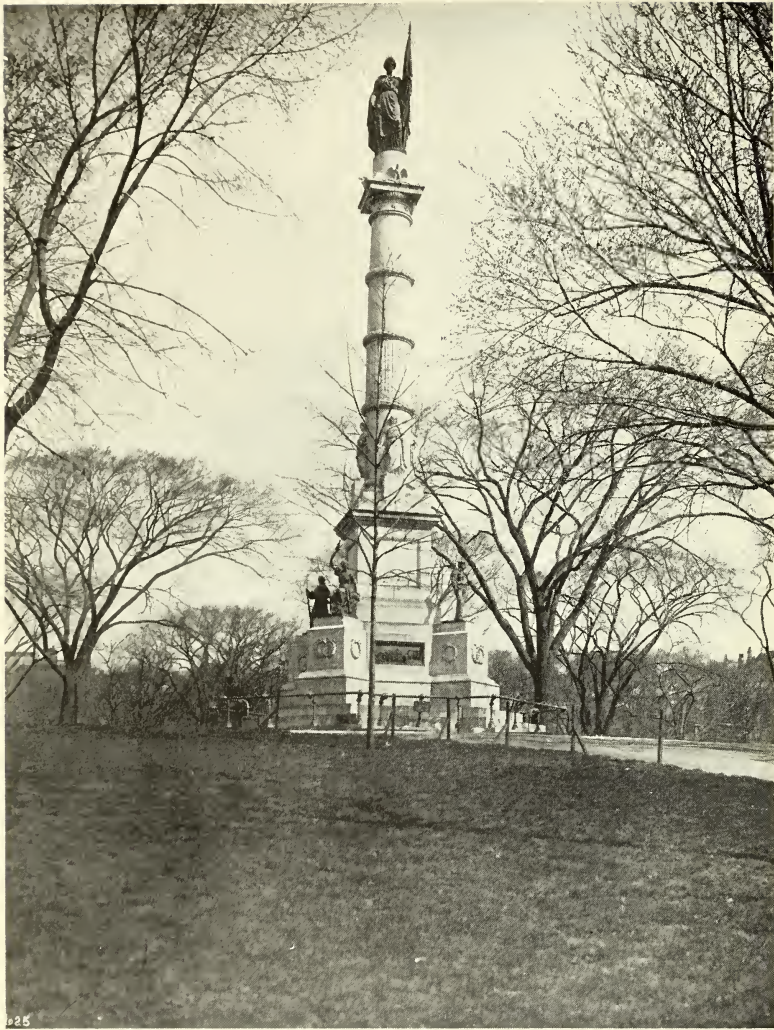


LOOKING ACROSS THE COMMON TO BEACON HILL

good people of Boston arose to find their town transformed. Hollis Street steeple and the Liberty tree were hung with banners and streamers, and every house in that vicinity was decorated with flags, portraits of America's

friends in Parliament and mottoes suitable to the occasion. On a day of such general rejoicing the Sons of Liberty could not have any one in distress. They raised a subscription to pay the debts of those who were confined in





THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, BOSTON COMMON

jail for poverty, and soon they were set at liberty.

With drumbeat and banqueting the day wore away, and in the evening immense crowds gathered on the Common. At dusk twelve rockets were discharged, and Paul Revere's pyramid was uncovered, lighted by its two hundred and eighty lamps. It was four stories high. On each side near the top were the heads of those who had helped gain the repeal of the Stamp Act in England, among them Pitt, Camden, King George and the Duke

of York. Below were large caricatures engraved by Revere, with appropriate titles and verses illustrating the history of the Stamp Act.

In the first engraving, America, in the form of an Indian, rests under a tree. Above her hovers an angel of liberty with a wreath, but toward her is flying also a devil unrolling the Stamp Act, while the prime minister and members of Parliament approach with a heavy chain. Above this picture, with its title, "America in distress, apprehending the loss of LIBERTY," are

these flowery lines, probably composed by Revere:

"O thou, whom next to Heav'n we  
most revere,  
Fair LIBERTY! thou lovely Goddess,  
hear!  
Have we not woo'd thee, won thee,  
held thee long,  
Laid in thy lap and melted on thy  
tongue,  
Thro' Death and Danger's rugged paths  
pursu'd,  
And led thee smiling to this SOLI-  
TUDE;  
Hid thee within our Hearts' most  
golden Cell  
And brav'd the Powers of Earth &  
Powers of Hell.  
GODDESS: we cannot part, thou must  
not fly;  
Be SLAVES! we dare to Scorn it—  
dare to die."

In the next scene of the drama America kneels before her British patrons, Pitt, Camden and others, whom Fame is on the point of crowning, while on the other side of the picture a realistic thunder storm is bursting over the heads of the retreating ministers, and the accompanying verse assures the world that the "foes of Britain only are our foes." In a third, America "endures the conflict for a season," but in the fourth, King George the Third, arrayed for some mysterious reason as a Dutch widow, is formally introducing the Indian (who represents America) to a most attractive Goddess of Liberty. Over this scene the climax of the verses is reached when the poet effusively hails the "darling Monarch, by this act endear'd," and assures him that if ever peril should threaten him in England, he had only to stretch his happy wing to this asylum, where "we'll contend, who best shall love our KING."

On a stage opposite this obelisk, put up in front of the Workhouse, which stood near the present site of Park

Street Church, were displayed the fireworks. From dusk till eleven o'clock the air was filled with them,—“wheels, serpents, beehives, rockets and other set-pieces.” In the lower room of the Workhouse were entertained meanwhile the gentlemen of the town. John Hancock had had a stage built in front of his house, and during the entire evening he had fireworks discharged in alternation with those of the Sons of Liberty, one responding to the other. He also “gave a grand and elegant entertainment to the genteel part of the town and treated the populace with a pipe of Madeira wine.” Otis and several other gentlemen who lived near the Common illuminated their homes and kept open house, and “the multitude of gentlemen and ladies who were continually passing from one place to another added much to the brilliancy of the night.”

At eleven o'clock the discharge of twenty-one rockets gave the signal for the closing display of the evening, when a horizontal wheel at the top of the pyramid was discharged. It whirled around until it was nearly burnt out, and then resolving itself into sixteen dozen serpents, shot out into the darkness. As the flying serpents disappeared, the beating of a drum notified the people that the show was over, and “to the honor of the Sons of Liberty,” it was stated that the crowds retired at once to their homes, and that “not a reflection was cast on any character, nor the least disorder during the whole scene.”

So the people showed their loyalty to the King,—*provided* he continued to endear himself to them by giving them their beloved liberty. This he did not do. For the next two years there was constant strife between the royal governors and the patriots over what were the just rights of the people, and in September, 1768, British troops under General Gage were encamped on the Common, and the Revolutionary days had begun.



# OUR LADY OF STORIES

By OLIVE VINCENT MARSH

**B**ASIL sat on the window ledge, his feet planted on the floor of the balcony outside, elbows on knees, chin in hands, and scowled. A black mood possessed him. The universe—his universe, at least—was stale and unprofitable. Couldn't one *ever* do anything new and different? Were all the days to stretch out endlessly, just like all the others that had gone by? He scowled at the blue sky and the sunshine and at the canal. Oh, yes, it was a fine day. Pretty soon Marietta would come and take him to walk. He thought they would probably go down by the shops to-day. On the whole, he liked the shops better than the churches, because Marietta so often had to stop and go in to pray to Our Lady of Sorrows, or perhaps it was Our Lady of Something Else,—Marietta prayed to so many ladies. If it was to be the churches this morning, he hoped it would be the one where the beautiful picture was of the lady and the bambino. He liked this lady best of all. She was almost as beautiful as his mother. He wished sometimes—but then, big boys of five couldn't expect to be held in their mothers' arms like the bambino. Five was too old for that.

He began to wonder idly where Marietta was. Not that he cared or that it mattered. It didn't make a single bit of difference whether she came or whether they went to walk or not. Nothing made any difference,—not the least bit in the world. And then he looked up and gave a little start. Something was happening over on the next balcony. Nothing had ever happened there before. A man-servant brought out a long, low steamer chair and a maid followed with a rug. Then

the man-servant came again, and Basil opened his eyes very wide and stared, for the man was carrying a young girl. He placed her carefully in the chair and the maid covered her with the rug. Then the girl sent them both in and just lay there quietly. Basil moved over to the railing and stared unabashed. She saw him and called gayly across:

"Buon giorno!"

"Buon giorno," he responded gravely. He still had a quarrel with the world. But she was beautiful. He liked her hair that lay over her shoulder in a thick, long flaxen braid. Of course, it was not that splendid red gold like his mother's, but it was pretty. He wished his mother would wear hers like that.

The girl spoke again, still in Italian, and this time she said: "What is your name, little boy?"

There it was again—that hateful name. He was silent and the look of gloom settled back on his face. He was sick and tired of that old name. But she was repeating the question and this time it was in English, and he pricked up his ears. That was the language he spoke with his mother. Marietta and Gulio couldn't talk it. Perhaps servants never knew anything but Italian. Ladies probably always knew English. He thought, on the whole, he might as well answer her, so he lifted his chin and said firmly and soberly that one word, "Basil," and then waited for what might come. But the lady did not laugh. She only said gently:

"Won't you come and see me, Basil? I'm lonely. Ask your mother if you may come and play with me a little while this morning."

Basil drew a long breath. Something different was happening at last,

and while he was considering just how he should meet this new crisis he heard Marietta coming, and he knew she was ready for that hated walk. Rebellion filled his soul. This time he would not go. He did not stir, but clasped his hands tightly behind him and pressed his lips firmly together as Marietta appeared.

"I—I am not going to-day, Marietta," he announced, and then he remembered what he had heard his mother say, and added, "I—I have another engagement, Marietta."

Then his lady of the sunbright hair began addressing Marietta in rapid Italian. He knew she was asking Marietta to ask his mother that he might be brought over for a call in the next balcony. His heart sank at this. Would he have to wear a starched white suit and sit on a chair and answer questions? She had said "Come and *play*" before. Marietta hesitated, but the girl spoke again, and one saw that she was used to having her way. So it ended in his being escorted over to the other house and out onto the balcony, where he was left alone with the wonderful lady.

He looked at her dumbly and then in a gust burst forth:

"I *hate* my name!"

"Then let's pretend your name is something else," she suggested in the most matter-of-fact way possible, as though it were a very easy thing to remedy the small matter of one's name. "What name would you like to have best of any in all the whole world?"

Basil held his breath with the suddenness of it. He thought and thought, and then surprisedly gave up.

"I don't know," he said.

"Don't you? Then I'm going to call you 'Little Brother,' may I? I've got a little brother at home, and we'll play you're another little brother here; shall we?"

"Don't you live here?" Basil questioned anxiously. "Are you going home to-morrow?"

"No, little brother, I'm not going home just yet. There's something the matter with me, — inside — and they

brought me here to get better. Are you glad I'm not going home to-morrow?"

"Yes," said Basil. "What is your little brother's name?"

"His name is Davy," she answered gently. "Shall I tell you a story about him?"

"I guess so," he said rather uncertainly.

The girl turned startled sea-blue eyes upon him.

"Why, little brother," she cried. "Did no one ever tell you stories? Don't you *like* stories?"

"Marietta tells stupid ones," he gloomed.

"Oh, but mine won't be stupid!" she promised. "But you're so far away, little brother. Come and sit in this chair with me. There! That's the way Davy and I used to do at home. We've got the biggest, coziest old chair at home that Davy and I sit in to tell stories. Are you comfortable, little brother?"

He nodded and wondered breathlessly what was coming next. This was *almost* like the bambino in the picture. What did come next was a long, delightful morning, all filled with thrilling stories of Davy's adventures. Basil thought the adventure of the snow fort was the very most thrilling of all, only he could not understand it quite.

"What are snowballs like?" he asked.

Again the sea-blue eyes turned to him in surprise. "Oh, little brother, you don't know what snowballs are? Have you never been in the home land? You're an American, surely?"

"I don't know," he said. "My mother didn't tell me. It's very far from Venice, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear," she answered with a little sigh; "very far."

"I hope Marietta won't come for me for a long time," he volunteered. "I like it here. I s'pect she's gone to pray to Our Lady of Sorrows."

"Our Lady of Sorrows? Who told you of her, little brother?"

"Oh, Marietta. We go in the churches and she prays to lots of ladies—I—I



think I'd like to pray to *you*. Are you Our Lady of Stories?"

Again the sea-blue eyes were startled, but she answered him in good faith.

"I'll be *your* Lady of Stories, little brother,—yours and Davy's—but you mustn't talk about praying to me. I'm not the kind of lady Marietta prays to."

"I like you better," he affirmed; "better than any of them except the one in the picture with the bambino."

He told his mother that night that he liked Our Lady of Stories better than Our Lady of Sorrows, and he asked her if she had ever been in the home land and whether she knew what snowballs were.

"I s'pose it's too far for us to go over," he added wistfully, and she answered him much as his Lady of Stories had done and sighed a little as she answered.

"Yes, Basil; very far."

"I learned a piece about it, too," he announced. "Want to hear it?"

"I love thy rocks 'n' rills,  
Thy woods 'n' templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above."

"She told me 'bout the rocks 'n' rills an' all about all of it, mother. Shall I tell you 'bout it? Why, mother, what's the matter? Is it your inside? *She's* got something the matter with her inside. Have *you* got a trouble in your inside, too?"

His mother looked at him uncertainly for a moment, and then she laughed lightly.

"Oh, you funny little boy," she said. "Go tell Marietta it's time for your supper."

But after he had gone she sat and thought a long, long time, and that night she wrote a letter.

It was many days before Basil saw his Lady of Stories again. Then one day she was on the balcony once more and sent for him to come over. She seemed different somehow. He could

not tell just how, only she seemed more far away and shiny,—like the lady with the bambino in the picture, when the candles were lit and the light shone in her face.

"I didn't forget the piece," he said.

"I love thy rocks 'n' rills,  
Thy woods 'n' templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above."

She held him closer and brushed his hair with her lips. "And you'll remember your Lady of Stories sometimes, too, won't you, little brother?" she said.

"Why,—'course," he answered. "But you're here. You didn't go away."

"I think I'm going, little brother."

"To the home land?"

"Yes, dear; to the home land,—to a 'sweet and blessed country.'"

"'n' Davy'll come to meet you, won't he?" he questioned.

She was looking far away and seemed almost to have forgotten him. Then at last she spoke.

"I shall be there to meet Davy," she said.

Then the maid came and took Basil home and his mother met him at the door. She seemed strange, somehow, too, and she had a letter in her hand. Everyone was rather queer to-day. But that night when Basil went to bed the strangest and beautifulest thing of all happened. His mother came and sent Marietta away and put him to bed herself. When he was all ready she took him up in her arms and they sat together like the lady and the bambino in the picture. Basil was very happy. He put his hand up half shyly and touched her beautiful hair, and he saw that there were tears in her eyes. It was all very strange and queer. Then she hugged him and put her face close down to his.

"Basil, little lad," she said, and there was a world of love and tenderness in her voice. "Dear little lad, we're going home—we're going *home*!"

# COLLEGE-TRAINED IMMIGRANTS

## A STUDY OF AMERICANS IN THE MAKING

By CHARLES G. FAIRMAN

TO offer college education as a practical solution for the grave problems that have arisen from the heavy tide of immigration into this country is to invite the opinion that one is attempting a joke, or else that one has gone completely daft on the subject of higher education. One of these conclusions would seem inevitable when the vast army of aliens entering this country year by year, many of them illiterate, is considered. Yet this proposition is made in all seriousness by one New England institution—a college maintained expressly for immigrants. This is the American International College of Springfield, Mass.

This institution is conducted by educators of ability and receives support from some of the brainiest men in the practical affairs of this country. It is not expected that the college will work miracles or that it will dispel in one, two or three years the evils that have grown out of the over-rapid influx of aliens and the lack of forethought in dealing with this unorganized but immensely valuable material for the making of American citizens. That any large percentage of immigrants can expect to receive diplomas from American colleges is recognized as out of the question. The thing sought is to equip an immigrant class composed of teachers, members of the professions and men in commercial and industrial pursuits who shall serve as trained leaders of this great body of new recruits.

At present the attendance at the college is small, comprising little more than one hundred students, all told, including those in preparatory courses; but its work is important and the possibilities contained in it are looked

upon as great by men whose position and experience give their views some title to respect. Though the college admits both sexes, its student body is now composed mainly of boys, or, rather, young men, for most of them are past the age of twenty-one years. Some of them are brilliant and possess splendid ability; nearly all are to a large extent self-supporting, and almost without exception they are animated by a serious purpose. To one who feels an interest in immigration or in the future relations of this country to other nations of the earth no more interesting field of observation could be found than this crucible for the making of wide-awake, aggressive American citizens.

Some few of the students possess means and social position in their native lands, and seek primarily to gain knowledge of American institutions and a speedy mastery of the English tongue with a view to commercial or diplomatic careers, but most of them are typical immigrants, though possessed of more than average intelligence and ambition.

Fourteen nationalities are represented in the total enrollment of 105 students. The Greek and Latin races are most largely represented. There are thirty-eight Greek students, most of whom came to the institution by way of New York, having learned of its work through the missions and settlements or the Greek newspapers. Italians compose the next largest contingent, thirty in number, coming from various parts of the sunny peninsula, most of them coming from the northern provinces, some from Rome, a few from Sicily and Calabria, and still others from the shores of the Adriatic. The Armenians



compose a delegation of ten, their number having been swelled as a result of the Turkish massacres last summer. There are ten French-Canadians in the school and one native of France, and there are five Spanish students, four from Europe and one from the Argentine Republic. Other nationalities are represented as follows: Austrian, 1; Servian, 1; Poles, 2; Syrian, 1; Assyrian, 1; Russian, 1; Irish, 1; Americans of foreign parentage, 3.

getting as many strong men as possible into the preparatory courses and laying a groundwork for the future. The majority of the students have been in America but a short time.

Dr. R. DeWitt Mallary, a graduate of Amherst College and Union Theological Seminary, and for many years in the Congregational ministry in Lenox and the adjacent territory in the Berkshire Hills, was inaugurated president of the American International



AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE DEBATING SOCIETY

The college has recently entered upon a new era; its faculty and board of trustees have been reorganized and its policies changed to some extent. The standard of the college course has been raised, with a view to making its degrees stand for as much as those conferred by other New England colleges. In consequence there were no graduates from the college proper this year. The whole policy at present is to build the institution up from the bottom by

College two years ago. He finds different problems to contend with than those complained of by President Lowell of Harvard or President Wilson of Princeton. Snobs and would-be idlers are quickly eliminated, as a rule, and the disproportionate interest in athletics as compared to scholarship is not in evidence to an extent to awaken concern. The interest which these immigrant students take in their studies and debates, and in gaining insight into the

history and institutions of the United States, might well be an example to native-born collegians.

An important and interesting department of the college work is that of the School of American Citizenship, conducted by Professor Louis F. Giroux, who is dean of the college. Fully two-thirds of all the students are enrolled in Professor Giroux's classes. The English language is taught by a system of phonetics, which aims to give the student a command of a vocabulary of three

plication in national, state and city affairs, along with a more advanced knowledge of history and philosophy of government and instruction in parliamentary procedure. The books used in this course are chosen with a good deal of care, with a view to making pure English and clearness of expression as strong helps as possible, along with the infusion of a spirit of Americanism. The work includes the reading of such works as the Declaration of Independence, "Washington's Farewell Ad-



OWEN STREET HALL, RECITATION AND OFFICE BUILDING  
AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE

thousand words after thirty-six weeks' study. With this drill is combined from the start a study of American history and doctrines, presented through the medium of talks by the instructor; textbooks in simple English, and the lives of Washington, Franklin, Lincoln and other eminent Americans. The work on America begins with a geographical reader and guidebook, passes to the study of making of the nation, and gradually develops the idea of American government, its mode of ap-

dress," "Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography," "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address," and Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "The Man Without a Country." Professor Giroux has brought a high degree of enthusiasm to the development of a course along lines that find increasing favor with educators in colleges and high schools. His course is one that native students might pursue with as much profit as immigrants.

Professor Giroux comes from a family that emigrated from Marseilles,



France, to Canada, and thence to Northern New York. He is a native of Watkins, N. Y., was graduated from Hamilton College in the class of 1884, and was a Congregational pastor in Springfield for several years before he became an instructor in the college. He has, however, given a large part of his life to teaching.

The work of an instructor in an institution of this kind has peculiar fascinations, advantages and difficulties. Success in this field demands an understanding of and sympathy with foreign

and repression, is met with in these students to a notable extent, although they are of maturer years than the average American student entering upon a course of higher education, and not infrequently have seen more than a little of the adverse side of life. But while they instinctively try to please and are quickly responsive to the instructors in some ways, it is often very difficult to win the confidence of an immigrant student, and to know with certainty when that end has been achieved, for centuries of experience in monarchical coun-

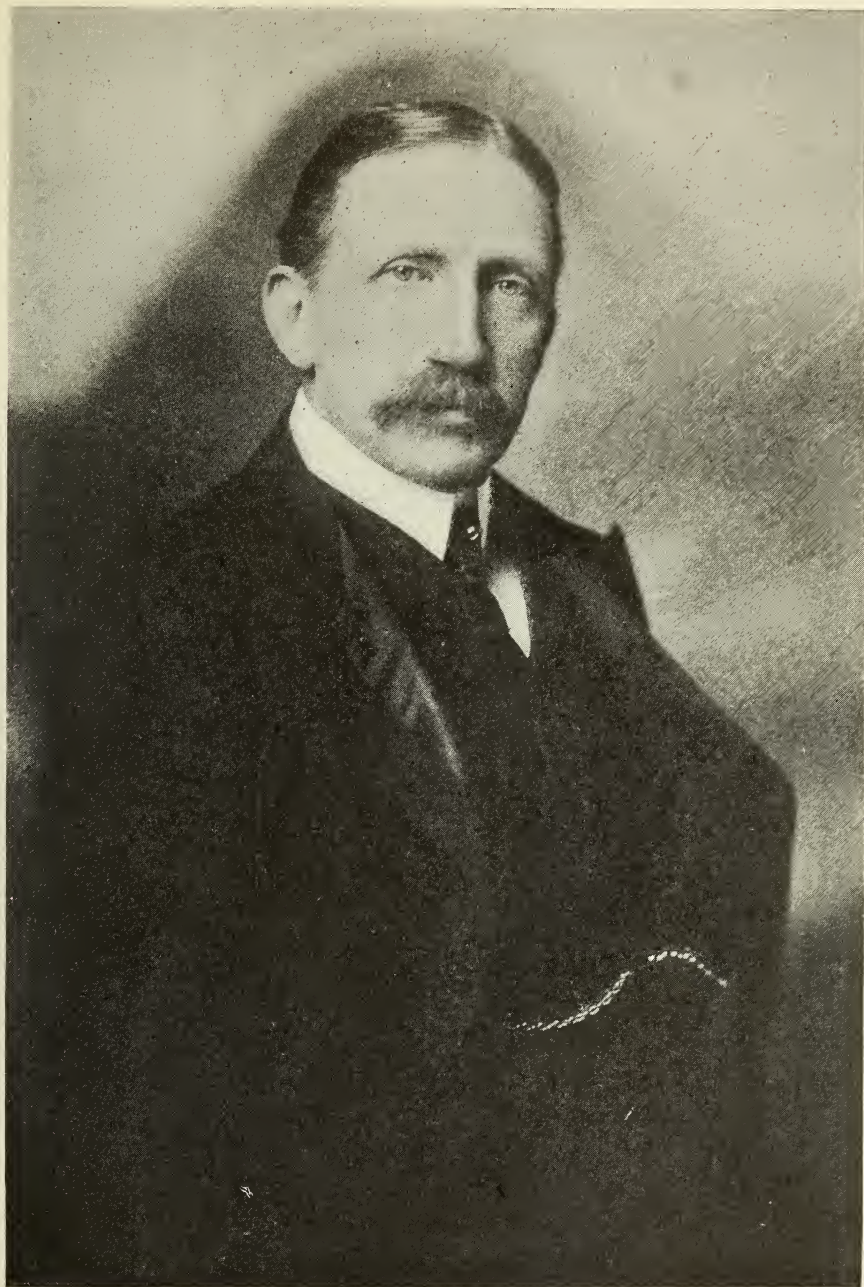


WOMEN'S BUILDING, AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE

ers, and this implies a rather close knowledge of the history of different races. There is no difficulty, as a rule, in enlisting the interest of the immigrant student. He goes to college for the purpose of getting good out of it, and not to enjoy a good time or carry out a program that is supposed to be appropriate for a person expecting to occupy a favored position in the world. The childlike simplicity that distinguishes so many immigrants upon their arrival, a quality inbred by oppression

tries have bred a tendency to be suspicious that is not easily overcome. To one who has had dealings with foreigners the experience met with in this respect in the International College is encouraging, as illustrating what can be done by patience and skill to overcome this handicap.

Many of these foreign students are fond of oratory, and not a few develop marked talent for public speaking. There is also considerable histrionic ability among them, and a dramatic

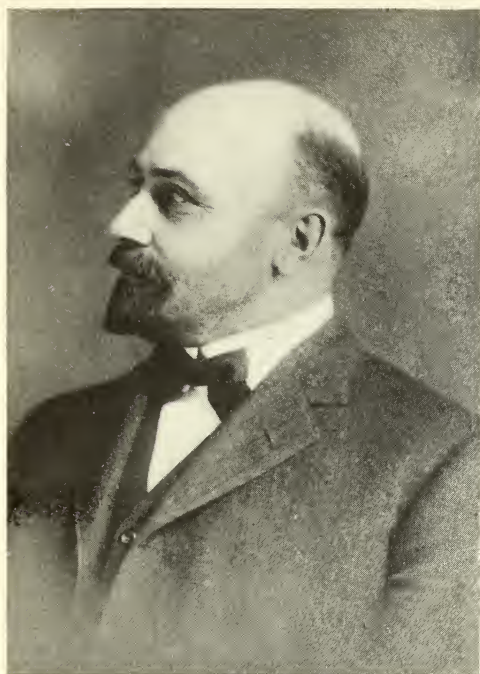


DR. R. DEWITT MALLARY  
PRESIDENT AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE

club is maintained which produces at least one play each year. Euripides' "Alkestis" was recently produced successfully in the Greek language by an

all-Greek cast, before an audience which included the heads of Greek departments of a number of New England colleges.





PROF. LOUIS F. GIROUX

DEAN OF AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE AND DIRECTOR OF SCHOOL OF AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP

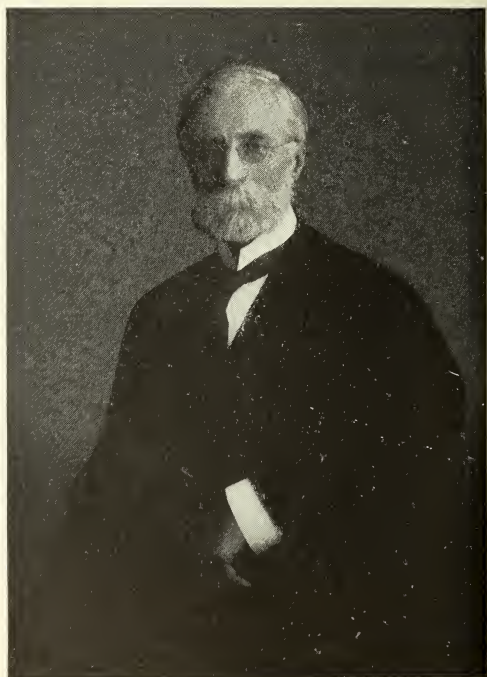
This college has its football and baseball teams, like other colleges, but here the athletic interests do not dwarf into insignificance the work of the college debating society. This society is an interesting feature of the college, being made up for the most part of students who have not been in the institution a great while, and use the society, for one thing, as a means of aiding them in the use of English. It was organized voluntarily by a group of students who had become interested in the accounts of forensic contests mentioned in the course of their study of the lives of American statesmen in Professor Giroux's course. It was agreed that a fine should be imposed for the use of any other medium than English in the work of the society.

The picture of the debating society presented herewith is perhaps as interesting and representative of the student body as any group that could be chosen. It suggests the rapid headway made by

men recently come to this country in adapting themselves to the mode of life of the American collegian. It is of interest to consider some of the individuals in this group, for the insight to be had into the character and circumstances of the students and the motives that have brought them to the school.

The Greek youth, Kyriacedes, is the son of a prominent Athenian lawyer. Having had the advantage of a higher education in his native country, he came to this college to study English and acquire a knowledge of American life. His application for admittance to the college was made by cablegram last fall. A similar purpose actuates Tseklinis, a young pharmacist, who has attended the University of Athens. Papatheofilus, whose picture also appears in this group, was a shoe-worker in Brockton, Mass., before he enrolled himself at the college.

In the center of the group, and the president of the society when the picture was taken, is Milkovitch, a Ser-



REV. SAMUEL H. LEE

PRESIDENT EMERITUS AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE

vian, who came to this country after an extended period of study in foreign schools, being able to converse in five different languages. He is deeply interested in reforms in government, reads much of the latest socialistic literature, and is looked upon as one of the most interesting young men in the institution. He intends to graduate from the college.

The Armenian students, Avazian and Leylekian, came with the idea of taking the full course. Since their arrival, a

nent in this group is Juan Alonzo Rodriguez, who has adopted the American name, John Alonzo. He was born in the Canary Isles, and for a time studied to become a Catholic priest, but abandoned this purpose and later went to Havana and served on the police force. He determined to settle in the United States and to obtain an education in English. He entered the college at the beginning of the last school year, unable to speak a word of English, and made such rapid progress that after



A CLASS IN AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP, AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE

few months ago, the property of their family has been destroyed by the Turks, and they have been cast upon their own resources and are supporting themselves as best they can by work out of study hours. Another Armenian student, Arabadjian, was living in the family of Rev. Mr. Rogers, a victim of the Adana massacre, and accompanied the missionary's family to this country. He was formerly a student of St. Paul's Institute in Tarsus.

The Spanish group constitutes an interesting factor of the college. Promi-

eight weeks he was able to act as an interpreter. Another Spanish student, Fernandez, came to the college from Montevideo, Argentina, to perfect himself in English for the purpose of engaging in business. Still another, Marrero, is understood to have well-to-do connections in Cuba, and will devote himself to the tobacco business. A fourth, Aleman, from the Canary Isles, inclines to letters rather than to business. While many students of the college will engage in the professions, the commercial element is well represented,



in the Greek and Spanish students particularly.

The American International College was first known as the French Protestant College and later as the French-American College. It was founded in Lowell, Mass., in 1885, the incorporators being seven Congregational ministers. The college was moved to Springfield in 1888. The first president of the college was Rev. John M. Greene, who was succeeded in 1889 by Rev. C. E. Amaron. Beginning with 1893, the head of the college for fifteen years was Rev. Samuel H. Lee, now president emeritus.

One of the first steps of the new president, Dr. Mallary, was to liberalize the religious atmosphere of the college, putting it on a non-sectarian basis. Catholics and Protestants are alike welcomed. The aim is to put the college on the same liberal ground that distinguishes such institutions as Amherst and Williams, but nevertheless to give marked emphasis to the religious side.

Another feature of Dr. Mallary's policy is to develop a strong industrial department, to afford useful training and aid students in paying their way. Student help is provided for business concerns and families at from 20 cents an hour upward, according to the nature of the work. The college has a faculty of fifteen members and a field secretary. It has more applicants for admission than it has room to accommodate, and an expansion is planned which may result in the college seeking a new site, but in the same city.

Although the proportions of the work have not been large thus far, it is easily possible that the college will become as large in numbers as it is great in aims. Already it has turned out numerous graduates who have taken high places in the world. That it will grow to be a big institution, and be the forerunner of others cast upon similar lines in different parts of the United States, is the hope and belief of many educators and philanthropists who take an interest in its welfare.



AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE STUDENTS IN THE GREEK PLAY "ALKESTIS"

# CRIMINAL SLANG

By JOSEPH M. SULLIVAN, LL. B.

*Of the Boston (Massachusetts) Bar*

**W**HAT is slang? Slang, briefly defined, is low, vulgar and unauthorized language; a popular but unauthorized word, phrase or mode of expression; also the jargon of some particular calling or class in society; low, popular cant, as the slang of the theater, of colleges, sailors, gypsies, thieves and various other classes that compose the dregs of society.

Slang had its birth in criminality. Take, for example, the language of the gypsies and Magyars. The gypsies were a vagabond race whose tribes, coming originally from India, entered Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and are now scattered over Turkey, Russia, Hungary, Spain, England and America, living by thefts, horse-jockeying, fortune-telling, tinkering and the like. The Magyar race was one of the dominant people of Hungary and were allied to the Turks and the Finns. Those were wandering tribes and their language was intelligible only to the immediate members of each individual tribe; as a class they were decidedly criminal, and from their argot we trace the authenticity of ancient criminal slang. Their slang language is the same to-day as it was in the fourteenth century, and is still unscathed by the mutation of time.

The Magyar race of Hungary was in its habits and characteristics much the same as the gypsies; they had criminal tendencies and vagabond habits, and their trades of horse-jockeying, fortune-telling and tinkering were merely adjunct to their successful criminal depredations. The language of this class of people, especially their criminal jargon and cries of warning,

has remained unchanged through the march of centuries.

The criminal class of India use warning cries and employ cypher marks to tell subsequent prowlers of the conditions of the neighborhood in regard to safety, and in this respect they are similar to our "Yeggmen" of the present day in America, a class whose activities have baffled the keenest minds of the United States government, and in the suppression of them as a class the postoffice inspectors have ignominiously failed.

All over India numerous wandering tribes are to be found, like the Bedijas of Bengal; the Nats, Sansijas and Kanjars of the United Provinces; the Mang, Mahar or Dhed of the Deccan. These tribes practice the usual gypsy industries — mat and basket making, knife-grinding and the like. The facility of their occupation makes it an easy cloak for most nefarious practices, as is the case with the European gypsy. Some, like the Gulgulias of Bengal, live by begging and pilfering and exhibiting trained goats and monkeys. The women sell drugs to cure ear and tooth ache and for less reputable purposes. The Koravers, a class of railway thieves of India, are a branch or offshoot of the Gulgulian tribe of wandering thieves. The Punjab, again, has a tribe of wandering blacksmiths, whose homes are their carts, in which they carry about the tools and materials of their craft. There are, again, wandering tribes of tumblers, rope dancers, acrobats, jugglers and snake charmers. These people speak a variety of thieves' slang, based on one of the dialects of Pakrit, a later tongue allied to Sanskrit.



The gypsy and Magyar tribes lived in seclusion, free from any intercourse with the world, and in that respect they differed radically from the modern criminal, who loves society and the pleasures which follow from conventionality and good-fellowship.

Modern criminal slang has for its distinguishing features expressiveness and applicability. It has taken our modern civilization to make the present-day criminal and evolve his classic speech. Many of the slang expressions which are in current use among the American criminals of the current day, will, because they convey so much truth in a "pat" form, eventually find a place in all dictionaries. The peculiar language used by the underworld is, to my mind, due to their perverted, but acute, mentality.

Just as the yeggman finds a burglar kit and dynamite an essential preparation for blowing open safes, so the criminal finds his own slang a most convenient and useful mode of expression because of its brevity and its usefulness in conveying so many ideas in a very few words.

The newsboy has his favorite jargon; the race-track tout also has his favorite words, which are intelligible only to the followers of his cult; the horse jockey has his own peculiar lingo; in fact, each and every class of the criminal world uses its own peculiar dialect, and uses it frequently whenever occasion requires as a mode of conveying its or their own peculiar ideas, thoughts and expressions, and to people not familiar with the habits and customs of the underworld this slang language is absolutely unintelligible and full of mystery. Perhaps you will ask why the underworld uses a language the possession of which arouses instant suspicion and perhaps immediate detection. The average policeman in all of our large American cities is wholly ignorant of criminal slang and its meaning; he is what the underworld calls a "harness bull," to wit: an officer in uniform; and the average criminal treats his knowledge with contempt, as well he might, because, as far as any

knowledge of the subject goes, he is on a mental "track 13 and a washout."

Let us examine the reasons for the prevailing ignorance of the meaning of criminal slang among police officers, detectives, sheriffs and other officials entrusted with the enforcement of the criminal laws. In the first place, the meeting of thieves and police is naturally a hostile one; the culprit is in fear, and is overawed by the weight of authority. This is not calculated to inspire any confidence or grounds of friendship, because to learn the peculiar argo of criminals one must mix with them socially and become a hail fellow well met, and in this way become familiar with their language and mannerisms. The operation of the third degree and the sweat-box methods are not calculated to kindle warm friendships between the underworld and the members of the police. Then, again, the policeman doing patrol duty on the streets of our large cities is dressed in full uniform, and is a marked man and consequently is shunned by all members of the light-fingered fraternity. The plain-clothes men have a slightly better opportunity to obtain a knowledge of criminal slang and thief vernacular. If a thief has experienced a "bad fall" (an arrest), he is put to his wits' end, and as he is naturally resourceful he begins at once to get on the right side of the arresting officer. This is where the application of "salve" (getting on the right side of the arresting officer) begins, and by reason of this enforced familiarity the inspector might pick up a few words of slang here and there, but the knowledge he gains in this way is never a burden to him. Then, again, thieves from different parts of the United States have different dialects and colloquial sayings, and a thief from the Pacific Coast would use a great many words that are wholly unknown to the New York pickpocket. Of course, after a "meet" of Western thieves with Eastern thieves an interchange of slang and pat words follows, and one readily picks up the cant words and sayings of the other. Thus, the police have no means

at hand of acquiring the slang words and cant phrases of the under-world, and this is not to be wondered at for the reasons which I have narrated in detail above.

An examination and critical study of criminal slang will, to my mind, prove instructive and entertaining to the reader. We will take for the first illustration the pickpocket, who is called in the slang language "a gun." "A gun" is a thief who does not use force, somewhat of a paradox, but nevertheless true, and in this manner he is distinguished from the "gorilla," the strong-arm highwayman, who holds up people on the roadside and relieves them of their valuables.

A "grafter" is a thief in the language of criminals. This meaning will probably be adopted by honest men and find a place in all dictionaries. Then, too, the term "jail arithmetic" is so applicable to our embezzling bank officers, conscienceless financiers and swindling contractors "*et hoc omne genus*" that it deserves a place in our literature. That criminals consider all persons holding office under a political government "political paupers" should merit the attention of civil service commissions.

A complaint or charge of crime is a "rap," and the complainant is the "rapper."

The one whose property is stolen is the "sucker," and the judge is called a "beak."

A "fall" is an arrest and "fall money" is the money which is used to liberate a man from custody. To "spring a man" is to bail one out who is under arrest, and to help square the "sucker" and get a man off clear from any charge of crime the "underground wires" must be used.

A pocketbook is a "poke," and a man who jumps his bail bonds, becoming a fugitive from justice, is a "lamaster."

The thief who steals your pocketbook is the "wire" or "tool," and a gang of pickpockets, consisting of three or more people who travel together to steal, is called a "mob."

A "swell mob" is a gang of first-class pickpockets who can hire first-class

legal talent and have good financial backing.

When a man is convicted of crime he is "settled," or, to give the English slang phrase, "unfortunate."

If a girl should lose her fellow through a court sentence, she is "divorced," in the language of the under-world.

A "swell mouthpiece" is a very good lawyer, while a very bad one is called a "shyster."

A pickpocket is frequently called a "dip," and in Western States a "cannon."

A shoplifter is called a "booster" or "hoister," or "hyster," and an exceptionally smart one a "swell booster."

A green-goods man when plying his trade is said to be "out on the spud." Store thieves who steal jewelry are called "pennyweighters," while thieves who tap store tills are called "damper getters," and when working are said to be "out on the heel."

Thieves who steal diamonds or other precious stones from the person are called "prop getters" or "stone getters." A woman thief is called a "gun-moll," and a male thief who makes a specialty of robbing women is called a "moll-buzzer."

A safe-blower is called a gopher-man, Peter-man or yeggman and gerver, and an empty safe is called a "bloomer."

A second-story worker who breaks and enters dwelling houses is called a "houseman," "porch-climber" and "flat-worker." "Turn out" is to discharge from arrest and put a man on the street.

A woman who decoys men and then her accomplice (alleged husband) black-mails them is called a "badger-worker" or "panel-worker."

The go-between of lobbyists who buy up legislators is called the "gravel-train," because he has the rocks whereby to debauch legislators, and the lobbyist himself is known to the criminal world as a "dress-suit burglar."

The thief who robs drunks is called a "lush toucher," and the stylish hotel beat is called a "baron."

A lodging house is a "doss-house,"



and to sleep is to "doss." A restaurant is a "dump" or "beanery," and a convict who works the churches and is insincere in his profession of religion is called a "mission stiff." A minister is called a "sky-pilot," and a Catholic priest is called a "Galway" or "buck."

A prison-keeper or turnkey is called a "screw," and prison food is called "steamed grub."

"Mugged" is photographed, and "stood up" is to be placed in the line of police headquarters for identification and exposed to the gaze of probable "rappers."

An Irish clubhouse is a "police station," and an "ink pot" is a resort for low characters.

A "thimble" and "turnip" is a watch, and counterfeit money is "bad dough."

Diamonds with flaws are called "bum rocks," and a "fixer" is a man who looks after the interests of the man who is arrested, squares the "sucker," hires the lawyer and attends to all necessary details.

A chief of police is a "buzzard" or mean person, and a "good fellow" is a thief, man or woman, who pays his bills.

A "prison stool pigeon" is a "trusty," "psalm singer" or "pig" and "stick," and "slug" means "keep together and fight."

"Slinging the slingo" is to hold conversation in slang, while a "mush" is an umbrella and "wipe" is a handkerchief.

"Track 13" and "washout" is a life sentence in a western penitentiary, and

"salt creek" means death in the electric chair. A "meet" is an appointment, a "date," a place where thieves can see each other.

"Anchor" is a stay of execution of sentence and a "lifeboat" is a pardon.

"Making the boast" is getting by the pardon board and obtaining a pardon.

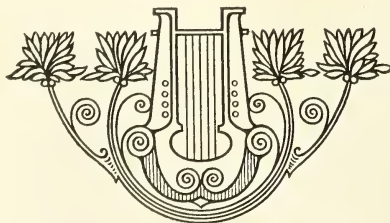
"Shake down" is paying for police protection against your will, and a "dead criminal" is one who has become discouraged, reformed or given up grafting.

"Rat" is a cheap thief who squeals on "fall money" and refuses to pay his bills.

"White line" is an alcohol drinker, while a cocaine fiend uses "burnese," a preparation for snuffing through the nostrils. "Dope" is opium or picking winners from past performance. To "job a man" is to convict him with perjured testimony.

I could go on and give hundreds of other specimens of criminal slang, but I think the examples given above will suffice. The vocabulary of criminal slang is large, interesting and expressive, and withal it reeks with good-natured humor.

When the Angel Gabriel shall blow his trumpet and summon us all to that court of infinite justice and mercy, there we shall find a fair judge, no irate rapper, no perjured testimony; and there many, many of the judgments of this world shall be reversed, thus insuring to many of the unfortunate described above a "turn-out" into the Elysian fields.



# JOHN BROWN AND HIS EASTERN FRIENDS

By FRANK P. STEARNS

**I**T appears that John Brown contemplated going to Boston for assistance in September, 1856, for Charles Robinson, the Free State revolutionary Governor of Kansas, wrote to him on the fourteenth of that month, urging him not to leave the territory until there was no further danger of an invasion by the Missourians—that is, not until cold weather. Captain Brown accordingly waited until the last of October, when he went to Chicago and was kindly received there by the Kansas Aid Committee of that city, whose secretary, Horace White, provided him with a new suit of clothes. He then proceeded to Ohio and called on Senator Chase, who treated him with equal cordiality and gave him a letter of introduction to Gerrit Smith at Peterboro, N. Y. John Brown had been previously acquainted with Mr. Smith, but he knew better than to decline the letter from so important a person as Senator Chase; and he may also have doubted whether Gerrit Smith would remember so unimportant a person as himself. He therefore took up his quarters with Fred Douglass at Rochester, and forwarded Chase's letter and another testimonial from Governor Robinson to Peterboro. Gerrit Smith's reply has become celebrated: "I have known you many years and have highly esteemed you as long as I have known you. I know your unshrinking bravery, your self-sacrificing benevolence, your devotion to the cause of freedom, and have long known them." John Brown left Peterboro feeling very much encouraged.

He arrived in Boston early in January, 1857, and went at once to the rooms of the Kansas Aid Committee on Bromfield street. There he made the

acquaintance of the chairman, George L. Stearns, Dr. S. G. Howe, Patrick T. Jackson (treasurer), Frank B. Sanborn (the secretary), Dr. Samuel Cabot and others. John Brown made a highly favorable impression on these gentlemen, from his manly bearing, straightforward ways and plain, sensible conversation, as he did afterwards on Theodore Parker, Rev. T. W. Higginson, Rev. Jacob M. Manning, Hon. Thomas Russell, afterwards President Grant's minister to Venezuela, who liked Brown so well that he invited him to stay at his house; and Mrs. Russell, the daughter of that celebrated missionary preacher, Father Taylor, was equally enthusiastic in regard to him. The impression he gave these people was that of a man who had a mission in life,—which he understood perfectly well himself. Mrs. George L. Stearns said twenty years later that John Brown was the most magnetic man that she ever met—more so even than Rufus Choate, Emerson or Wendell Phillips.

Nicolay and Hay never made a worse mistake than in their description of John Brown's conversation as "coarse, but clean." Were they jealous of the man's fame? John Brown was so neat and clean in his personal attire that he could not look ordinary in the cheapest clothing; and it was the same with him all the way through. Thoreau's cow-hide boots, as one might meet him in Walden woods, only made the mental refinement of his countenance more conspicuous, and it was so with John Brown. He derived the rank and file of his vocabulary from continual reading of the Bible, and there is no better English, although it may seem somewhat old-fashioned in every-day conversation. He had thought in his



youth of studying for the ministry, and his conversation was much like that of a Methodist clergyman, without, however, the ministerial inflexion. He explained himself clearly, concisely and frankly, without colloquial expressions or any form of rhetorical flourish. His speech was not as elegant as Phillips' or Curtis', but would have compared to advantage with that of most Western congressmen.

He was six feet in height, and, like all his family, very strongly made. He had an aquiline face, like Emerson's, but broader. I have never seen another pair of eyes like his. Sanborn says they were hooded like an eagle's, and he had a way of dropping the upper lids over them which certainly resembled this. When he opened them wide to examine any object they shone with piercing brightness. He might have served as a better model for the statue of the Concord "Minute Man" than the athlete who was sketched for that purpose by Daniel French.

In spite of his optimism, Emerson was always cautious in his judgment of character,—more generous of sympathy than he was of praise. His meeting with John Brown has become historical; it was the first of cultivated Americans meeting the first of American revolutionists. Ten years later Emerson said to a fashionable Boston audience: "You may call John Brown a fanatic, if you please, but he was the great event of the war." He has included an observation of John Brown's made at that time in one of his essays, as if it were his own. Neither should we pass by Thoreau's profound attachment to the man, nor the respect with which Judge Hoar repeatedly spoke of him.

John Brown never deceived his friends, but as Colonel T. W. Higginson says, he sometimes "veiled his facts" and intentions for their benefit and his own. This agrees with what George L. Stearns and Martin F. Conway stated before the Harper's Ferry investigating committee. Conway said that at his last interview with Brown

in Lawrence, in 1858, he continually hinted and talked around some object that he had in mind without definitely explaining himself. In his first visit to Boston he wanted to obtain funds to support a company of a hundred minute men or mounted rangers, to defend the Kansas border against the Missourians; but there was also something behind this. One day he showed Mr. Stearns a pearl-handled bowie-knife which he had taken from Henry Clay Pate, and remarked that such a blade on the end of a pole would be a formidable weapon of defence in the hands of an ignorant person,—meaning, of course, the slaves. This was the origin of the pikes that were made at Collinsville, and it is substantially all that we know of it. What Captain Brown's plans were in regard to them at this time can only be surmised from his subsequent proceedings.

To comprehend the state of mind in New England at that time in regard to the slavery question it must be remembered that when Sumner was beaten senseless in the United States Senate there was no judge in Washington that dared to pronounce a verdict against his assailant, who became close enough to being his murderer; and it was equally impossible to obtain redress for the destruction of property and the cold-blooded murders by the Missourians in Kansas. When a government supports such outrages, or permits them to take place, it becomes a despotism, no matter how democratic its form may be.

Frank B. Sanborn, as the secretary of the Kansas Aid Committee, introduced John Brown on the floor of the State Assembly, where he made an affecting appeal for assistance, which was not, however, accorded him. The Kansas Aid Committee voted him the use of the rifles already purchased, but he did not otherwise succeed in obtaining much money. Finally, George L. Stearns, feeling that the Kansas struggle meant the life or death of American liberty, gave him a draft or bill of exchange (which it was is not

known) for seven thousand dollars, with the understanding that any unexpended balance, after the exigency for which it had been given had expired, should be returned to him.

Early in the spring John Brown started for the West, taking his rifles and pikes with him, and also Hugh

slaves. Hugh Forbes formed the skeleton of a regiment with these men and drilled them in military evolutions. General Jim Lane, who commanded the Kansas militia, such as it was, wrote to Captain Brown once or twice, urging him to come to Lawrence and assist in the preparations for defence



THE GRAVE OF JOHN BROWN

Forbes, an adventurous Englishman, who had fought under Garibaldi in 1848. He stationed himself at Tabor, Iowa, on the northwest border of Missouri, and collected about him a body of forty or fifty men, consisting of his former companions at Ossawatimie, with some others, and a few fugitive

there; but Brown would not move, and this greatly disgusted Lane, who spoke of him afterwards as a madman—by which he presumably meant that Brown was obstinate and unwilling to co-operate with others. George L. Stearns also wrote to him at this time, advising him strongly to stand on the



defensive and "not to fire until he saw the whites of the enemy's eyes, and not to fire then until they did."\*

Evidently John Brown had a plan at this time which has never been revealed, but we may suppose from his position at Tabor that in case of an invasion of Kansas he intended to invade Missouri and set a back fire by liberating the slaves of the invaders and conducting them to Iowa. Perhaps it was owing to the possibility of this that the Missourian remained at home, for they must have known John Brown's location, and after he had returned to Boston the invasion took place and resulted in the massacre of seven peaceable Kansas farmers at Marais du Cygne—an act perpetuated by Whittier in the most powerful of his ballads:

"How paled the May sunshine,  
Green Marais du Cygne,—  
When the death smoke blew over  
Thy lovely ravine!"

In September the great financial crash of 1857 came, and thousands of merchants who a month before had considered themselves prosperous now found their affairs in a critical condition. George L. Stearns was able to meet his obligations, but he needed funds to carry on his business, and he accordingly wrote to Captain Brown in October, asking for a return of his bill of exchange, so that he might release the securities which were deposited for it. This John Brown magnanimously did, and how he supported himself and his men during the following winter is unknown, but he probably received remittances from time to time from his eastern friends.\*\*

It seems also probable that it was the return of his draft which caused the trouble with Hugh Forbes. Brown, obliged to curtail his expenses, found that Forbes' services were no longer necessary, and dismissed him some time in November.\*\*\* Then Forbes,

finding himself without means of subsistence, wrote letters to Dr. Howe and F. B. Sanborn, complaining that Brown had broken his agreement with him, and attempted to blackmail them by threatening to expose Brown's plan of an invasion of Virginia,—which we now hear of definitely for the first time. As he did not succeed in this, he afterward made a somewhat vague exposure of the plan to Senators Seward, Sumner and Wilson, and perhaps also Secretary of War Floyd; but Wilson was the only one who paid much attention to it.

It is important to remember the sequence of events during the spring of 1858, for it is only in that way that we can form a clear idea of their character.

Early in March, 1858, John Brown came to Boston and divulged something of a plan he had formed for liberating slaves in Virginia to Theodore Parker, Dr. S. G. Howe and George L. Stearns. What he told them and what they thought of it at the time is wholly unknown; but in an extant letter to his son, John Brown, Jr., he says: "My call here has met with a most hearty response so that I feel assured of at least tolerable success." (Sanborn, p. 451.)

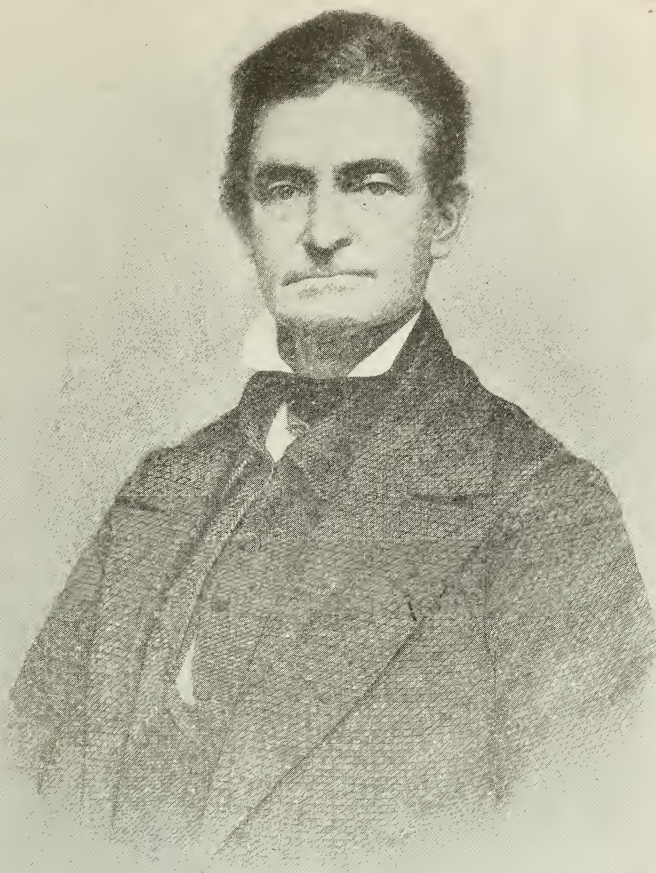
About the same time, however, Mr. Stearns received a letter from E. B. Whitman of Kansas, representing a dangerous and deplorable state of affairs in that territory.

In this letter Mr. Whitman said: "In some respects our prospects are brightening and in others the clouds lower gloomily over us. The Topeka movement is abandoned, killed by its professed friends, now formally and publicly renounced by Robinson himself as dead since last June. Another party propose is, in case the Lecompton constitution is received, to assume the reins of government under it, and use it so long as may be necessary to change it or provide a substitute. Others still, and the mass of the people, are determined that, come what will, it shall never become the fundamental law of the land. Even the conservative Legislature that has just adjourned

\*"Life of George L. Stearns." Sanborn's "Life of John Brown."

\*\*Mr. Stearns testified before the investigating committee that he mailed John Brown at different times between three and four thousand dollars.

\*\*\*John Brown never gave any explanation of this that has been recorded.



Farewell God Bless You  
Your Friend  
John Brown

FROM AN EARLY DAGUERRETYPE

passed joint resolutions of the most revolutionary character.

"I am to convey this resolution to the Governor at Lecompton this after-





MAJOR GEORGE L. STEARNS

noon. But what good are all the resolutions doing? The administration is bent upon forcing the acceptance of the Lecompton constitution. If forced upon us with a pro-slavery government, the most fearful consequences will follow, or there is no faith to be put in men."

The adoption of the pro-slavery Lecompton constitution would probably have insured the admission of Kansas into the Union as a state, but the plan of doing this, with the expectation of afterwards making a radical change in it, was a most dangerous policy, and Mr. Stearns recognized that. He called a meeting of his committee for the last Saturday in March, and notified the secretary, F. B. Sanborn, who, however, declined to attend, on the ground that, in his opinion, Kansas affairs could now take care of themselves. Mean-

while, John Brown had returned to Chatham, in Canada West.

The meeting, however, was not without good results, as we know from E. B. Whitman's third letter on this subject, in which he acknowledged a draft from Mr. Stearns and says, May 26: "The money will probably come quite apropos for the purpose you specify." It may have occurred to Messrs. Howe and Stearns that John Brown might be more useful in Kansas than in Virginia.

On May 11 came Senator Wilson's noted letter to Dr. Howe, informing him that Forbes had betrayed John Brown's plans in Washington, and warning him lest the arms and other contributions which had been made for the benefit of Kansas should be diverted to other and unjustifiable purposes.

Here was a second obstacle to the Virginia scheme, and enough, one would suppose, to turn the scales in the minds of dubitating friends. That it did so in Gerrit Smith's case is plain, but in regard to Messrs. Howe and Stearns we can only judge from appearances; for no evidence exists as to what their real opinions were at this



FRANK B. SANBORN

time. Senator Wilson's object was evidently to prevent the invasion of Virginia if he could possibly do so; and Dr. Howe replied to him immediately as follows: "I understand perfectly your meaning. No countenance has been given to Brown for any operations outside of Kansas by the Kansas committee. I had occasion a few days ago to send him an earnest message from some of his friends here, urging him to go at once to Kansas and take part in the coming election and throw the weight of his influence on the side of the right." Dr. S. G. Howe's conduct for the next year, at least, was perfectly consistent with this, and leaves nothing to be ashamed of. The attempt to make out a case of duplicity against Dr. Howe falls to the ground.

At the same time Mr. Stearns wrote to Captain Brown at Chatham: "Dear Sir—Enclosed please find a copy of a letter from Hon. Henry Wilson. You will recollect that you have the custody of the arms alluded to, to be used for the defence of Kansas, as agent of the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee. In consequence of the information thus communicated to me it becomes my duty to warn you not to use them for any other purpose, and to hold them subject to my order as chairman of said committee. A member of our committee will be at Chatham early in the coming week to confer with you as to the best mode of disposing of them. Truly your friend,

"GEORGE L. STEARNS."

John Brown replied to this in a rather evasive manner: "We have many reasons for begging our eastern friends to keep clear of F. personally unless he throws himself upon them. We have those who are thoroughly posted up to put on his track, and we humbly beg to be allowed to do so. We also beg our friends to supply us with two or three hundred dollars without delay, pledging ourselves not to act other than to secure perfect knowledge of facts in regard to what F. has really done and will do, until we may ourselves know how we

ought to act. None of us here or with you should be hasty or decide the course to be taken while under an excitement. 'In all thy way acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths.'"

Mr. Stearns was not satisfied with such an answer and wrote again, requesting Brown to meet him in New York at the office of his friend, John Hopper, on May 20, but Brown did not come.\* Instead of keeping the appointment he went from Chatham to Boston two days later, as determined as ever on aggressive action. Mr. Stearns had written to T. W. Higginson from New York: "I have felt obliged to recall the arms committed to B.'s custody, for reasons that cannot be put upon paper." What were these reasons? Certainly, there could have been no harm in referring to Senator Wilson's letter, for Higginson already knew of that letter. There must have been other reasons in Mr. Stearns' mind at this time. Already, on May 7, Gerrit Smith had written to F. B. Sanborn: "It seems to me that in these circumstances Brown must go no further, so I write him. I never was convinced of the wisdom of his scheme. But as things now stand, it seems to me it would be madness to attempt to execute it."

John Brown met his friends at the Revere House on May 24, and argued stoutly in favor of his plan to invade Virginia. He was supported in this by Higginson and apparently by Sanborn, but Howe strongly opposed it, and Stearns argued that Kansas was the pivotal round of the anti-slavery cause, and affairs had not yet come to a favorable settlement there. He promised to raise a fund for John Brown if he would return to Kansas and assist Conway and Whitman in establishing a free state constitution.

The recent massacre at Marais du Cygne was another argument in favor of Kansas, so that Brown finally ac-

\*Admiral Chadwick, in his "Causes of the Civil War," tries to make out a case of perfidy against Mr. Stearns, based entirely on this imaginary meeting, of which we could know nothing, even if it had taken place. See George L. Stearns' testimony before the Harper's Ferry committee.



cepted this horn of the dilemma and went accordingly.

In the following August the Massachusetts Kansas Aid Committee wound up its affairs and went out of existence, leaving Senator Wilson no further ground for complaint. No report of its last meeting has come to light, but we have a general review of its proceedings, in which he mentions a cash balance of \$225, a few doubtful notes and mortgages for some hundreds of dollars and one hundred and ninety Sharp's rifles as the assets of the committee. The report of the treasurer, Patrick T. Jackson, agrees with this, except in regard to the rifles, of which he makes no mention. Mr. Sanborn's report is incomplete, because he does not inform us what disposition the committee decided to make of this property. It is impossible to tell now which was correct; neither is it a matter of much importance.

In December of the same year John Brown made his foray in Missouri, in which he liberated the slaves on two plantations and conveyed them safely to Iowa. This could not have been premeditated when John Brown left Boston, or it would have taken place at an earlier time. Brown was not a man to lose days when he had an object before him, and the immediate occasion of his foray was the information from an intelligent negro on one of the plantations that he was going to be separated from his wife and children—the greatest hardship that can befall a slave; for what comfort can he have in life except in his domestic affections?

The expedition was so successful that we wonder John Brown did not pursue the same plan in his Virginia invasion, instead of attempting to hold Harper's Ferry. One of the slaveholders named Cruise had the temerity to draw a revolver on Stevens, who was Brown's lieutenant, and Stevens shot him. But for this there would have been no bloodshed and the raid would seem to have done much good, for it exposed the weak side of slavery, and there were no more invasions of

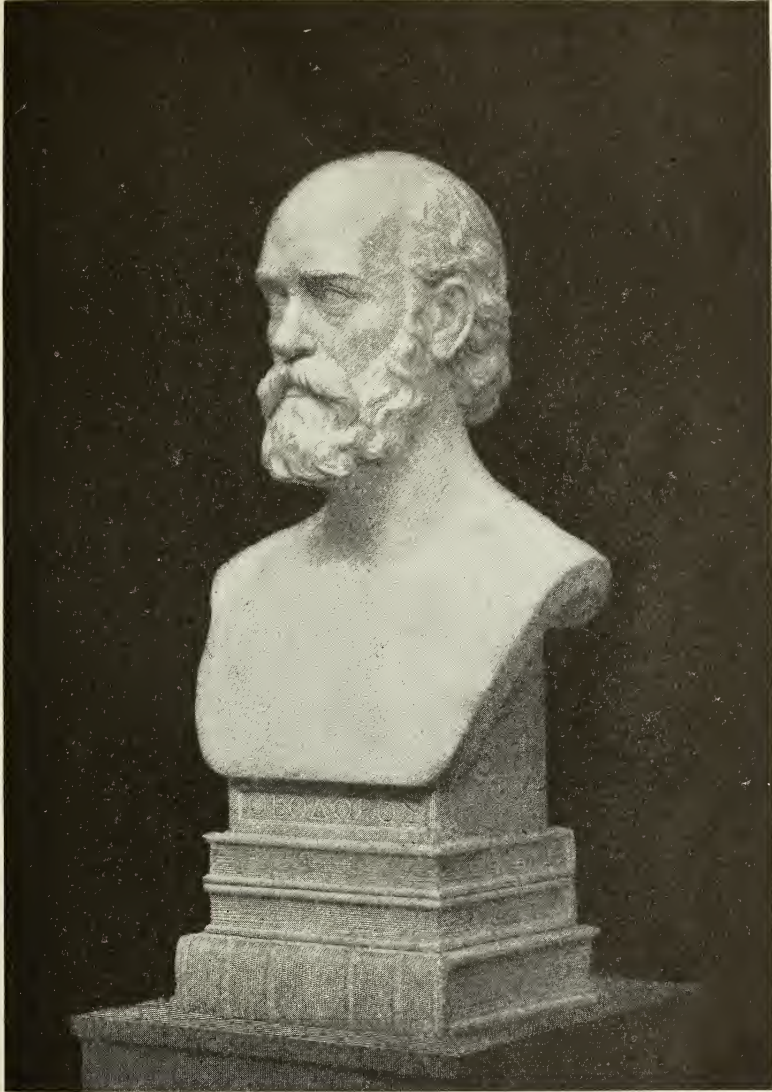
Kansas until Quantrell's guerillas sacked Lawrence in 1863. John Brown wrote an explanation of his raid for the *Lawrence Republican*, in which he made a telling comparison between his invasion of Missouri and that of the Missourians in Kansas the preceding spring, "when they carried off eleven peaceable farmers from their homes and shot ten of them, of whom seven died, the eleven escaping death by falling to the ground and lying still." Hon. M. F. Conway told George L. Stearns that the Missourians outraged a number of women in Kansas and some of them died in consequence. No wonder that John Brown went to Harper's Ferry.

We next hear of John Brown at Gerrit Smith's, the following February. He wanted one of his Boston friends to come there and consult with him on important business, and Sanborn volunteered to do this. Smith and Sanborn spent the whole of one Sunday discussing his plan of an invasion of Virginia, and trying to argue him away from it. It was not exactly the same plan that he afterwards adopted, but they did not believe it would succeed. John Brown, however, was not to be turned from his purpose, and finally Gerrit Smith said: "Our old friend has his heart set on this venture and cannot be dissuaded from it. We must stand by him as best we can." This was the sentiment of all Brown's eastern friends in regard to his last desperate attack on slavery. To withhold aid would only delay, not prevent him; nothing short of betraying him to the enemy would do that.

Sanborn says: "We listened until after midnight, proposing objections and raising difficulties, but nothing could shake the purpose of the old Puritan. Every difficulty had been foreseen and provided against in some manner; the grand difficulty of all—the manifest hopelessness of undertaking anything so vast with such slender means—was met with the text of scripture: 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' He had made nearly all

his arrangements; he had so many enlisted, so many hundred weapons; all he now wanted was a small sum of money. With that he would open his campaign in the spring, and he had no doubt that the enterprise 'would pay,'

After visiting his family at North Elba for the last time, he went to Concord April 14 and remained several days with F.B.Sanborn; but so quietly did he keep himself that Mr. Sanborn's scholars were not aware of his pres-

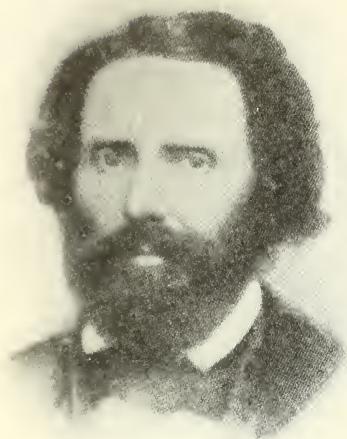


STORY'S PARKER

as he said. The man was so determined that his friends felt as if it were a part of his destiny to act as he did—a fitting consummation of a life devoted to the cause of human freedom."

ence in the house. David A. Wasson, however, saw him in the train going to Boston, and noticed the determined expression of his face. "His lips met tightly together, but they were like the





CAPT. JAMES MONTGOMERY, OF KANSAS

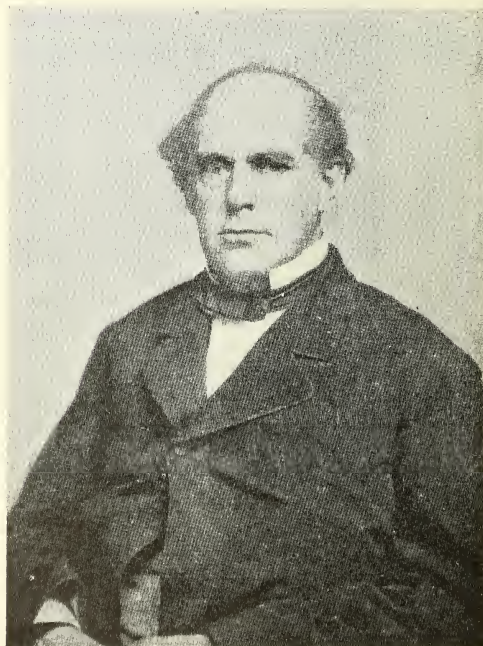
lips of Fate." We next hear of him from John A. Andrew, who met him at the house of a lady in Boston, probably Mrs. Thomas Russell, and was powerfully impressed by the magnetic personality of the man. He gave John Brown twenty-five dollars, as he afterwards stated to the investigating committee, more as an excuse for never having assisted him before than with any definite idea of the use that would be made of it. During this same visit, however, William Endicott gave him a hundred dollars, with the clear understanding (as he now states) that it was to be made use of in liberating slaves. Good for Endicott!

It is significant that Captain Brown had not written to his friend Stearns, at least so far as we can discover, during the past year; and he would seem now to have avoided him until Mr. Stearns finally met him at the Saturday afternoon dinner of the Bird Club in the Parker House, where a collection was taken up for Brown's benefit. When the dinner was fairly over and the members of the club were smoking and discussing politics in groups, John Brown went to Senator Wilson and said: "I understand you do not approve of my course." This was spoken

with great firmness, and Wilson reported afterwards: "I said that if this action had been a year or two before it might have been followed by an invasion of Kansas by a large number of excited people on the border, and a great many lives might have been lost. He said that he thought differently, and believed he had acted right, and that it would have a good influence, or words to that effect. I saw him a night or two afterwards on the stage of a large meeting in Tremont Temple, at which I was in the audience."

John Brown and George L. Stearns left the Bird Club together and went to Brown's hotel, where they held a long conversation, of which only two fragments have survived. Mr. Stearns asked Captain Brown where the rifles and revolvers, which formerly belonged to the committee, were located, and Brown replied that he had stored them at a place in Ohio of which Mr. Stearns had never heard, and whose name he could not afterward recollect. This is all that was said on that subject,\* but

\*"Harper's Ferry Invasion Report," p. 144. \*Ibid, p. 230.



SALMON P. CHASE

when Mr. Stearns arose to take leave, John Brown drew from his boot the bowie-knife which he had taken from Henry Clay Pate at the fight of Black Jack, and, presenting it to Mr. Stearns, said: "I am going on a dangerous errand and may never see you again. I wish you to keep this bowie as a token of my respect." The confidence between these two men was like our confidence in Mother Earth.

A peculiarity of John Brown was his preservation of letters and papers which were either of no value or which ought to have been destroyed. It would seem as if he might have easily avoided implicating or compromising his helpful friends. Among his small effects at Harper's Ferry there was a bill for provisions and groceries purchased and paid for at Davenport, Iowa, sixteen months before, and also the following memorandum in Dr. S. G. Howe's handwriting:

"Horse-cars leave Tremont House every half-hour.

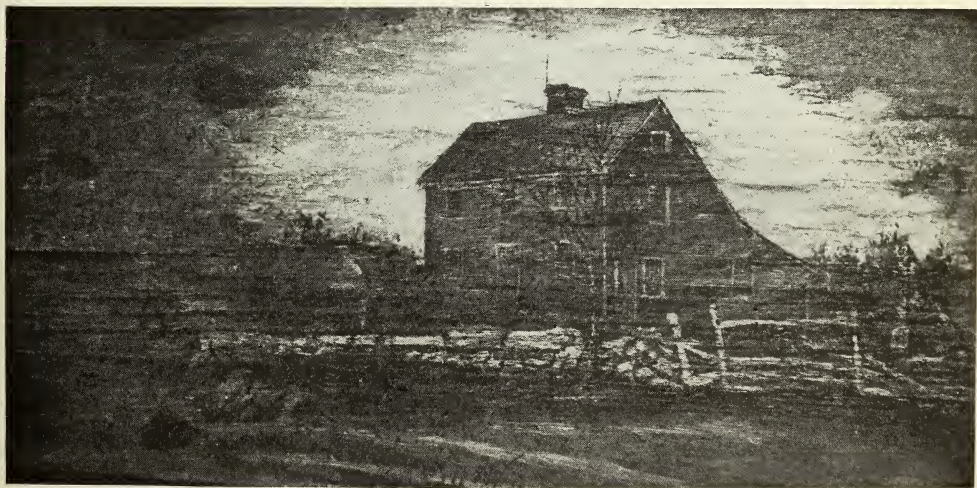
"Get out at Jamaica Plain and inquire for house of George R. Russell; or

"The steam-cars leave Providence depot.

"Get out at the Jamaica Plain station."

Dr. Howe, on his examination, admitted having written this for John Brown's benefit, but could not be sure whether it was in 1858 or 1859; but Mr. Sanborn, who went with John Brown to call on Mr. Russell (a generous and philanthropic man), thinks that it was in 1859. This would seem to have been the extent of Dr. Howe's association with Brown during his last visit to Boston. Sanborn was the only one who knew that Brown intended to make his attack at Harper's Ferry.

Edward H. Clement, so long the able and conscientious editor of the *Transcript*, said of John Brown that "he turned the world out of its course with a wrench and a jerk." He was a revolutionary character and should be judged as such. Garibaldi did not proceed according to "law and order" when he stirred up insurrection against the King of Naples. Neither did John Brown when he invaded Virginia. "But," John Hay would say, "Garibaldi was fighting against monarchy." Yes, but only in order to replace it by a better monarchy. It was not monarchy, but despotism, that they both contended against, and there has never been a worse form of despotism, unless we except the Reign of Terror in France, than negro slavery.



JOHN BROWN'S HOME, FROM A PAINTING ON A BOARD OF THE ORIGINAL HOUSE



# THE QUEST OF THE BIG TROUT

By ARTHUR LEE GOLDER

IF you have been more than a passing visitor at the Rangeley Lakes in midsummer, you have doubtless noticed a small fleet of rowboats anchored on the largest of these lakes, the Mooselookmeguntic, off Bald Mountain. Continued observation would have discovered them in about the same location, weather permitting, for weeks at a time. At first you wondered what might be the attraction. Then, almost against your will, your own boat was drawn into this charmed circle, and you became hypnotized by the prevailing passion.

The quest was to hook certain mighty trout which lay forty feet below the center of this circle of boats on a hypothetical cool bed of clay. Here was the trout's refrigerator for hot weather. Comfortable in their retreat, no amount of whipping the surface of the lake with gay flies or trolling the waters with silver and gold illusions would draw them forth.

To the dyed-in-the-wool fisherman any other method of hooking a trout is heresy. It savors of the rustic or the "fish hog." But as you become a constant visitor at the Middle Grounds, for so they are called, you doubtless were surprised to see Major Flyrod and Colonel Automaticreel and Doctor Spoonhook and other well-known old-school fishermen patiently bobbing their forty feet of line. When a line was hauled to the surface you observed the guide surreptitiously replenishing the hook with a handful of angle-worms. The secret was out.

You had a laugh on the major and his company as you met them in the hotel that evening. To your surprise, they boldly defended their new tactics by declaring that they had caught

small fish enough in the ponds, and that it was of no use to try the orthodox methods on these big Rangeley trout at this season of the year. A "record" trout must behad before going back to the city. There was Dr. Potter of Boston, who had during June fished Kennebago and the Seven Ponds, filling many a creel with the red-spots, but he was not prepared to face his old friends without visible proof of having brought to net his five-pound trout. The doctor had just one week in which to make good. It is not recorded whether he fished on Sunday, but every other day, accompanied by his guide, found him anchored early and late at the pivotal spot of the Middle Grounds. About noon of the last day of his stay we observed a mighty struggle, lasting twenty minutes. At the end of that time the guide lifted the net, and with a flop or two the red-spotted prize was laid at the doctor's feet. He weighed eight pounds and three-quarters.

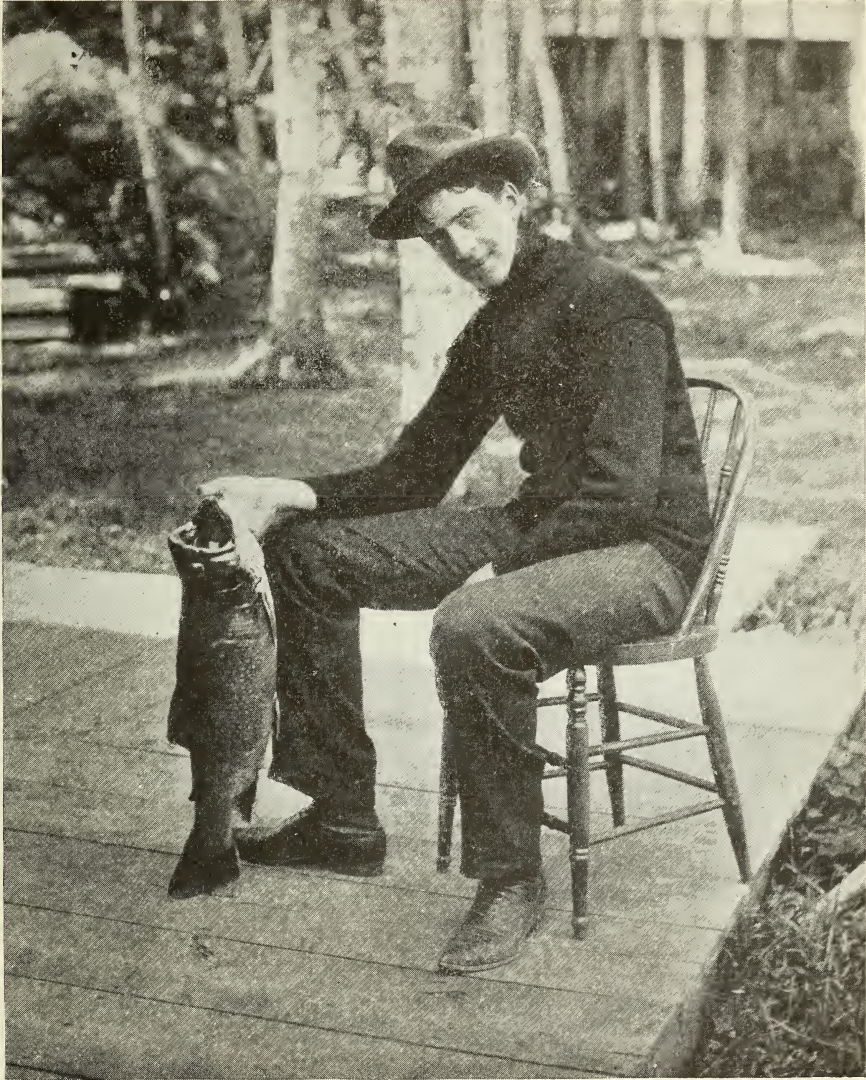
It is to be presumed that the "blue flower" was regarded as plucked. But I noticed that next year the doctor spent less time at Seven Ponds with his fly outfit, and proportionately more on Mooselookmeguntic, and that the standard of attainment had risen to ten pounds. I might gratify the curiosity of the reader by stating that the doctor actually caught a ten-pound land-locked salmon that season, which I saw at the taxidermist's waiting its turn to be mounted, but that the trout is still in the cool depths.

These gentlemen would now doubtless jutsify bait-fishing by the example of dear old Izaak, as he sat for hours upon the bank of a quiet river, bobbing his bait hook with no thought of inviting the slur of "plug fisherman." And

in our time what more legitimate sport for the contemplative man than the deep-sea fishing of Grover Cleveland!

It was my lot to spend three summer vacations in camp at the foot of Bald Mountain, and I soon felt the at-

wales. We learned also that the school frequently moved its quarters. Then for days we would search without getting even a bite. We believed there were bigger ones in the lake than had ever been caught. Occasionally one of



THE NINE-POUND TROUT I DID NOT CATCH

traction of the "deep hole" in the main channel of the great lake. By observing the tactics of a successful guide we learned to locate our boat very closely over the school of trout. Many a beautiful "square-tail" came over our gun-

enormous size would get hooked and depart with the tackle. The largest square-tail of which we have record was caught by George Shepherd Page, Esq., many years ago, at Bemis, on this lake, which weighed thirteen pounds.



I have never heard of a well-authenticated catch of genuine *Salmo fontinalis* which equalled this.

Whether catching anything or not, those were days of pure delight, lying at calm or rocked by white-capped waves,—golden days we love to recall, now we are far from the mountain-hemmed lakes and sombre spruce forests of Maine. The third season drew to a close and I had not landed my "record-breaker." Once I thought I had him. He was long enough,—twenty-three inches, as I remember. His head was that of an old-timer, with the expanse of jaw of a pickerel. We set him at five pounds, but the scales said three.

"Yon fish hath a lean and hungry look; methinks he hath indigestion," quoth my companion.

We took the steamer to the foot of the lake and tried our luck in the famous "Big Pool" below the dam. Here rich New Yorkers, tired of stock-pooling, whip the foamy waters of the most noted fishing pool in the world. Some of them have been doing it every season for over thirty years, and they are at it yet. In the office of the nearby "camp" you will find a record of the big catches which have perpetuated this enthusiasm.

My experience with the pool was limited to a few hours. We looked into the shallow water at the apron of the dam and saw a salmon as long as your arm, but he was not inclined to bite. Neither were his companions. We boarded the little steamer, feeling that the quest in these waters would needs be a long one. One must have ample time and patience to await the pleasure of these millionaire fish.

The scene of the quest now shifts to Northern Maine, whence the fortunes of business called me. No place in the world is so favored with trout waters. When a boy at school I had gloated over those great lakes, not so much to learn their alluring, many-jointed Indian names as to dream of some distant day when I might have my fill of the great fishing they afforded. My time had come.

Fishing there was, but the best was not to be had in the nearby streams and ponds, but miles away at Portage and Eagle lakes. Always a little farther away. Portage is no Indian name, yet it savored of cool waters, the great forest, moose, deer and trout in their season. Sportsmen afar and near awaited the early fishing at Portage. After small catches nearer home I soon learned to do the same.

Late one May, two weeks after the ice had left the lake, when the water was still high, we drove by team to the foot of the lake, and went into camp in a small cottage on its shore. We arrived just in time to see some small boys land a four-pound trout upon the steamer wharf. Catching big trout looked easy enough. We dreamed of them that night.

The next morning an icy wind from across the lake was beating the white-caps upon our shore and drenching the camp with spray. We took turns fishing from the wharf and thawing ourselves at the stove. Fried potatoes, but no fish for dinner. Toward night the wind fell and we pushed out in our rowboat to try the trolling. The sun was hanging low over the eastern arm, or, rather, leg of the lake, as in contour the lake resembles a pair of knickerbockers. Along the eastern shore of the north leg, close by the wooded points, we pulled the boat with even stroke, two silken lines trailing the surface. Past clumps of white birches and former camp sites, past solitary pines guarding some lonely point, over sunken beds of water-lilies, in which our hooks occasionally became entangled, we glided expectantly.

Returning, we had nearly reached the point of starting when a whirr from the doctor's automatic reel indicated a strike. The written account of such a psychological moment in fishing is tame reading, but strange how much concentrated excitement a two-pound trout can generate in five minutes in three sedate people. That is what he weighed when brought to the scales. For beauty and vigor he might well be the boiled-down essence of a twenty-

pound sea salmon, with extra brown and vermillion markings. To put it mildly, the doctor was proud.

But wait! Another turn up the same shore. We are passing a dark cove. We brush past a snag protruding from the water. Soon my wife exclaims:

"There, I knew I should catch my hook on that log! Quick; back the boat so I can get my hook off."

The boat was backed and the line eased up. As we neared the snag my

course, we have to allow that it is pure skill. The only way for man to assert his prowess is to leave his wife at home. This fact I bore in mind on a later trip.

No more big trout this time, although we returned with a fair catch. I have to confess that my largest was a pound and a half, and that I was not entirely satisfied with the results. We were told that it was too early in the season, the water being too high.



LANDING HIS FIVE-POUND TROUT

wife drew in the line rapidly, when, plop! over the side came a spotted trout to beat the doctor's by a pound and a half.

"My, I didn't know I had him!" she panted, as the beautiful fish lay in the bottom of the boat. She continued to assert that the first suspicion she had that it was not a snag was when she saw it come over the side.

Such is fisherwoman's luck. The ladies always get the big ones, and, of

The next May my wife and I went a week later to the same lake, and tented beneath the tall spruces and maples on Indian Point. A convenient spring of ice-cold water was just back of the camp, and plenty of cuttings, left by lumbermen, for camp-fires. The wind from the lake sang us to sleep on our hard but grateful bed of fir boughs.

The next day we trolled along the edge of a big "boom" of logs which reposed in the bay back of the point, and



up and down the western shores. The lake was becalmed. Fishing was useless. One more such day and we crossed over before night to the eastern shore and joined some other boats. Then we learned, just too late, that the trout were no longer taking the spoon hook, but rose only to the spinner. It was their opinion that the best spring fishing was about over. Too early last year; too late this! More fisherman's luck! We got two or three strikes just at sunset and landed some small ones. Portage was losing its charm for us, and the quest of the big trout had not been successful.

On reaching home I took a stroll down town, and, noticing a crowd in a blacksmith shop, went in. The little Frenchman who owned the shop had a reputation as a fisherman, and, sure enough, there was the visible evidence to sustain it. A washtub filled with monster trout and salmon, with several more six and eight pound ones on the floor! They were certainly a ravishing sight. If I could have made but a small part of that catch I felt that I should have been perfectly happy and ready to retire from the quest—for a season.

"Where were they caught?" was the important question.

"Big Fish Lake," was the answer.

"Any more left?"

"We could have filled the boat if we had staid a day or two longer," they calmly assured us. And more to the effect that it was the best lake in Maine for trout, land-locked salmon and whitefish. Even in summer they could be caught in large numbers off the mouths of small streams and in the outlet, while the small, tributary brooks were alive with small trout.

There could be no delusion this time. The proof of this remarkable fishing was before us. We decided to follow the lure of the trout to Big Fish that very summer. This lake is twelve miles up the "thoroughfare," the inlet of Portage Lake, in the heart of the Maine wilderness. To the eastward are the Aroostook waters, and to the westward the Allagash system. Very few sportsmen penetrate to its

waters. It requires canoes, a good camping outfit and guides.

August is usually a poor month for fishing, but our vacation fell at that time. A former chum of mine was invited to make the trip with us. He accepted with alacrity, though warned that it might be a strenuous outing. It proved to be "strenuous." We concluded to be our own guides. Thirty miles by team and eight by canoe the first day made us ready to camp in a rough, bushy spot infested by clouds of mosquitoes, black flies and midges—the "no-see-'ems" of the Indians. Another full day of poling canoes, wading shallows and digging channels because of the extremely low water opened the eyes of our friend to the stern realities of camp life.

At night, while trying to dry his stockings before a blazing stump, one of them lost a foot. Holding the remnant aloft, he ruefully remarked: "There are degrees of misery!"

My wife enjoyed the situation at his expense, but even to this day Edd does not see the joke.

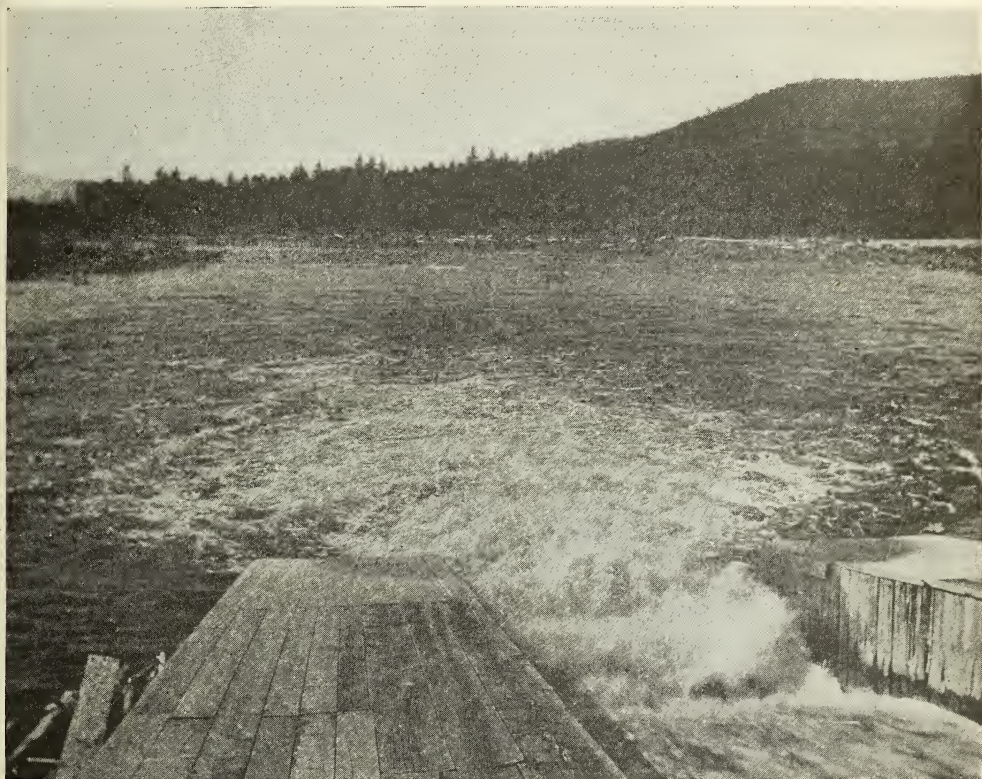
The "carry" of a third of a mile around the falls the next day did not improve his views of the enjoyments of life in the woods. Worn out and melting under the intense sun, we poled into Big Fish and took the paddles for a two-mile pull to Smith brook. The lake opened grandly to our view, with pine-clad islands dotting its northern end and sombre mountains sweeping down on all sides.

On a sandy point near the brook we cleared away the small growth and erected our tents beneath the poplars. It was an ideal spot for camping. Here we built campfires and swung in hammocks; here we watched beavers building a dam across our brook, to add to the three other dams already there; here we wandered to the mountain gorge to pick blueberries and catch the small trout from the brook which here dashes down its sluice; here we hunted for springs of cold water and visited the guide's camp on the island. Once we were awakened at midnight by a splashing in the lake close to our tents,

and, looking out, saw by the full light of the moon a moose with large antlers walking leisurely along, occasionally putting his head under water in search of lily roots. We photographed deer by flashlight as they gazed at our headlight with eyes of growing wonder, standing against the dark foliage background.

It was two weeks of care-free life, of the joy of the dusky forest dwellers, only ours was intensified by contrast.

Gusted. Previous experience had taught us to look on fish as something merely incidental to a good fishing trip; with Edd the disappointment was not tempered with such philosophy, and he left the woods with no zest to return. The big trout was not yet mine. Failure only the more incites the true sportsman to again try his luck. I felt that I had this much in common with that class of fishermen, inasmuch as I immediately resolved to try Big Fish



THE FAMOUS "BIG POOL," RANGELEY UPPER DAM

We laid in memory a stock of "moving pictures" to be reproduced for many a winter evening to come. The trip was an entire success,—with the exception that we did not catch a single fish from this famed lake. Neither did anyone else during all that hot, dry August. The trout had hidden in cool, lower depths, and no device of man could tempt them out.

We were disappointed; Edd was dis-

appointed. Previous experience had taught us to look on fish as something merely incidental to a good fishing trip; with Edd the disappointment was not tempered with such philosophy, and he left the woods with no zest to return. The big trout was not yet mine. Failure only the more incites the true sportsman to again try his luck. I felt that I had this much in common with that class of fishermen, inasmuch as I immediately resolved to try Big Fish

at the next spring,—to be on the spot with the little Frenchman, under the best possible conditions. There would be no mistake this time. The element of "fisherman's luck" would be reduced to a minimum. A record catch of big trout would be reduced to a science, because founded on actual knowledge of the best locality and time. The locality was Big Fish at the outlet, through which the trout



ran in great numbers for two or three weeks after the going out of the ice of the lake. Here was where the Frenchman had sat in his boat and pulled in the monsters until his arm was tired—blacksmith though he was. It was easy enough; anyone could do it.

Nine months is a long time to wait when fish are to be caught, but the last of May came, and with it the report that the high water had subsided suffi-

was being run through the Thoroughfare. This meant serious delay. At the end of the week the end of the drive was not in sight. There were more days of waiting; then we started for Portage, prepared to take our chances. At the head of the lake we found two immense booms of logs, and a crew of drivers at the mouth of the river sorting the cedar from the spruce logs. This might have been interesting un-



CAUGHT BEFORE BREAKFAST

ciently to allow of the rapids being run. Our preparations were completed. My companion on this voyage was to be an elderly, well-to-do farmer, whose annual fishing trips had given him a familiarity with the region to be traversed and a fund of reminiscence.

On the morning Columbus and I were to start we received word from Portage that a large "drive" of logs

der other circumstances. We camped near and waited. No boat could possibly make the passage up stream against the shooting timber.

We interested ourselves with a yearling bull moose feeding in a marsh bordering the lake. The boat was easily pushed within fifty feet of him. Sometimes he walked over to view the drivers, who would remain there until

they threw sticks at him. At night we could hear splashes of larger moose feeding in the lake. Portage yielded up a few trout for our frying pan. We might have thought it very fair fishing had we not visions of larger fish.

The last log finally entered the lake and at dawn we packed our outfit aboard and paddled between the rows of majestic elms which mark the course of the inlet. We passed a deep eddy in a bend of the river, overhung by a large yellow birch, where, so Columbus informed me, he and a friend had quietly

"carry." Here Columbus was taken sick, and it was necessary to go into camp for two days on the small pond just above.

A few trout were caught, and we made the acquaintance of a young woodsman and guide by the name of Guile, who had been left to guard the lumbermen's stores at the carry. His duties left him much leisure and he joined us in our fishing trips. When we moved to the point of our destiny, the foot of the lake, we discovered, after a trial of two days, that the water was too low, and



BIG FISH LAKE

fished for a whole day, while another party had passed them in contempt, on their way to the lake. A later comparison of notes proved that Columbus had the most fish. I remembered the story, as it was somewhat prophetic.

Four miles above, at the "hay sheds," swift water began, and, being the younger man, it befell me to pole the boat for the remaining eight miles of turbulent water. A paddle is of no use in such a current. Four and a half hours of steady, alert, exhaustive battle with the numerous rapids brought us to the

that the run of fish into the lake was nearly over. You can imagine our feelings.

It was then that Guile, our self-appointed guide, proposed a trip to Ferguson Pond, eight miles to the northeast. As he knew the trail and the hiding place of a boat and promised fabulous sport, we devoted a day to this side trip. Arriving at noon, after a warm climb over hills and through swamps, we looked out through overhanging maples upon a pretty sheet of water a mile in length.





"MIDDLE GROUNDS," RANGELEY

But what was our consternation on discovering a boat, containing two fishermen, trolling its waters! By what mysterious means they had preceded us we knew not. It proved to be the only boat there, and we must wait for its return. Guile knew one of the men as a guide and the other as a "millionaire fisherman" who was not to be hurried in his sport, even though the boat were half-full of trout. We could only meekly inquire when they were coming ashore and sit on a log and wait. Not until four o'clock were we favored. Then, while our rivals retired with a handsome catch of nineteen large trout, we took their places in the old canoe. Our gleanings from the pond amounted to but two or three fair-sized trout. An exciting chase after a yearling moose, found far from the shore, which ended in the poor fellow tumbling into the bushes from pure exhaustion just as we beached our canoe, put us in better humor. We returned to camp to plan new campaigns.

As a reward for our waiting for the boat so patiently (or was it to lure us away from his favorite waters?) the other guide had informed Guile of the unlimited fishing at headwaters of Chase Brook, a tributary of Big Fish. There were supposed to be two ponds which fed this brook, located close together and about ten miles due north from the lake, reached by an old logging road. Guile left it to us to choose whether to try this new sportsman's Eldorado or to return to Ferguson Pond. We could see that his love of

adventure was excited by the vision of untried waters, as indeed was mine; so we cast aside the certainty of a moderate catch for the uncertainty of a phenomenal one. Not feeling equal to the long tramp, Columbus decided to fish at the outlet for the two days we planned to be away.

Early the next morning we completed our arrangements and "hit the trail." Guile was familiar with the first few miles of the old road, as years before he had logged in that country. After passing the more recent logging operations we came to an obscure trail, the remains of an old road cut through the forest forty years before. My guide showed his woodcraft by following this faint trace of the lumberman unerringly. He also set the pace, a long, easy stride, which put my muscles to the test. Six miles, eight miles, ten miles we tramped, the only evidence of man being the deadfalls of some trappers of the previous winter and the remains of a deer or two. Twelve miles and yet no ponds. We began to doubt their existence.

A heavy thunder shower rolled sud-



SMALL TROUT ARE PLENTY

denly into sight over the high mountain to our west and blackened the valley. We stumbled ahead into a small clearing, in which stood an old log camp, through the open door of which we made a dive. It was a grateful shelter, though a leaky one, and we could hear the lap of storm-driven waves on a nearby shore. The beauty of one of these mountain showers is their short duration. In a few minutes all the leafy world was looking up at the western sun with fresh-bathed face. Robins and jays were flitting about the camp, uttering their calls.

Guile had been told where to look for a canoe. We found one overturned on the shore, but with a hole in the bottom large enough to crawl through and nothing with which to mend it. We repaired an old log raft, and with this pushed along the shore of the little pond. The wind still swept from the north and we made slow progress. Guile poled the craft and I fished, expecting every moment a strike from some hidden monster. No strike came—no sign of fish. We reached the head of the pond, when the guide, fancying he saw the indications of a path, though nothing was visible to me, asked to be put ashore for an investigation. He disappeared into the dense bushes while I watched the lengthening shadow of the mountain creep across the pond, and felt a sense of what it must be to be left alone in those vast wilds. In a few minutes Guile came racing back and whooping:

"I've found the lake; I've found the canoe!"

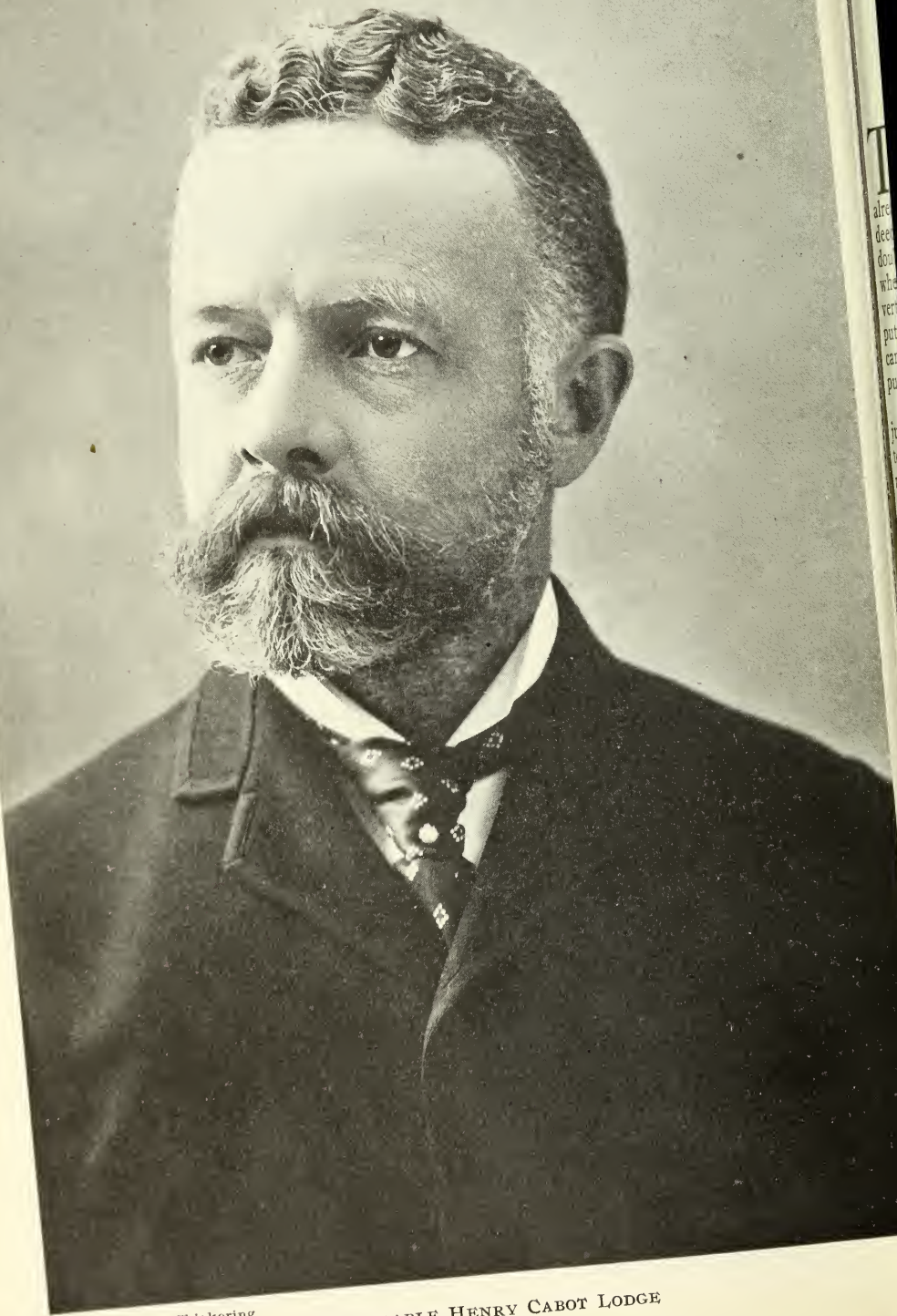
I had never seen him so excited before. It was contagious. We hitched our raft and struck into a small, bush-grown path which soon took us to the shore of the most picturesque little mountain lake I had ever seen. On the west the almost perpendicular walls of the mountain rose from beneath its surface to a great height, and on the east the more gradual slope of a long, high ridge. The pebbly bottom was visible through twenty feet of clear, spring water. The primeval pine forest clad

the mountains to the very shore, for this was one of the few waters of Maine on which the ubiquitous lumberman had failed to leave his marks of desolation. Giant cedars bent out over the lake, from which an occasional kingfisher took a dive, the only fisherman of that season before our arrival, and seldom disturbed in his exclusive rights. This was the fabled lake and here was the canoe. Guile was already placing it in the water. With the usual forethought of his race he had brought a paddle with him from Big Fish. The canoe leaked, but not dangerously. It was narrow and small and tipped easily, which was more dangerous.

Guile kept the paddle and told me to troll. I did so with a Parmachenee Bell spoon baited with worm. The sun had dropped from sight behind the mountain. The mists of evening, added to the mists from the passing shower, were creeping over the waters. We had scarcely gone a dozen lengths of the boat before I felt a tug, and hurriedly drew to the net a fair-sized trout of peculiar appearance. He was a long, slim, brown fellow. In the half-hour before darkness shut down we landed half a dozen good ones.

On close examination our trout were found to be of an unknown species. Unlike the square-tail, red-spotted trout, these had forked tails, were dark brown on the back, with brown and yellow spots on the sides, but an absence of the red. The flesh was similar to that of the brook trout. I had seen specimens of the "blue-back" trout of Rangeley stream peculiar alone to that locality, which resembled these excepting in color, the back being bluish-black instead of brown. Moreover, the "blue-back" seldom attains a pound in weight. Some of these brown trout were over two-pounders. There was also a marked difference between these trout and the so-called "lakers" or togue. Guile declared he had seen this species once before, and that in Lost Lake, a small pond with no outlet, on a mountain top far to the northeast.





Photograph by Chickering

HONORABLE HENRY CABOT LODGE

# OUR SENIOR SENATOR

By FREDERICK W. BURROWS

**T**HAT Henry Cabot Lodge will succeed himself as United States Senator from Massachusetts is already a foregone conclusion, if, indeed, the point was ever seriously in doubt. In view of the fact that nowhere is this opinion openly controverted, such efforts as are sporadically put forth to undermine his popularity cannot find a basis in regard for the public welfare.

By whatever other term it might be justly characterized, such an attempt to at one and the same time return a man to Washington as the state's representative and lessen his usefulness there by stirring up hostile local sentiment cannot be called patriotic.

The material for such attacks on the prestige of public men is always present. Washington suffered heavily from it, more so, in fact, than such trimmers as Buchanan. It is always easy to forget the essential and magnify the incidental. The time, therefore, seems singularly appropriate for a more sober estimate of the fitness of Mr. Lodge for the high office with which the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has honored him.

Let us admit at the outset that there is something more than local pride in the demand that Massachusetts send to the United States Senate men of a riper scholarship and broader vision than may be universally obtainable in newer sections of the country.

The other states expect this of us, and rightly. Massachusetts is a center of learning. She is the inheritor of high traditions. The state that has kept in the Senate such men as John Quincy Adams, Rufus Choate, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson and George Frisbie

Hoar has created an expectation that is rendered more rational by her long political education and the possession of such mighty engines of uplift as Harvard University, Amherst and Williams Colleges, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and others of less fame, but equally high standards. No more pitiful confession of decline could be made than for Massachusetts to send to the Senate a man who failed to measure up to her senatorial standards.

That Mr. Lodge personally fails to measure up to this standard has never been claimed by his most relentless opponents. Their opposition is based on more petty considerations, or veils an attack on the Republican party management. In other words, he is simply the shining mark toward which the arrows of opposition of all kinds are naturally pointed.

Mr. Lodge is a native of Boston, sixty years of age, a graduate of Harvard University and a man of scholarly tastes and acquirements. More than thirty years of public service have given him a wide experience in our national business that is of incalculable value to the country. To throw away such an asset would be an economic waste excusable only on the ground of some great moral issue which might be jeopardized by his presence in the Senate; whereas, as a matter of fact, Mr. Lodge is a tower of strength to the right side of all the great moral issues of our time.

No man in the Senate knows so much about our consular service and foreign affairs generally as Mr. Lodge. In collaboration with Secretary Root he prepared the bill which is rapidly revolutionizing a service which had become a



byword and reproach among the nations. He took a very prominent part in the passage of the Cuban reciprocity bill, himself drafting the amendments which made possible the passage of a treaty which has the distinction of being the only successfully operative reciprocity treaty into which the country has entered. He was one of the foremost figures in concluding the treaty with Spain after the late war. He gained a signal victory in the negotiations for the settlement of our Alaskan boundaries. As chairman of the committee on the Philippines his work was fundamentally constructive. His knowledge of the situation there is of the greatest value to the country. He is an authority on international law, and has contributed to the literature of the subject, as he has also to the literature of our diplomatic history. He successfully maintained the Monroe doctrine in the difficulty with England over Venezuelan affairs. In short, Mr. Lodge's place on the committee on foreign relations could only be filled by the long training of a substitute, with all the loss implied for the intervening years.

Mr. Lodge is an authority on questions of immigration, a subject the importance of which is daily increasing, and in regard to which it is of vital importance that the Senate should contain men of exact knowledge, the result of long and painstaking research.

As the representative of a great manufacturing state Mr. Lodge has given long and patient study to the complicated issues of the tariff question. He was in at the passage of the Dingley bill in 1897, and did yeoman work in the defence of Massachusetts' interests. In the recent tariff struggle his work was brilliantly effective. On no issue does sectional feeling run so high or become so insistently assertive as this. Mr. Lodge is too broad a man to work for the sole interest of any section, but his defence of the legitimate interests of his own state was one of the most brilliant features of the recent tariff legislation.

On those serious and delicate ques-

tions which have recently arisen out of the public demand for a sharper curbing of corporation power Mr. Lodge has always stood for the interests of the people. He was one of the earliest most consistent and most pronounced defenders of the Rooseveltian policies. He was author of the amendment to the rate bill passed by the fifty-ninth Congress bringing the pipe lines within its operation. His speeches on this subject are among his most forceful efforts and aroused the attention of the whole country.

It would be impossible within the scope of this article to more than roughly indicate in this way the variety and solidity of Senator Lodge's legislative experience.

A man of tried experience, he is also a great worker, a man of indefatigable industry. Every organization contains its drones. It is true that not many men of that stamp come to be United States Senators, but there is a difference, and a wide one. In Senator Lodge, Massachusetts is not sending to Washington a contribution to the take-it-easy element. They are placing there a tireless, conscientious worker, one who never spares himself, shirks his tasks or neglects his duties.

Of ripest experience, tirelessly industrious, Senator Lodge is also one of the most effective speakers on the floor of the Senate. He is one of the few—of the very, very few—who maintain the senatorial traditions of oratory and parliamentary debate. A speech by Lodge is an event. Massachusetts sends to the Senate a man who can nobly represent her on the floor of the distinguished chamber that echoed the eloquence of Webster and Clay, of Sumner and Everett. There is a tendency in these days to belittle the importance of this power. Unquestionably, the emphasis has been changed by the prolific abundance of the printed word and the complication of legislative machinery. Nevertheless, oratory is power, and always will be—one of the greatest powers by which men lead their fellows. In a group of tongue-tied men, interspersed with a few

prosy, long-winded, laborious talkers, a few ranters and a number of would-be wits and raconteurs, a man with the real gift of fluent and forceful speech and the orator's magnetism is a champion of which any cause or any state may well be jealously proud. Let it not be thought for a single instant that we would belittle the value of the non-speechmaking element in Congress. Their ranks number some of our best men, invaluable councillors, staunch and true. But the tendency of the last few years has certainly been toward too great a belittlement of the power of oratory. The maintenance of the traditions of parliamentary debate is not remote from the maintenance of free government.

Mr. Lodge's ability as a public speaker is not the least of his claims to recognition by his fellow-citizens, nor his many effective championships in public debate of their interests his least claim on the lasting gratitude of the people.

Broadly experienced, tirelessly industrious, gifted as a speaker, Mr. Lodge also brings to his tasks that vision and clearer statesmanship that come from ripe scholarship. His contributions to American history are those of a scholar and man of letters. Well might they have occupied the entire time of any student and been looked back to with pride as the sole work of an industrious and useful life. In editing the works of Alexander Hamilton he made all students of American history his debtors. His "Life of Alexander Hamilton," in the American Statesman series, gives a clear picture of that interesting figure of the constructive days of our national life. In the same series the publishers turned to Mr. Lodge for the preparation of the "Life of Washington." The result was a two-volume biography that faithfully struggles to rescue the true Washington from the hands of the myth-makers on the one hand and the destructive critics on the other. In his own words he presents us Washington as "a strong, vigorous man, in whose veins ran warm, red blood; in whose heart

were stormy passions and deep sympathy for humanity; in whose brain were far-reaching thoughts, and who was informed throughout his being with a resistless will."

"The English Colonies in America," the "Story of the Revolution," "Stepping Stones of American History," "Boston," in "Historic Towns"; "Hero Tales from American History," and "The War with Spain," are others of his titles. Each of these is a considerable volume of painstaking research, independent view and clear narrative. He is also editor of the voluminous and valuable "History of the Nations," and in collaboration with James Wilford Garner, author of the "History of the United States," occupying two large volumes of that important work. These titles by no means exhaust his contributions to American literature, but it gives a fair idea of its extent and solidity. As a revelation of critical acumen and versatility, as well of facility of expression, Mr. Lodge's two volumes of collected essays, "Certain Accepted Heroes and Other Essays," and "A Frontier Town and Other Essays" are most interesting. Mr. Lodge analyzes the heroism of the Greek heroes not at all to their own advantage. He finds them far inferior in true heroism to the men of the northern tribes. "It is obvious," he says, "that the men of Homer had not, as a rule, any liking for close work with the sword—the surest sign that they were not a hard-fighting race and that they could not stand punishment." And again: "What a poor figure do these Greeks cut by the side of the Nibelungs! At the crossing of the river, Hagan is struck down twice from behind, but he rises, hurt as he is, slays the boatman and takes the boat. If he had been like Agamemnon he would have retreated to his tent and had his head bound up. Or, take the most famous scene of all in the German epic—the final struggle in Etzel's hall. That grim fighting was simply impossible to such men as Homer described, in a word, the Nibelungs are as superior to the Greeks as fighters as the 'Iliad'



and 'Odyssey' are superior to the 'Nibelunglied' as poetry."

In quite another strain, but still showing Mr. Lodge's clear appreciation of the qualities that count, is the following extract from "A Frontier Town":

"This making and moving of a frontier has been a mighty work, and that part of it which was done here (Greenfield, Mass.) during fifty years of conflict, remote, unheard of in the great world of the eighteenth century, seems to me both fine and heroic. There was no dazzling glory to be won, no vast wealth to be suddenly gained from mines or wrested from the hands of feeble natives. The only tangible reward was at the utmost a modest farm. But there was a grim determination not to yield, a quite, settled intention to conquer fate, visible still to us among those men, silent for the most part, but well worth serious contemplation in these days when success is chiefly reckoned in money value."

Does this more contemplative spirit, this touch of the scholar's moderation of judgment, make Henry Cabot Lodge a better Senator from Massachusetts? If unassociated with those more direct qualifications of political insight and parliamentary skill, of ripe experience, tireless energy and persuasive eloquence that make him the Lodge that Washington knows? Decidedly no. But, so associated, few will be unwilling to admit that these added qualities do not make for breadth and vision. Moreover, a man is often best revealed

by the by-products of his work, and these revelations of the real Lodge, with their fine discernment of the real under the unreal, are very convincing indications of the true quality of the man.

One word more. Our country is only partially governed by its own constitution. Party machinery, though ex-constitutional, is essential to the practical administration of the provisions of the constitution. And of this ex-constitutional but vital part of our national government Henry Cabot Lodge is one of the most adroit and masterful leaders. For many years he has been prominent in national conventions. In 1896 he presented to the St. Louis convention the name of the Hon. Thomas B. Reed as a candidate for the presidential nomination. He was permanent chairman of the convention which met in Philadelphia in 1900, and chairman of the committee on resolutions of the Chicago convention of 1904. He was again permanent chairman of the Chicago convention of 1908, and his speech was one of the striking events of the assembly.

Thus in party affairs as well as in actual legislation Mr. Lodge has kept Massachusetts' ideals in the forefront of national affairs, and given to our commonwealth a position among the leaders. It is a gratification to feel assured that he will be re-elected to the office which he has adorned, and to bespeak for him the hearty good will and loyal support of his state.



# WAKING UP MASSACHUSETTS

By HERBERT F. SWAN

*What different agencies are doing to call attention to the agricultural possibilities in Massachusetts and New England, and to show that modern methods of intensive farming can produce marvelous results in this state as well as in the West.*

WOULD you be surprised to know that men in the Middle States and in the South and in Texas — yes, and in Oregon — are writing to New England about buying farms? Would you be surprised to know that there is a turn in the tide? Would it astonish you to find out that men cannot buy farms in the West because land is too high in certain sections, and that they are turning to New England, where the farms are cheap? Well, that is just what is going on. Heads of agricultural departments in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine and Connecticut are receiving a large number of requests for information as to likely farms in New England, and these requests are coming from distant points in the Southwest, on the Pacific slope and from what we now term the great Middle West, as well as the Central States.

We do not look upon Massachusetts as an agricultural commonwealth—we look upon it, generally speaking, as a great manufacturing community, and the jibe of the wit has made the New England farm an object of laughter and even derision. The great prairies of the West, with long stretches of level, rich farming land, have been held up in contrast to the hilly, broken, rocky farms of New England, until we have almost come to believe that except for raising a few things for the market in the immediate vicinity of large cities farming in Massachusetts is something which only ne'er-do-wells stick to, and that only a precarious existence can be wrested from the soil. This view, how-

ever, is rapidly changing. The number of men who are making money on farms in New England is larger than anyone believes, and the possibilities are much greater than anyone realizes who has not given the matter some thought.

Abandoned farms have been talked about and flaunted before the eyes of people, and the alluring opportunities in cities have been spoken about until many have come to pity the New England farmer as passing his days in hard work and receiving a bare living as a return. But of late there has been a great awakening and one of the most noticeable features of this condition is the eagerness for knowledge which the farmers themselves have displayed.

It isn't so long ago that such a thing as a law school was unknown. Lawyers were trained in the offices of other lawyers. It isn't so long ago that schools such as the Institute of Technology were unknown, and mechanical knowledge was secured by working in the shops. Now law schools and technical schools are recognized as a common necessity, where advanced thought can turn out advanced specialists who will introduce and invent new methods and new devices and readjust the whole manufacturing business. So until recently agricultural colleges were regarded by many farmers as impractical institutions, where hard-working boys who, left to their own devices, would have stayed on the farm and carried them on, had their heads filled with impractical notions. Other views of agricultural colleges were that boys were taught there to hoe corn and plant





WAITING FOR THE OUTDOOR SPEAKING

crops, take care of horses, raise cows and care for milk, and were taught little else. It is not to be wondered at that the farmers shied at agricultural colleges, any more than the old-fashioned lawyer pooh-poohed the law school or the old-fashioned manufacturer pooh-poohed the technical school; but progress and actual results have turned all the feeling against agricultural colleges into a desire for just the information which these colleges give. They have all come up practically within a generation since the Civil War, and within the last few years the colleges have been trying to do something more than to merely teach students who come to them for instruction. It is in the extension work that the agricultural colleges now endeavor to carry information to the farmers themselves, as well as to teach the boys who are sent to the colleges. There are various methods of this extension work, and one that has been most useful because of its novelty is the educational farming train. This idea originated in the West, and up to four years ago New England had not seen such an enterprise. Since this first train ran no others have been sent out until this year. However, 1910 will be remembered as a year when this work was

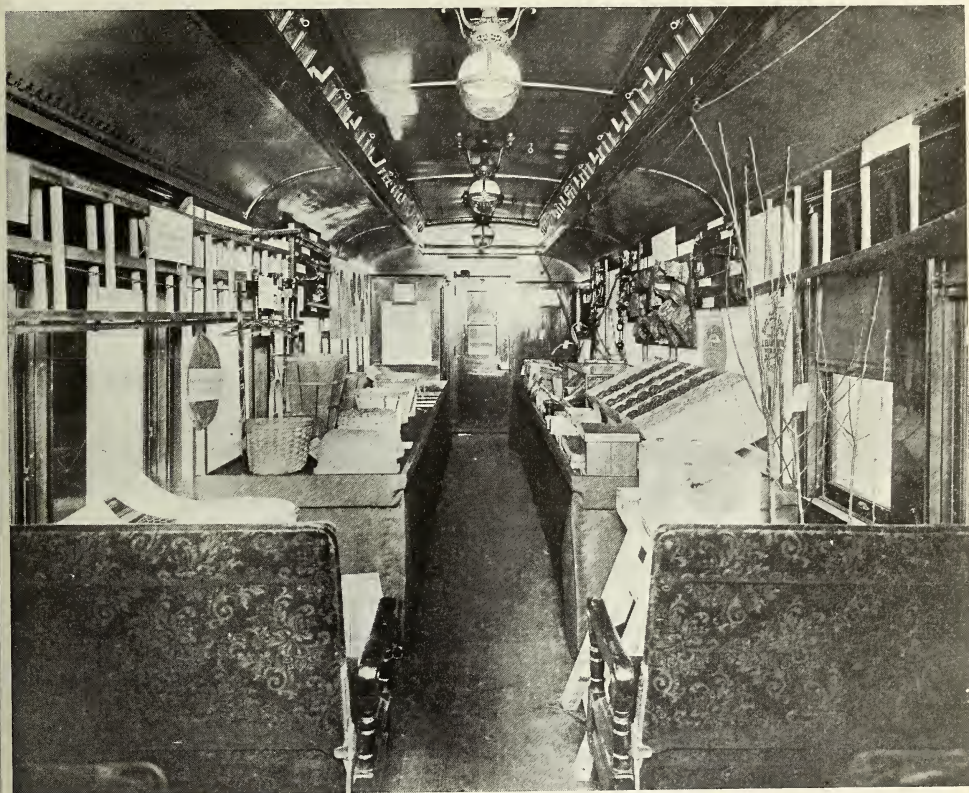
very largely entered into by the agricultural colleges with the co-operation of the railroads. The New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company, which leases the Boston & Albany Railroad and the Rutland Railroad, ran agricultural educational trains over both these roads in April, and the trolley lines centering around Springfield, Mass., also ran a similar train of trolley cars through the country adjoining Springfield; and the Maine Central, Boston & Maine, Somerset Railway and Washington County Railways have combined in arranging for a farmers' train that will be sent out on the line nearly three weeks.

These agricultural colleges on wheels do an amount of good which only those who have accompanied the train can fully appreciate. One of the professors of the Massachusetts Agricultural College told the writer that he thought the Boston & Albany Better Farming Special in its four days' trip brought more farmers into touch with the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst than could have been accomplished in a year by correspondence; and it did more good than correspondence could accomplish in ten years because the farmers were able to see from the exhibits and actual specimens

shown on the train, and learn through the eye as well as through the ear about the points in modern farming which all agriculturists must know in order to keep pace with the advancing methods of the time.

The earnestness of men like President Butterfield of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, State Forester Rane, Secretary Ellsworth of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture

cial' which ran through this state under the auspices of the Boston & Albany Railroad reached in its four days' trip not less than five thousand people. The demand for lectures, demonstrations, personal advice and inquiries by mail which have been made this winter upon the members of the college and experiment station staff at the Agricultural College have been so unprecedented that it has been simply impos-



INTERIOR OF THE FRUIT CAR

and General Agent Harwood of the Massachusetts State Dairy Bureau, who gave up their time in the work of educating farmers, is an object lesson in itself. President Butterfield, speaking at Springfield, Mass., said recently: "We are at the dawn of a new day for New England agriculture and rural life. Evidences of this awakening greet us on every hand. It was conservatively estimated that the 'Better Farming Spe-

possible for these men to meet this demand." In that address President Butterfield called attention to another feature of the great agricultural revival, and that was the new interest which business men of New England and Massachusetts are taking in the rejuvenation of New England agriculture. This is not to be wondered at when we remember that the annual value of the New England product of New England



farms is \$250,000,000, of which Massachusetts alone produces \$75,000,000 in one year. Mayor Logan of Worcester, in an address in that city not long since, said that it was a disgrace to Worcester County that Oregon apples were selling in that city for five cents apiece when better apples could be raised in Worcester County.

The campaign which western fruit-growers have been waging and the

produce pine lumber, he is not a real Yankee if he does not take advantage of his opportunity. The modern agricultural teacher, while he does not say perhaps directly to these farmers "You're a fool to let these western fellows get the best of you in your own market," is hinting at the fact that New England farmers are very slow and have neglected their opportunities. No one can deny that there is no better



AN INTERESTED AUDIENCE IN THE DAIRY CAR

magnificent display of apples which have been seen in the windows of Boston have called attention to the possibilities, particularly of raising apples in New England. There is an appeal directly to the pocket here which no New England Yankee true to his name can overlook. If a man with a piece of waste land can raise apples, or a piece of land that will not even raise apples will plant pine seedlings which will

market in the world for everything that can be raised on the farm than can be found in New England. The western men appreciate this, as is shown by the tremendous efforts made by them to gain a foothold in this market. Scientific methods of transportation have enabled them to do this, while the New England farmers have not taken advantage of these same transportation facilities. Truck farming near large



EVEN THE SCHOOL CHILDREN WERE INTERESTED

ities makes men rich who engage in it, and once in a while we read of some particularly interesting development like the raising of peaches in New England, which has brought fame as well as fortune to some who have specialized in it. The New England farmer is being taught by object lessons as well as by direct information not only what to raise, but how to raise it. He has at his beck and call the services of scientific men in the Agricultural College and the State Forestry Department and in the State Board of Agriculture. He can have his soil analyzed and be told what the best crop is, and can get information in regard to the rotation of crops; he can get scientific information about the care of his land as to fertilization; he can get scientific information as to the extermination of insect pests, and all in all he can to-

day secure what he never could have before, and what oftentimes he refused to take, even if it was offered, namely, scientific direct advice as to what to raise and when to raise it, and how to get it to market.

The equipping and running of these educational farming trains is no small enterprise. Many have wondered why the railroads are willing to do it. President Brown of the New York Central, which leases and operates the Boston & Albany Railroad, says on this point: "Prosperous farmers along our lines means increased traffic. It is good business for the railroad to do all it can to increase the products of the farm and better farming conditions. If the railroad, by moderate expense and thought, can make these conditions radically better for the farmer, it is plainly in its own interest to do so."





JOHN ADAMS THAYER

# A PUBLISHER'S LIFE STORY

## THE REMINISCENCES OF JOHN ADAMS THAYER

*It is seldom that anything has given us more pleasure than Mr. Thayer's book.*

*We went to school to Mr. Thayer at Everybody's. What we know of publishing he is responsible for. We also hold him accountable for our purchase of the "New England." If we succeed in making a magazine that pleases you you'll find Mr. Thayer's book most enjoyable. If the magazine is not all that you think it ought to be, you'll enjoy Mr. Thayer's book just the same.—THE PUBLISHER.*

ANOTHER man who, like Benjamin Franklin, was Boston born and Boston bred, apprenticed to the printing trade in our good New England publishing center, later removed to Philadelphia and finally concerned in some of the liveliest happenings of his day, has written his life story. John Adams Thayer, printer, advertising expert, publisher (with Erman J. Ridgway) of *Everybody's Magazine* at the time it secured in the "Frenzied Finance" articles the greatest prize ever captured by a periodical, has written his reminiscences, intended originally for posthumous publication, but by the advice of friends given to the world during his own lifetime.

The friends' counsel was wisely followed. Mr. Thayer, as a consequence of his experience, has a narrative which, as is quickly appreciated when the book is read, in intrinsic interest surpasses the best-selling fiction. The general character of the book is charmingly foreshadowed in the preface, called "A Confidence"—one of the kind that no one skips—as when the author says:

"After thirty years of hard and unremitting work in the business world, circumstances arose which divorced me from my fulfilled ambitions. The alimony was all-sufficient and I went to live in Paris. There I met many famous men. Talking one day with an author, who, though highly successful, produces what the critics agree with the public in calling literature, he said:

'You publishers do not pay us ten cents nor five nor even a cent a word for what we write. There is not one of my books of which whole chapters have not been recast three and four times. Pages of manuscript are written, re-written, then destroyed to be done afresh. I have worked for days over a few hundred words which would not fill a page of an ordinary book. Writing is work, and the hardest kind of work. The man who digs with pick and shovel has an easy job in comparison.'

"As I thought over his words I wondered if I, too, could not write a book. I believed I had something to say. If the art of writing came by work and work, and yet more work, there was hope for me. Had I not written and re-written advertisements till they passed muster, and in the end realized large sums? But an advertisement—while it may be a short story—is rather a distant relation of a book. How should I clothe my ideas to fit them for the polite society in leather and cloth on the world's great bookshelf? I envied the trained writer, who, knowing the style of many men—the lucid Howells, the picturesque Gautier, the descriptive Dickens—could, as I thought, fashion to his own ends the diction that best suited his theme. I know now that a writer, if he is sincere, does not pick this or that style as a printer chooses this or that font of type. Good or bad, it must be as much a part of him as his character.



"But this I had to learn, and while I was groping for light some one told me to read the memoirs of a famous general. At the end of the first chapter I put the book aside, for it told only of ancestors. I have ancestors myself—one, they say, made himself felt in William the Conqueror's day—but their dim ghosts played no part in my world of actualities, and plainly had no business in my book. Disappointed in my general, I decided to tell this story in my own way. Dates and figures, which bore most people, I have avoided. Details I have given when details seemed significant, and old letters and scrap-books, preserved from boyhood, have repeatedly recalled them with a precision which no memory, however retentive, could equal."

The stimulating boyhood story of a "publisher at thirteen" is a miniature constructed out of experiences more or less common to most of us brought up in a New England city. There is the picture of the small boy going upon the platform at a Sunday school concert to recite:

"When I'm a man, a man,  
I'll be a printer if I can, and I can,"

and there is the statement of an early intention of becoming a minister, a Unitarian minister, as befitted the son of abolitionist parents keenly interested in projects for social reform.

"I felt then," observes the future publisher, "that I had a 'call' to preach, but I have come to doubt its force. Had it been serious, nothing would have stopped me from following my bent. At that period too many young men without funds burned to undertake the cure of souls, but since even the clergy confuse their sources of inspiration it is not surprising that the lay mind often goes astray. It was one of the cloth who in later years told me the story of a brother minister who resigned a charge of many years to accept a parish only ten miles away. 'I feel that I am called,' he said. A practical member of his vestry inquired what salary the new parish was to pay,

and, on receiving his answer, dryly remarked: 'Dear brother, that is not a call; it's a raise.'"

Cambridge, young Thayer's native place, has smelled of the ink pots ever since one Day set up the first American printing press in the precincts of Harvard College. It was hardly strange, therefore, that the father, realizing that the printing art is a great educator, should have purchased for the twelve-year-old lad a small press and a few fonts of type. That was the beginning of a publishing career which was ended, or perhaps only interrupted, when quarter of a century later the senior publisher of *Everybody's* withdrew from active participation in the affairs of the magazine.

The boy began, as so many of us did, by printing calling cards at ten to twenty cents a dozen. He made money, bought a small foot-power press, published a four-page monthly called *The Printer*, often exchanged advertising space for fruit, candy or a bunch of mild cigarettes, and, all told, cut such a figure in the college town that Charles Walker, superintendent of the Riverside Press, from whom he used to buy scrap paper, would pat him on the head and say: "Keep on, John; some day you will be the head of a publishing house as big as this."

There were other pastimes, of course, besides printing in the Cambridge of the seventies—swimming in the Charles at Magazine beach, entrance through a secret passage into the Beacon Park racecourse in Brighton, and innumerable games of amateur baseball. Among John Adams Thayer's companions was one who later attained celebrity as a professional pitcher, and whose untimely death thousands of New Englanders recall—the late John Clarkson. "He was then, in fact, the pitcher of a club called the 'Centennials,' which I captained. One match game with a Boston club I can never forget. Both pitchers were excellent, and at the end of the fifth inning neither side had made a run. The 'Centennials' were on the outfield; Clarkson had struck out two men and excitement ran high. My

position at this critical juncture was that of catcher, and, as gloves and masks were expensive, our club did not possess them. The upshot of this enforced economy was disastrous for me. Clarkson's next ball was a foul tip, and as he already had much of the speed for which he was celebrated later, it shot through my hands, and, striking my mouth, knocked me down. Obligated to go to a neighboring house for repairs, I found on my return that our opponent had scored three runs. I was able to resume my place, however, and, as the rival pitcher lacked Clarkson's staying power, the Boston club went home defeated. I bear with me yet, unnoticed by the world, some results of that, to me, famous game of ball."

It was only natural for a boy reared in such an environment to look for work in a printshop as soon as it was determined that the family circumstances would not permit his staying to be graduated at the high school. The composing room thus furnished his secondary education; the world became his university. As printer in various shops of Boston and Chicago he learned more than a trade; he gained an appreciation of the complex relations existing in modern industry.

The late John K. Rogers, whom many New England people remember as a courteous, dignified and amiable gentleman of the old school, gave John Adams Thayer a valuable opportunity when he admitted him to the service of the Boston Type Foundry as an employe in the specimen department. The future publisher did important things while he was learning typographical wrinkles in this establishment. Yet his restless ambition to go higher made him chafe under the conservatism of the management of both the Boston and the St. Louis foundries, which were then in close alliance. After he had spent some years in the West he was back in Boston in 1891, at a time when rumors spread of the imminent absorption of the type foundries of the country by a trust, backed by English capital. The outlook for an assured position in the business was uncertain.

Most of the employes were beginning to wonder just what would become of them. At this juncture there appeared in the Boston *Herald* an advertisement for a man to take charge of the advertising pages of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Mr. Thayer read this advertisement with interest on a Boston-Cambridge street car and made application for the position, securing which he arrived in Philadelphia, still an emulator of Benjamin Franklin.

For six years he was with the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which in the last years of President Harrison's administration was beginning its remarkable career of prosperity under the editorship of the versatile Edward Bok. Its publisher, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, soon after the new advertising manager's advent, conceived the plan, new at that time, of issuing a periodical which should be artistic from cover to cover. This meant that he must not only use better illustrations, but replace all the black and heavy types then used for advertising with the lighter styles just coming into vogue. To carry out this revolution fell to Mr. Thayer, as did the conduct of a long-running fight with leading advertisers who wanted to continue at their own sweet will to insert electrotypes of their own production.

The office of the Philadelphia periodical in the early nineties was undoubtedly a great school for study of advertising problems. Mr. Thayer's enthusiasm kindles as he tells of accomplishments. "Many fallacies were dispelled here, many theories tested. One interesting advertising fact we developed was woman's undoubted influence over man. A manufacturer of men's suspenders, for example, thought it a waste of money to advertise in a woman's magazine. We proved him wrong. Following up this idea, probably the first political announcement aimed at men through women now appeared in our publication. Paid for by the National Republican Committee, it devoted a page to an entertaining tale of a woman who went abroad thinking she could buy superior dress goods cheaper than at home."



The advertising manager of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, with a salary of five thousand dollars—it seems a small one considering the large responsibilities, for a college professor who could not on his life direct two stenographers and an office boy often gets as much—was ambitious to emerge from the salaried class. He wanted an interest in the business. With help from a friend who had a “smooth” literary style he proposed to Mr. Curtis that he be given an option on twenty thousand dollars’ worth of the stock. This suggestion was not received with enthusiasm by Mr. Curtis, and soon after Mr. Thayer left Philadelphia to become business manager for Frank A. Munsey, “a brilliant man—in more ways than one.”

This publisher of remarkable publications, who had braved New York with a gripful of manuscripts and about forty dollars in cash, and who during the financial panic of 1907 made millions by his purchases of Steel common, made an oral agreement with his new business manager at a salary of \$7500. The actual relationship lasted for “a month and a day,” as Mr. Thayer humorously puts it.

Soon after the termination of this relationship Mr. Thayer came across the serviceable hint that the Boston *Journal* needed an advertising manager. Off went a letter of application to Stephen O’Meara, the publisher of the daily which Mr. Munsey has since then added to his string. The position was secured. The advertising expert brought a fresh pair of eyes to bear upon his birthplace. He seems to have encountered the dead hand quite as frequently as the glad hand.

“With the *Ladies' Home Journal* I had dealt with large advertisers, and I expected to reach a similar clientele here. But the pillars of Boston commerce were another race of beings altogether. As regards advertising, the great majority of dry goods merchants still dwelt in the Middle Ages. They put in a new elevator occasionally; they now and then enlarged their stores; but, prosperous by Boston standards, they saw no reason why they should

change their outworn methods of advertising. Entrenched behind their Chinese wall of indifference, I found them as difficult to get at as the residents of Bar Harbor, who, in my one experience as a book agent, would neither see me nor the volume I had to sell. Finally I drove an entering wedge with the house of Shepard, Norwell & Company.”

Despite success in this connection and in others, Mr. Thayer chafed under a salary limit which could not be exceeded whatever the amount of his commissions, and, after a holiday trip to Cuba in the winter of 1899, worked with the *Journal* with an eye open to another position elsewhere.

The chance came—an opportunity to become advertising manager of the *Delineator*. Friendships formed while with this periodical and possession of a little ready money made it possible for Mr. Thayer in 1903 to join with George W. Wilder of the Butterick Company and Erman J. Ridgway in purchasing *Everybody's Magazine*. The achievements of the magazine under the triumvirate are a matter of recent history.

The story of the capture of Mr. Lawson’s series of “Frenzied Finance” articles Mr. Thayer relates with especial gusto. His relationship with the State street financier dates back farther than one might have guessed. In the good old torchlight days John Adams Thayer was a high private in the Hayes and Wheeler Cadets, of which Thomas W. Lawson was captain. The young gentlemen, as it happened, were not then personally acquainted, for even in campaign clubs captains and privates are far removed.

The idea of getting Mr. Lawson to write an exposure of some of the minor aspects of high finance was first suggested by Mr. Wilder. It made an instant appeal to Mr. Thayer, who came over to Boston, taking with him the editor, John O’Hara Cosgrove.

“As a preliminary move we first called on my friend, General Charles H. Taylor of the Boston *Globe*. He readily gave me a letter of introduction, and as I have often known trifles

to score where larger artillery fails, I thought it expedient to ask him to mention that, a Boston boy myself, I had once marched among Mr. Lawson's torchlight hosts. This General Taylor did, and, as Mr. Lawson himself afterwards told me, the allusion reached its mark."

Largely through this lucky circumstance and Mr. Cosgrove's persistent siege of the financier's outer office an arrangement was finally reached. Mr. Lawson announced that he intended "to write the articles for serial publication without payment, and to advertise them in the daily newspapers at his own expense. We had secured a prize unique in the annals of magazine publishing.

"But where, it was often asked, did Lawson come in? There was no ready answer to the question, for we never precisely knew.

"The profit to *Everybody's* was happily less remote. Mr. Lawson's first article sketched, in his inimitable way, what he meant to tell. The *hors-d'œuvres* of the feast to follow, it whetted the appetite of the American public as never did cocktail and caviare tempt the palate of the veriest *gourmet*. Nor did Jonah open wider eyes upon his record-breaking gourd than we turned on the miracle wrought in our circulation. We beheld the wonderful vision of owning a great magazine property without the long, hard, preparatory struggle of a 'Munsey' or 'McClure'; we saw ourselves, free of worry as to personal needs, possessed of power to continue our work for what we believed to be the common good."

Mr. Thayer had, of course, many an interesting interview with the wizard of State street during the months in which the articles were running. He was a witness of the sensational conference between his author and Colonel W. C. Greene, who counted so many notches in his gun.

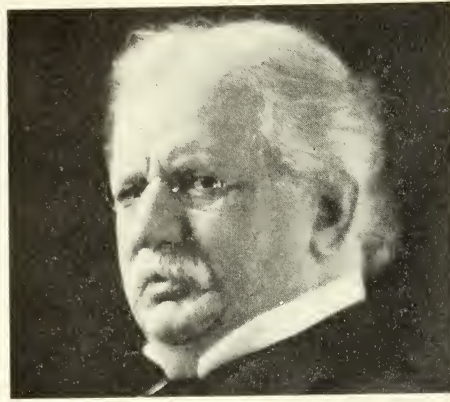
In February, 1905, occurred the celebrated birthday dinner at the Hotel St. Regis, at which covers were set for about forty of Mr. Thayer's personal

friends, each of whom listened to a long-distance telephone message from Mr. Lawson in Boston. Although no reporters were admitted, the newspapers published more or less accurate accounts of the affair. They could not, however, reproduce Mr. Lawson's letter, which was copyrighted then and which is now published for the first time.

Among the fortunate occurrences when the Lawson serial was beginning to run was the selection for the July cover design of an eagle with outspread wings and the American flag printed in strong colors. The display of Old Glory attracted the attention of an argus-eyed patriot of Massachusetts who had secured the passage of a law prohibiting the use of the flag for advertising purposes. The magazine was declared suppressed, but the newsdealers proceeded to sell it without covers. The negotiations between the publishers and the police brought invaluable national publicity to the publication just at the time when it counted most.

In the height of the prosperity of the magazine Mr. Thayer severed his active connection with it. A weekly newspaper, to the establishment of which he was opposed, ran but a short time. "But *Everybody's*," he writes, "soundly based, has gone on from strength to strength. Even as I end this chapter the newspapers tell me that by increasing the stock by three millions the Butterick Company has acquired *Everybody's Magazine*. Three millions of Butterick stock for the publication we bought in 1903 for seventy-five thousand dollars! And it is worth it—even more." These memoirs, immensely more entertaining than the ordinary successful work of fiction, will especially interest book-loving New England. Their author has the simplicity and purity of style that grows out of sincerity. His story is a revelation of a personality as well as a narrative of remarkably interesting happenings. It is literature, just as truly as the memoirs of Grant or Franklin are literature.





## THEODORE N. VAIL

**A**N accurate and far-sighted student of the economic and industrial problems of the day—a master-mind in organizing material forces—a leader of men, with a genius for assigning to each his proper place, and inspiring enthusiasm and loyalty,—these are some of the dominant traits of character of the chief executive officer of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Measured by any standard Mr. Vail is entitled to be ranked among the foremost leaders in the commercial and industrial life of the world. His strong will, sound sense, and absolute self-reliance, have made him a tremendous practical force in the affairs of life. In every field of service in which he has played a part he has shown great efficiency and rare judgment. His administration of the telephone interests clearly demonstrates his tremendous grasp of a large public service agency, and its proper relation to the public which it serves. With these strong qualities of administration are mingled the fine qualities of the true gentleman and the steadfast friend.







## SAMUEL LELAND POWERS

**S**AMUEL LELAND POWERS—stars danced when he was born, else how account for that rare and bubbling humor with which the man has met every rough place in life—and he had to climb over many of them before he became the great advocate, skilled jurist, wise statesman and large-hearted humanitarian he is to-day. It is no belittling of his dignity that his mighty army of friends wipe out the last three letters of his given name. His enemies—but he has none excepting those that every man of honor should have, and even they would rather be his friends if they could. In him the law loses its austerity, but none of its force. Through his practice politics become clean, yet no less virile and expectant of victory. By his example every-day life has in it something to cheer and to ennoble those who are brought within its radius. No one has yet decided which is the larger, his intellect or his heart. He has accomplished much, but rides rough-shod over the feelings of no man. “*Suaviter in modo; fortiter in re*”—that is Samuel Leland Powers.







## TIMOTHY E. BYRNES

WHO are the ten men of Boston who rank foremost as vital forces in the community? It might be difficult to agree upon the list, but there would be a very general agreement upon the name of Timothy E. Byrnes. The public at large may have but a slight idea of the services Mr. Byrnes has rendered, but there are many who appreciate that they have been invaluable. New England born and Western bred, trained in the law and in railroad practice in the broad field of the great West, Mr. Byrnes was one of the able staff whom President Mellen of the New Haven induced to come East with him to shape the destinies of his railroad along the broader ways that he had marked out for it. His work has brought about an era of good feeling. It has been his lot to deal with large questions of State and of traffic constantly arising. He has done this tactfully, yet with open and above-board methods, clean-handed, frank and even plain-spoken upon occasion, but in ways that have made him hosts of friends and a genuine friend of hosts of men.







## DANIEL GOULD WING

**M**R. WING was born in Davenport, Iowa, in 1869. At the age of seventeen became messenger in a bank at Lincoln, Nebraska. In 1890 he became cashier of the American Exchange National Bank of Lincoln. In 1897 Mr. Wing of Davenport, Iowa, was appointed National Bank examiner and in 1899 when the affairs of the Broadway National and the Globe National came under his inspection he was appointed receiver for both institutions. From the almost hopelessly involved conditions he worked out their affairs so that he was able to pay the depositors of both banks one hundred cents on the dollar, and, in addition, paid a dividend to the shareholders of the Globe bank.

He was made vice-president of the Massachusetts National Bank in 1900 and in 1903 when the Massachusetts National and the First National merged, he was elected president of that institution, and under his management the bank has had a most successful growth. A splendid record of usefulness ranks Mr. Wing as among our foremost bankers.







## JOSEPH H. O'NEIL

**J**OSEPH H. O'NEIL was born on March 23, 1853. Holding many offices of trust, elective and appointive, he represented his district in Congress from 1889 to 1895. As a congressman his sound judgment impressed the leaders of the House and he was soon admitted to the coterie which directs national legislation. His career as a national legislator was of benefit to his district, and pleasure to himself, as no little of his charm is as a raconteur of incidents and stories of men of national interest.

His prominence in public affairs and in banking circles is due to an intuitive ability to embrace opportunities, with a consequent reaping of the rewards which come to the venturesome. The Federal Trust Company was a bold enterprise in a city where bankers imagine that vested position means the right to exclude rivals. Its first and only president, Mr. O'Neil, aided by a directorate of wide-awake and up-to-date business men, has succeeded in making this bank an important factor in the financial and commercial world.







## RALPH L. FLANDERS

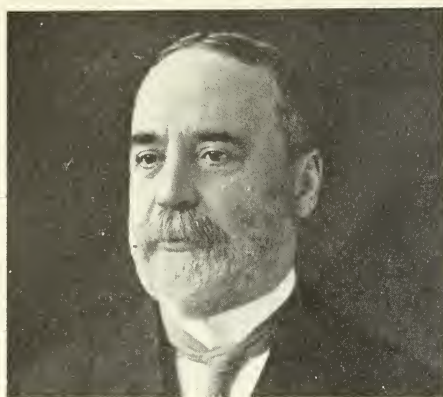
**M**R. FLANDERS came to the Conservatory as assistant manager in July, 1899. In January, 1904, he was elected manager—one of the youngest men ever entrusted with the responsibility of so large an institution. Under Mr. Flanders' management the business of the Conservatory has been placed on a strong financial basis, the student body showing an increase of one thousand during the first four years of his administration.

In 1907 Mr. Flanders began work on a plan to establish Grand Opera in Boston. In the spring of the following year The Boston Opera Company was organized, and during the year and a half of its organization he was the general manager of the company and is now a member of the Board of Directors and one of the Executive Committee.

Mr. Flanders' ability in the building up of these two great musical organizations places him in the front rank of those rare men of combined business and artistic ability who are devoting their time to the establishment of the highest forms of music in the United States.







## JOHN M. GRAHAM

**P**ROBABLY no banker in the city of Boston works longer hours, is more devoted to and in love with his business, than John M. Graham of the International Trust Company of Boston with which he has been identified as president since shortly after its organization and is, therefore, the oldest, in point of service, of any of the presidents of the banks and trust companies in the city.

President Graham brings to his official duties a wealth of experience and training that few could equal. After finishing his education with the study and practice of law, he entered the business of banking almost fifty years ago under the old Massachusetts state system and Suffolk system of redemption of state bank circulation. This soon gave way to the national banking system, in which he was engaged for about eighteen years, when he assumed the presidency of the International Trust Company. This institution is a credit and honor to the city and a monument to the untiring industry, integrity and ability of its president.





The supreme art event of the summer, of the year, perhaps of many years, is the acceptance by the committee of the designs by Bela Pratt for the embellishment of the entrance of the Boston Public Library.

Not only have the designs been approved, but the sculptor has received his commission together with the first payment, and has begun work on the full-sized figures.

The photographs herewith give a good idea of the designs and are worthy of the closest study.

The Boston Public Library is the most satisfactory architectural product of American skill. The two pedestals that flank the triple doors and

unify the entrance have long offered a problem that has incited the zeal and baffled the skill of the sculptor. It seemed to be reserved to Mr. Pratt to catch the thought, which was a true inspiration, of lowering the figures into the pedestals, preserving their simple massiveness and giving to the figures themselves a more telling background than the intricate confusion of ornamentation overhead made possible for figures superimposed upon the pedestals. So placed, everything that has been tried lost dignity and became trivial—a mere added detail to a bewilderment of detail.

Mr. Pratt's idea is the result of a profound study of the architects' ideals



"ART," FROM BELA PRATT'S DESIGNS FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY





"SCIENCE," FROM BELA PRATT'S DESIGNS FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

and splendidly completes the unfinished feature of the entrance.

In order to further emphasize the architects' purpose in placing the two pedestals as they did, Mr. Pratt has faced his figures at an inward angle, converging toward the entrance and contributing to its unity of effect.

In the two figures themselves, representing "Art" and "Science," we find something at once classic and intensely modern. In the first place they are frankly, humanly, beautiful, feminine, warm with the maternal spirit. This is particularly noticeable in the figure of "Art," which is itself the embodiment of that which riots through its star-eyed dreams. The "Science" of Mr. Pratt's conception is not a positive, dogmatic, know-it-all kind of science. It is full of brooding wonder. It is an Emersonian science, magnificently appropriate, a fitting embodiment of the intellectual spirit of the city.

In a year's time these two noble figures will be in place, and after their emplacement all the commercialism in

the world cannot undignify Copley square.

We congratulate Mr. Pratt, who, although still a young man, has achieved what might well be the acme of a life-work.

We congratulate Boston on the breadth and discernment of a committee who were able and willing to see a seer in his own city.



#### CONCERNING MUSICAL EDUCATION

"The remark which is so constantly heard on every side, 'I'm fond of music, but I don't understand it,' would be utterly stamped out if our school children, instead of always being made to sing, were taught what to listen for in music."

And this might be taken to heart by others not represented by the public school. The dilettantism of we Ameri-

cans in all forms of art ought to be a signal for some crusading in the cause.

The rapidity with which the appreciation of serious music has grown is a cause of never-ceasing wonder to those who have been affected by it directly or indirectly. Ten years after the Boston Symphony Orchestra was formed Theodore Thomas, practically forced out of New York, organized the Chicago Orchestra. The next few years saw the formation of the Cincinnati, Pittsburgh (now defunct) and Philadelphia orchestras, and the last five years have seen the establishment on a sound basis of admirable orchestras in St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Louis and Seattle, with more or less "casual" orchestras established in a score of other cities west of the Alleghanies. If none of these orchestras is prosperous in the sense of being profitable from a financial point of view, it is because the genius has yet to be found who can put an orchestra either in America or Europe on a profitable basis and yet maintain high artistic ideals. On the other hand, the concerts of these orchestras are almost without exception attended by large and appreciative audiences, and where hundreds of dollars were spent for serious music thirty years ago, tens of thousands are spent to-day.

It is not going too far to say that in this development the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been by far the greatest single factor. In it all orchestras organized since have found their model. From the beginning it was successful. Its career was able to convince "doubting Thomases" that there was decidedly a place in America for serious music seriously performed. Never since it was organized has there been any compromise toward what is generally known as "popular" music. The policy which has actuated its conductors and its management from the beginning is that the only way to educate an unappreciative public to a taste for good music is to persist in giving it good music, performed in as perfect manner as humanly possible. The early years of

the orchestra, outside of Boston at least, were not always full of sunshine. The fact that to-day it can go anywhere in this country and play to very large audiences is one of the results of the pertinacity which characterized the years in which it was doing what might really be called "missionary work." The career of the orchestra has been one of glory. In the beginning it aimed at the highest ideals, and in its pursuit of them there has been no faltering. Its career has been not only an example for other orchestras to follow, but a source of constant encouragement to them in the dark days that must always come to any artistic enterprise.



#### "THE RAMRODERS"

"The Ramroders" (Harper & Brothers, New York), by Holman Day, is a novel of "practical politics," in the author's native State of Maine. While there is a great crowd of politicians of all degrees among the characters, the chief interest centers upon old Thelismar Thornton, the entirely unscrupulous "boss," and his grandson, Harlan Thornton, a young politician of the newer type, who brings higher ideals to public life. Old Thornton is familiarly called "the Duke." His guiding principle is to "play the game." He asks, "Did you ever know a man to get anywhere in politics if he didn't play the game—honesty or no honesty?" Looking back on his own political activity and the methods he had employed, he remarks: "I'd have played the game different with angels, but I couldn't find the angels." The cynical old leader has native shrewdness and the temperamental gift of keeping his head cool in the most heated political atmosphere. He modifies his methods to suit the exigency, believing "there are some things in politics that have to be done as gentle and careful as pick-



ing a rose petal off a schoolma'am's shoulder." The dramatic events of the story arise from Harlan's breaking away from "the Duke" to champion the cause of the Governor, who has been nominated merely to save the State machine from going to pieces. Of course, there is a love story in which two girls are involved, but all ends as happily as the sentimental reader may desire. Harlan Thornton is a good fighter, and in the end he wins the admiration of his grandfather; but among the lessons learned by him in the campaign is that honesty of purpose and personal integrity are in themselves not enough to secure clean politics when so many conflicting interests enter into the game. The story is well told by Mr. Day, with an abundance of shrewd humor and the presentation of Down East characters with so much cleverness.

#### "THE SCAR"

A novel of the New South, by Warrington Dawson. With the favorable criticisms of England and France, "The Scar" comes to its native land like an opera or play with a successful London season behind it. In addition, the fortunate chance that brought Mr. Warrington Dawson into an acquaintance with Theodore Roosevelt has secured a recommendation for his novels that might well cause the young novelist to awake some morning and find himself famous. Mr. Dawson's success, indeed, will depend not on advertisement, but on the intrinsic merit of his work. This "The Scar" possesses in a marked degree. It is notably a book of an environment. An almost visible pressure of deprivation and hopelessness rolls like a heavy cloud of battle smoke throughout the novel, rising just high enough to reveal the wasted fields of the Southland. All the characters are prostrate beneath the sullen force of environment with the fatalistic submission that is peculiar to Hardy's novels. Eleanor, the heroine, is moulded by the poverty of the denuded South as inevitably as her rigid mother-in-law. In the case of the younger woman, how-

ever, the pitiless pressure of the bare farm life serves only to strip from a rather unlovely character the frivolities and assurance of a sophisticated life. From the older woman it has taken all but her uncompromising firmness of will.

Yet, poor as it may be, the South is still essentially the land of romance, and "The Scar" has a union of North and South as the mainspring of its story. It is a good story as well as a powerful one. In all its phases the book is representative of the new tendency to see the South, no longer in the romance of its old plantation days, but in the hard realism of that present which still exists after the war and the reconstruction.

The book is published by Small, Maynard & Co. at \$1.50.

#### "ASTIR"

Such is the unusual title of "A Publisher's Life-Story," by John Adams Thayer.

The title is as appropriate as it is unusual. Few lines of effort give a man so intimate a part in so wide a range of activities as publishing of the type in which Mr. Thayer was engaged.

"Astir" gives more anecdotal sidelights on incidents in which the business and reading world are interested than any book of autobiographical confession published in a long while. Incident crowds incident and story treads on the heels of story. Now it is Roosevelt, now it is Lawson; again, it is Hall Caine or Eugene Field—authors, publishers, business men, public men—a wealth of material that gives the book a real documentary value to the student of the history of our own times, as well as rendering it intensely interesting.

Intended originally for posthumous publication, and drawn to the light by the earnest solicitations of the favored few who knew something of its contents, the book attains to a frankness and fulness of statement not often achieved in similar publications. The book is published by Small, Maynard & Company at \$1.20 net.



### MONTPELIER

The general principle on which the Montpelier Board of Trade is organized is in effect that its value to the community depends quite as much on the improvements it can effect in the scheme of things at present existing in the city and vicinity as regards its government, and its social, political, educational and commercial welfare, as in the introduction of new industries.

However, a fund has been pledged, aggregating \$20,000, on a scheme whereby the subscribers of shares valued at \$100 each shall be subjected to a call of not more than twenty-five per cent. of their subscription in any one year, for the encouragement of new industries on a sound business basis. While this fund is not yet in active operation, it is expected that in a short time it will be available, and if proper opportunity is presented this per cent. may be called for consecutively until the entire amount is in active investment, the details of the latter to be arranged by a committee of the subscribers, which will probably be made up of the directors of the board.

We are starting a department or bureau of information for the mutual advantage of the farmers in this vicinity and those who reside in the larger cities, whereby the former may list their names as desirous of taking summer boarders, and the latter may be referred to suitable and reputable places for summer outings, or in other words

the supply and demand for the summer outing place may be placed in communication, to the mutual advantage of each.

The general work of the board is done through a list of fourteen committees, as follows: Transportation, new industries, granite, power, municipal affairs, merchants', finance, agriculture, real estate, receptions, conventions, publicity, membership and general, each committee investigating matters referred to it or coming within its jurisdiction, and reporting to the directors for definite action.

We have amicably settled several complaints from patrons of public utilities, including telephone, telegraph, steam and electric railroads, to the mutual satisfaction of both the companies and patrons, and are meeting with success in securing improvements in municipal affairs and in the general conduct of the business of the city; but as the reorganized Board of Trade has but begun its duties, there is much yet to be done before we may be said to be thoroughly established on a basis for the best results.

We are particularly fortunate in having as president Hon. Joseph A. DeBoer, the president of the National Life Insurance Company, with \$50,000,000 of business, as his influence and counsel are invaluable.

A booklet setting forth the advantages of Montpelier as a clean, well-lighted, well-governed city, provided



with the best educational and library advantages, and altogether a most delightful home, is in process of publication.

FRED E. GLEASON,  
Secretary.

#### BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The efforts which the Chamber of Commerce is making for the promotion of the commercial and public interests of Boston and New England have met with conspicuous success in several instances during the last month. On Tuesday, June 14, the Legislature passed a bill for the abatement of the smoke nuisance, which had been presented by the chamber's committee on fuel supply after an examination and study of the problem, and of the effect of various smoke laws in other cities and their results—a study lasting over more than fifteen months. The bill, as passed by the Legislature, is entirely satisfactory to the chamber, and will, it is hoped and confidently believed, differ from all other bills, not only in assuring an abatement of the smoke nuisance, but in its enforcement entailing a minimum of hardship on the part of consumers. In fact, it is believed that this bill will enable consumers of coal to save money in the operation of their plants, as well as relieve the public as a whole from the inconvenience caused by a pollution of the atmosphere which it has been heretofore impossible to prevent.

Another accomplishment which is a result in large measure of the activity of the chamber is favorable consideration by the committee on rules of the National House of Representatives of the Weeks bill for the conservation of the forests of the White Mountains and of the Appalachians. At the present writing it seems more than probable that the Weeks bill, which has received the indorsement of the Chamber of Commerce, as well as of the American Forestry Association, will become a law before the present session of Congress has adjourned. Any measure which promises to prevent the wanton destruction of the forests of New England is of the utmost economical value

to all our manufacturers who depend upon water power.

The chamber has also recently undertaken to gather information telling of those results of intelligent farming in New England which have been conspicuously successful, covering such special lines as fruit, tobacco, cranberries, potatoes, etc. Scattered all over New England are well-authenticated instances of striking successes along these lines, and it is believed that by compiling these facts and giving them publicity, knowledge of the opportunities which New England offers to the intelligent and enterprising agriculturist will be still further spread. The chamber hopes within a short time to be able to tabulate such statistics in a form which will lead to a wider appreciation of the opportunities which New England offers for exceptionally large returns on investments, not in fancy farms developed by money earned elsewhere, but in farms which have been made to pay for themselves out of their own earnings.

Work undertaken by the chamber has also helped toward an agreement by the Legislature upon legislation establishing a new harbor line in East Boston, and a new scheme for development within that line which meets a long-felt demand. Various committees of the chamber have worked for many months to bring about an agreement upon what is known as the Wadsworth harbor line, which provides an opportunity for the filling and use of a great area of flats lying between that line and the present harbor line. It follows the general line of flats facing Governor's Channel, so that the filling would be in shoal water, and it provides a method whereby the cost of constructing each of the piers which are needed to increase our dockage facilities will be about the same for each pier, instead of increasing as the old harbor line approaches deeper water.

These various accomplishments indicate very clearly the extent to which the new Chamber of Commerce has been able to contribute to greatly needed improvements.

## ONE YEAR OF THE PILGRIM PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION

### A New Vital Force in New England's Com- mercial Life

It has been said that "Emerson was not a great poet; that he was not a great essayist; that he was not a master of style, but that he was the greatest force in the letters and thought of his time."

On April 28, a year ago, the Pilgrim Publicity Association was launched, with a nucleus of eighty-three members, all deeply interested in publicity, which depends upon commercial life just as much as commercial life depends upon publicity. The new association started out with the avowed intention "to promote among New England manufacturers and merchants a thorough understanding of the power of good advertising . . . and in other ways to assist in the development of New England's commercial enterprises and resources." Since that time there have been eight monthly dinners of the club, and today its position forcibly brings to mind the quotation which heads this summary, for in this short year the Pilgrim Publicity Association is recognized as a great force for the uplifting of New England.

With an increase in membership from eighty-three to three hundred enthusiastic members, composed of manufacturers, business men, publishers, newspaper men and those identified with professional publicity in its various branches, the year just closed sees the great organizations for the civic betterment of New England constantly calling upon the Pilgrim Publicity Association for advice and assistance. The association is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and its work recognized by men all over the country.

Largely through the instrumentality of the association and its members enthusiastic and successful clubs have been started in Springfield, Providence and Worcester; they have absorbed the local association having to do with

merchants' advertising in the City of Boston; they have been asked on several occasions for information and assistance by such organizations as the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Boston 1915, Yale University, and various boards of trade in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maine and Vermont have sent requests for the message to be carried to them.

Boston 1915 is famous the country over as a model organization of its kind. At the time of their exposition, last November, they requested the Pilgrim Publicity Association to take charge of a municipal advertising exhibit, and there was shown there, both in picture and by lecture, the sort of advertising that is being done by such cities as Atlantic City, N. J., Seattle and Spokane, Wash., as well as by the Federated Railways of Switzerland, and men came the entire width of the continent to tell their story to a crowded hall. When Boston 1915 were launching their new magazine they offered a page to be used for the exploitation of the Pilgrim Publicity Association, and on occasions where they have had speakers about New England they have applied for the latest information, that an up-to-date chronicle of this great uplifting force might be spread abroad.

The Boston Chamber of Commerce, the largest and most efficient organization of its kind in the country, joined with the Pilgrim Publicity Association in its February dinner, and to an audience of over four hundred business men, more than half of which were Pilgrims—an audience which included representatives of a number of boards of trade and New England and national associations of varied lines of trade—speeches were made amid great enthusiasm which have since been read by millions of people, and have caused the Pilgrim Publicity Association and its work to be forcibly brought to the attention of the readers of great magazines, of trade journals and of newspapers, both metropolitan and local, well-nigh impossible to number. Two editions were necessary of the monthly



journal published by the Chamber of Commerce which contained the report of this meeting, and in which five members of the Pilgrim Publicity Association had contributed thirteen pages.

The Massachusetts State Board of Trade asked for an affiliation of the Pilgrim Publicity Association, and to-day the younger association is represented among the principal officers and on a special committee on publicity and promotion of the State Board.

A credo, "I believe in New England," copyrighted by the association and distributed just before New Year's, had such instant and spontaneous acclaim that it was published in every Boston paper, and either on the front or editorial pages of nearly one hundred newspapers in every section of New England, and brought forth additional editorials from nearly all the papers of Boston as well as the smaller cities. Copies of this credo were requested by individuals from every part of New England, and by great corporations in lots up to five thousand for distribution. It has been published broadcast in trade journals and house organs and placed in the hands of every hotel within the confines of the six states, and it to-day adorns the walls of many an office with its cheering and stirring uplift.

A speakers' bureau has been established, with over twenty men, leaders in their line, willing and glad to give their time and effort to spreading the word wherever it may be desired, and their message has been hailed with enthusiasm by press associations, boards of trade, men's clubs, conventions, institutes and associations of other lines of trade, as well as by special invitation before a committee of Yale University, and their assistance has been asked in preparing a course of modern commercial publicity before at least one other university. Who shall say that the Pilgrim Publicity Association has not in one short year become a vital living *force* in the business life of New England? But it has done more than this: To carry out its purpose, "to assist in the advancement of New England and the development of New Eng-

land's commercial enterprises," the better part of the year has been spent in the very careful preparation of six advertisements which shall exploit to the American public at large the advantages of buying New England-made goods. The association has already obtained publicity to the value of thousands of dollars, to begin in July, for the insertion of these advertisements, which shall advertise New England-made goods, with more to follow in mediums of both general and local circulation, the volume and value of which will be difficult to compute. Special commendation has been received from boards of trade for this work, the first that has ever been done to definitely advance goods manufactured in the section of the country which has always stood for pre-eminence in manufacture.

This is a tremendous undertaking which has been fraught with difficulties requiring the most careful consideration and handling, but it has been successfully carried through and to-day is fairly launched, with limitless possibilities to the manufacturer and merchant of New England.

Among the speakers who have been attracted to the monthly dinners are such men as Hugh Chalmers of the Chalmers Detroit motor car, Erman J. Ridgeway, publisher of *Everybody's Magazine*; William C. Freeman, advertising manager of the *New York Mail*; Don C. Seitz, publisher of the *New York World*; James J. Storrow, of Boston; Richard C. MacLaurin, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Lorin F. Deland and Herbert Kaufman, well-known business writers; "Kalamazoo" Thompson; E. E. Fowler, of the Boston Sales Managers' Association, and others.

As the year comes to a close and new committees take up the work for 1910-11, they find newspapers lending enthusiastic support to the movement, and a spirit among the members which is bound to accomplish far more than even the wonderful results which have been brought about in this the first year of the Pilgrim Publicity Association.

## SOMETHING OF PORTLAND'S PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY

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**T**HIS letter tells something of Portland, Maine, a city so full of commercial history and activity that even its own people do not fully understand it. We want the country at large to know more about Portland, Maine; and we also want our boys to grow up with a knowledge of the commerce and manufacturing of this enterprising city.

In 1900 the population of Portland, Maine, was 50,145. In 1910, with no annexation, its population is about 65,000, an increase of 30 per cent. in ten years. The receipts of the Postoffice of Portland, Maine, for the year ending March 31, 1900, were \$156,000. The receipts of its Postoffice for the year ending March 31, 1910, were \$328,000, an increase of over 110 per cent. in ten years. The city in that period has passed into one of the **fifty** largest offices in the United States, ranking now forty-ninth, and, with less population, its postal receipts are to-day larger than such cities as Lowell, Mass., and Paterson, N. J., and others having many more inhabitants than Portland, Me.

What has caused this remarkable percentage of growth in an old community, established over two hundred years ago? What change in its opportunities and conditions? No change. It is the same self-reliant city by the sea, with the same magnificent bay and scenic splendor from its promenades, the same railroad center with ideal conditions for business and a home that existed ten years ago. No change, but it has been discovered. The young men who for so many years were lured by the charm and romance of the West to leave their city and their state have discovered that a fairer El Dorado lies

right here beside their very doors. They have stayed at home, others have been attracted from without the state, and with the result that as more people have come to improve their opportunities here, more people have made more opportunities.

In these ten years the

Valuation of the city has grown from \$45,128,305 to \$60,000,000 in 1910.

Bank clearings have grown from \$56,804,478 in 1900 to \$92,776,575 for the year ending March 31, 1910.

National bank and trust company deposits have increased from \$12,472,164 in 1900 to \$24,121,899 in 1910.

Savings bank deposits have increased from \$17,778,611 in 1900 to over \$26,000,000 in 1910.

The outward and visible signs of this increasing business and financial strength may be seen in the **Building Operations**, which for the year ending April 1, 1909, exclusive of public edifices, amounted to over \$1,200,000.

Since that time, besides a great number of homes, additions and smaller buildings, an eight-story business block has been completed, the foundations are being laid for a great Masonic Temple and office structure, a large brick garage has been finished, a new eleven-story bank and office building, the second highest in New England, is nearing completion; the large box factory of G. A. Crossman's Sons and the new concrete factory of the Ridgeway File Company have been finished, the large concrete factory building of Southworth Brothers, for making printers' machinery, has been started.

In addition to these the beautiful Swett Memorial Art Building will soon increase the attractiveness of the city,



the Young Women's Christian Association Gymnasium, the Municipal Electric Appliance Building, the Children's Hospital, the plant and office of the Maine Institute for the Blind, a large convent, a beautiful, new Roman Catholic Church, a new wing of the Maine Central Railroad offices have been finished; and three notable public buildings, the City Hall, the County Court House and the Federal Court House, all constructed of Maine granite, are being grouped in the center of the city.

This remarkable array denotes the public spirit and activity of the people, and is so varied and impressive that even some of our own citizens can hardly grasp its full significance and understand its underlying causes.

What are these causes? Let us look at some of them. Portland has been known and widely advertised as a summer resort. Its luxurious hotels, its clean and shaded streets, its magnificent bay and numerous islands attract throngs of summer visitors. And the retail stores have no dull season; they serve a local population of 250,000 people, and hardly has the holiday trade concluded before there comes the preparation for the summer business which the tourist brings.

Again, Portland has a large jobbing trade with Northern New England, which its railroad and water transportation facilities especially enable it to conduct. Its waterfront is a combination of warehouses, wharves and tracks.

But it is not for these things alone that the city has become famous. Suddenly, in these last ten years, the United States census revealed the fact that Portland has become the greatest

nor boastful advertising, had industries, small and varied, crept into existence and grown to great establishments. **Low cost of electricity for power, pure water from the distant hills, freight rates to the West cheaper than enjoyed by any other part of New England, water transportation to Boston and New York, direct lines of steamers to the Provinces and Europe,** had brought in time their sure effect. Here are some of the things

### MADE IN PORTLAND

Furniture, carriages, matches, barrels, boats, screens, billiard tables, stairs, mantels, sashes, doors, blinds, wheels, wooden boxes, trunks, show-cases, toys, boilers, marine engines, gravel screens, elevators, gas engines, marine hardware, stoves, electric hoists, silverware, tin cans, metal cornices and gutters, metal caps and covers for bottles, castings, structural iron, printing machinery, tinware, jewelry, files and rasps, shoe machinery, surgical instruments, hats, underwear, shoes, hair goods, fur goods, shirts, shirt-waists, overalls, rugs, vinegar, pickles, mineral and soda water, ice cream, candy, butter, preserves, canned goods, sausages, tanned leather, stuffed animals and birds, white lead and paints, patent hinges, tents and awnings, art glasswork, glass handling devices, mattresses and bedding, envelope sealers, tallow and grease, slateware and insulators, caskets, blank books and printed forms, laboratory goods, chewing gum, paper boxes, art publications, pictures and novelties, millstones, concrete burial vaults, cement and stoneware.

### MANUFACTURING CENTER

in Maine, surpassing in its manufactured products the mill cities of the Androscoggin and the Saco. People had been asking, "What is it that makes Portland grow so?" To their amazement it was found that the city is permeated with manufacturing. Quietly, diligently, with no blare of trumpets

Many of these which might seem among the smaller in the list are most important industries, employing scores and even hundreds of hands, and sending their products all over the country and across the seas. In most cases they may be traced to small beginnings. One, two or three men saw some need, hit upon some invention, started to manufacture some product and place it upon the market. Their experience and their

business grew together. This is the history of manufacturing in most places. But it is noticeable that those at home and a remarkable number from outside decided that Portland, Maine, was the best manufacturing center and shipping point in which to start.

And they liked to locate here for another reason. A manufacturer who within a month has come here and started a new industry was asked what

And he was right. A city of winter homes and summer homes, of winter resorts and summer resorts, of sightly hills and shaded streets, of hospitable churches, fine schools, magnificent hotels, theaters, clubs and places of amusement; a city that grows more beautiful and interesting with each passing year, and is always sure of the everlasting charm of its islands and the bay, is a city in which it is good to dwell. It is



CONGRESS STREET, SHOWING NEW FEDERAL BUILDING

were the inducements which had caused him to locate in this city. "In the first place," said he, "I always felt that I should like to live in Portland, Maine. Then I knew you had remarkable access by water lines to Boston and New York, and I concluded from the large number of manufacturing establishments that had steadily grown up here that the railroads also must treat them pretty well; so we came."

one of the finest types of pure American city to be found in the United States. Its population is assimilated. It has not grown so fast as to be out of proportion in any one direction.

Its workmen are intelligent, high-class and skilled artisans; its people are prosperous and resourceful. The statistics which have been briefly presented in the foregoing sketch reveal a wealth and substantial character unequalled by

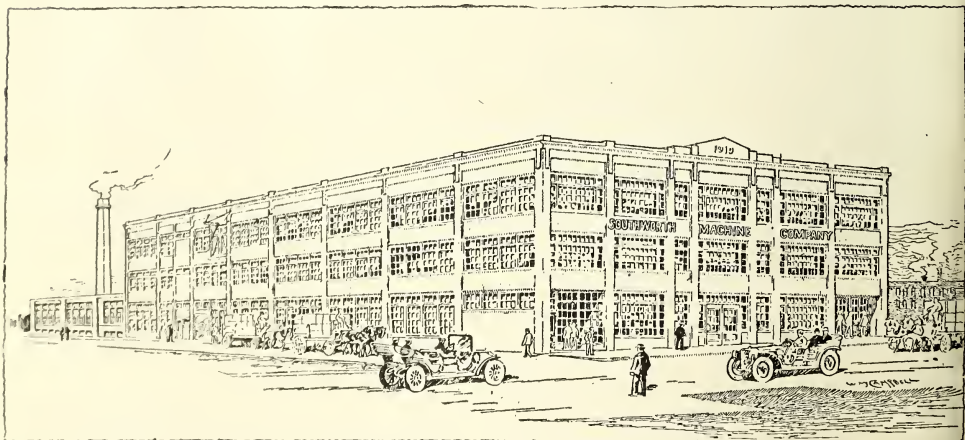


any city of its size. Its young men are learning that the city of their home is the city of their opportunity. There is an awakening throughout the state. The unoccupied farms of Maine are being taken up. The water powers of Maine are being developed. The electric current is being made available for small and diversified manufacturing. Young men from other states are coming here, and it is beginning to be realized that, while to grow up with new and undeveloped territory in the West may be an opportunity, to grow up in this progressive city of Northern New England, this refined and cultivated metropolis of Maine, is both an opportunity and a privilege.

The object of this letter has been to call your attention to industrial Portland, to the industries which have grown up and flourished here, to the charm of the city's social and domestic life under the conditions that have been mentioned. This ideal combination for business and a home is something that

surpasses any city of the land. You may spend hundreds of dollars and travel hundreds of miles for your family to enjoy the healthful delights of coast and ocean which those in more moderate circumstances have for their families at the very doors of this "city by the sea." We could tell of churches, schools, hotels, theaters, country clubs and parks that uplift and brighten the life of its people, but, after all, only a visit to this city can do it justice. To those of other sections we would say: Come here if you want to live; come here if you want to establish business. Every little while it is discovered that some new product can be manufactured successfully at Portland. What others have done, you can do.

And if this description has interested you and you want more information, write or call upon the Portland Board of Trade, 34 Exchange street, Portland, Maine, and we will give you every assistance within our power.



NEW, MODERN PLANT OF THE SOUTHWORTH MACHINE CO., PORTLAND

# BAKING

## THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW

By ROBERT M. DOLE

AS we think of baking, our thoughts run back to the old home, and the day, generally Saturday, set aside by our mothers as the weekly baking day when the bread, pies and other good things that, as we then thought, only mother knew how to make, were baked to last for a week. We can all remember the mixing of the bread the night before, putting it over the stove if the night was cold or in a cool place if in warm weather, the rolling and kneading the next morning, the trying the oven to get the proper heat, and then the

varying results, and after all the work the oft-heard remark: "My bread did not come out good to-day, but I don't know why." And then the mixing of about a cup of flour, and a little of this, and a little of that, and a lot of hard, hot work, and at the close of the day, loaves of cake and two or three pies and some bread that we all appreciated so much, but also a very tired and wornout housewife ready and anxious to retire and rest for the next day's labor. But I find that this, like other things, has been undergoing a decided



A GLIMPSE OF THE FOX BAKERIES





A FEW OF THE BREAD OVENS

change. It used to be the errand boy, now it is the telephone; the oil lamp, now the electric light; the horse, now the automobile; the coal stove, now the gas or electric range; the stage coach, now the electric car, and so on almost indefinitely changes are rapidly taking place and improvements, labor savers and comfort makers are coming into use. The changes in baking came to me the other day as almost a revelation. Being in Charlestown and going from the Bunker Hill Monument to the Navy Yard about half way between these two old and historic places, I saw some large and fine looking factory buildings, impressive in appearance and apparently built for a business of a large and substantial nature. I found them to be the bakeries and other buildings of the George G. Fox Company and fronting on five streets. My interest was aroused and I sought an inspection of the plant, and as I thought of the baking in the old home, I could not believe that this plant could all be used for this purpose. I was cordially welcomed, as I found all visitors are, and was shown about from roof to basement and basement to roof. Going first to the flour storage-room which has a capacity of 10,000 140-lb. sacks and into which the flour is elevated by

a special hoist at the rate of ten sacks a minute, the method of sifting, blending, bolting and aerating the flour was explained. Various high-grade flours are mixed or blended in one machine after going through sieves, and it is then carried down through large cylindrical, gyrating bolters in which silk cloth is used, the foreign matter going one way and the coarse flour is carried to a regular flour mill to be ground fine enough to go through the silk cloth. From there, it is carried to storage-bins having 400 sack capacity. From these, it is drawn through sieves again into scale hoppers, is accurately scaled, and drops into machines described by one writer as "Cauldrons of steel in which are two arms, one single and one double, working together like a candy puller." The milk, sugar, shortening, salt, yeast, water, etc., having been put into the mixers after being carefully weighed and brought to the proper temperature. In only a few minutes these machines had turned the various ingredients into a thoroughly mixed, smooth and creamy white dough, and by the turn of a wheel this dough was being transferred into large steel troughs of 100 loaves capacity, to raise. During the process of raising or fermentation, the dough is kneaded several

times, and when ready a swinging gate on one end of the trough is opened, and the dough glides down through a chute to a machine which automatically divides the mass into separate loaves of whatever size desired. From here another machine rounds the loaves just as you have often seen down at your home, and then they are conveyed in steel carriers on an endless chain through a chamber for a short time while the process of raising still goes on, and then they are dropped into machines which moulds them into the desired shape for the pans. After being put in the pans the labels are then laid on, not pasted, the heat and moisture in the oven making them adhere to the loaf. The pans are put on steel racks, and run on tracks into a close chamber filled with steam and kept at a uniform temperature until the process of raising is completed. When ready, the bread is taken to the ovens, which are of solid masonry and steel construction, the baking chamber having no connection with the fires or dirt from them, but being heated by indirect radiation, and having steam injected to give the loaves that rich glaze so noticeable on many of the Fox brands of bread. After from

thirty to fifty minutes the bread comes from the ovens and is placed on steel racks with wire shelves to cool in the shipping-room with plenty of clean, fresh air circulating around it. It is one of the most appetizing sights I ever saw and such a pleasant odor. Don't you remember it at your home? Well, you have the same here only intensified, and you can't help exclaiming: "Oh! How good that bread smells!"

But I am tarrying too long on only one department, for they also make pies and have in place of the little kettle on the stove in which to cook the fillings, steam jacketed kettles holding 50 to 75 gallons each with valves to draw the fillings from them, when done, right into tubs, with no dipping to do; machines for paring, coring, slicing and chopping apples and pine apples; for mixing mince meat; for cutting and grinding meat; for cleaning fruits; for cleansing and sterilizing pie plates; for mixing the pie dough, etc. But perhaps the most wonderful machine is the one that rolls the bottom crust, fills the pies, rolls the top crust, and trims the whole, ready for the oven at the rate of 25 per minute; and another that puts up the rims for the custard and squash pies.



MAKING PIES



And then the cake department with its machines for dropping out six cakes all alike at once; with its cake mixers, egg beaters, frosting makers, etc., all complete and interesting and wonderful to look at and study.

As I looked around, I could not help thinking: What is this? Nothing but a big, big kitchen; in place of baking for one family once a week, baking for thousands every day and with every prospect and reason for more uniform and better results. Only the best materials are bought and in large quantities and with a great deal of care, the plant having its own laboratory, janitors to keep all parts of the plant clean, and its own fully equipped laundry to supply clean suits to all of its employees. I ventured to ask about the magnitude of the business and plant, and was amazed at the facts and figures given. Just think of it; 107,000 square feet of floor area in a baking plant, consuming over a thousand barrels of flour weekly, 75 barrels of sugar, about 10 tons of shortening,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tons of eggs, and producing over a third of a million loaves of their Creamalt, Butternut, Mother's, Potato, and

other brands of bread weekly and nearly a hundred thousand of their Smax pies; Smax being a trade name under which all pies made by the Fox Company are labeled and sold.

Mr. Frank R. Shepard is treasurer and general manager of the company and has surrounded himself with competent and enthusiastic heads to each of the eleven departments and the harmony existing between employer and employee is in no small degree responsible for the success of the business. Mr. Shepard was the first signer of the call for the organization of the National Association of Master Bakers, was its first treasurer, and fifth president. This association in its fourteen years of existence has been the strongest means of uplifting the baking business in the United States and Canada, and my visit to the plant of the George G. Fox Company shows that Mr. Shepard has kept this plant up to, and in fact ahead of, the times.

In closing this story, I will simply pass along to you the company's invitation to me: "That you and your friends are always welcome at our plant."



A CORNER OF THE COOLING AND SHIPPING ROOM

## POINTS OF INTEREST EASILY REACHED

**B**OSTON is remarkable not only for its many points of historic, educational and civic interest, but for the ease and readiness with which they may be reached. The popular mode of travel is by street car, and the uniform rate of fare is five cents for a single trip within the territory served by the Boston Elevated Railway Company, which includes about 125 square miles.

A two hours' trip by trolley, including a lecture upon the points of interest as they are passed, may be had for fifty cents by patronizing the "Historic Boston" trolley cars that leave Park square twice a day. This trip includes views of the Old South Church, Old State House, Franklin's birthplace, Charlestown Navy Yard, Bunker Hill Monument, a considerable portion of the route of Paul Revere's ride, Tufts College, Arlington, and, returning, Harvard University, the Longfellow and Lowell residences, the Washington Elm and other important historic and famous spots.

A visit to a seacoast city should, of course, include some views of the harbor and shipping. Undoubtedly the



most satisfactory nearby point for harbor view and sea bathing is City Point, South Boston. A good idea of the shipping may be had from the Atlantic avenue elevated line. War vessels are always to be found in the Navy Yard, reached by taking an elevated train to Citysquare or by Charlestown surface cars.



The large public reservations of woodlands and fields at Middlesex Fells, Franklin Park and Stony Brook woods should surely be visited, not only because of the attractions of nature to be found there, but because they are

famous examples of what has been accomplished in an effort to provide a large city with nearby breathing places.

In the "Guide Book" will be found descriptions of many historic sites, edifices and objects in Boston that should be visited. Some of them may

be reached by walking, but it is so inexpensive to patronize the street cars, and the service is so satisfactory on the elevated, underground and surface lines, that this mode of sightseeing will best meet the demands of most persons.





# USEFUL INFORMATION FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

## THE MANUFACTURE OF GELATINE

SINCE the advent of the Pure Food Law, housekeepers are more than ever interested in what "things to eat" are made of. So many housekeepers have asked the question, "How is gelatine made?" that we are going to answer it briefly here.

The best gelatine is made of selected calf bones, such as you personally would use in your own home for making soups. This raw material comes from the plains of India and South America, and not from American packing plants, as many suppose, and it has been guaranteed by government inspection. This raw material is washed in pure, artesian well water, then kept submerged in pure lime water until ready to cook.

In the kettles the gelatine stock is covered with distilled water and cooked for hours at a low temperature. The liquor is then strained, filtered and clarified, after which it is cooked (jellied) under water; this to keep it from any impurities in the air. The jelly-like substance is then dried out into clear sheets, under extreme heat, in specially prepared rooms. Finally it is ground to powder and packed by machinery into the sealed package which you buy from your grocer.

This very briefly is how Boston Crystal Gelatine is made.

Pure gelatine is absolutely free from any taste or odor. It may interest you housekeepers to know that in the Crystal plant all employes wear white duck suits which are changed every day, the manufacturers maintaining their own laundry for this purpose. It is gratifying to remember that Boston Crystal Gelatine is not touched by human hands in the making.

Attention was first called to gelatine

as an article of food in 1789, at the time of the first French Revolution. In the struggle to provide a cheap and useful food for the soldiers and people gelatine was adopted as containing the most nitrogen of any food at a similar cost. While it is not practical as a steady diet for people under severe strain, its popularity remained undiminished with the coming of peace, and the use of gelatine has increased steadily for over one hundred years.

France has naturally taken the lead in the manufacture of gelatine, though the United States consumes more than any other country in the world. It is generally conceded, too, that with our improved scientific methods we make the purest and best gelatine.

Pure gelatine is very nutritious, and Boston Crystal Gelatine is especially so. A pan of gelatine liquor weighing forty pounds is concentrated into two and one-half pounds. Furthermore, in order that its usual strength may be preserved, it is packed in air-tight, moisture-proof packages.

The housewife can make a calf's foot jelly at home by boiling a soup bone, but she cannot obtain the same result as the manufacturer, who not only brings a lifetime of experience into the problem, but the chemist and his laboratory as well. One ounce of Boston Crystal Gelatine will make two full quarts of jelly.

While gelatine may be used to advantage in making ice cream, marshmallows, etc., it is primarily a dainty dessert, and is coming more and more into favor each year in all sections of the country.

Boston Crystal Gelatine sets very quickly and makes a clear, transparent, tender jelly, which can be mixed with

milk or cream without curdling. By "tender" we mean a jelly which will rapidly dissolve in the mouth. Some kinds are not tender in this sense. You have to almost chew them as you would a gummydrop. Some kinds are undesirable, as they show poor material, faulty manufacture, or both.

### THE USES OF GELATINE

The uses of gelatine are many and varied. Gelatine enters into the manufacturing industries through its use in sizing straw hats, coating pills, photographic plates, making gummydrops, marshmallows and practically all penny candies. In the manufacture of ice cream gelatine is a very large factor, its use being to make the ice cream smooth and velvety, and at the same time give it a body, so that it will retain its hardness until the time it is used on the table or served at soda fountains in ice cream soda. It is essentially recommended by physicians for capsule trade, on account of its purity, and at the same time it might be well to add that it is very extensively used in hospitals as the best diet for convalescents.

It is, however, of its use in the home that we wish to speak at this time. As a dessert, Boston Crystal Gelatine is very easy to prepare and pleases every member of the family. It can be served in so many different ways that it is bound to suit every taste.

For a quick and simple dessert a lemon, orange or coffee gelatine makes an ideal dish. If the housewife wishes something a little more fancy, she can make a prune whip, a blanc mange, or a snow pudding, while a chocolate pudding is a dessert that will bring praise from every one sitting at the table.

When making ice cream, if gelatine is used the cream will be smoother, will freeze more quickly, and will cost less money than if gelatine is not used, for the gelatine takes the place of either eggs or cream.

Gelatine used in making candies, particularly marshmallows, greatly improves the quality of the candies, and

nearly all cookbooks to-day contain candy recipes calling for the use of gelatine.

If the housewife has some fish left over from a meal, what more appetizing dish can be made than to jelly this fish and to serve it in the form of a cold salad, garnished with a little parsley or mint? In the same manner a tomato and cucumber salad served in Boston Crystal Gelatine is a dish of which any housewife might be proud.

There is probably no other article of food which has increased in use so rapidly in recent years as gelatine, and it is safe to say that 65 per cent. of the homes in the United States are to-day using gelatine in some form. Were its value better known, both from the standpoint of economy and nutriment, it would enjoy a far more universal use than it now does.

### ECONOMY IN DESSERTS

Every housewife knows that, whatever the cause may be, the cost of living has greatly increased in the last few years, and she is often perplexed as to where she can economize. Of course, the cost of food is naturally the largest item in every household, and, although few people wish to economize in this direction, it is right here that economy can be practiced.

With two meals a day we have some kind of dessert, and it is the purpose of this article to show that nice, wholesome and nutritious desserts can be made at little cost and labor, as against the expensive pies, cakes and puddings which the average family consumes and which injure the health, deplete the pocketbook, and make a slave of the woman who prepares the meals.

By way of comparison we have taken the following from recipes in a standard cookbook:

Custard Pie—Three eggs, cost 9c.; 1 pt. milk, 4c.; 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, 2c.; 1 cup flour, 1c.; lard, 2c.; making a cost of 18c. Salt and nutmeg we have not figured here. The cost of a



mince pie is about the same as that of a custard pie.

**Sponge Cake**—A sponge cake is probably one of the cheapest cakes made, and this requires 5 eggs, cost at least 15c.;  $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. sugar, 3c.;  $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. flour, 1c.; lemon, 2c.; total, 21c.; while a fruit cake costs double this amount.

**Orange Pudding**—One of the simplest puddings which can be made is an orange pudding, and this requires 4 oranges, 10c.; 2 eggs, 6c.; 1 qt. milk, 8c.; cornstarch, 1c.; flour, 1c.; sugar, 3c.; total cost, 29c.

Now see what you can do with Boston Crystal Gelatine:

**Lemon Jelly**—A quart of lemon jelly costs: Gelatine, 6c.; 2 lemons, 4c.; 1 cup sugar, 3c.; total cost, 13c.

**Coffee Jelly**—One quart of coffee jelly costs: Six cents for gelatine; 3c. for sugar; while your coffee need cost you nothing additional,—save your breakfast coffee grounds. Just pour

over them 2 cups of boiling water, and after standing a few minutes your flavor is ready. Total cost, 9c.

**Chocolate Pudding**—For something a little more fancy try a chocolate pudding: Gelatine, 6c.; milk, 8c.; sugar, 3c.; chocolate, 1c.; total cost, 18c.

In this comparison we have tried to be fair, and have taken only such cake and pastry as is used every day in the home, and, as every housewife knows, all fancy cakes and puddings cost much more than the plain dishes mentioned here.

There is another reason in favor of using gelatine, and that is the economy of time. There is no cooking, straining, mixing or baking; simply add water, sugar and fruit to the gelatine.

These facts, together with the nutritious and healthful desserts obtained by its use, make Boston Crystal Gelatine the ideal dessert. Crystal Gelatine Company, Boston, Mass.

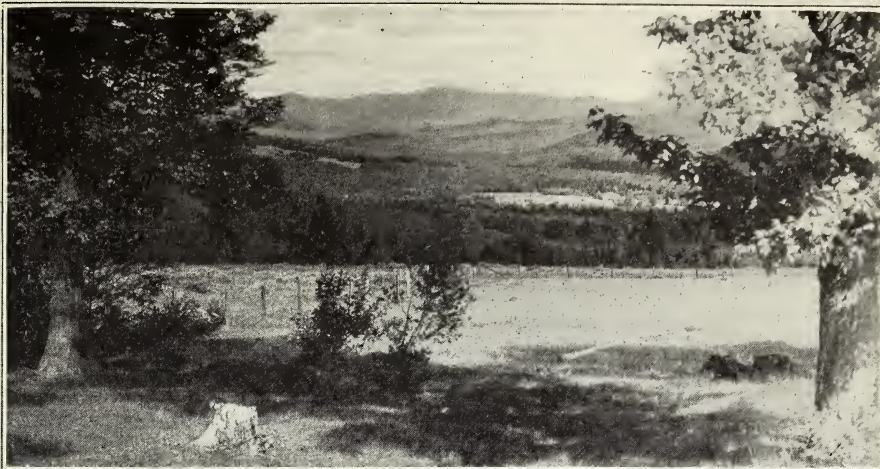
# \$1000.00 in Prizes Silk Embroidery Contest

To promote skill in fine stitchery and artistic color blending, Harper's Bazar offers 164 Prizes, including large Cash Sums, Handsome Sets of Books, etc., for the best specimens of hand embroidery from the 18 official Prize Contest Designs published in the July number (at all news-stands).

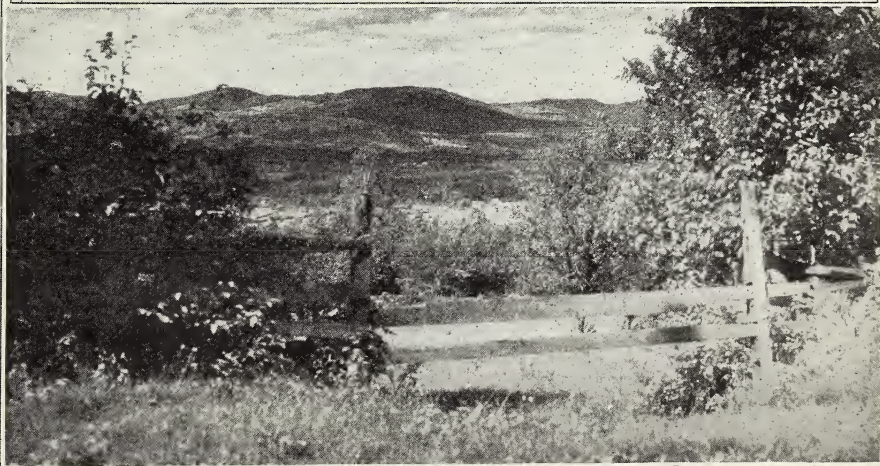
## SPECIAL NOTICE

The contest is open to all alike. All pieces must be embroidered in pure silk. On account of the extraordinary demand for these special patterns, and to make it easy to enter the Contest we have made arrangements whereby the official Harper's Prize Contest, Copyright Designs stamped ready to embroider will be found on sale at the leading dry-goods stores. A sheet giving the Conditions and Rules of the Contest will be sent free on request by

**HARPER'S BAZAR, 378 Franklin Square, New York City**



# Beautiful New England

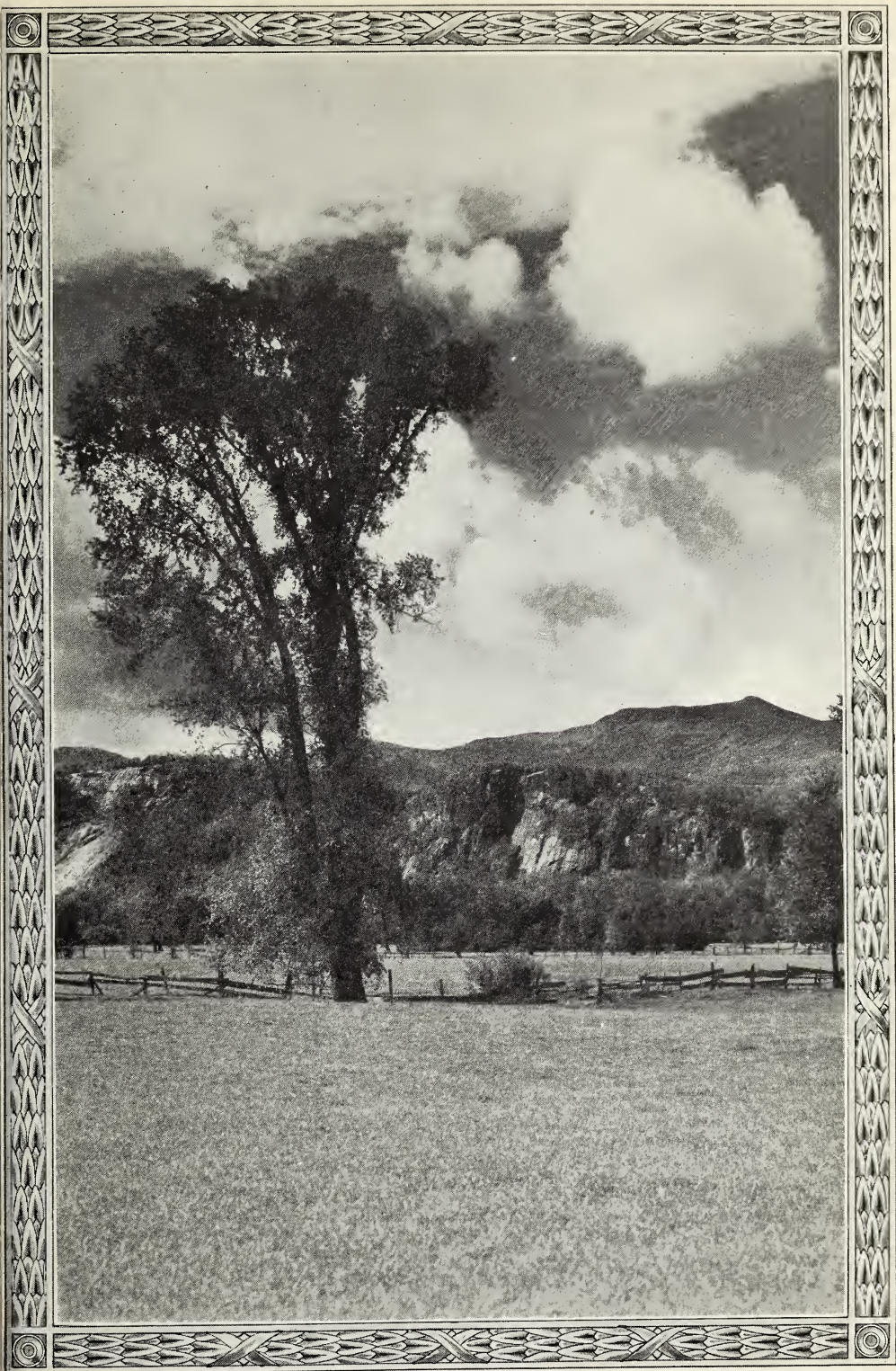






MT. LAFAYETTE FROM FRANCONIA VILLAGE.





THE LEDGE, LOOKING ACROSS THE INTERVALE.





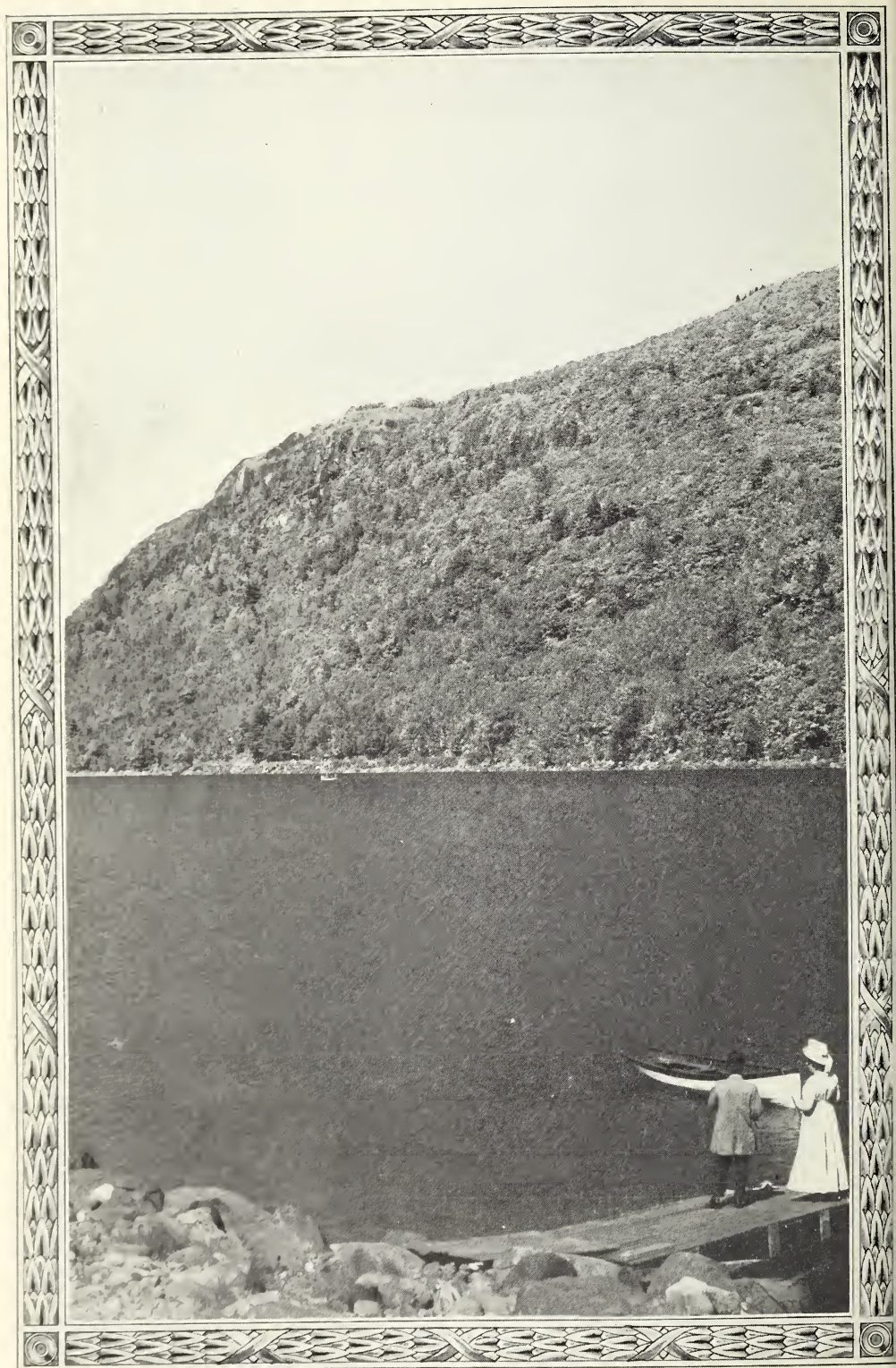
A WOODLAND BROOK, INTERVALE, NEW HAMPSHIRE





BETHLEHEM, N. H., FROM STRAWBERRY HILL









HARE'S LEDGE NEAR SAWYER'S RIVER





Photograph Copyright by Underwood and Underwood

MRS. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT AT HER SUMMER HOME IN BEVERLY

# NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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## THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

*By* HENRY M. CLEWS

**N**O ONE need fear for the future of this country. In the last half century we have passed through eras of great prosperity and great adversity. Every adverse condition has taught us a lesson. Prosperity, if too long continued, leads to extravagance and recklessness. Adversity exposes our weak spots, and proves to us that in time of peace and prosperity we must make provision against war and famine.

For the past year general business has not been up to the average standard, and our wise men have sought to discover the root of the cause. This has led to investigation of methods, and to drastic enforcement of laws which had been defied. The chief element of fear in the business man's mind today is what may be the outcome of the pending suits against the Standard Oil and the American Tobacco Companies. That there is some dissension of opinion among the judges of our highest court in regard to these cases is evidenced by the fact that a re-hearing is to be granted in the Fall.

The bright spot in the United States for several years has been the farm, for there has been found an era of prosperity unprecedented in the history of our Nation. Year after year the farmer has been blessed with good crops which have brought fair prices. The true wealth of

every land comes from the products of the soil, and the wealth thus earned furnishes buying power for manufactured goods and general articles of comfort and luxury. The present year bids fair to rival, if not to excel, those that have immediately preceded it.

The shrinkage in spring wheat, estimated at 90,000,000 bushels, is of course, an unpleasant factor. Thanks to the larger acreage of winter wheat and generally fair condition this loss may be partly recovered.

Something of vastly more importance is the prospect for corn, which is very encouraging, the outlook being for a record-breaking crop of 3,200,000,000 bushels or over. Since the money value of the corn crop is between two or three times that of wheat, the importance of a big yield of corn can easily be understood. Last year our corn crop of 2,272,000,000 bushels was valued at \$1,653,000,000. Our wheat crop of 737,000,000 bushels was valued at \$730,000,000, while our cotton crop of a little more than 10,000,000 bales was valued at \$850,000,000; an unusually high figure. It will thus be seen that corn is worth more than the other two crops combined and twice as much as either one of them. A big corn crop, therefore, ensures a large freight traffic. But the crop has still several weeks to run, and is always exposed to danger from early



frost. Moreover, August is usually a month of deterioration for the majority of crops. So that while damage reports have been exaggerated, there is no reason for indulging in any undue optimism. Some disappointment will be felt at our failure to raise other large crops, because the country really needed a big surplus, not only to facilitate lower prices at home, but also to afford the desired stimulus to exports.

During the coming year we may ship comparatively little wheat to Europe, but a liberal increase can be anticipated in exports of cotton. The wheat crop outlook has improved, due to recent rains. Our crop yields are now pretty sure to reach between \$8,000,-000,000 and \$9,000,-000. If so, continued prosperity for the coming year will be assured, and in the event of no foreign complications the country will be safe and the good dividend paying stocks will advance from the present low level.

The money situation is really better than at one time anticipated, although we are approaching a period when firmer rates must be expected owing to crop requirements. The policy of retrenchment adopted by many of the banks, especially in the interior, is having a beneficial effect. Reports of national banks for the last quarter show that many of these institutions have been able to strengthen their reserves compared with the previous report of March 29th. The improvement in bank reserves, however, has been chiefly in the East and Central West. Many

of the Southern and Southwestern institutions still show decline in reserve strength. In these sections, no doubt, further liquidation will be in order; but the pressure imposed by interior bankers, unwelcome as it may have been, will inevitably result in strengthening the credit situation. There is still more or less apprehension of a money squeeze in certain sections of the interior, though the increased working power of money arising from lower prices and dull trade will undoubtedly tend to mitigate any undue

stringency. The New York banks are now in a better position to afford assistance to the interior, and our ability to secure further assistance from abroad is also unquestionable. Gold imports have commenced earlier than expected, and the prospects are for a considerable influx of the precious metal during the coming autumn. Money abroad is easy, and with the declining tendency of American imports and the practically assured revival of exports, our ability to draw gold from London will rest upon natural rather than artificial causes. In the



HON. HENRY M. CLEWS

first six months of 1910, the London market took about \$180,000,000 of our new securities, which looks as if Europe had more confidence in them than we ourselves. Altogether the financial situation is distinctly more satisfactory than three months ago. Temporary uneasiness was shown at the suspension of freight advances until after the elections by order of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. This action,

however, was not surprising in view of the fact that several of the Commissioners are on their vacations, and that the question is too big to permit of hasty action. It will probably require several months of investigation before any fair decision can be attained, and it is altogether premature to assume that such action will be unfavorable to the railroads. That the Commissioners have made concessions to the railroads in the matter of commutation rates is proof that they are not animated by any spirit of unfairness or antagonism; yet they may not be proof against political influence which will certainly be brought to bear.

The general business situation is not satisfactory. Reactionary tendencies multiply, and the liquidation which has taken place on the Stock Exchange is now extending to the commodity markets. Economy is becoming the order of the day, having been rendered imperative by the extravagance which has permeated all classes of consumers for some years past. What, with automobiles and other inordinate indulgences, the buying power of many people has been, at least temporarily, impaired. A period of rest is needed for recuperation. A good many failures have taken place during the past six months and more are to be anticipated. Lower prices for commodities, however, and time for recuperation will gradually work out a better and sounder situation. Labor is still generally well employed and securing good wages; so that there should be no serious abatement in the consumption of necessities. Luxuries only should suffer.

Should the crops turn out satisfactorily, and should the country escape any unfavorable political developments, we may look for a resumption of trade activity next fall and winter. Disappointment, however, in either of these respects would inevitably affect trade injuriously; hence a period of caution and waiting is necessary, until the possible outcome of these elements can be fairly estimated.

The very fact that labor has been aggressive, and in most cases successful, in demanding greater remuneration for fewer hours' work, is not a bad sign. The cost of living has advanced, and it is

no more than fair that labor should demand an advance commensurate with the higher cost of food products. It is none the less fair that railroads should advance rates to meet the higher cost of labor, material and supplies.

The controversy between the railroads and the shippers regarding rates is bitter now, but the Inter-State Commerce Commissioners can be relied upon to settle all differences justly. The passage of the railroad bill recently has aroused some apprehension and a great deal of unfavorable criticism in certain circles. I predict without fear that the better the railroad bill is understood the better it will be liked. President Taft's measure, as passed, is essentially a conservative bill largely because the really objectionable features—physical valuation and regulating of security issues—have been eliminated. It is true the Inter-State Commerce Commission has been given great power over rates, not in fixing the rate, but in deciding as to the reasonableness of any charge which a road may impose. Since competition is not a desirable regulator of railroad rates and shippers chiefly desire stable and reasonable freight charges, it is wise public policy and also inevitable that some restraint be devised to control the monopolistic power of the railroads. The main question hereafter will be as to how this new power of the Government will be used—conservatively or radically. Happily there is every reason to believe that it will be used conservatively. The members of the present Inter-State Commerce Commission are well known and tried as to character and ability. As yet they have not developed radical tendencies, and, judging by their record, the probability is that they will act impartially, dealing justice alike to both the railroads and the shippers. Should any dangerous degree of radicalism develop in the Commission the railroads would still have redress before the newly constituted Commerce Court, and, if that fails, the Supreme Court of the United States, which has always resisted confiscatory action, can be depended upon to protect property rights.

It is not likely, however, that the Inter-State Commerce Commissioners, who



have a keen sense of their responsibility, will deliberately invite a reversal of their decisions by the higher courts. Altogether it looks, as has been aptly said, as if the railroads were more frightened than hurt. This bill is a long step towards taking the railroads out of politics since just and wise regulation will disarm public criticism, and should put an end to the demoralizing attacks upon railroads in the various legislatures which have done so much towards unsettling confidence at home and abroad. As the sane and conservative features of this bill become better understood, they will impart to American railroad stocks a stability which they never before possessed.

Many business interests look with dread toward the Fall elections fearing that, owing to the clash between the regular and insurgent wings of the Republican party, the Democrats may be able to elect a majority in the lower House of Congress. While this is only a menace, (but scarcely a possibility) it deters many from making more than tentative contracts. Should the Democrats make considerable gains it would not be a detriment, but rather a help, because a party that is largely in the majority becomes arrogant and careless; while if it is

opposed by a fairly large minority, it is more likely to legislate for the benefit of the whole people and not for purely party interests.

As far as I personally am concerned I am an optimist and a bull on my country. We are at peace with the whole world and we hold a peculiar position. It is well known that the United States has no desire to seize or to acquire by conquest a single acre of ground outside of its present territory.

Should any serious trouble be likely between any of the other nations this country would be almost certain to be chosen as an arbitrator, or at least a joint arbitrator, to settle the dispute peacefully and lawfully.

I predict that the time is not far distant when a peace congress will be held which will be the greatest power for the good of man that has been known for centuries, and the United States will be the most influential factor in securing this grand result.

Let the pessimist take a back seat, or else seek the sunshine and plant the seeds of hope rather than the seeds of discontent. God is good and we in this country have been blessed with a generous share of His goodness.

## THE RAPIDS

*By* ALOYSIUS COLL

Your eyes and mine a moment met,  
And from a single look,  
Out of the moss and violet  
There sprang a silver brook.

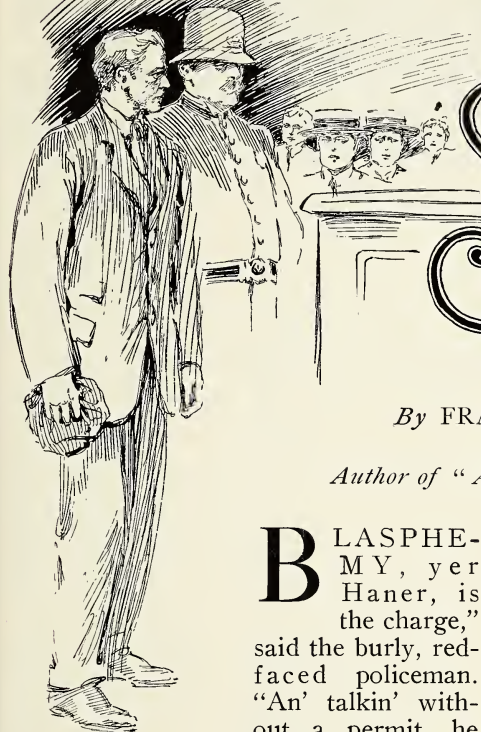
A single touch—your hands and mine;  
A river wild and free  
Caught up the surge of purple wine,  
And bore it off to sea.

Adrift—adream—the hot suspense  
Of death-defying bliss;  
And then, Oh, wildering turbulence—  
Niagara's wild abyss!

# SAVIORS OF SOCIETY

By FRANKLIN KENT GIFFORD

*Author of "Aphrodite" and "The Belle Islers"*



**B**LASPHEMY, yer Haner, is the charge," said the burly, red-faced policeman. "An' talkin' without a permit, he added as an after-thought.

With this, he sternly surveyed the prisoner, a gaunt, dilapidated specimen of the blonde, blue-eyed Teutonism which has warred against permits from the beginning, to the scandal of all policemen. The two parties to an age-long quarrel stood incarnate before the judge.

"Blasphemy!" echoed his Honor, the bored expression lifting a trifle from his jaded but intellectual countenance. A gleam of light, a glint of humor, dawned in his Honor's eye. "Blasphemy!" he repeated, fondling the expression like a connoisseur with a piece of old, cracked porcelain. Then a shade of anxiety

clouded the judicial brow. "Oh, you mean profanity?" he suggested.

"Naw, yer Haner. It's not swearin' I'm after runnin' him in fer. A bit of swearin' does no harm, yer Haner, if it's done quiet an' dacent. It's blasphemy, yer Haner! Blasphemy!"

His Honor's brow cleared. It was a dull morning in the dingy court-room, with few and dingy spectators present, and three awful hours of unmitigated boredom to be endured before dinner. Blasphemy! What freak of fortune had sent this medieval angel to smile upon a dull day?

"I see!" said his Honor, with subdued alacrity. Scarcely could his Honor refrain from smacking his lips over so delicious a morsel. "Blasphemy! This is serious!" he pronounced with gravity. "But perhaps, officer,—ahem!—you will be good enough to explain the nature of the blasphemy?"

"The nature of it was bad, yer Haner. I could not allow meself to listen longer



to the likes of it—an' him widout a permit! No, it was not swearin' yer Haner."

"One moment!" interrupted the judge. "If it wasn't profanity, what was it?"

"It was saviors of society, yer Haner! He said it!—widout a permit! *Saviors*, he said! An' there is only wan!"

His Honor preserved a tomb-like solemnity; the policeman glowered like a tun of whiskey upon the prisoner who returned the glower with calm-eyed, spectacled, Saxon contempt.

"Only one!" softly ejaculated his Honor. "In this world! Yes, that's bad! You are quite sure he said *saviors*?"

"He did, yer Haner! An' he was afther namin' thim whin I pulled him in for blasphemy without permit. 'Dom yes,' siz I, 'will yes be afther corruptin' the likes of us wid namin' such haythen in the same breath wid—'"

"Tut, tut!" warned his Honor, lifting his hand. "I shall have to make a note of a certain word that was used in the presence of the Court." (He made the note.)

Choking with righteous indignation, but mindful of prerogative, the policeman subsided. "I ask yer Haner's pardon if me faylins overpowered me. No, it was not dom I said to him, yer Haner; it was—"

"Never mind what it was," said his Honor severely. "We will proceed with the case. Prisoner, do you acknowledge the blasphemy?"

The prisoner removed his contempt from the policeman and veiled it indifferently before his Honor and the apparatus of justice. "If this person is a judge of blasphemy," he began, indicating the policeman as Faust might refer to Caliban, "I plead guilty."

"He pleads guilty, yer Haner!" exclaimed the policeman in triumph.

"Silence!" said his Honor. "The court will judge of the blasphemy, but not on the unsupported word of the officer."

"But it is not me unsupported wurrud, yer Haner! Here is Mike Roony an' Timmy O'Brine to prove it!"

"Silence! The witnesses will be called, if necessary. At least, prisoner, you had no permit. Why not?"

"I had always understood that this is

a free country, your Honor," the prisoner retorted with courteous irony.

"Freedom," said the judge impatiently, "is conditioned at every moment. I am not free to leave this court-room. (I wish I were.) *You* are not free to enter the house of your friends and break the regulations. This city is the house of your friends."

"I would never have dreamed it, your Honor," said the prisoner humbly, with a glance at his shabby attire.

His Honor ignored the reflection upon the city. "As for blasphemy," he continued hopefully, "that is another matter. You admit, then, that the subject of your address was—"

"The saviors of society," was the uncompromising reply.

"Ah! *Saviors*!" His Honor sat back in his chair and ruminated with half-shut eyes, while a host of mighty phantoms rose before his erudite vision. Socrates, drinking the hemlock! Mohammed, fleeing to Medina! Savonarola, braving the Florentines! The Maid of Orleans, dying at the stake!

"Hum!" said his Honor. "Seems to me, society needs—hum! The Court must know more of the tenor of these remarks. You couldn't make this speech over again, could you?"

The prisoner hesitated haggardly; the stray, delicious odors wafted in from a cheap restaurant caused his nostrils to quiver. "I might be able to give it once more," he soliloquized.

"Certainly! You have given it before more than once, haven't you?" encouraged the judge.

"A dozen times—without getting arrested for blasphemy," said the prisoner, sweeping the court-room with a glance of such excoriating contempt that the policeman glowered afresh, and only his Honor never winced. It was a clear case of contempt of court; but his Honor waived the incident and said with judicial calm, "Very good. The prisoner will proceed with his speech."

The prisoner lifted his head and squared his shoulders; his frayed old clothes took on dignity as he began; his voice, at first weak and husky, gained strength and sonorousness; his dull,



Drawn by Jess E. Brangs

"HIS FRAYED OLD CLOTHES TOOK ON DIGNITY AS HE BEGAN"

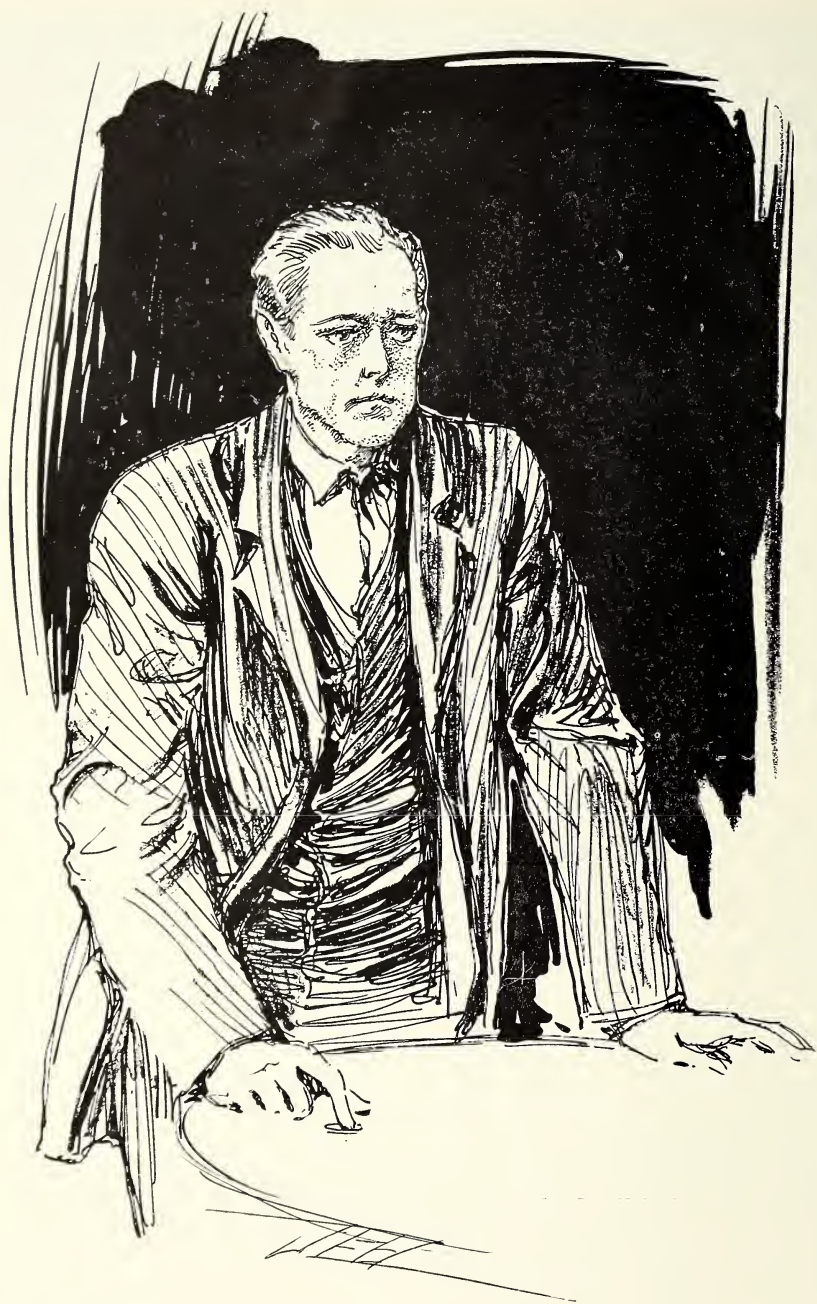
leadен glance kindled, warmed, and shot fire; and within five minutes, the motley court-room was witnessing an amazing spectacle—an orator in rags!

The solid earth reeled in the sight of the policeman, as he heard this vagabond, this ragged, nameless stroller "without a permit," pouring out blasphemy in the presence of himself and the Court! Extolling such haythen as Buddha, Socrates, Savonarola, an' a little French garrul, bedad, as *saviors*! *Saviors*, mind yes, an' redayers of the likes of us! And there sat his Honor hanging on the lips of the blaggard while the blasphemy rolled on to its horrid end! Surely his Haner would be after giving the blaggard six months for the likes of that! The policeman smothered maledictions, but the blaggard heeded not. His face was rapt; his tongue was the tongue of flame; his

audience was the world!

"And is the list of saviors ended when History has called the roll?" he demanded of the world. "God forbid! Out of the lowly plains of Humanity rise the mountain heights of genius. The Sons of Men are the monuments to unknown fidelity and love. The names we honor are Buddha, Isaiah, Socrates, Christ; but the names of their loyal legions who can tell? From the Light of Asia to the Light of the World; from the earliest ages until now, the Sons of Men have wrestled with Man and have overcome. Their gift was life. Their reward was death—and immortality. Yet they sought no reward—no, not so much as a good conscience; for conscience itself turns coward at last and betrays its Master, that no drop may be missed from his cup of bitterness. The world does well to





Drawn by Jess E. Brangs

"HE LAID A LINCOLN PENNY ON THE TABLE"

acclaim these saviors when it can do no less and no more; and yet, were they but here, they would reject your acclama-

tions. They would say, 'Not unto us, but to the dead and forgotten be the praise. We were but the captains of the

silent host who spared not their lives, but fought as manfully as we for the coming good. To us you have made reparation, too late; but what of them; and what of the living whom you crucify?"

"There was once a Savior who hung only five hours on the cross! Only five hours, by the grace of God and man! Such was his good fortune at the hands of men; and because their debt to him was so great and unpayable forever, they granted, in spite of themselves, that his agony should be brief and his name eternal. Others, less fortunate, have been nailed to crosses invisible to men. The crown of thorns was felt, but not seen; and the pain of unrequited love to man was protracted through long years, to end at last with the unheard cry, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' These were the least of the brethren of the world's Redeemers; the unknown great that the world has never honored and never will; but who can reckon the debt of the world to such as these? Perhaps even now, on yonder windy common, where men lie shivering, supperless and homeless in the 'house of their friends,' some outcast will sleep cold tonight for the world's sake; some would-be deliverer of men! It is our modern way. Less merciful than our fathers, we

refuse the ax, the faggot, and the cross, to inflict the crueler torment of hunger, cold, and a lonely death.

"And yet, men are true, some of them, —to the bitter end! And why? Mock and turn away, if you will; but even while you mock, there is a man who is dying this death, though he knows full well that his praise will never be sounded and his name will never be known."

He ceased, his countenance working and ghastly and his utterance choked. It was the face of a man *dying of hunger!*

The policeman looked stupid, incredulous horror; the gaping, wide-eyed loafers hardly breathed; the judge sat pale and staring in silent fascination. At length his Honor stirred uneasily, and moistening his lips and clearing his throat found voice to say:—

"The Court acquits the prisoner of blasphemy, but convicts him of speaking on the common without a permit, and fines him one cent."

With firm-shut lips the prisoner straightened up; and fumbling long in his empty pockets, produced a "Lincoln penny" which he laid on the table in the sight of the judge. Then, lifting his eyes from the face of Lincoln to the face of his Honor, he turned without a word, and staggered from the court-room.

## HYMN TO THE SILENCE OF TIME

By JAMES BRANNIN

O, Voice of the Soul  
Harmonious Silence, come.  
All voices to thy vastness roll,  
Waning dumb.  
O Voice of the Soul,  
Time's silence, come.

No indolent delights  
Under a bounded dome  
Can pass the silence of that Light's  
Eternal home:  
O, Voice of the Soul,  
World-silence, come.

Hush joy and grief, O, hush!  
In wonder pure and deep  
Let me feel thy water's rush,  
And let time sleep;  
And over thee, O, Soul,  
The Timeless sweep.

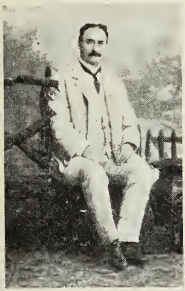




ACTORS TAKEN ON THE STAGE OF THE KABUKIZA THEATRE, TOKIO

# THE JAPANESE STAGE

By JUDGE HENRY AUSTIN



*Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of four articles on Oriental life and customs written exclusively for the New England Magazine by Judge Henry Austin of the West Roxbury Municipal Court. Judge Austin returned last May to his home in Boston from a ten months' tour of the world, during which he visited Japan, China, the Straits Settlements, Burmah, India, Arabia, Egypt and Italy. While in India he journeyed 3500 miles from Calcutta to Bombay, and his observations of interesting cases and strange customs as seen by a thorough New Englander will be published in later issues of this magazine.*

*Judge Austin's first visit to the Orient was fortunately reserved until years of travel in many lands had so trained his naturally keen faculties*

*that his observations are characterized by a union of freshness and breadth that is as unique as it is illuminating.*

A THEATRE in which the "Standing Room Only" sign might well be displayed to all patrons who are unwilling to crouch on the floor, a theatre where the fantastically garbed actors move like automaton, as they shriek in unnatural voices to be heard above a wailing orchestra—such are the impressions an American receives on his first visit to a Japanese play-house. But it is only fair to remark at once, that in this case first impressions are not the most enduring. If the foreigner will visit these theatres a few times, he must needs apprehend, if he does not fully enjoy, the charm and beauty of Japan's dramatic art of which the traditions and symbolism date from a period when the more advanced western nations were satisfied with rude mystery plays. This popular drama affords the only remaining opportunity to study in action the heraldry and pageantry of old Japan, the Japan of feudalism and the Shogunate.

But whether or not the foreigner comes to the Japanese theatre with some knowledge of the theory of artistic expression that the Nippon playwrights have evolved in a thousand years, he will spend prob-

ably the greater part of his first visit in studying the audience, with merely occasional bewildered glances at the noisy, fantastically garbed actors. Arriving, as I did, however, some minutes before the play began, I had time to look about. Not a chair was in sight, the floor of the pit being checkered into little boxes, each about six feet square and with its wall something like a foot in height. Back of the pit and partly encircling it were three tiers of similar boxes comprising the higher priced "seats."

The audience, crouched on their heels or squatting on the straw mats in the boxes, were whiling away the time smoking and drinking tea. The refreshments together with the cheery chatting and the constantly repeated salutations among friends, gave to the place more the appearance of a large private party than of a public theatre. To be sure, there are some theatres in Japan where smoking is prohibited, but in all of them tea and a light repast may be obtained, a very necessary provision in view of the length of Japanese plays, some of which last from a week to thirty-five days with each installment lasting from morning till night. Thus it is, that a theatre party in Japan





THE LEADING THEATRE IN TOKIO—THE KUBUKIZA

frequently means that the host supplies his guests with dinner and with the "after theatre supper," while the play is in progress. In this connection it is interesting to know that all the Japanese managers do not place the culinary art on the same plane with the dramatic art, and for that reason the better class of patrons usually arrange in advance with some neighboring Chaya (tea house) to send in these meals. Perhaps it is the social atmosphere of the theatre, together with the camaraderie of the members of the audience, which accounts for an exceedingly pretty little ceremony which every woman performs as she leaves her box. She bows her head to the ground in graceful acknowledgment to her escort as she goes out, and again she repeats the bow on her return before resuming her seat on the floor. The beauty of the Japanese bow is that it is made with such perfect ease as to appear no more of an effort than the wave of one's hand, pos-

sessing, as it does, an air of dignified deliberation, though it consumes but an instant.

As the western stranger sits watching the audience and waiting for the curtain to rise, he may wonder why one side, or, sometimes both sides, of the stage are continued in a narrow platform out into the auditorium. This projection is an important accessory to the action for it is the "flowery way," which actors use to make their entrances and exits when they represent persons going away on a journey or returning. This variation in the manner of the exits and entrances, brings home the action more keenly to the audience, and the native term "hanimichi," or, flowery way, indicates the custom of strewing the path of the favorite actors with flowers at the close or opening of what American dramatic critics might call "the big scenes."

The rising of the curtain is proclaimed by a nerve shattering noise, made by the

curtain man who clasps two pieces of hard, polished wood together as a signal. The stage setting and the costumes of the actors thus disclosed form in all the better theatres an elaborate and magnificent spectacle from the Japanese view of form and color. Indeed, wardrobes are often priceless heirlooms handed down for generations through long established families of actor and manager families. But beautiful as the actors may appear in their resemblance to characters that have stepped out of rare old color prints, the stage is usually too large to produce anything like illusion to the European or American. For example, the orchestra and chorus are in a "Tsubo," or stage box, to the right of the footlights and above the stage.

Since these are on wings or flies, this intrusion on the view, together with the flowery way, leads the foreigner to feel subconsciously that he is viewing a scene that has been only



ACTOR ON THE KUBUKIZA STAGE, TOKIO.



ACTRESS ON HONGOZA STAGE, TOKIO

partly set. But the Japanese, like our Elizabethan ancestors, are able to visualize the scene despite the laying bare of the players' mechanical aids. Another instance of this Oriental trait is shown by the appearance of hooded attendants or stage hands, who take up the actors killed during the many battles and carry them off after having discreetly covered them with blankets. Nor do these stage hands have a sinecure, for in the popular old plays, based on romantic and historic incidents in Japan's golden age, battle, murder and sudden death, not excepting the ever popular "hari-kari," are likely to occur a score of times in a single day's performance.

To the foreigner, coming in upon one of these scenes for the first time, everything is puzzling. The mail-clad actors are leaping about waving their swords, pikes and daggers, and their voices are raised in such shrill shrieks, that even the veriest newcomer feels that



no Japanese in real life ever talked in such tones. And this is really the actual case. The actor must strike these tones in order to be heard above the ear racking timbre of the "samisen" or three-string guitar. The traditions of the Nippon stage call for at least a samisen, though it is sometimes augmented in the larger theatres by two instruments scarcely less objectionable—the "flue," or flute, and "taiko," or Japanese drum.

because during the speaking parts, it is evident that even after long practice, they still exert a great strain on their vocal organs by hitting the high unnatural pitch of the samisen. The first time I witnessed such a scene I was made uncomfortable by the rolling eyes, the swelling throats, and the painfully drawn faces of most of the players.

Considering the physical and vocal acrobatics of the Japanese actor, and the



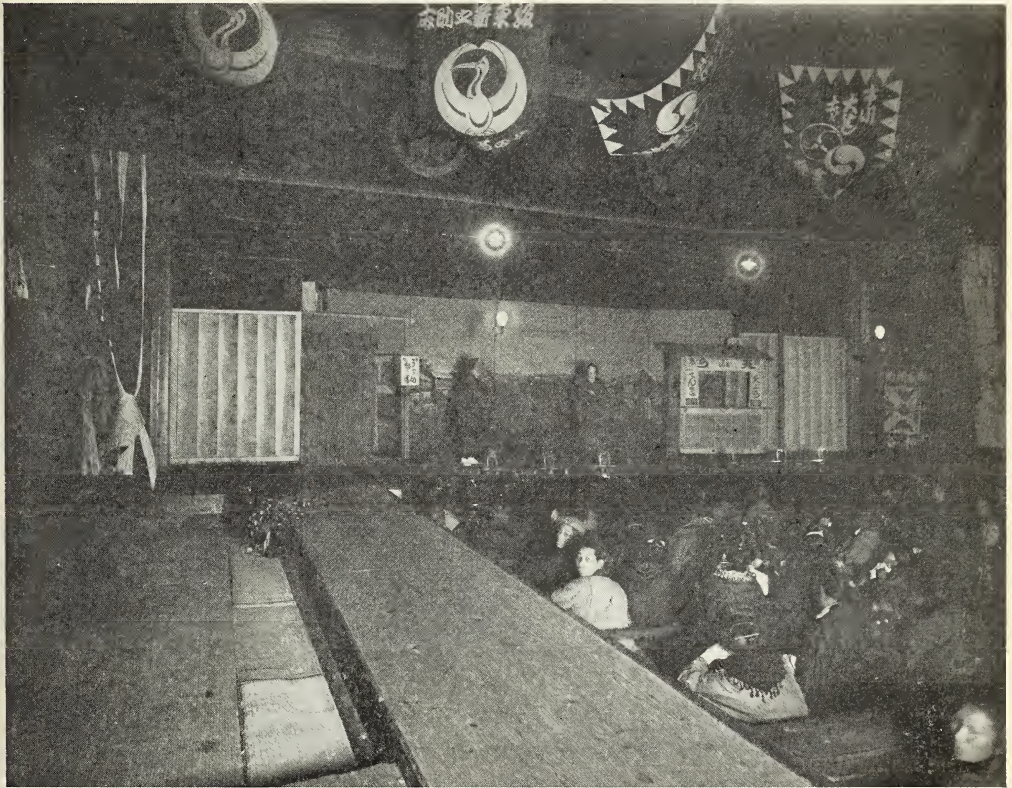
THE LEADING THEATRE IN YOKOHAMA

Considering the amount of energy expended by the actors, one is not surprised to find that the plays are so constructed that there are intervals in which the chorus, still to the squeak of the orchestra, recites as in the ancient Greek drama, the moral or the inevitable destiny involved in the scene. But even then the participants in the scene are required to act in pantomime to illustrate the chorus. This is, however, a respite for the actors,

requirement that he play four hours in the morning, and four hours in the afternoon each day, it is not so very surprising that outside of Tokio the part of a woman is almost invariably taken by a man. For something like 500 years, I have been informed, there were no Japanese actresses, and those who have broken this long tradition of a man's stage, have appeared within the past thirty years. The few actresses now

appearing in Japan are to be found in the Soshi plays, that have as yet failed to shake the popularity of the old popular drama, which carries on the popular ideals of devotion to duty, even if such devotion means suicide, patricide or fratricide. Therefore, Japan still has more female impersonators than any other country, and boys with ambitions to become actors, or, rather, actor-actresses, are given a long course of training in

on the Japanese stage, it would seem at first glance that no woman actress could stand the sight of the very realistic spilling of "property" blood in the ever-recurring stage battles and suicides. But a glance about the audience during one of these scenes, shows the startled foreigner that the dainty little Madame Butterfly types of women watch the shedding of gore as intently as do the men, and that they hold up their children



SEATING ARRANGEMENT OF JAPANESE THEATRE

acquiring womanly characteristics. Since every detail of the Japanese woman's attire, from the arrangement of her coiffure to the tying of her sash, are symbolical of her status in life, it will be seen that these young men have more to learn than female impersonators in America or Europe. And as far as I could observe their stage appearance was perfect.

Speaking of the rule against women

to look at it. One such battle which I witnessed, looked like a scene from an ogre's abattoir. It was a battle royal. Actors were shot as full of arrows as a porcupine is of quills, with the "blood" gushing in streams. One of the arrows would have done for them in any place except the stage, but this was typical of the countless plays embodying the extreme Samurai spirit, which brought the little brown men right up to the guns of



Port Arthur. It was plays of this character that those wonderful soldiers had witnessed from childhood.

In the sword fights, the skill of the actors is wonderful. Men, armed each with a sword and a dagger, will slash and cut and parry in a reckless manner, that makes the "one-two-three" sword play of our western matinee hero's fencing seem like child's play. With all their apparent recklessness, they must see that the cuts are properly directed, and that the "stage blood" shall flow copiously.

of production, wrote his plays to be acted by marionettes. Thus the chorus and the wailing samisen were indispensable to keep up the interest, just as was the shedding of stage blood. The motions of wire-pulled dolls, then, were among the first traditions of this form of drama, which followed the "no" or Buddhistic religious plays. These latter, beautiful and mystic, are still played occasionally before private audiences in the homes of wealthy Japanese, but their public appeal is wanting save for certain selected



A MOMENT OF SUSPENSE

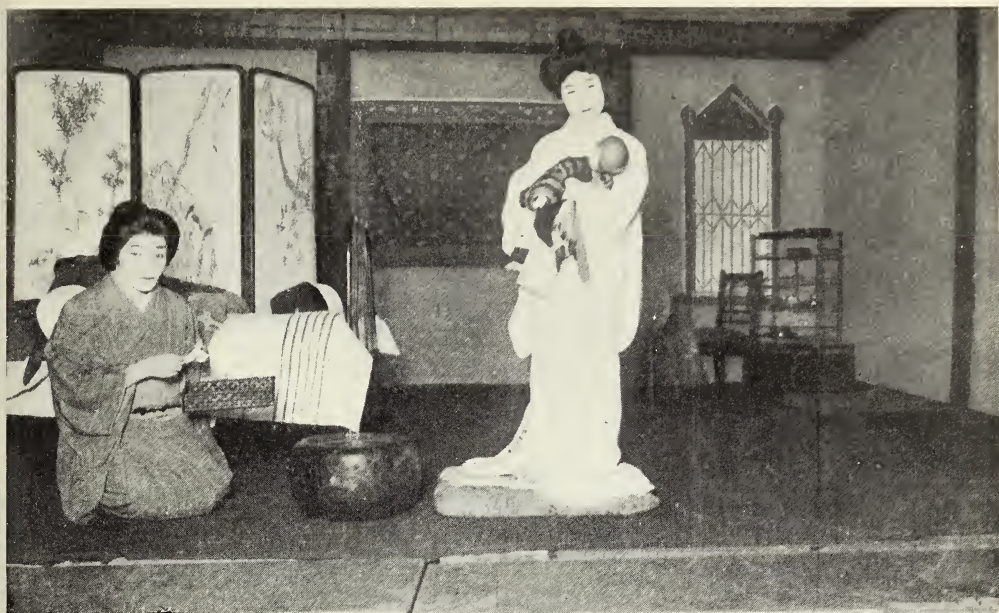
As the combatants fall, making horrible grimaces, it seems that arms and legs are chopped off, and that these members twitch about squirting blood. It is reassuring to find out that these gruesome accessories are in reality thrust up through apertures in the floor, while the dying hero twists himself in such a way as to relieve his audience from noting that he has not been dismembered.

The stilted action, the conventional gestures, and the fierce slashing fights of the popular drama, may be accounted for by the fact that Chikamatsu, the greatest of the earlier writers of this sort

audiences. Younger element of new Japan is making itself felt in attempts to reform the drama, until it shall reflect the western spirit which the country has so widely adopted in everything but art, social customs and religion.

The "Soshi" or ex-students' movement, was begun a few years ago with translations of English and French classical plays. Among the leaders of the new school are Mr. and Mrs. Objiro Kawshami, who last winter played a translation of *Othello* at the Hongoza, one of Tokio's leading theatres. Occasionally the Soshi school has been able to score a success



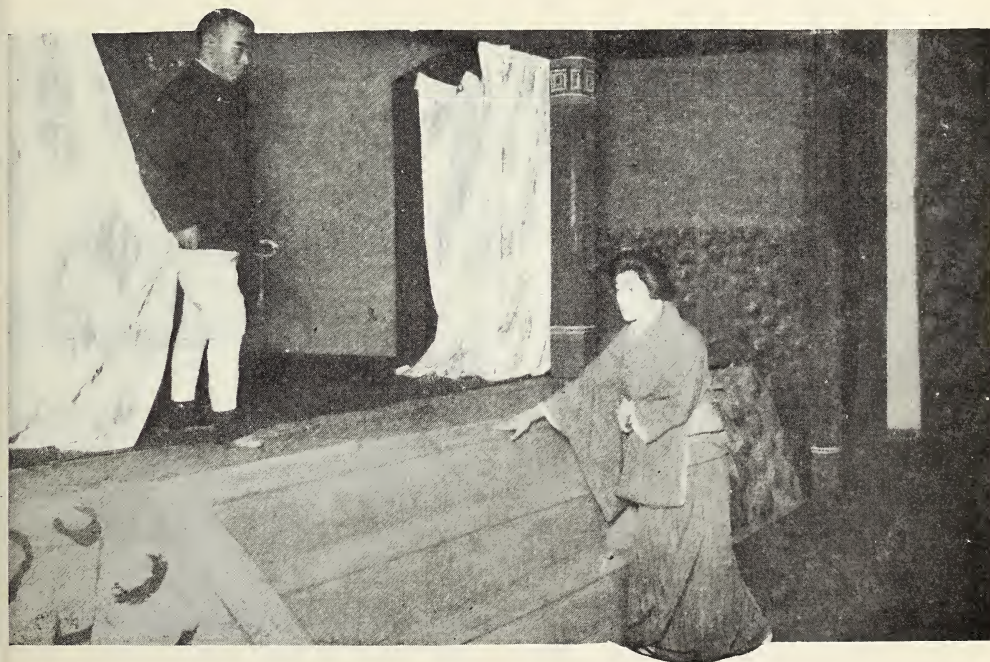


SCENE IN PLAY AT HONGAVA THEATRE, TOKIO

with a play constructed after the western style, and notably was this true of a drama based on the Chino-Japanese War, written and staged by Mr. Kawshami.

Similar plays have enjoyed a transient popularity since the war with Russia.

The failure of the mass of Japanese to understand the western viewpoint in the



THE CELEBRATED ACTRESS MŌ'E KAWSHAMI





SCENE ON STAGE OF KUBUKIZA THEATRE, TOKIO

drama or music, is exemplified in an anecdote by Mr. B. H. Chamberlain who has written much of Japan. A small Italian opera troupe, bound on a wandering world tour, stopped over between steamers in Yokohama, and an enterprising Japanese theatrical manager engaged them. He realized they would never "make a hit," if their methods were not explained, so he caused his house dramatist to construct a play around them. The play recounted the adventures of a party of modern globe-trotting Japanese who, after such credible adventures as being attacked by Indians in San Francisco, finally reached Paris. There they attended a performance at the Grand Opera House, and thus the Italian singers were introduced "Hamlet-like" on a stage upon the main stage. At the first note of the prima donna, the Japanese audience was electrified with surprise, but this was speedily followed by laughter, and as a comedy hit, the Italian

Grand Opera company was unsurpassed. But the Japanese manager knew better than to try to give a second performance.

It will be seen that the Japanese manager believes with the majority of his western brothers, in "giving the public what it wants." And whatever a foreigner may feel in regard to this, a peep behind the scenes will show that in one respect the Japanese manager has adopted an excellent mechanical aid in having a revolving stage, so that one scene may be set, while another is being used before the public. It is on the principle of the eccyclema or revolving stage of the ancient Greek theatre, and saves a vast deal of time in producing eight hours of acting, from ten in the morning until nine or ten at night, with short intermissions to allow the audience to stroll in the theatre enclosure.

From a business standpoint, the theatre is flourishing in Japan. Tokio, which has more and better theatres than

any other city in the Empire, possesses seventeen, of which six are spacious and elaborately decorated. Large casts are the rule, as will be seen by the registration of 961 actors and actresses employed in these theatres alone. Of these houses probably every tourist recalls the Meiziza and the Kubukiza with their great revolving stages, their brilliant electric lights, and their exquisite scenery.

Despite the present situation of the theatre, it is only recently that play-going came into repute in Japan. No longer ago than 1887, His Imperial Majesty, Mutsu Hito, set the seal of his approval on the stage, by commanding a performance in his palace gardens. Under the old feudal regime, actors came within the classification of beasts, and no samurai or man of higher rank was permitted to attend a theatrical

performance unless formally disguised.

The old order is changing, but in the centuries upon centuries during which Japanese actors, playwrights and managers, were obliged to cater to the lowest and most ignorant element as their only patrons, the popular play has almost stood still in its development. The ultra-modern Japanese enthusiasts are trying to build up a new drama on western lines, and that undoubtedly will be of benefit to Japan. But for the American or European visiting Japan, the great charm will remain in the ancient popular swashbuckling play, with its lacquered-armored fighting men, its strutting emperors and fiercely masked sho-guns, just as he will prefer the delicate, insinuating old Japanese prints, to the modern illustrated Japanese newspapers that are modelled on something we can do better.

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## THE WING-DANCER

By MARGARET ALIONA DOLE.

Beautiful Butterfly,  
Where are you going,  
Small, lively, brown fairy leaf?

Sweet little maiden,  
I flit in the sunshine,  
I flit in the soft Summer-breeze.

Beautiful Butterfly,  
Where did you come from,  
Small, lively, brown fairy leaf?

Sweet little maiden,  
I grew in the sunshine,  
I came in the soft Summer-breeze.

Beautiful Butterfly,  
How long is your life here,  
Small, lively, brown fairy leaf?

Sweet little maiden,  
I fade in the sunshine,  
I die in the soft Summer breeze!





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THE SHAKER TYPE AND TYPICAL OCCUPATION

# THE SHAKER SOCIETY AN EXPERIMENT IN SOCIALISM

By PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVE

NEVER before has the spirit of socialism been so wide reaching in its influences in America and the world at large, as today. Never before has the spirit been voiced so loudly in universities, colleges, schools. Yet by a strange freak of our mental organism, no *practical* experiments along this line are now being made.

Since the establishment of the United States as an independent government, more than seventy communal societies have been organized, have flourished for brief periods, gradually declined, and finally passed into oblivion.

The religious sect whose adherents are known as "Shakers" has passed through all except the last mentioned of these successive stages of existence, and because these people have come nearer than any others (who have made a like attempt) to establishing a successful communal society, their belief, their method of living and their system of ethics and religion are matters of interest at this time.

In tracing the rise and growth of this society, it is interesting to find its real source not in England but in France. In 1668 a band of religionists, who were the outcome of the revolutions of Dauphiny and Vavarias, began to make a profound impression upon the minds of the peasants in these localities, and a remarkable revival resulted from their preachings. Five or six thousand Protestant enthusiasts declared themselves Prophets and inspired of the Holy Ghost, and their fantastic utterances were received very reverently by the simple country people who augmented their number daily.

Among the thousands of the "new

prophets" there were a great many children and young people of both sexes, ranging from six or seven to twenty-five years of age. These hysterical subjects were seized with "strange fits that came upon them with tremblings and faintings, as in a swoon," and when recovering from these seizures they began to reveal the visions they had had of heaven and hell, and to prophesy the fall of the Church and the Pope and the visitation of the Lord's wrath upon the ungodly. All this was perhaps the result of the long endured persecution of the Huguenots, manifested among the ignorant French peasantry.

Among the well born and educated class of French Protestants there was no manifestation of this nature. This sort of spiritual hysteria was not tolerated by these Protestants of the *noblesse* who, fleeing to England at approximately the same time, had obtained the protection of the Bishop of London.

When, therefore, three of the "Prophets," Elias Marlon, John Cavilier, and Durand Fage, arrived at Dover in 1705, the protégés of the Bishop appealed to him to authorize them to inquire into the mission of the newcomers, whose denunciations of and imprecations upon the English church and government, they feared might bring themselves into disrepute. The Prophets, instead of answering the questions put to them "with coolness and precision," according to an early chronicler, became so violent and abusive that they were declared imposters by the deputies. This charge being ratified by the Bishop, the "Prophets" were enjoined to discontinue their "prophesying" and maledictions. With the folly





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## THE SHAKER SETTLEMENT AT ENFIELD

that belongs to fanaticism, they disregarded the authority of the government under which they had voluntarily placed themselves and immediately began "to suffer persecution for their faith's sake."

Under the patronage of such men as Sir Richard Bulkley and John Lacey, Esquire, they continued to hold their assemblies in Soho, where they openly invoked the judgment of God upon the whole establishment and priests, the city of London, and the British nation. It was but natural that they should be ordered before the police as disturbers of the peace. They were tried, fined twenty marks each, and made to stand upon a scaffold with papers pinned on their hearts stating their offence, the sentence being executed at Charing Cross and the Royal Exchange. These measures did not deter the "Prophets," however, and they continued to prophesy, denounce, and to work wonders, claiming

as one of the Gifts of the Spirit which had fallen upon them, the power to restore the dead to life. It is recorded that much disrepute and ridicule was brought upon them on the occasion of their trial of their supposed power to raise to life the body of a Doctor Cames who had just died. A great concourse of people gathered to witness the performance of the miracle. The credulity of the multitude became a jest and brought the (Camasards) "prophets" under the law of Religious Imposters, Blackstone vol. v, chap. iv, 7, 62, which reads: "A seventh species of offenders in this class are all *religious imposters*: such as falsely pretend an extraordinary commission from heaven, or terrify and abuse the people with false denunciations of judgments. These, as tending to subvert all religion by bringing it into ridicule and contempt, are punishable by the temporal courts with fine, imprisonment, and infamous



corporal punishment."

That the French "Prophets" had, by their conduct, deliberately brought upon themselves the penalty of the law is clear, but it is equally clear, perhaps, that the English government was unwise in treating seriously this form of mental hysteria. Although the original promulgators of this singular faith died, their teachings lived after them and were received by a band of dissenters who formed themselves into a society known as "Quakers" in 1747. James and Jane Wardley were the leaders of this "Society."

Among those who were admitted to its membership was a young woman of remarkable intellectual gifts, though of the humblest parentage and without education.

This young woman was Ann Lee, a name famous now as the founder of the

Shaker Society in America. The personality of the woman was strong, for shortly after connecting herself with the Wardley sect by a confession of her sins, she assumed the control of the Society and was accepted by the former leaders as the "Mother." Ann Lee was born in an humble quarter of the manufacturing town of Manchester in England, February 29th, 1736.

As a child she was grave and serious, and would no doubt, have had a very different story had she received even a common school education. The children of John Lee, the blacksmith, had to share the burden of supporting a large family and little Ann "learned to work instead of to read," at an early age. In the cotton mills of a Manchester factory the child worked and dreamed her childish dreams of Christ and the angels and a life of purity. Had she been born under



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A SHAKER SETTLEMENT AND THE OLD UPRIGHT SAW





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## FINGERS THAT ARE NEVER IDLE

Catholic influences, she would have become a novice in some convent, recognizing her visions in legend and story of saint and martyr.

But Ann Lee, the blacksmith's daughter, was born at a time when among those of her class, there was a reaction against the established churches. As she grew up to womanhood she showed a repugnance toward the idea of marriage, but for women of that time it was the only outlook. Her objections were overruled and before her eighteenth year was com-

pleted she was wedded to kindly, beef-eating Abraham Stanley, who suffered as much in one way, perhaps, through this union as Ann herself. Four of the children born of this marriage died in infancy, a fifth child lived to be six years of age. The birth of the last child almost cost her own life, as she underwent what is known as the Cæsarian operation in giving it birth. Abraham Stanley had become, after his marriage, addicted to drunkenness, and we may easily imagine how the good-natured blacksmith may

have grown weary of his wife's dreams and visions and fits of gloom and depression. One may, while not exonerating him from blame for his cruelty afterwards, realize that for a man of his purely physical type, life with a woman of purely spiritual type was very difficult. It is a matter of history that he told her he would leave her, and that he lived with another woman as his wife.

Whatever conclusion the reader may reach, the fact remains that Ann Lee Stanley, after coming to America, refused to live longer with her husband as his wife, and that the burden of her preachment now was celibacy, not for the leaders and elders only, but for all who desired to enter the kingdom of heaven. Here again we find extremes meeting: celibacy, one of the cardinal doctrines of Catholicism, was now become a cardinal point of doctrine in the antipodal religion—Shakerism! Like their forerunners, the Prophets or Camasards, the English Shakers became defiant of order and tradition, preached boldly the tenets of their faith, declared that they held direct communion with the spiritual world, delivered themselves of prophetic utterances, and were promptly shut up by the legal authorities. Ann Lee, or "The Mother," as she was called now by her followers, taught soberness and righteousness of life and purpose, and it was a mistake on the part of the Established Church and the law to use severe measures against a body of people who, notwithstanding how unreasonable and fantastic their theories might be, were leading orderly, sober and industrious lives.

The physical and mental trials suffered by this remarkable woman served only to strengthen her spiritually, and that she really possessed abnormal powers must be acknowledged, if we accept as authentic the accounts that have been handed down and transcribed from the eighteenth century.

In 1770 she had been acknowledged as the Head of the Society of Shakers, and according to the belief of that body, the Christ spirit had come again and in a woman completed the spiritual image of the divine image, as Eve had completed

the natural and human creation. Mother Ann was accepted as the feminine manifestation of the dual God Father-Mother, and as such was curiously enough a sort of female pope of this group of believers, whose initial step was the throwing off of everything savoring of Catholicity!

It will be of interest to note here that the identical God Father-Mother idea is one of the fundamental features of the Christian Science faith. It is also noteworthy that in the village of Canterbury, where the founder of the latter sect lived in her early life, there was a Shaker Society which embraced a membership of three hundred souls.

In 1774 Mother Ann announced that she had received a revelation directing her to repair to America. In obedience to this divine command she rallied her most devoted followers, told them of her visitation and began to prepare for the voyage.

Abraham Stanley, her husband, had not at this time become hopelessly disgusted with his domestic and conjugal life, it appears, for he was among those who made the voyage. The other voyagers were William Lee, her brother, James Whittaker, John and Richard Hocknell, James Shepherd, Mary Partington and Nancy Lee, not of the "sailor's star" variety, surely, who was a niece of Mother Ann. The embarkation was from Liverpool, May 17th, 1774, and they arrived in New York harbor the following August.

The little band of religionists took up their abode in a shelter of woodland at the spot now occupied by the village of Watervliet, New York. Here, surrounded by sturdy, kindly Dutch settlers, the "Shakers" lived at peace with themselves and their neighbors for three years and a half.

They were skilful farmers and industrious laborers at whatever handiwork they undertook, and meantime they were patiently waiting for the "great gathering of persons to the gospel of Christ's second appearing," which Mother Ann, His messenger, had promised. A singular religious revival agitated the town of New Lebanon, New York, during the year 1779, and in the following spring





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## LITTLE SHAKERS

many of those farmers who had been under this spiritual excitement visited Mother Ann at Watervliet, and accepted her teachings and became members of the Society. This seemed a fulfilment of her prophecy and had much to do with strengthening not only her already powerful influence among her followers, but her faith in herself—a faith that never faltered till the day of her death, September 8th, 1784.

The wave of what is called “spiritualism” that in the nineteenth century swept over certain parts of America had its initial movement in the psychic phenomena claimed and manifested by the “Shakers.” The table-tapping, spirit-rapping Rochester devotees were not half so remarkable in their manifestations as many of the sedate elderesses and elders in their various busy little communities, who after days of industrious farming, preserving, poultry raising and other sane avocations, spent their evenings in “danc-

ing,” “shaking,” and delivering oracles from such eminent persons as Elias, Moses, the revered Mother Ann, and others of death’s aristocracy.

The Shakers of Watervliet called themselves “Believers in Christ’s second appearing,” and no people ever lived more industrious, useful, innocent lives than these singular followers of a sect whose head was a woman, at the time when women were held as the inferior of men and occupied a distinctly subordinate position in the affairs of life.

Imprisonment and personal violence were their portion in the new as they had been in the old world, but in spite of this, the singular psychic phenomena which attended their meetings, the purity of their lives and teachings, produced a profound impression and converts were added steadily.

Nearly a score of these communistic religious societies have been established in America since the first little struggling



group settled at Watervliet one hundred and twenty-six years ago, and these communities have not only supported themselves, but many of them have become wealthy. Although they are no longer reinforced by the present generation, and because of this reason are gradually passing out of existence, the fact that they have for seventy years been successful socialists, gives them a strong hold upon public interest.

The experiments of Owen, Fourier, the Brook Farm Transcendentalists, and all the rest of the purely socialistic efforts failed while Shakerism has succeeded. Why? The answer seems to lie in the fact that while Shakerism held the principles of *communism* as necessary and rational, there was a definite religion behind and under their communism, which was the outcome and not the basic principle of their system of life.

Faith, or the religious idea, has always been the strongest factor in the accomplishment of great movements in the world. The monotheistic idea of the Jewish race, produced Mosaic law which is the real foundation of our civil code. Christianity has developed all of the higher qualities of men and brought civilization to its highest point.

Primarily Shakerism was a religious movement and for that reason, those who embraced its doctrines were possessed by an idea that has always dominated the mind of man (when it gives itself to such dominion) most powerfully. But besides this, Shakerism as a system is varied in its elements. It is, in a sense, complex, and it is expansive to a greater degree than any other purely *religious* system that has ever been tried.

While exercising the spiritualistic powers, they claim and actually appear



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A SHAKER "FAMILY" GATHERING APPLES



to possess, they have been intensely practical, and take care of the temporal as well as the spiritual needs of humanity. In every community, systematic and intelligent labor has had its place beside a very curious asceticism.

"Be faithful with your hands" was the watchword in the mouth of the founder of the faith.

The Shakers have sowed and reaped, invented domestic contrivances for saving labor, cared for poultry, raised sheep, flowers and vegetables for the markets, and are as "canny" in making a bargain as possible. Nor has the ascetic life made the women of the order unmindful of creature comforts, and a sense of beauty in apparel, for the famous "Shaker preserves" fetch the highest prices, while the long lines of the Shaker mantles known as the "Dorothy-cloak" are among the most popular of the styles for evening wraps for city belles.

It is curious to find so many points of similarity between this rapidly disappearing religious body and that recent sect which is daily augmenting its numbers—Christian Science. The Shakers hold as a fundamental doctrine the duality of God, manifesting the masculine and feminine sex principle in spirit, Wisdom and Love, the God-Father, God-Mother, finding a plausible argument in the words: "So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him, male and female created He them!" The feminine element in the Creator is insisted upon in the tenets of Christian Science as Father-Mother-God.

That for keeping pure and free the desires of the soul, the body was kept sound, was an essential doctrine of Shakerism. Ann Lee taught that physical ailments could be cured by the application of spirit force, and her followers have always practised the "healing-gift" which has wrought some remarkable cures apparently. The newer and stronger body of religionists claim that physical ailment is cured by spiritual denial of it, or the affirmation that it does not exist. Each of these sects preaches peace.

Celibacy, not only of its elders and elderesses, but of the entire body of believers, each individually, is absolutely

obligatory among the Shakers. The tendency of Christian Science is to advocate celibacy as more spiritual than the life of those who "marry and are given in marriage." Here the parallelism ceases, but these parallels are interesting to note and very striking.

It is the obligatory celibacy that lies at the root of the obvious decline of this religion. The modern generation does not recruit its forces and there will be in comparatively few years no members to take the place of those who are going one by one to "join the choir invisible."

During the revolutionary war their patriotism was doubted because they preached the gospel of peace; yet Lafayette went out of his way, when in New York, to attend a meeting at that time being held in the neighborhood, and was greatly impressed in this connection. To know that it is stated that one of the Shaker sisters announced the brave Frenchman's death, giving the day and hour, before the news had reached America, and that when the message came it verified in every detail the sister's "vision."

Life in the Shaker community is a very industrious but a very peaceful existence. On the faces of those living in these communities there is the imprint of peace and purity. Weaving, preserving, teaching the young people who are taken under their charge, caring for the poultry and keeping the "family" homes scrupulously neat are the duties of the sisters. Farming, sheep-raising, the concoction of healing potions, among which witch hazel has attained world-wide celebrity, wood-sawing and carpentry are the avocations of the brothers and elders, and on a summer afternoon, elders, sisters, and the children, may be seen gathering apples or sitting on the doorstep chatting together very much as any ordinary family of ordinary farmer folk. It was a Shaker sister who suggested the idea of "cut" nails, and who invented the first metal circular saw ever used, while several minor labor-saving contrivances, such as the first apple-corer, were invented by members of this community.

While no single community has be-

come extremely wealthy, all of the settlements have prospered and accumulated extensive holdings. The aggregate property, if equally divided, would give a portion of about eleven acres to each individual, and the members of the Church order—those who have irrevocably joined the Community and given up whatever property they possessed to the general fund,—are certain of abundant food, shelter, and care in old age. Should a member leave the Community, he cannot demand what he has given nor secure a penny for any services while in the Community.

That those within the fold are contented, is proved by the fact that cases of disaffection have been extremely rare. The family or novitiate order, are those who accept the faith and come into a certain relation with the society, but who choose to live in their own families and

manage their own temporal affairs. Such members are not controlled by the Society in regard to their property.

The Second or Junior Class is made up of persons who have no family tie and these unite in the Community order, contracting to give their services free of charge to support the interests of the "family" to which they belong; property given by such members may be resumed, but no interest for its use can be claimed.

The Third, or Senior Class, is comprised of those persons who, after deliberation, enter fully into a united and consecrated interest. These "Covenant" to unite themselves, their services, and all they possess to the support of the Gospel and to the service of God, agreeing never to bring debt or damage claim or demand against the Society or any member thereof. This Class is called the Church Order and these who sign the



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WHERE OLD-TIME WAYS ARE STILL IN VOGUE



Church Covenant are irrevocably bound to it.

No children are taken into the "families" except by the request or full consent of those who have lawful right to control them "together with the child's own consent." They receive instruction in the rudimentary branches of education, Bible instruction, and are taught some manual occupation or are trained for business careers.

In the early days of the Society, the children were treated with great severity and there is a case on record of a girl who confessed that she loved a young man in the Community and was harshly whipped. She was considered to have fallen into great sin and felt herself that she was guilty of a crime. This was the result of the doctrine that any save a brotherly love between men and women is a mortal sin. The discipline relaxed, however, as the sect grew older and wiser and now the youthful sisters and brothers in the Communities are ruled by the law of love and gentleness, rather than harshness and severity. Some years ago the "Shakers" discarded swine flesh from their dietary list and about ten years ago, the entire order decided to eliminate all meat from their meals and to adopt vegetarianism. At Harvard, Massachusetts, the visitor who cares to see the life of a Community may get an interesting glimpse of the daily routine followed by these worthy but very singu-

lar people. The temporary guest sometimes finds the milk cart from the village the only means of conveyance to the Community but the journey is not unpleasant.

Once within the shadow of the ungainly, ugly buildings, he falls under the spell of a certain sort of picturesqueness. The Elderesses and Sisters in their tight-fitting caps and their prim capes or kerchiefs are usually sweet-faced elderly women, who are really under the influence of their own belief in the "Spirit."

Many of the Communities have been forced to coalesce, because their numbers were insufficient to till the soil and keep the settlement self-supporting. The eyes of the young generation are turned worldward, and the serene-faced women and grave-eyed men who hold the remaining Communities, feel that "Ichabod" is written over the portals of their doorways.

The reason for this is that the force which made the Communal system successful under their shrewd and provident management, — the religious idea, — is dying. The socialism that is expressed by segregated groups of people dividing their property equally is a failure. The spiritual life and teaching of these people have been a good influence in American life. The Shakers have handed down to us an ideal, strained and impracticable, perhaps, but still an ideal of purity, and, having done this, their mission is ended.



# THE MANIA OF EGOISM

By ZITELLA COCKE

THE readers of today who have become acquainted with the life and character of the celebrated Scotch physician, Dr. Abernethy, will hardly forget his sententious speech and abrupt candour, and perhaps will recall his significant reply to a lawyer, who, in a Court-room of Edinburgh, having spent almost two hours in putting subtle interrogations concerning the mental condition of his client, finally said to the great medical authority: "Dr. Abernethy, do you think that my client has ever been insane at any time of his life?"

"Sir," answered the imperturbed physician, "everybody in the world is insane, on some subject, at some time of life."

It is recorded that this distinguished physician in the witness box continued his testimony as to the nature and limitations of mental excitement or derangement, at the same time, persistently adhering to his original statement, that no human mind was at all times and on all subjects, thoroughly sane. Whether or not we agree or prefer not to agree with this dictum of the famous Scotchman—and the Scotch, we know are proverbially fond of metaphysics,—we must admit that his theory is not altogether without plausibility, and, propounded as it was, before the age which recognizes "brainstorms," and their disastrous workings, we feel inclined to tolerate, even if we do not endorse the opinion of the learned and eccentric Esculapius of Scotland.

No less an authority than Bishop Butler declared that communities were quite as liable to attacks of insanity as individuals, whereupon Dean Stanley says: "If the Bishop's words are true, then it is so much the more necessary that we should educate ourselves to be our own keepers."

This statement may be considered as

a fair and complete expression of the duty which lies nearest to every man, and consequently to every community, and the very worthy and most Christian gentleman, Dean Stanley, will not have lived in vain, if but a few individuals take his advice to heart.

That a morbid self-consciousness, or egoism, if we so name it, is an abundant cause as well as promoter of unsound mental conditions, will hardly be denied by persons whose habit is to see things as they are. Indeed, a lack of mental balance, like an avenging Nemesis, too often follows an absurd, unbridled egoism, and many a home which might be a sacred well of happiness, is rendered a place of most ingenious torment, because, forsooth, some member of the household is possessed by the mania of egoism,—a self-contemplation,—a self-analysis,—a morbid inspection which paralyzes moral and intellectual energy,—an ever-dominating—ever-clamorous *ego*, which does not permit its victim to see anything outside of self!

This disease, as it may be justly called, is not necessarily an over-valuation of self—it not unfrequently takes the form of self-depreciation,—nor is it a colossal conceit which renders the weak-minded and superficial ridiculous and only ridiculous. It is something distinct and apart from conceit, and infinitely more harmful to its possessor, and more irritating to those who are associated with him. Nor is self-appreciation invariably the characteristic of weak minds. On the contrary, men of genius in literature, art, and statesmanship, have not been devoid of it, and an excessive expression of it, may be safely estimated in many instances as a bravado,—a defiance,—a sort of challenge of opinion which does not belittle the speaker and sometimes amuses



his hearers. We can hardly believe that the Chevalier de Savoie, who, when rebuked for his dissolute life, replied: "Depend upon it, God will think twice before damning a gentleman of my quality," meant literally and absolutely the words he uttered, and still less that the Duc de Clermont-Sonnerre believed what he said, when, in speaking of himself he declared: "God will never dare to damn a duke and a peer." There are things which common sense forbids us to accept. Does any one who reasons believe that Marie Antoinette said: "If the people cannot get bread, why do they not eat cake?" Would the woman of whom Mirabeau declared that she was the strongest man of the whole number in the Tribunal Hall, be likely to ask such a question? It is far more probable that it was the invention of *Egolite*, who never left an opportunity unimproved to slander the unfortunate Queen, than that this daughter of Maria Theresa—this brave woman who put her vile accusers to an open shame, and outwitted them all in her answers, should have uttered so absurd and silly a speech. The blasphemous words of these reckless French peers, were no doubt largely due to self-consciousness, but not to an exaggerated idea of their own importance. They knew better, and spoke rather to deceive others than themselves,—the affectation of appearing more wicked than one really is, being a weakness not confined to poets or peers or epochs.

When we reflect that self-consciousness is often an indecisive struggle between vanity and diffidence, it is easy to see how it can exist without an excessive self-valuation. Who has not been a witness to the self-caused agony of the bashful man. Who is it, who attracts more attention to himself as he enters a drawing room than anyone else, if not the self-conscious man? Who is it who hangs back at the entrance to a public gathering, hesitating, fearing, and oftentimes refusing to enter, lest his presence should be observed and remarked? Surely not the sound and sane individual who is sublimely unconscious of self!

"I could never walk up an aisle to the front seat, as you can do, I am too shy,"

said a young lady at a church door, evidently proud of her over-weening modesty, to her companion who was urging her forward.

"Why not?" promptly replied the companion, as she walked on, with more thought of a seat than of herself. "Nobody is noticing us, or caring about us, and there are seats to be found in front." It is not difficult to decide which one of these two maidens, of the same sort and condition in life, was the more modest or the less conscious of self.

We are told by those whose province it is to be reasonably well informed upon such matters, that throughout New England, the farm-solitudes, country-places and spots remote from the great highways of travel and commerce show a constantly increasing number of insane persons, or persons who, in popular parlance, are "queer"—"cracked"—"eccentric" or otherwise abnormally affected. This may be true and yet we know that an accentuated individualism is not confined to the states of New England. The land of the free and the home of the brave, is still young enough to encourage an emphasis of individuality, notwithstanding the immensity of its territory. There is doubtless a difference in degree and quality, yet, Texas, California and Oregon can produce and foster as pronounced individualism, as decided personality, as can be found anywhere in the East. A government for the people and by the people will never be wanting in men and women of strong convictions and although self-assertion may exist without self-consciousness, an alliance is not only possible, but probable.

In the Republic of Switzerland, and in other mountainous regions of Continental Europe, may be found a people, who, more than any people on the globe, become victims unto death of the disease, known as Nostalgia or home-sickness. Removed from the environage in which they were born and reared, they become abjectly despondent and utterly miserable—inaccessible to every appeal of pleasure, and, incapable of looking outside of self, even amid surroundings the most attractive, they sicken and die. Every prospect may please, but the home-

sick self-centered man, inhales an atmosphere mentally and morally poisonous. It is a well known fact, during the war between the States of North America, that soldiers from sparsely inhabited mountain ranges, remote from large settlements and localities which were considered almost beyond the pale of civilization died by the hundreds of homesickness and pining for the two or three acres of land and the cabin which they called their own. What to them were the questions, the interests or the incentives of conflicting parties or the opposing convictions which go to make a *casus belli* between different sections? The effacement of self, and the capabilities of self-sacrifice, which after all constitute the only virtue and glory of war, could not be theirs in the very nature of things. Like Saul and David, the bullet and the epidemic slew its thousands and the mania of self-consciousness slew its tens of thousands. Patriotism in its highest sense demands that a man should see and act outside of consideration of self.

The prevalence and virulence of this mania of self-consciousness are recognized facts in the various systems of therapeutics which now so insistently ask the attention of the public. Whatever may be the claims of these systems in other respects, or whatever differences in their attitude toward the patient they all agree in exacting the ignoring of Self. "Help the patient to get out of himself," says the regular practitioner or specialist, equipped with a dozen diplomas from the universities of Europe and America. "Lose yourself in the thought of the greatness of God and His works," says the healer in the administration of his particular theory for the relief of the invalid who seeks his aid. Getting beyond the contemplation of self,—getting out of self,—is the watchword of all the remedial cults, and the schools of mind-cure in the present day. It is quite true that the traditional step from the sublime to the ridiculous is in this special treatment, not unfrequently a startlingly short one, as, for illustration, in the story of the little girl who undertook to perform the professional duty of her mother who was a prominent healer in the town.

The door-bell rang and was answered by the little girl. "I have called," said the lady, who was an applicant for health through Christian Science, "to see your mother, I wish her to treat me."

"Mamma is not at home," answered the little girl, "but come in, I can treat you just as well as she can, I know how she does it. Take a seat and tell me what the claim is."

"I am suffering from hiccoughs," replied the lady taking a seat, and articulating with some difficulty.

"There is no hiccoughs,—there is no shecups, now let the Father-Mother God manifest Himself," was the solemn pronouncement of the little usurper. Whether or not there was any immediate manifestation or removal of the "claim," is not recorded, but the remarkable remedy was not unlike the time-honored cure the old-fashioned nurses recommended and practised, to frighten a child who had the hiccoughs,—a remedy held in high esteem in the pharmacopeia of the nursery, and warranted to be more efficacious than the traditional nine swallows of water. It can hardly be questioned that the patient who submitted to the treatment of this juvenile healer had an experience of astonishment which might have proved as effective as a real scare!

But of all subjects which interest us, perhaps the one which may be considered inexhaustible, the one in which we are making discoveries with every new experience and new acquisition, is Self. And in this self-study and self-knowledge, our conclusions are invariably at variance with the assumption of youth and romance. There are few things in life more pathetic than this fact. We hear much of the selfishness of the young, and it is not without reason, since ignorance and inexperience are the parents of selfishness, and too, unhappily, in that conventional sense of selfishness which manifests itself in ill-breeding, small tyrannies and other petty forms. But it is rare that youth carries in its bosom that serpent whose venomous fangs are destructive of all peace and happiness; the self-consciousness which is the bane of enjoyment. Introspection and contemplation of self, like smoking and other



uses of tobacco become a habit, and afterward, second-nature. No man is victimized by tobacco or drink, save through his consent, and no man becomes a victim of the mania of self-consciousness who has not voluntarily surrendered the right to be his own keeper.

The heroic manliness of Robert Louis Stevenson was evident in nothing more than his brave endeavor to master every tendency and temptation to morbidness or any form which a consciousness of self might assume. In spite of the knowledge that his strength, indeed his life, was ebbing away, and in physical pain which the hardiest might well fear, he continued to labor and to hope, looking out into the things of earth and seeing a beauty and finding a charm everywhere. He was a living example of the truth of his popular rhyme:—

The world is so full of a number of things

That we all ought to be as happy as kings,

and when asked by his friend in what way he most suffered from lack of physical health, replied: "In the feeling that I am not strong enough to resent an insult properly,—not strong enough to knock a man down."

Here certainly was no lack of appreciation of the joy of physical strength and health of the noble art of self-defence, and the right of self-assertion, yet neither work, nor conversation, nor temper ever betrayed that the Serpent of self-consciousness had ever found lodgment in his bosom. Friends and associates were never called upon to hearken to his tale of woe, nor were visitors ever bored by a recital of his ailments or privations. Compelled to quit the city of his birth, Edinburgh, for reason of its rigorous climate, he departed with cheerfulness, eager for the things he was to see and enjoy in a distant land, yet not without a word of hope that he might be permitted to return and "die in the dear old town." That boon was not granted, but the blessing of cheerfulness remained with him to the last. The tablet which commemorates this beloved son of Edinburgh, in the cathedral of St. Giles, like

the statue of Sir Walter Scott, is a source of inspiration as well as a joy to the whole city. Both of these authors contended with difficulties which might easily have crushed a man who carried the additional burden of self-consciousness. Both of them lost thought of Self, and found new life for themselves in the creations they gave to the world.

What a contrast to these two heroes in the battle of life is that impersonation of egoism who bore about the world what Matthew Arnold called "the pageant of a bleeding heart,"—whose morbid, insistent consciousness of self did not allow him to look upon another's good, but implored all mankind to look upon his misfortunes and to grow heartless and cynical with him, who, endowed with the material advantages of birth and wealth, and enough of the divine afflatus to merit the name of genius, bestowed upon the world the disease of Byronism. Imprisoned in the cell of self-consciousness, nothing emanated from him, save hate and bitterness, and the young men of the early nineteenth century learned from this coarsest man of genius who ever lived, naught that was pure, naught that was lovely, naught that was of good report. To secure worldly success and look down upon the hate of all below was in the mind of Byron, the highest attainment of man.

Close upon the heels of a morbid self-consciousness treads another enemy to peace and contentment, which masks under the garb of humility, much like the pride which apes that unusual virtue and this is self-pity. Not many more deadly foes beset the soul which is tormented by this rabid distemper, and the unfortunate being who offers no resistance to its attacks becomes an early prey to almost any temptation to evil. A name well known in the history of the United States,—a man who was born in perhaps the thriftiest of New England states, presents one of the most lamentable instances on record of the demoralizing power of a persistent thought and commiseration of Self. No one who is familiar with the incidents and heart-burnings consequent upon the action of the different factions which existed among

the colonists during the Revolutionary War, will deny that Benedict Arnold had righteous cause for grievance. His best efforts seemed unappreciated and preferment passed him to light upon men who, in the opinion of his friends and of himself were far less deserving. Mrs. Browning said of Napoleon that he had the genius to be loved, and this quality and genius Benedict Arnold did not possess. Rather, did he excite opposition and even enmity, but he never at the beginning of his career meant to be a traitor. Brooding, day after day, upon what he deemed most undeserved injuries and insults, he stirred the Serpent of self-consciousness until it filled his bosom with deadly venom. That pity which nature gives us that we may exercise it for the benefit of others, self-consciousness turned upon himself, and, writhing under a sense of his wrongs, and the injustice of his compatriots, he fell beneath temptation and betrayed his country. How bitterly he repented his sin and his folly, the hour of his death recorded. The Serpent never granted him a reprieve from torment in life or death, and his last words were:—"Bury me in my uniform—the uniform of the American soldier."

In the gallery of portraits which illustrate the walls of the Memorial hall of West Point, one place is vacant and will ever remain vacant, and yet it speaks to the world with far more eloquence than could the greatest triumph of the limner's art, for in that empty spot would have been fixed the portrait of Benedict Arnold, but for the deed which has blackened his name for all time. Had he stifled the cry of self-consciousness and looked upon the wrongs of his country, rather than upon his own, he might have won not only honor and distinction, but the homage of a grateful people. The goad of self-pity, sharper than a two-edged sword, drives to self-destruction.

Here indeed was Tragedy, memorable and historic, but Comedy and even Farce, refuse to be cheated of their part in the drama of the mania of self-consciousness. In the drawing-room, the home, the church, and the air, we are pained, disgusted and amused by its plays. Re-

ligion is not exempt, and what poses too often as a morbid conscientiousness, is rather a form and expression of this Mania. A woman who made her own religious experience a constant subject of conversation, who seemed to find infinite satisfaction in turning her heart inside out for the inspection of others, who kept up unceasing questions of wonderment and fear concerning her own chances of salvation and the chances of her neighbors, added greatly to the discomfort of home by making the indifference to the claims of religion on the part of her husband, a reason for reproaching him and disquieting her own soul. One day in excessive manifestation of grief, she exclaimed: "Oh, my husband, tell me why is it that you never think of religion?"

"Really, my dear," answered the husband, who had patiently listened to her monologues for years, "to be frank with you, religion seems to give you so much unhappiness and suffering, that I have sedulously avoided all thought of it."

There are those who tell us that the twentieth century, notwithstanding its splendid and wonderful achievement in material progress, its unequalled development of practical methods and utilitarian schemes, and its marvelous facilities for labor and the saving of labor, is the period of an intense self-consciousness. If this be true,—if this mania seeks to possess us in the very midst of the various interests which invite and demand us to look outside of Self, surely it behoves the sane mind to be on its guard with unflinching watchfulness and to heed the advice of Dean Stanley, to become its own custodian. Each man must be a law unto himself in establishing the line of demarcation between the dignity of self-respect, and even of self-assertion, and the mania of self-consciousness.

But it is not altogether clear that the present is a more self-conscious age than any other which has preceded it. On the contrary, authorities not wanting in respectability, protest that it is an age wholly dedicated to material progress, and so subversive of personality, as to tend toward its effacement. We do not forget the urbane mockeries and lofty sarcasm as sharp and refined as a



Damascene blade, which Matthew Arnold aimed at the materialism of the nineteenth century,—a materialism which he pronounced so gross as to be absolutely destructive of all spiritual development. Yet, whether or not one age more than another is promotive of mental or moral mania, must be an open question. Unlike the Tulipomania which affected Holland and all of Europe, or any other mania which is the product of commercial condition, the mania of self-consciousness afflicts humanity, and is no respecter of time. Saint Augustine was no more impeccable of this, than of other frailties, and the Monks of the Thebaid doubtless could have shown as startling instances of it as could have been found among the rivalries and animosities of the Roman or Byzantine Court. Spiritual pride is often an apotheosis of Self, and what can so surely foster self-consciousness as persistent self-introspection! Not to the age, but to the man, does the deplorable mania belong. The sixteenth century, with its wonderful stir of adventure, its glorious burst of song,—the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth,—was far from being an age of repining, and Shakespeare who saw all that the world had to show, and felt all that the human heart could feel, we may be sure never fell under the bane of this mania, but we may be equally sure that the disease found its victims then, as it does today. We cannot doubt that the seventeenth century with its wide religious awakening and spiritual quickening showed many a heart which mistook self-consciousness for conscientiousness. Perhaps the eighteenth century, with its love of ease, its sublime indifference, and repose of manner, its stately minuet and elaborate courtesy, was not conducive to the genesis or propagation of this mania, but we can hardly believe that it did not exist.

That a sane mind and a healthy nature should realize its ability to the degree of self-assertion is normal, with no taint of that mania which is a paralysis to moral and intellectual energy. Was it the spur of self-consciousness, which, in spite of discouragement and the insolence of a mutinous crew, urged Columbus to sail on until, at last, he reached the fulfilment

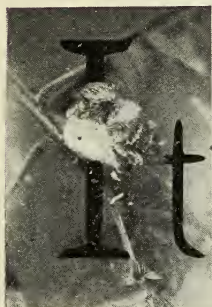
of his hopes? Nay, rather, the abiding conviction which compelled him to self-assertion. As a man may be too proud to be vain, so a man may be too self-assertive to fall a victim to the mania of self-consciousness. Dante, stung to the quick by the ingratitude of the Florentines, but asserted his value, which was afterward confirmed by his persecutors, when he exclaimed: "Who goes if Dante stays and who stays if Dante goes?" Dr. Johnson, domineering as he was, possessed an integrity of sanity which repelled all attacks of mental mania, and the sensitive Charles Lamb, too often on "the wrong side of abstemiousness," betrayed humor rather than self-consciousness, when he called upon Wordsworth, and said: "Mr. Wordsworth, allow me to introduce to you my only admirer." When the great English lawyer, Sir Edward Coke was in the Tower for political reasons he was informed that the king had ordered eight lawyers for his defence, With the consciousness of knowledge rather than of self, he thanked his informant and calmly answered: "As I am accounted to have as much skill in the law, as any man in England, I do not need such help and I do not fear to be judged by the law."

Here spoke the voice of justice and of manhood. The unhappy youth who lives in a condition of embarrassment, because he is suppressed with a consciousness of too many arms and legs, and does not know what to do with them, is finally adjusted and regulated when he does find something, to do with them,—his embarrassment departs with his self-consciousness. Knowledge is power—character is power. Great deeds are not wrought under the influence of mania. Look out and not in,—achieve,—and sanity of mind will prove that we can be our own keepers.

Morally and intellectually great, Carlyle by genius and industry was one of the giants of the nineteenth century. His country sought to confer a title upon him, which he thrice refused. The weak and superficial cried, "egoism," but he who had so nobly wrought for truth, and so faithfully adhered to duty, knew that he had achieved a greatness compared to which a title was a mere bauble.

# MY EXPERIENCE WITH A FIELD SPARROW FAMILY

By L. W. BROWNELL



is not often that a pair of ground-breeding birds so far forget their natural caution and habits of concealing their home as to build a conspicuous nest in a bush, and, when this does happen, the bush chosen is usually a low evergreen or other shrub on which the foliage is thick enough to, at least, fairly well hide the nest. Occasionally, however, a pair, usually young birds building their first nest, will, apparently, throw all caution to the winds and place their abode in a most exposed position. This was the case with a pair of Field Sparrows whose nest I found one day about the middle of May. Usually these birds build their nests flat on the ground well hidden among the tangled grasses of the old fields which they frequent, or upheld from the ground two or three inches by a clump of weeds or coarse grasses; but almost always these nests are extremely well concealed and difficult to find, except by flushing the bird when she is incubating. This one, however, was the most pronounced exception to the rule that I have ever seen, for it was placed about two feet above ground and in an almost entirely dead bush that was nothing but bare stalks with a few scattering leaves on its branches. Moreover, the nest was somewhat more bulky than is usually the case; the bush stood by itself; and, altogether, it was a most conspicuous object for rods in all directions, in plain sight of the most casual observer.

When first found by me it contained a

full complement of four eggs, and so certain was I that something must have happened to kill the bush after the birds had built their nest and deposited the eggs, and that they had, in consequence, deserted, that I was on the point of taking the nest and contents home with me when I heard the chirp of one of the birds and saw the female sitting within a few yards of me, seemingly but slightly anxious about the welfare of her home. I immediately left her in sole possession of it, without having disturbed it in the slightest. On the following day I returned with my camera in order to make a photograph of the nest and eggs and, being curious to know how this feathered family would fare in their exposed home, I determined to keep as much of a watch over them as circumstances would permit.

Nearly two weeks elapsed, however, before I was again able to pay them a visit and I must confess that I approached the nest with many misgivings, fearing to find that some one of the many enemies of the smaller birds had been there before me. My fears were unfounded, however, for I found it occupied by four young ones of three or four days growth. I retired to a distance of several yards and, making myself comfortable with my back against a tree, settled to the enjoyment of a few hours watching of the old birds in the performance of their parental duties. During the two or three hours that I was there they brought food for their young on an average of once every four or five minutes. This consisted entirely, as nearly as I could make out from where I sat, of small larvae and small insects which they beat to a pulp with their bills before offering them to





A TYPICAL NESTING SITE

the more delicate digestive organs of their young. Both birds seemed to join equally in this task and alternated with almost entire regularity in their visits. They seemed to pay not the least attention to me although I was within plain sight of them all the time and not more than fifteen feet distant from the nest. This somewhat surprised me for the Field

Sparrow is, naturally, of a somewhat timid disposition. The greatest surprise, however, awaited me the following day when I paid them another visit bringing my camera in the hopes of obtaining some photographs of the old birds at the nest.

When I arrived both birds were absent from the nest and I took that opportunity of setting up and focusing my camera.



I was in the midst of this operation when, much to my astonishment, the female bird flew to the bush, alighted, and, after a remonstrating chirp or two, hopped directly to the nest, perched on the edge while she looked her brood over as if to assure herself that they were all there and safe, and then deliberately settled herself to brood them, cocking one eye up at me as if to say: "these are all mine and you shall not even touch them while I am here." Needless to say, I did not allow my astonishment at all this to interfere with my taking advantage of the opportunity thus offered of securing her photograph on the nest. I need have been in no haste, however, to do this, for during the three hours that I spent with her and her family that day, she gave me all the opportunities which the most exacting bird photographer could have wished for. After remaining on the nest for about five minutes she left as suddenly as she came, apparently without a thought of the possible danger of leaving her young unprotected with a monster like myself in such close proximity, for all human beings must seem monsters to the birds, not to speak of the other, three-

legged monster, the camera, which, with its single eye, was keeping such close watch on her nest and offspring. In fact, during my entire acquaintance with her and her family, my attentions were received by her with a seeming entire confidence that I intended them no harm.

In about five or six minutes she returned with food; fed two of her young ones in turn and, the supply of food being then exhausted, proceeded to clean house. This she accomplished by pushing all her progeny to one side of the nest while she carefully examined the bottom and removed the excrement. These she carried away in her bill to be dropped at a distance, and this was easy for her to do as at this time of a bird's life the excrement is enclosed in a thin membranous sac. Ten minutes later she was back again with more food, and I noted that this time she fed the two fledglings that had received nothing on her previous visit. Thus she continued her duties for the three hours that I was there as though I were nowhere in sight instead of within two feet of the nest all of the time. Occasionally she would settle upon the nest and brood her youngsters for a



"SHE SETTLED HERSELF TO BROOD THEM"





"I MARVELED THAT THEY COULD MANAGE TO SWALLOW THEM"

few minutes, and about every third or fourth visit she would clean house. The young were fed in turn, each one receiving his or her full share of the food, and she must have had some means of distinguishing them in order to have remembered each time upon returning to the nest which ones had received nothing on her previous visit. She rarely made a mistake although occasionally one young one, by a quick grab, would get a morsel that was not intended for him. This led me to wonder if young birds, which to our eyes all look so much alike, are as different in the eyes of their mother as are the children of a human parent.

During the entire length of time of my visit on this occasion the male bird did not once come to the nest nor did I even see or hear him. That he stayed away through fear subsequent events seemed to disprove and so I was

forced to conclude that he had, with a selfishness that is often a characteristic of birds, merely shifted the entire duty of providing for the family onto the shoulders of his mate, for a few hours at least, while he was off enjoying himself elsewhere. Whether he was regularly in the habit of doing this or not I did not have the opportunity to discover.

So far my little family had passed safely through the vicissitudes which are a part of the life of every bird but they still had many days of danger to weather, for, what with the crows, the blue jays, the snakes and the squirrels, to say nothing of the skunks and other animals that are always on the outlook for the dainty tidbit which a young bird makes for them, I had my doubts if, in their exposed position, these particular young birds would ever reach maturity.

It was a full week before I could again

find time to pay them a visit, but, as soon as I come within sight of the nest, my fears for their safety were again laid at rest, for there was one of the old birds perched upon the rim of the nest and even from where I stood I could see the heads and gaping mouths of the youngsters stretched up and open to receive the food of which they never seemed to get enough.

Unfortunately it was reserved for me to prove the greatest danger that had thus far threatened them, for, as I approached the nest, the young, nearly full-fledged by this time, were seized with a panic of fear, and all hastily scrambled from the nest and, fluttering awkwardly to the ground, quickly lost themselves beneath the tangle of long grass. This proceeding the old birds witnessed with disapprobation and, for the first time since my acquaintance with them, they both set up a distressed chirping, but whether directed at me or at their young

I could not determine. Hastily setting my camera and tripod down, I commenced a search for the little fellows, but it was only after a hunt of more than fifteen minutes that I succeeded in finding three of them, so completely had they hidden themselves. The fourth one I gave up, certain that he would come to no immediate harm and that the parent birds would find him as soon as I had left the vicinity.

Trying to replace the three young ones I had found in the nest proved useless for they had evidently made up their minds that it was no longer the place for them and they would not stay there, hopping out as fast as I could put them in. I therefore soon desisted in the attempt and, wishing to get some pictures of them as well as some more of the old birds feeding them, I tried to make them perch on a low branch of a nearby sumach bush. Now anyone that has ever tried to photograph young birds knows that one of the most patience-trying jobs with



"THE TWO YOUNG ONES STOOD CONTENTEDLY WHERE I HAD FOUND THEM"





FIELD SPARROW AT ITS NEST IN THE GRASS

which a bird photographer is ever confronted is attempting to make young birds, just out of the nest, "stay put" on a perch. It is not through any inability to perch, for they are usually strong enough to clasp tightly with their claws and stand upright upon their legs.

revolt, deliberately jumping again from the perch and, in doing so, usually dragging one or more of his companions with him. Moreover, I have yet to find the brood that did not have one youngster more perverse than the rest with whom it was almost absolutely impossible

It is sometimes a little difficult for them, just at first, to find their balance, but it more often seems to be through sheer perversity that they will not stay where you wish them. They push against the perch with their feet while yet you hold them in your hand and deliberately fall off the minute you loosen your hold. If, after many repeated attempts, you succeed in getting one to remain on the perch you have the same performance to go through with each other one, and long before you have taught the second his lesson the first has again jumped to the ground. Finally, after much inward and probably audible swearing, for this game I find is much more conducive to profanity than golf ever could be, you have them all apparently contentedly perched on the branch and you proceed to focus your camera upon them, thinking that your troubles with that particular brood are about over. You have usually reckoned without your host, however, for just as you have your head under the focusing-cloth one of the young birds, which you have begun to think are little imps, chooses that moment to make a final

to do anything. My brood of young Field Sparrows were no exception to the rule and it was more than half an hour before I succeeded in getting two of them to remain quietly on the branch where I had been trying to place them. The third one was the usual obstinate member of the brood.

With him I could do nothing, and was finally forced to give up the idea of using him and left him to his own thoughts, reposing in my camera case while I photographed the others.

During all this time both old birds had been hopping about on the ground within two or three feet of me with food in their bills interestedly watching proceedings. They repeatedly perched upon my camera and tripod, came so close to me that I could have put my hand on them, and even, on several occasions, hopped up to one of the youngsters when he jumped from the branch and fed him before I could pick him up to again try to make him stand on the perch. They did not seem to be much disturbed, merely curious to know what I was trying to do with their babies. I had no sooner finally succeeded in getting the two young ones to stay contentedly where I had posed them than, without hesitation, both old birds hopped upon the branch, one to each of the fledglings, and gave them the food they had for them. They went there so quickly after I had stopped fussing with the youngsters and they saw that I had not my hands actually upon them that I had no time even to insert a plateholder into my camera, let alone focusing it.

Whether they had found the one young one I had lost in the grass or whether they missed the one I had in my camera case I could not determine. They showed no fear of me but would not, as I have sometimes had other birds do, perch on my hand in order to feed their young although I tried very hard to persuade them to do so. They would come within a foot or even a few inches of me but apparently considered that to trust themselves upon my hand would be going a

bit too far in their confidence toward me. The food which they brought consisted entirely of larvae and insects, killed but not beaten to a pulp, as when their offspring were younger. Some of these were of such a size that I marvelled how such diminutive bits of bird life could swallow them until they opened their mouths, then I ceased to wonder. The greatest marvel, however, in watching young birds being fed, is where they manage to stow away all the food they take and yet they never seem to have enough. It is a well known and proven fact that a young bird consumes at least one-half its weight in food every day.

After having made some dozen or fifteen exposures, and having spent altogether about three hours with them, during the last two of which the young remained perched in perfect contentment upon the branch where I had placed them, I finally left my little family of feathered friends, but not without some misgivings, even then, that they would not yet fall victims to some enemy. This feeling led me to go back next day to look them up for the last time if, indeed, they had not already been captured. I found only one of the young ones. He was perched on a sumach branch but a short distance from the one upon which I had posed them. The old birds were both there, however, and from their actions I felt fairly certain that the rest of the family were not far distant.

Later this same pair of birds, or at least such I supposed it to be, attempted with less success to rear a second brood in the same locality. The nest was well placed this time, sunk in the centre of a thick clump of weeds, and, when I first found it, contained three newly hatched young. About five or six days later in passing near the spot I heard the cries of a blue jay and saw the bird himself leaving the vicinity of the nesting site pursued by my friends the sparrows. I knew what to expect and so was not surprised, although somewhat saddened, by the sight of the little home wrecked and empty.





ON THE BEACH AT BAYSIDE



## AT THE GATEWAY OF BOSTON HARBOR

By CHAS. M. ROCKWOOD

**H**ULL is a Boston asset. Hull is an unpolluted ocean front twelve miles from the heart of our great New England metropolis, a beach of unsurpassed perfection approached by a beautiful harbour sail of too short an hour's duration, or by rail service through a region every foot of which is steeped in vital American history—Quincy, Braintree, Weymouth, Hingham.

Boston's island-gemmed harbor affords a moving panorama of scenic beauty and of diversified shipping that carries the imagination to the farthest corners of the world—near us pass a fishing vessel under full sail for the stern coast of Newfoundland, here a fruiter for the south seas, a great freighter for the Mediterranean, or a palatial liner for Liverpool. Pleasure craft contribute gaiety to the scene. Military fortifications add a touch of interest, or one of America's great sea-conqueror's rides at anchor in the roadstead. At Pemberton Landing many disembark for the charming summer colonies at the outer end of this remarkable peninsula, or for the trolly-ride in to Nantasket, which is one of the attractive features of the trip.

Others will continue their boat ride to

the Nantasket landing, enjoying the quick change from the lively and ever-broken surface of the harbor to the winding, river-like channel by which the steamer is so deftly piloted over that smooth, deep-reflecting inlet of the sea. By rail or sail, Hull means to many thousands of people one of the most delightful day's outings imaginable.

To the lover of boating, Hull means Hull Bay, with the Hull Yacht Club as its guardian and sponsor. The Bay is a broad stretch of well-protected water affording safe moorage for small craft of all kind with the open Atlantic at a turn of the helm, and the bay itself and the entire harbor for more cautious seamanship.

To others, still, Hull means as brilliant a summer colony as the Atlantic coast can claim, with cottages that range from the tiniest bungalow to the palatial summer residence.

Hull means clam-bakes and fish dinners, deep-verandahed summer hotels whose names are synonyms for the height of the culinary art and one of the most attractive and well-conducted amusement enterprises anywhere to be found, Paragon Park.

So insistent are these manifold attrac-





HOME OF THE HULL YACHT CLUB

tions of natural beauty and teeming latter-day life, that the really remarkable historic interest of the quaint little burg of old Hull are apt to be overlooked. Hull has done less to exploit the undoubted attraction of historic association than any other town in New England of equal wealth of tradition. This is not because of a lack of local pride on the part of her citizens or the summer colony, but because the other attractions have been so all-sufficient as to leave no sense of want in that direction.

But historic association does add to the significance of life an element unattainable in other ways. It is one of the few things that money cannot buy, and Hull would do well to make the claims of her antiquity more prominent. The state, to which the lessons of patriotism are so important, should be urged to erect here some monument in commemoration of the past.

For the history of Hull is not merely of antiquarian interest. Its connection with the history of Boston Bay is so

vital as to mark it with a red line of special importance.

Hull history begins with the very landing of the Pilgrims. An excursion under Myles Standish, established a trading port there in 1621, less than a year after the "landing" at Plymouth.

Hull's first planter appears to have been one John Oldham, who, not loving the Pilgrim ways overwell, became the leader of a rather mildly hostile company among whom was that prime necessity, a minister of the Gospel, in the person of John Lyford. With this pledge of civilization and sobriety, they gave "French leave" to their fellow adventurers at Plymouth. To quote Bradford, "It grew to this issue that Lyford with his complices, without ever speaking one word either to ye Govr., Church or Elder, withdrew themselves & set up a publick meeting aparte on ye Lord's Day." They were cordially and forthwith invited to depart. The non-conformist refugees from the church of England did not have the slightest notion of tolerating non-

conformity in their own midst.

Aided by that important figure in colonial settlement, Roger Conant, they established themselves at Hull. There is a claim, perhaps true but difficult of historic substantiation, that at a still earlier date three men, Thomas Gray, John Gray and Walter Knight, purchased the land of Hull from Chickatabot and settled there. If this is true, Hull ranks as the earliest settlement in Boston Harbor.

Oldham appears to have been a very successful Indian trader, but of so independent a disposition that when Conant and Lyford listened to the overtures of the Dorchester adventurers and went with them to establish a new plantation at Cape Ann, he declined to join fortunes with any party to whom he should have to make an accounting of his business. Oldham was finally killed at Block Island by the Indians, and his murder was one of the more immediate causes of the Pequot war.

Although independent of Plymouth to some degree, Hull did not refuse assessments for the general good and joined in the suppression of the curious Morton movement at Merrymount. It was a port of call for Boston-bound vessels, and at its incorporation as a town in 1644, numbered some twenty odd houses.

It was as a fishing port that the little settlement received the protection of the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts and, after some boundary controversies with Hingham it was decreed that "a plantation for the furthering of fishing shall forthwith be set up at Nantascot & that all the neck to the end of the furthest beach towards Hingham when the tide overfloweth shall belong to it." To this was added Peddock's and other islands not otherwise granted.

In the Burial Ground at Spring street are many ancient stones dating back into the latter part of the 17th century. Others of still earlier dates must have vanished, as the site was used as a



THE ANCIENT BURYING GROUND AT HULL





ALLERTON HILL, OCEAN FRONT

burial lot from the beginning of the settlement. Here is a very beautifully designed and executed monument to Captain Joshua James of the life-saving service, whose heroic rescues are among the most thrilling chapters of New England Maritime history. And when the waves sweep down on Kenberma, or Bay-

side, and Waveland and the Atlantic Rocks, the cottagers at each of these favored resorts can gather indoors and tell tales of the wreck of the Anita Owen, the Ulrica, the H. C. Higginson, Barge No. 1, or a score of others on the sands before their doors.

At Windermere it is thought by not



COTTAGES ON ALLERTON BEACH

a few antiquarians that Thorwald and his Vikings met their fate at the hands of the Indians. From this slightly elevation the good people of Hull watched that most thrilling drama of the sea, the battle between the Chesapeake and the Shannan in 1812. A little to the north of Stony Beach, another of the favorite summering points, lie the fatal "Toddies," where so many brave vessels have gone down.

The most considerable permanent settlements in Hull today are at Hull on Pemberton Landing and at Allerton. At

beach give it a hold that is not easily shaken by the appeal of other and more remote points of interest.

We have already referred to Paragon Park as one of the best-conducted amusement enterprises of its kind in the country. The resort is worthy of more than this passing mention. Paragon Park is not merely vulgarly gaudy, it is really beautiful. It does not merely pander to the popular taste for amusement, it is a leader in the development of amusement features of real worth. It has won the patronage of the cultivated summer



COTTAGES ON ALLERTON HILL

both of these points there are all-the-year residents whose enterprise and devotion to the common good are among the causes of the present prosperity of the locality. But by far the greater part of the population of the neck is the great summer colony that claims possession from May to October. These include many of the most prominent business and professional men of Boston as well as not a few from the great interior. Once a Hull-ite, always a Hull-ite. The accessibility, varied charm, and the very suddenness of the transition from the heated city to the fresh ocean front and matchless

colony that surrounds it as well as of the masses, and has won recognition from such bodies as the Boston Chamber of Commerce who have twice, in successive years, favored it for their annual outing. Mr. Dodge, the manager, is a quiet, hard-working gentleman, who has his finger on every detail and knows so well when to save needless expense and when to spend with a lavish hand, that Paragon Park is as thriftly administered as it is generous to its patrons. Always clean and wholesome, such an enterprise as Paragon Park deserves to rank with the more seriously considered stage as a sig-





A VIEW OF PARAGON PARK

nificant feature of latter-day popular entertainment. A close study of its methods would repay the American sociologist who is seeking to analyze the American life of our own time. And that, indeed, might well be said of the whole of such summer colonies as those that line the shores of Hull. The type of home life and democracy that is there presented is as vitally representative as anything could well be. The city drives men with many stern compulsions into activities and modes of life against which they inwardly rebel, and the traditions of conventional habit have their hold that may not be easily gainsayed in the social life of the metropolis. But in the freedom of this collection of summer homes, the conventions are relaxed, the necessities less keenly felt and the people are doing more nearly as they please—expressing themselves with a larger freedom, and the result is a study of the deepest and most serious interest.

Nantasket beach is also distinguished as the site of old and justly famous

hotels. On the rocky highland overlooking the great curves of the beach, and fronted by green lawns, always a particularly refreshing feature at the shore, these commodious and beautiful houses attract many hundreds of guests annually. No summer hotel on the continent has more to offer of those things which the summer tourists seek. As a public reservation, it ranks among the most popular of those gifts of nature which the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has so wisely set aside for the enjoyment of all the people for all time.

While there are still many beautiful cottage sites available, the location is being so rapidly utilized that the rise of real estate values is certain to continue. Indeed, its location so near to Boston, within the suburban district, renders it assurance from these fluctuations of real estate values that have so often made the public wary of summer cottage property. Hull is more than a summer colony, it is an all-the-year house, a suburban point of decided attractions, and the future de-



ON THE BEACH AT KENBERMA

velopment of the South Shore Boulevard System will bring it even nearer to the heart of the city and the hearts of motorists. The increasing availability and speed of the small private motor-launch,

is certain to be another powerful factor in the upbuilding of this unique and beautiful ocean front that bounds our island-gemmed harbor. In short, Hull offers the ideal terminus of a day's outing.





# AN AUTUMN FAN

By SUI SIN FAR

FOR two weeks Ming Hoan was a guest in the house of Yen Chow, the father of Ah Leen, and because love grows very easily between a youth and a maid it came to pass that Ah Leen unconsciously yielded to Ming Hoan her heart and Ming Hoan as unconsciously yielded his to her. After the yielding they became conscious.

When their tale was told to Yen Chow he was much disturbed, and vowed that he would not disgrace his house by giving his daughter to a youth whose parents had betrothed him to another.

"How canst thou help it if thy daughter loves me and becomes my wife?" boldly answered Ming Hoan. "We are in America, and the fault, if fault there be, is not upon thy shoulders."

"True!" murmured the mother of Ah Leen, smiling upon her would-be-son-in-law.

"America!" Yen Chow shook his head. "Land where a man knows no law save his own—where even a son of China forgets his ancestors and follows his human heart."

"Sir!" returned Ming Hoan, "when the human heart is linked to the divine, ought we not to follow thereafter?"

There was much more said, but it all ended in the young people wedding—and parting. For that was Chow's stern decree. Ming Hoan must face his parents and clear away the clouds of misunderstanding before he could take Ah Leen.

And now Ming Hoan is gone and Ah Leen stands alone. Her mother enters the room. Ah Leen must have some tea. The wife of Yen Chow leads her daughter into the wide hall, where refreshments are laid. The usual ceremonies attendant upon a wedding, and

which in the case of Ah Leen's cousins, Ah Toy and Mai Gwi Far, had lasted over a week, were to be postponed until Ming Hoan's return from China.

Her mother congratulates her. Ming Hoan is good to behold, wise beyond his years and had seen the face of the world. His fortune is not large, but it will grow. Most comforting thought of all, there will be no mother-in-law to serve or obey. Ming Hoan's home for many years to come will be in the great City of New York.

See, there is Ah Chuen, the wife of the herb doctor, and Sien Tau, the mother of the president of the Water Lily Society. They are coming to wish her felicity. Mark the red paper they are scattering on the way. They are good-natured women, and even if their class is below that of the wife of Yen Chow, their gifts prove natural refinement. Thus Ah Leen's mother.

"Mother," murmurs Ah Leen, "I beg that you will kindly excuse me to our friends."

She carries her tea to the veranda, and, seated in a bamboo rocker, muses on Ming Hoan. She is both happy and sad. Happy to be a bride, yet sad because alone.

It had been a strange ceremony—that wedding. It is not customary, even in America, for a Chinese bride to remain under her father's roof, and only because, in his bended arm, she had wept her tears away, could Ah Leen realize herself the wife of Ming Hoan.

How beautiful the day! Above her a deep blue dome, paling as it descends to the sea. Around her curving, sloping hills, covered with a tender green; here and there patches of glowing, dazzling color—California flowers. It is spring-

time—the springtime of the year.

A little carol of joy escapes Ah Leen's lips. It is good to love and be loved even if—

What is that Lee A-chuen is saying? "Tis a pity that Yen Chow should have sent the bridegroom away. Youth is youth and soon forgets. The sister of my mother writes me that the choice of his parents is the loveliest of all the lovely girls in the Provinces of the Rippling Rivers."

The day has suddenly darkened for Ah Leen.

Five moons have gone by since Ming Hoan went over the sea, and no letter—no message—not even a word has come to his waiting bride. But it is whispered in all the Chinese merchants' families that Ming Hoan, disregarding his first marriage, which, being unconsented to by his parents, could scarcely be considered binding, had taken to himself as wife in his own land Fi Shui, the daughter of his father's friend.

The cousins of Ah Leen regard her with pitying looks whilst they whisper among themselves, "An autumn fan! An autumn fan!"

Ah Leen meets them with a serene countenance. Her American friend suggests that she should obtain a divorce; that that is the only course open for a deserted wife who wishes to retain her self-respect.

"A deserted wife!" echoes Ah Leen. "Ah, no; 'twas my father who compelled him to leave me. And what has he done that I should divorce him? Men cannot live upon memories, and it is perfectly right and proper, since he has decided to remain in China, that he should take to himself another wife."

At the time of the year when the heavens weep, as the Chinese say, there comes news of the birth of a son to Ming Hoan.

Again the American girl watches sympathetically the face of the first wife of the man to whom a son has been born by another woman. Sun Lin, wife of the Sam Yup Chief, brings the news to the house of Yen Chow. It is sundown and the American girl is sitting on the porch with Ah Leen.

"Joy!" cries Ah Leen. "My husband has a son!"

And she herself, on red note paper, sends news of the event to those of her friends who have not yet heard of it. These notes are proudly signed: "Ming Ah Leen, First Wife of Ming Hoan."

The year rolls on. There comes to the house of Yen Chow a Chinese merchant of wealth and influence. His eyes dwell often upon Ah Leen. He whispers to her father. Yen Chow puffs his pipe and muses: Assuredly a great slight has been put upon his family. A divorce would show proper pride. It was not the Chinese way, but was not the old order passing away and the new order taking its place? Aye, even in China, the old country that had seemed as if it would ever remain old.

He speaks to Ah Leen.

"Nay, father, nay," she returns. "Thou hadst the power to send my love away from me, but thou canst not compel me to hold out my arms to another."

"But," protests her mother, "thy lover hath forgotten thee. Another hath borne him a child."

A flame rushes over Ah Leen's face; then she becomes white as a water lily. She plucks a leaf of scented geranium, crushes it between her fingers and casts it away. The perfumes clings to the hands she lays on her mother's bosom.

"Thus," says she, "the fragrance of my crushed love will ever cling to Ming Hoan."

It is evening. The electric lights are shining through the vines. Out of the gloom beyond their radius comes a man. The American girl, seated in a quiet corner of the veranda, sees his face. It is eager and the eyes are full of love and fate. Then she sees Ah Leen. Tired of woman's gossip, the girl has come to gaze upon the moon, hanging in the sky above her like a pale yellow pearl.

There is a cry from the approaching man. It is echoed by the girl. In a moment she is leaning upon his breast.

"Ah!" she cries, rising her head and looking into his eyes. "I knew that though another had bound you by human ties, to me you were linked by my love divine."



"Another! Human ties!" exclaims the young man. He exclaims without explaining—for the sins of parents must not be uncovered—why there has been silence between them for so long. Then he lifts her face to his and gently reproaches her. "Ah Leen, you have dwelt only upon your love for me. Did

I not bid thee, 'Forget not to remember that I love thee!'"

The American girl steals away. The happy Ming Hoan is unaware that as she flits lightly by him and his bride she is repeating to herself his words, and hoping that it is not too late to send to someone a message of recall.

## Oo-LA-LA-LOO

(AN IMAGINARY ISLAND.)

By GEO. W. ELDRIDGE

On the map of my ocean its quest I pursue,  
 I've searched o'er the wave tops and sun's rich rare rays,  
 Where the coast line is studded with years and with days,  
 Yes, the gulfs and the straits to the far distant seas,  
 For even a glimpse of some birds or the bees,  
 Or some strange purple fruits,  
 Or the sigh of wind lutes  
 For a haze, if no more, or a hint of some dew  
 From a far distant isle I call Oo-la-la-loo.

To this isle of my dreaming what hand holds a clue,  
 Where toil is unknown and existence is bare  
 Of hatred, of vengeance, where God has the care  
 Void of bitter contentions, where love does not need  
 Repeated assurance: its wish is its deed!  
 But wait, am I sure?  
 Do the kelp rocks allure?  
 Do I see but mirage, the morn-fog pursue,  
 When I seek this fair island of Oo-la-la-loo?

'Twas only a wish. Never yet to my sight  
 Has arisen this isle with its soft ocean sands,  
 Its haze tone of color and sweet smelling calms  
 Of dew-haunted flowers and the voice of a deep,  
 The voice of my ocean that chants in its sleep.  
 From the mast head at night,  
 It perhaps was in sight,  
 But past my bark sailed e'er I or the crew  
 Could focus the mind's eye on Oo-la-la-loo.

# THE GIFT OF A GREAT ART COLLECTOR TO HIS NATIVE CITY

*What J. Pierpont Morgan Has Done for Hartford's Art Interests.*

By BURDETTE CRANE MERCKLEIN AND RALPH REED WOLFE.

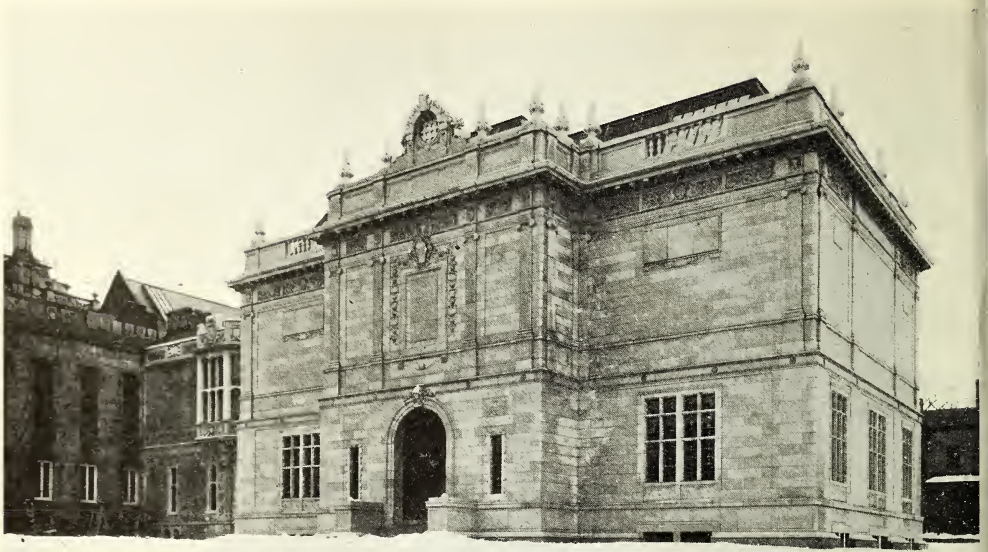
THE completion and dedication on January 19, of the magnificent new Morgan Memorial Art Gallery in Hartford, together with the assured artistic and financial patronage of its donor, J. Pierpont Morgan of New York, promises to give to the capital city of Connecticut, rank second only to Boston as an art center in New England, if it has not already attained that distinction. The building itself, both as an ideal place for the preservation and display of valuable works of art, and as a piece of splendid architectural workmanship, is probably unsurpassed in the United States, and the rare collections of paintings, porcelains, pottery, antiques, arms, and sumptuously illuminated volumes, which it houses, form a nucleus that is unique and worthy of such a palatial setting. In fact, the completion of the Junius Spencer Morgan Memorial Art Gallery and its dedication to the purposes for which it was designed and donated may, without extravagance, be regarded as the beginning of a new era in the artistic development not only of Hartford but also of New England.

For this superb new art gallery, which is to be maintained in harmony with and as an adjunct to the old Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford is indebted to the filial devotion of J. Pierpont Morgan, who erected it as a memorial of his father, Junius Spencer Morgan, a native of Massachusetts and a merchant of Hartford from 1836 to 1851, as one earns from the memorial inscription in the building. Occupying a conspicuous site on Main street, in the heart of the capital city of Connecticut, this gallery will perpetuate the name and public-

spirited generosity of the distinguished son, quite as much as that of the distinguished father.

Junius Spencer Morgan's connection with Hartford dates back to the year 1817, when with his father, Joseph Morgan, he went there from Massachusetts to live. J. Pierpont Morgan was born in Hartford in a house which formerly stood on the south side of Asylum Street, almost opposite the present Allyn House, and the early years of his boyhood, before he was sent to school at the venerable Episcopal Academy in Cheshire, Conn., were spent in the picturesque and spacious old gambol-roofed house on Farmington Avenue, now occupied by Mr. H. K. Morgan, which was built in 1840 for his father by his paternal grandfather, Joseph Morgan. For a number of years, until his rapidly increasing business interests and commercial responsibilities demanded that he live elsewhere, this was the home of Junius Spencer Morgan. In after years when London and New York claimed the greater part of his time, he still clung to Hartford as his home and never lost interest in its social, commercial, and educational welfare. His gifts to Trinity College and to the Wadsworth Atheneum, of which he was an early trustee, were generous. After Junius Spencer Morgan's death in 1890, his body was taken to Hartford and buried in the family lot in Cedar Hill Cemetery, where also is buried the body of his wife. In view of all this, certainly no place could be more suitable than Hartford for a memorial of the great banker, Junius Spencer Morgan, and nothing could be more fitting than a beautiful art gallery,





WESTERN PAVILION OF THE JUNIUS SPENCER MORGAN MEMORIAL ART GALLERY

donated and dedicated by his son, J. Pierpont Morgan, world famous art collector and connoisseur.

Although the western pavilion of the Morgan Memorial Art Gallery is but a small portion of the whole projected building, architecturally it is the most imposing and important part, forming as it does the main front. Through its entrance will be given to all other sections of the building. Built of pink Tennessee marble in the pseudo-classical style of the early Italian renaissance, the building is one of stately aspect and noble proportions. Externally and internally it is a marvel of beautiful workmanship and artistic design. The richly wrought friezes, the well placed panels adorned with exquisite cameo-like carvings and tracery, and the delicately conceived and executed detail work, while ornate and elaborate in themselves, do not detract from the splendid, chaste effect of the main facade as a whole.

The line of demarcation between the first and the second story is emphasized by a series of string courses and classical mouldings, forming a frieze,—perfectly plain in itself except for the projecting

dadoes of the pedestals supporting the Doric pilasters which rise above it. The central decorative feature of the first story is a beautiful arched doorway, hung with outer gates of grilled iron, and with inner doors of wrought and cast bronze. An exquisitely carved head of Minerva in alto relievo, which embellishes the keystone of this arch is the most noticeable single piece of exterior ornamentation. The doorway is approached by a flight of five steps, flanked on either side by massive blocks of panelled marble.

The second story is graced and differentiated at dignified intervals by handsome Doric pilasters, which support a beautifully carved entablature. The shafts of the central group of pilasters are fluted, but all are so shallow that they do not tend to divide the facade up into small sections. An inscribed tablet, surrounded by festoons and garlands, occupies the central space directly above the doorway. With its pilasters, and panels, its tablets, escutcheons, and medallions, the second story is much the more ornate of the two. The building is surmounted by a mansard roof of dull, brown copper, partly concealed by a

marble balustrade, from which at intervals rise graceful pinnacles with urn-like bases. A round, stone lattice, surrounded by garlands and festoons caps the balustrade in the center of the building. The unbroken flatness of the main facade precludes, of course, the play of light and shade, but rather enhances the purity and simplicity of its design and treatment.

Between the inner and the outer doorway, there is a small vestibule. On the stone tympanum over the inner doorway is carved a conventionalized representation of the Charter Oak Tree, flanked by two couchant harts, all symbols of local historical importance. The name of the architect, Benjamin Wistar Morris, is cut into one of the marble blocks of the wall. The sides of the vestibule are of pink Tennessee marble, like the exterior of the building, and the coffered of the barrell-vaulted ceiling are

inlaid with slabs of dark Skyros marble. The main entrance hall is dominated by a majestic marble stairway, which rises at the opposite end of the room in double flights from a slightly raised dais. In front of an arched alcove at the rear of the dais stands a copy of E. S. Bartholomew's masterpiece, "Repentant Eve," a notable statue in a noble setting. This is of especial interest to Hartford people as the sculptor was once one of its citizens and for a time curator of the gallery of paintings in the Wadsworth Atheneum. The lofty and graceful archway, which is surrounded by a marvelously beautiful architrave of delicately carved stone, will eventually serve as a doorway into the hall of statuary, to adjoin the western pavilion at this point. From the inner vestibule the vesta opening through the broad doorways flanked by a double pair of exquisitely veined marble columns,



STAIRCASE AND STATUE OF "EVE REPENTANT"



with the grand stairway and the statue of Eve in the background, is wonderfully impressive.

The spacious and well-proportioned entrance hall is divided into two chambers, opening into one another, by a transverse corridor which crosses it about half way between the front and the back wall. The rear chamber is approached by several steps. In one direction, the transverse corridor which crosses the hallway at the top of these steps, connects the Morgan Memorial Art Gallery by means of the Colt Memorial Wing with the old Athenaeum building, and in the other direction it opens into a room reserved for porcelains, pottery, and other exhibits. The barrel-vaulted ceilings of this transverse corridor on either side of the main entrance hall are handsomely pannelled and elaborately carved in a conventional design of festoons, rosettes, and cherubs. Picturesque alcoves are thus formed, for the display of statuary. The inner stair hall is a lofty and magnificent chamber extending up through two entire stories to the roof. It is lighted by a handsome stained glass skylight.

Each of the three sections into which the main entrance hall is divided, differs slightly in the motif and details of its decoration, but each blends harmoniously with the others. The outer chamber is the more ornate. Graceful marble pilasters separate the walls into panels which are inlaid with three varieties of choice imported marbles,—Tavernelle, and Hauteville from France and Botticino from Italy, all of a similar tone of grayish tan. The entablature is carved in a classical design. The base and floor borders are of German Famosa marble and the floors are of pink and gray Tennessee marble. The millioned ceilings, rich in detail, are of plaster.

The majestic stairway, and the transverse gallery to which it ascends completely surround the four sides of the innermost chamber and form its main decorative feature. From a marble dais in the center of the rear wall, broad marble stairs rise in tiers on either side and turning the corners gracefully, follow the side walls of the room. The richly

carved newels and the massive balustrade with its open-work panels of sculptured stone, are singularly beautiful and demand more than passing notice. A pair of tall, stately candelabra stand one on each side of the steps leading up to the marble dais at the foot of the stairway. The pedestals and shafts are of Carara marble and the carving which adorns them was done in Florence, Italy. A wainscot of inlaid marble slabs covers the walls of the chamber up to the height of the second story, and above this on three sides stretching upward to the ceiling, there is a large area of plain wall which will probably either be decorated with mural paintings or hung with tapestries. It is impossible to describe the soft, rich color effect of the main entrance hall, produced by the markings and shadings of the different blends of marble used in the walls, columns, floors, steps, and stairway.

On the second floor, the transverse gallery opens into three picture galleries, through three broad and handsomely trimmed doorways. Two tall bronze candelabra, replicas of a pair in St. Peter's, Rome, flank the central doorway. The picture galleries are all similar in construction and treatment. The walls, covered with tan colored cloth of a neutral shade and the dome-shaped ceilings, tinted to match, are severely plain, there being nothing to distract from the effect of the pictures. The trimmings of the doorways are of fireproof metal, painted dark green, so that here as elsewhere throughout the building, no inflammable materials have been used in its construction. The lighting of the galleries is exceptionally fine. Exterior skylights set in the sloping sides of the mansard roof, reflect the light through inner skylights of ground glass on to the walls of the rooms. A softened and diffused light is thus thrown where it is most needed to display the paintings, and not on the floors of the rooms. The electric lighting is similarly arranged so that both by day and by night, the pictures may be viewed advantageously in a soft, mellow light.

The people of Hartford and visitors from abroad are just beginning to realize

the artistic and educational value of the fine collection of paintings owned by the Wadsworth Atheneum, now that it has been hung in the spacious and well-lighted galleries of the new building. While it would be impossible and perhaps tiresome to catalogue here all of the paintings in the collection, some of the more important pictures should be mentioned, if only by name. The two largest

West hangs in the National Gallery, London. Colonel Trumbull's picture of Revolutionary War scenes, all of which measure 108 inches by 72 inches, form by themselves a unique group of great historical interest. The subjects of these paintings are "The Battle of Bunker Hill"; "The Battle of Trenton"; "The Death of Montgomery in the Attack on Quebec"; and "The Declaration of Inde-



TRANSVERSE GALLERY IN THE UPPER HALLWAY

and most imposing canvases, Sir Thomas Lawrence's life-sized portrait of Benjamin West, and Benjamin West's "The Raising of Lazarus," hang in conspicuous places on the walls of the middle and north galleries respectively. "The Raising of Lazarus," which was presented to the Wadsworth Antheneum in 1900 by J. Pierpont Morgan, was purchased from Winchester Cathedral, England, where for 120 years it had formed the altar piece. A replica of the portrait of Benjamin

pendence," the most famous and frequently reproduced picture of the group. In fact art experts have never been able to determine definitely if this is a replica and the similar Trumbull, which hangs in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, is the original, or vice-versa, but the benefit of the doubt has frequently been given to the dignified painting which now hangs at the top of the stairs in the upper hall of the new Morgan Memorial Art Gallery. Thomas Cole's well-known



picture of "Mt. Aetna," and Overend's immense canvas, known as "An August Morning with Farragut at the Battle of Mobile Bay," a gift of the citizens of Hartford to the Wadsworth Atheneum, are also included in the collection. The "Portrait of Mrs. Seymour Fort,"—who Mrs. Seymour Fort was, no one seems to know,—a remarkable character study by John Singleton Copley, is generally conceded to be this early American painter's masterpiece. Other notable paintings in this collection which should be mentioned here are Sir Henry Raeburn's portrait of the handsome but melancholy Peter Van Brugh Livingston; Gilbert Stuart's portrait of a young man; "Autumn Gold," one of George Inness's finest landscapes; and excellent examples of Constable's and Corot's work.

There is nothing in the new building of more value intrinsically or artistically than the set of French and Flemish

tapestries loaned indefinitely by Mr. Morgan to decorate the south gallery. This is supposed to be the most perfectly matched set of tapestries in the world and the room in which they are displayed probably has no equal anywhere, for its four walls are completely covered by these exquisitely-matched tapestries. There are ten of them in all,—six French and four Flemish. The designs represent mythological tales. Three of the woven pictures tell a part of the story of Phaeton, familiar to all readers of Ovid, and are signed by Jan Leyniers (died 1686), a famous tapestry weaver of Brussels. They glow with color and look as fresh as if they had just left the loom. So delicate is the shading and the blending of colors, and so wonderfully executed is every detail, one finds it difficult to realize that they are woven fabrics and not paintings. Five of the tapestries illustrate the story of Apollo and Diana



TAPESTRIES IN SOUTH GALLERY, LOANED BY J. P. MORGAN



THE WADSWORTH ATHENEUM

and are signed with the monogram of an unknown Parisian workshop. All the tapestries have elaborate border designs of fruit, animal heads, and figures, which bear some relation to the subjects of the main pictures.

The Wadsworth Atheneum with which institution the new Morgan Memorial Art Gallery is intimately connected, has a long and interesting history. In 1841 Daniel Wadsworth of Hartford decided to found a gallery of fine arts in his native city, and to that end he gave a valuable piece of land on Main street, conditional upon the formation of an association and the erection of a suitable building upon it, which should contain the proposed art gallery and at the same time furnish rooms for the Connecticut Historical Society and the Hartford Young Men's Institute. Subscriptions of \$30,000 were soon secured and the building was begun in April, 1842, and completed in July, 1844. It was designed by Ithiel Town of New Haven in what is known as the castellated Gothic style, and the material employed in its building was cream-

colored granite, much darkened since by the snows of nearly seventy winters.

Austere and grim in its appearance the Atheneum was a building of such a distinctive character that it was pre-eminently a unit and not easily to be grouped or connected with other buildings of a dissimilar style of architecture. Probably the most difficult task of the architect of the Morgan Memorial lay in creating the connecting link between this massive type of Gothic fortress and the Italian Renaissance style of the new building.

Simultaneously, however, with Mr. Morgan's gift of \$650,000 for the memorial of his father, the trustees received through the will of Mrs. Samuel Colt, the widow of the great inventor and manufacturer of firearms, Colonel Samuel Colt, a collection of paintings and other art objects, together with \$50,000 to provide a suitable housing for them. It was decided to use this money to build a gallery joining the old Atheneum and the new Memorial Art Gallery. Mr. Morris undertook the task. The result was a



wing in which the rough granite of the old building is reduplicated, while its smooth marble trimmings correspond to the stone of the new building. The materials of execution were thus, to a certain degree, made to harmonize and blend, while a certain heterogeneous harmony of architectural style was obtained. The definite style of the connecting building is Tudor and represents the gradual transition from the old Gothic to the Italian.

Unhappily the theory is more plausible than the result, for although the connecting wing is a beautiful piece of work in itself, the fact that it is neither one nor the other, neither castellated Gothic nor Italian Renaissance, makes it seem out of proportion and tends to spoil the effect, to a degree, of the two main buildings.

The Wadsworth Atheneum today owes its existence largely to the generosity, loyalty, and interest of the Morgans, father and son. In the year 1890, when it became necessary for the trustees to raise an endowment fund of \$450,000 to insure the permanency of the institution, it was Junius Spencer Morgan who gave the first \$100,000, and J. Pierpont Morgan who, without solicitation, immediately added a subscription of \$50,000. Since then the latter has been sending one gift after another for its art collections, and from time to time he has furnished the money with which the trustees have been able to buy up all the land immediately surrounding the Atheneum building, until now they control a whole city block, with a frontage on Main street of 325 feet and a depth of 380 feet. The Dunham house on Prospect street, an old brick house on Main street, and St. John's church, the second oldest Episcopal edifice in Hartford, which was torn down at a cost of \$70,000 to make room for the Morgan Memorial Art Gallery, have all been acquired in this way.

The famous and costly catalogues of the Morgan art collections and other valuable volumes, which J. Pierpont Morgan has presented to the Atheneum from time to time as they were published, are now on exhibition in what is known as the Morgan room on the first floor of the new memorial art gallery. These books are of

such immense value and so unique in character that they are displayed under glass in specially lighted cabinets of Circassian walnut. The original edition consisted of just forty sets but subsequently King Edward VII of England expressed a desire to own a set of the catalogues; a forty-first imprint was especially struck off and embellished at an extra expense of \$10,000. The work includes five volumes of exquisitely hand-colored reproductions of Mr. Morgan's miniatures, the cataloguing of which alone cost \$40,000. The volumes are bound in the finest morocco levant of a rich dark green color, and the paper is of hand-made Japanese vellum. They are printed by the Chiswick Press, and the plates, said to be among the finest of modern make, were produced by Hallet Hyatt of Oxford street, London. Gould's monumental work on birds, consisting of forty-three folio volumes, eight octavos, and an index and a rare edition de luxe of Edward S. Curtis' history of the "North American Indian," gifts of Mr. Morgan, are also on exhibition in the Morgan room.

In addition to all these benefactions which antedate the building of the new art gallery, at the time of its dedication last January, Mr. Morgan presented to the trustees of the Wadsworth Atheneum along with the keys to the building, 2,200 shares of the preferred stock of the United States Steel Corporation, the market value of which may be reckoned at about \$275,000, which will yield an annual income of about \$15,400 for the maintenance of the new plant. Subsequently in order to protect the beautiful memorial building from unsightly encroachments, he bought for \$90,000 a large tract of land adjoining the Atheneum property on the south and turned the deed over to the trustees of the Wadsworth Atheneum with the stipulation that if within a year the city of Hartford should acquire the remaining land in the block for municipal purposes, remove the existing buildings, and lay out a street parallel to the south front of the new building, the trustees should present the land to the city. This splendid gift was announced a few days after the dedi-

cation of the art gallery, on which occasion Mr. Morgan had expressed a hope that the city might acquire this property as a site for a proposed municipal building. The court of common council of Hartford, at its next meeting, passed resolutions accepting the gift and, subject to ratification by popular vote, appropriating \$470,000 to buy up the rest of the block and to erect a municipal building thereon. Trinity College, on whose board of trustees Mr. Morgan has served for many years, has but recently received from him a subscription of \$100,000 to its \$500,000 endowment fund, and for a number of years past, he has quietly paid the salary of the professor of natural history. In cold cash, Mr. Morgan's gifts to his native city already amount to considerably more than a million dollars, but it is impossible to express adequately in any money valuation, the lasting benefit of such benefactions to a city.

Can there be any doubt, then, of J. Pierpont Morgan's profound interest in all that pertains to Hartford's artistic and educational progress, or is it to be wondered at that its citizens regard the completion of the western pavilion of the Morgan Memorial Art Gallery as

the beginning of a new era not only in its own artistic development, but also in that of New England?

The present pavilion of the Morgan Memorial Art Gallery, is but a single section of a three-part structure, which will eventually enclose one side of a great quadrangle, the other sides being formed by the old group of Atheneum buildings.

In his dedicatory address, Mr. Morgan requested that the trustees of the Wadsworth Atheneum proceed as rapidly as possible to the building of the other two pavilions, and this they have pledged themselves to do. The central wing or gallery to adjoin the western pavilion in the rear, is designed for the display of statuary and sculpture. Its central aisle or nave which is to be practically three stories in height, will have a series of alcoves opening off from it. The hall of sculpture will be lighted from above by means of clear-story windows. The eastern pavilion, to front on Prospect street, will correspond in somewhat simpler form, to the western pavilion. It is to be devoted largely to educational and administrative purposes, and will be equipped with lecture rooms and studios.

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## SUN, MIST AND ROADSTEAD

By ARTHUR POWELL

There are no waters. Where the bay  
In liquid furrows turned and slipped  
A Mist has sprung, the Sun to greet;  
Their arms entwine; their mouths, rose-lipped,  
Caress; her raiment, filmy-grey,  
Absorbs his ardent fires . . . . Replete,  
The wonder-wraith sleeps where it sipped.

On that diffused, pale-golden glow  
Dark boats, embossed, ride anchor-fast;  
The haze-borne gold blocks in each space  
Of chequered shrouds, of rope and mast.  
A note, as of a clarion low,  
Sings in the ear, beats on the face,  
And fails, as bell-waves fail, at last.



# A CLAP OF THUNDER

By NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

THE old Lord Mansion and the Harmon house were divided from each other by an acre's breadth or so of pleasant meadow, —an idyllic green meadow of the kind where Corydon and Phillis strayed, a smiling green meadow without guile or deceit; yet if every one of its grass-blades had sprung from dragons' teeth they could not have been more productive of deadly, internecine warfare.

The innocent strip of land had been owned in common by a certain Lord and a certain Harmon generations ago, they having received it in direct inheritance as part of the dower of their respective mothers. A tiny brook meandered in those days through the lush, green grasses and had served the long-ago cousins as a fair enough division line. When its waters were diverted into a different channel in later years another Lord had claimed more than half of the meadow as his own, asserting that he had paid the lion's share of the drainage expenses. This assertion was hotly denied by the contemporary Harmon, who vowed that his personal labor was as good as the other man's money. The opulent Lord had his supposititious claim properly surveyed and staked out; the poor, but warlike Harmon, promptly plucked up the stakes by night and threw them to the winds. The opulent Lord claimed a certain stripling tree as his boundary elm; the warlike Harmon cut it down and made it into firewood. Being a man of resource, however, he immediately planted another on what he considered the proper spot, and defied his neighbor to so much as look at it. This the man of riches swore to do, and to look to some purpose, but he was carried off by an epidemic while he was meditating his

next move, and the brilliant Harmon followed him. The tiny elm, having no ills that flesh is heir to, grew and flourished while its planter died, and began to be known in the neighborhood as the "Boundary Elm," though whose property it marked, and on whose it grew, whether Lord's or Harmon's, was an uncertain matter.

The sons of the dead neighbors went to law about the Boundary Elm and the innocent meadow, when they had arrived at man's estate, and Josiah Harmon was defeated, a crushing blow from which he never recovered, and which he attributed to a suborned judge, a packed jury and general malfeasance in office of all and sundry connected with the County Court.

Whether his allegations had a certain basis of truth Joel, his only child, never knew. They were at least so real to himself that constant brooding upon them undermined his health and after a paralytic stroke he became a helpless cripple.

All this happened when Joel was nine years old or so, and little Lucy Lord a flower of six summers. The only children in the childless New England neighborhood, it was inevitable that they should be drawn together and they had been sworn friends and sweethearts since Lucy was a babe in arms. From the first they had known, however, with the mysterious instinct of childhood, that they must not be seen together, overmuch,—at least not by Squire Lord and Josiah Harmon, and their favorite summer playhouse was to be found deep in the clump of alders that now clustered about the Boundary Elm. In winter a barn-chamber on the Harmon place was often their chosen retreat, and when they came running in to their respective dinners with bright eyes and glowing cheeks no one asked where they

had been, or who had shared their games.

Lucy always waited patiently for Joel at the foot of the hill when she went to school, and in winter he drew her on his gaily-painted sled, while in summer he never failed to appear with some offering of flower, plum, or apple in his hand.

"Baby, baby, Joel's baby," the big girls called after her sometimes, but she knew, —she was not too young to know, that she was Joel's little sweetheart, for in his boyish way he had often told her so.

How much the mistresses of the Lord Mansion and the Harmon House knew of their children's friendship is uncertain, but the fragile girl who was Lucy's mother had some inkling of the truth, and openly told the irate Squire when he raged at hearing of the affair from a neighbor, that she did not mean her child to go all her life bowed down with the weight of other people's grudges.

Eliza Harmon was of another stamp, but anxiety and poverty and the care of her helpless husband filled her heart and hands, and she knew little of Joel's comings and goings while he was still in the unproductive age. He was a silent, dreamy lad too, and most unlikely to confide his ethereal sentiments, his exquisite, gossamer, boyish fancies to a bustling, sharp-tongued housewife like his mother.

Lucy was only eight years old, a dove-eyed, dove-voiced little maid when the crushing tragedy of her life fell upon her. On a sultry August afternoon her mother was standing in the old doorway fearlessly watching the gathering storm, hearing the low mutter of the thunder, and drinking in with delight the breath of coming coolness in the air. Suddenly there was a leap of light across the sky, a deafening roar, a terrible crash that shook the old house to its foundations and fair Mary Lord lay dead upon her own doorstone. Lucy came running from an inner chamber just as the bolt descended, and the shriek she gave as she saw her mother fall echoed through the quiet neighborhood. Like a frenzied creature she darted out of the house and toward the river, but Joel saw her and rushed in pursuit, and in his boyish arms her hysterical screaming was quieted and she

began to sob out "Mother, mother, mother," in a feeble whisper.

The shock of this death left the child frail, intensely nervous, and subject to passions of fear in storms. The far-away cousin, who came to keep the Squire's house after its mistress' death, had little sympathy with Lucy's nervous crises, which she regarded as "hystericky and panicky" and they failed to improve, perhaps, from the very fact that the child made such strenuous efforts to control them. To Joel she ran, and it was Joel who comforted her, if he were anywhere within reach when black clouds began to gather, and it grew to be a common thing to see the little white-clad figure with its fair, floating hair, flying across the meadow at the approach of a thunder-storm.

The old Squire was a broken man, now, sadly changed since the death of his young wife, and he noted little of Lucy's tastes, opinions or movements, if she were punctually in her chair at the head of his table at the evening meal.

It was one soft June evening when Joel was sixteen years old that he came in from the barn-yard, and setting his milk pails down on the kitchen table, said huskily, "The old Squire's gone, mother."

"Dead?" queried his father's feeble voice. "Dead, is he? Well, he's been long enough 'bout it, and *I* aint agoin' to complain, for one," and he chuckled at his own bitterness.

"How did you hear, Joel?" asked his mother, suspiciously.

"Lucy, mother. She slipped across the meadow to tell me. He died about noon-time."

"Slipped across the medder, did she?" babbled on the rancorous old voice from the great chair. "Slipped across the medder,—my medder? Well, she can do that, she can do that, but she don't cross my threshold, Joel. Mark you that. She don't cross my threshold."

"Well, father, well," Joel answered patiently. "I haven't asked her to, and I never heard she was begging for an invitation."

"Never asked her to, hey? Never asked her? Wal, I'd a larnt ye vast quick who's master here, if ye hed. And



jest mind ye never *do* ask her when I'm dead and gone, and I shan't be long here, I shan't be long here," and his voice quavered feebly away.

Joel and his mother glanced at each other, but turned quickly aside, lest the old man see them. It was a deep-rooted superstition among the Lords and the Harmones that the head of one house never died but that the other quickly followed him, and it had been so ever since the pretty Turner brides came into the families, bringing the innocent meadow as their dowry.

Not a week had gone by when his mother's shriek called Joel in the early dawn of the summer morning. She had awakened to find death beside her and at the touch of the marble cold hand that had been hers for thirty years, shuddered back in mortal terror.

So the neighbors talked and wondered. "Never a Lord dies, but a Harmon follows!" they said, "and never a Harmon passes out, but there's a Lord at his heels."

"Seems 'sif they was scairt one of 'em 'ud git a chance to tell his story 'bout that medder an' that ellum at the Judgment seat, 'fore the other come up-along!" remarked a village wit.

But Joel pondered on these mysteries. What was this strange bond between the two families? Might not love lie close to the deep-rooted hate and spring up one day to garland the old trunk of bitterness?

After the funeral trains had filed out from the Lord Mansion and the Harmon Farmhouse and the respective families had settled down to ordinary life, a certain separation between Lucy and Joel began to be noted by the neighbors. The cousin now in authority over Lucy, a bitter, disappointed widow, cherished a hereditary hate of the Harmones which outdid the old Squire's. It was common talk in the village that she had been the late Josiah's first love and had been supplanted by Joel's mother, though there seemed little evidence for the tale beyond the fact that the two women were obviously as gall and wormwood to each other.

"You're not to wait there at the foot of

the hill every morning, for that Harmon boy, Lucy," warned the far-away cousin. "You're a great girl now, in your 'teens, and folks'll think you're forward. You go right along to school by yourself."

"Where you luggin' them flowers?" Mrs. Harmon would question Joel sharply. "You ain't so spry at lugging things int' the house, as you be out of it. I might set here till doomsday and you'd never think to fetch me a stick o'kindlin', 'thout I asked for it."

"Where are you going, Lucy?" and "Where are you off to, Joel?" were questions often heard in and about the two houses for the first year or so after the passing away of their respective masters. The walk to school together of the lad and lass was now forbidden, and the spring that Joel was seventeen he was obliged to give up education altogether—at least in the form in which it was administered at the village Academy, and take upon himself the burden of the farm-work.

Lucy missed him with a constant heart-ache, and his hunger to see those "doves' eyes within her locks," to hear her dove's voice became every day more bitter.

In the old days the children had left notes and gifts for each other in an ancient writing-desk, appropriated for the purpose, and lodged securely among the branches of the Boundary Elm. Lucy looked into it automatically whenever she strolled that way, and she strolled there often with her work, for her cousin's voice in the house was "as vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes." Joel had made a seat for her under the elm as early as he could handle tools, and in later years had improved upon the pattern, and providently fashioned it wide enough for two. It was cool and shady there under the springing fountain of branches and a thicket of young elms and alders closed it safely in. It was there that Lucy read her first love-letter, for it was a love-letter in all essentials, though the writer was but a lad and the reader a slip of a girl.

"Friend Lucy," (it modestly began),

"*Are we never going to see each other again? I can't come to your house because of your cousin Sarah, and Mother*

*watches every afternoon out of the side window to see if you slip across the meadow. Can't you come out here, (I'm writing under the elm) a little while after supper tonight? It'll be moonlight and I'll take you home. I want to see you more than I ever wanted anything in my life."*

Joel.

It was a simple note enough, but Lucy kept it till she died in a sacred box on her bureau, a box of shell set in plaster, which was a household god to the Lords. The note had many companions in after years, but read and re-read as all of them were, no page of them was so brown with the of fingers as that whereon Joel had written that he wanted to see her more than he had ever wanted anything in his life. It was a burst of boyish sentiment, repressed New England sentiment at that, but it was to Lucy as if he had sung to her:

"O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely."

And she came, oh, yes, Lucy came at nightfall, and though it seemed to Joel that honey and milk were under her tongue, and that the smell of her garments was like the smell of Lebanon, yet he told her none of these things. Indeed, he was very quiet, though he used his eyes to good purpose, and he glowed with happiness when she hung around her neck a chain he had made her, the many-sided beads carved with his jack-knife out of russet-brown pine-bark and the pendant a heart of bark with a cross in high relief upon its surface. So she wore it many years, poor Lucy,—Joel's heart,—and heavy was the weight of the cross upon it.

For as she grew and blossomed into maidenhood, fewer were their meetings and more difficult was it to escape the bitter old eyes that spied upon them. Still Lucy sewed and crocheted and made her tatting in the accustomed spot whenever she could slip away, and still notes were occasionally to be found in the old writing-desk, addressed as they had always been

"L, At the LmTree."

Still too, Joel was always to be counted on in thunder-storms, and frequently to be found in the Lord barn at such times, Pharasaically interpreting literally his mother's command never to set foot within the mansion. It is doubtful whether the unhappy, care-worn woman knew why he was never in the house in a shower; possibly she thought he was looking after the stock and watching the hay in case of fire. As for Cousin Sarah, Lucy's nervous panic in a storm was so obnoxious to her, that she was glad to have the girl out of sight, careless of where she had hidden herself.

A barn and a hay-mow are probably the last places on earth that one would select as refuges in an electrical disturbance, but they sowed havens to Lucy, for Joel was almost sure to be in or near them. It was a year after the receipt of her first love-letter that she flew down the long passage through the wood-sheds one day, and swooped into the barn blindly, head-down, as a bird does when he enters unawares. Great drops of rain were already falling, the light was darkening, thunder was muttering afar. Would he be there, or must she dare the passage in open air across the meadow, slipping behind the hedge of alders to escape his mother's eye?

"Lucy," came a quiet voice from the edge of the hay-mow, and "Oh, Joel, how glad I am!" she panted in answer. Merely to sit by his side on the cushion of hay he had pulled down for her, to watch his capable hands as he shaped a willow whistle, to hear his even breath, quieted her, and Cousin Sarah would have been amazed to see her hysterical panting die away, her heart begin a regular beat, and her blue eyes lose their wild strained look. Half-buried in the hay, her hand lay close to Joel's, and as she started at an unusually loud thunder-peal, he almost unconsciously grasped it close in his. He had not taken her hand in years, he had hardly touched her since her baby days, but as the warm soft little fingers closed in his, his heart beat like a trip-hammer, and there was a roaring in his ears like the roll of Niagara. As for Lucy, she was silent; she did not dare to raise her eyes, but she felt electric currents thrill-



ing along her every fibre, for Joel's repressed emotion ran like spirit through her veins.

By and by she tried to speak, feeling by instinct that a word would break the magic web that wound them in, but her tongue was tied as with the same gossamer threads. Joel held fast the hand that he would never have dared to touch at any other time, and a glow of pride in his courage possessed him, a masculine sense of power in conquest. Nor did he speak a word; it was enough to feel, to know, that Lucy was by his side, to watch the long lashes on her snow-drop cheeks, and to see that so strong was the spell of his presence that it even cast out the fear of the rolling thunder.

It was the very next day that Cousin Sarah shocked Lucy with a mental lightning-stroke by announcing that she was to be sent to boarding school within a few days, and that all arrangements had been made to that end. The idea had been proposed before, but never wholly decided on, owing to Lucy's passionate fondness for her birthplace and her delicate nervous organization. Now Cousin Sarah, who was as resolved as she had ever been to keep the lad and lass apart, obviated fruitless discussion by making all her plans beforehand, interviewing the preceptress of the old-fashioned institution she had selected, and even engaging the seamstress for the necessary wardrobe. Lucy was like a wild creature borne away in its cage by the trappers, dashing itself against the bars, but with no possible hope or plan of escape. True, the old Lord mansion and the Squire's lands and money were all Lucy's, and Cousin Sarah was in reality her dependent, but the girl was very young as yet, and accustomed to regard the will of her elders as law, in all essential matters.

So the dove's eyes within her locks no longer shone on Joel, and the cooing of her voice was no longer heard at the Boundary Elm, for Cousin Sarah having won her victory was in no mind to hazard another encounter with the enemy, and closed the Lord mansion altogether for a time.

Like a man who sets out with a singing heart on a fair journey, only to find

his way blocked at the first turn by a wall of rock, so was Joel when he saw "No Thoroughfare" written across his hopes.

"Seem's 'sif I breathed freer now't' Sarah Neal's out o' this place," croaked his mother exultantly, "an' I guess you'll hev' more time to 'tend to your work now you can't run after that whey-faced Lucy. You never hed a mite o' pride, or you wouldn't ha' taken up with her in the first place, nor no respect for your family, neither. You-ve hed it beat into you often enough how them Lords hes spited the Harmons and cheated 'em ever since your great-great-grandfather's time. Poor-sperited I call it, the way you act, and ondutiful, too!"

Joel made no answer to this tirade. He never answered, provoking in his cross-grained mother a desire to see if there were no possible taunt that could rouse him; and her weapons were many, be sure, and sharpened continually by debt and poverty and grinding labor. These years of suffering, as old Mrs. Harmon neared her end, made an indelible mark upon the son, for the bitter conditions of their life together were his, and in addition he bore the weight of her physical sufferings and felt the constant lash of her uncontrollable tongue. Night, and day too, the loss of Lucy weighed upon him, a heavier loss because it must remain unspoken. Why had she allowed herself to be taken away without seeing him, why had she never answered one of the letters left at the Boundary Elm?

School had long been given up, and by the time he was twenty years old Joel even had to relinquish his occasional evenings of study with the village minister, for his mother could no longer be left alone with safety. Then came a long hot summer of care and drudgery within the house and out, for old Mrs. Harmon developed a wandering habit, and as her mind became enfeebled, strayed hither and yon, requiring constant watching.

When the Lord mansion was first opened at the beginning of the following season, and Lucy's white dress shimmered in the stately garden among the phlox and the Sweet William, the cinnamon roses and the Canterbury bells, Joel's heart leaped up in the old way. He was

the man; it was his part to take the lead. He would write to Lucy again, and if she did not answer, yet again, and ask her to meet him in the accustomed place. He had nothing to offer her but an old house, a load of debts, and a worked-out farm, but he knew now that he loved her and had loved her all his life, and he yearned to tell her so. His thirst to see her was like that of a man dying for water in a desert, he panted for her as the hart panteth for the water-brooks, but as the days went by and she neither came nor answered, he resolutely turned his eyes from her windows. He met her once walking with Cousin Sarah, and noted with agony that she was whiter, lovelier, more like a snowdrop than ever, she who had always been snowdrop-fair. They bowed as they passed, and did not speak, but Joel could have sworn that there was a look in Lucy's eyes that showed that she remembered. Yet she made no sign and she flitted away in the autumn when the birds went, with as little thought apparently, of what she left behind.

And winter set in, hard and biting. Mrs. Harmon was worse. She must have a doctor; she must have a nurse; she must have this and that. Money not only ran but galloped away; nothing could be earned, no interest could be paid on the debts. A horse was carried off by one creditor, part of the hay by another, and a third, whose security had been the law library of Joel's grandfather, laid violent hands upon it one bitter morning and removed it bodily, with the tall case in which it stood. That mahogany case, filling one end of the sitting-room, with its faded blue silk curtains behind glass doors, its writing-table, its shelves of calf-bound books, seemed as much a part of the house as its very walls, and it was like looking up and missing the sky to see the room without it. All the favorites of Joel's boyhood were in the lower shelves,—all his grandfather's books,—for his father, who had arrived at a low ebb of the family fortunes, had not been "Collegelant" and had never been a reader. "Undine" and "Sintram" and "The Amber Witch" were there, "The Con-

quest of Mexico," "Don Quixote," Milton and the little fat green volumes of Shakespeare. They formed no part of the creditor's lien, which purported to be on law-books only, but what did Joel care?

His mother was dying, his fortunes were dying, his hopes were dying, and everything material appearing to have begun on a downward course, there seemed no use in trying to check it. What was life without Lucy, anyway? When the grim tragedy of his mother's days had been played to the end, he would fling away somewhere and the old place should know him no more.

Eliza Harmon died in the early spring, after Joel had passed a winter of Siberian hardship and suffering, and a good-natured neighbor had hardly set the house to rights after the funeral when word came that "Cousin Sarah" had passed away suddenly three days before, and that the Lord mansion would be opened for the funeral.

"My land!" cried the neighbor. "Can't one o' them Lords never die 'thout draggin' a Harmon 'long with him? If I was a Harmon I'd be scairt to walk over their graves, for fear't they'd reach out a hand and pull me in!"

The summer after the double funeral was the longest of Joel's life, he thought, although Lucy still stayed on at the Lord Mansion. It could hardly be said that he missed his mother, for she had never given him either sympathy or companionship, but he missed the constant occupation which care of her exacted, and all object or reason for going on with life seemed absent. He did the necessary things, the planting and hoeing, the care of the old horse and cow and the housework in which he could obtain only occasional help. He went through the haying automatically, with a neighbor's help, and did it as well as usual, though he could hardly have told you as he rode on the mowing-machine what field he was in at any given moment. He went to meeting, too, with great exactness and regularity, and rose up and sat down in the proper places, though he never heard a word of hymn or sermon, and never saw anything but Lucy's white cheek, long lashes, and soft fair hair under her



wide leghorn hat. He often marvelled at his own lassitude, his own hopelessness, his own lack of savor in life, which would indeed have been marvellous at his age, did one not take into account his years of bondage and suffering, of hard fare, unceasing anxiety and disappointed ambitions. Lucy knew them all, and felt them all. She saw that his shoulders had begun to droop a little, that his eyes were heavy, and his face lined. She knew that she had in herself and in her surroundings everything that he wanted, everything that he needed, and she asked no fate more blessed than to bestow them upon him, but alas! he gave her no opportunity. She heard his name whenever it was mentioned no matter what the hum of conversation. She could have told you every incident of his career for years past, for he was, as he had always been, the one engrossing interest of her life, just as she had always been of his. All these things were true, and yet the owners of the two houses, only a meadow's breadth apart, could have been no further separated, had the whole range of the Himalayas risen between them.

August came, the stress of haying was over, the helper dismissed, and Joel was wondering what the next thing was to be, and whether the time had not come at last for a venture in the dark, somewhere, anywhere, when one hot, heavy, noon-tide the knocker clanged on his long-silent front door. He hurried to answer, and was amazed to find there, Asa Turner, he to whom the House of Harmon had long been in bondage; he had carried away in the early spring the mahogany bookcase and the law library. Moved by the old feelings, his heart gave a sudden leap of fear at the sight of the wrinkled face, the gnarled hands and the black coat which had so long been heralds of disaster in the family, but he remembered as suddenly that he owed the man nothing now, and had no reason for apprehension.

"Good-day, Joel," said Turner briskly. "I've come down on a matter of private business with you this morning. I'll step in, I guess. It's terrible hot here on the doorstep!"

Joel with a curt bow, held the door open and ushered his visitor into the shuttered parlor, whose close atmosphere seemed still to hold the breath of funerals. "Take a seat, Mr. Turner," he said, "though you've got no business with me that I know of, and are not likely to have, either."

"Well, Joel," said his visitor mildly, looking about the room with an appraising eye, "you're the first Harmon to say that for a good few years, for I've accommodated your family, off and on, since your grandfather's time. I didn't say, though, that you had any business with me, if you remember. I remarked that I had a little private matter to mention to you."

"Comes to the same thing, I expect," said Joel, flushing, "and I tell you I don't want to borrow any money, Mr. Turner, and I'll burn my buildings to the ground before I do it."

"Come, hold your horses, Joel," advised Turner, who appeared to be in an unusually amiable mood. "Fair and softly, goes far in a day. I ain't offering to lend you any money, though if all I hear's true, you may be in need of it before long. I've come here to return you some things that was in that old bookcase, that I took as security for my loan to your father of —"

"I don't want to hear anything about that old bookcase," blazed Joel, "nor your loan, nor any other man's. I've been weighed down with 'em ever since I saw the light of day in this house."

"Let me say what I come to say," urged his hearer, now a little roused. "I may have lent money to your father and your grandfather, but I don't know's I ever forced it on 'em, and no man ever accused me of taking more than my just due. I want to return you some things that *ain't* my due, and don't belong to me," and he bent down to open a bag he had set on the floor beside him, and took out a number of volumes. "These," he said, "form no part of your grandfather's law library, which I took as security for my loan to your father of —"

"I told you I didn't want to hear anything about it," growled Joel stubbornly.

"Well, don't hear, then, you dunder-

head," shouted Turner, "jest take your pesky books," and as he held them out, Joel suddenly recognized the faded covers of the old Milton, the fat Shakespeare, and the other favorites of his boyhood.

He took them mechanically and set them down beside him on the haircloth sofa, his wrath suddenly extinguished by the flood of old memories that swept over him as he touched their familiar pages.

Turner noted his changed attitude and went on with his errand.

"There was a good many papers in the old bookcase, too," he said, adding hastily as he saw a flash in his hearer's eye, "but nothing of any importance, Joel, just blank leases and old account books, and such. I've brought 'em all back. And there was a good many letters too; I've found 'em quite interestin' readin'. There was a cousin of your mother's out to Californy — Marthy — I think was her name, that wrote a real nice letter. She told your mother all about the places she went to, the Yosemite, and the Big Trees and things like that, and it was better'n a book to read what she said about 'em."

"I'm glad you found my family correspondence interesting," commented Joel in an ominous tone. "Were there any other letters?" sharply.

"Yes, there was," said old Turner, slowly, "there was a good many of one kind an' another, and amongst 'em," and he bent again to the bag, "was a package marked *Joel's Letters*," and tied around with an old piece o' yarn. The yarn broke and the wrapper come off and I see they hadn't none of 'em been opened, and that they was marked different, inside."

Here he held out a little packet to the young man, who rose to take it, seeing as he did so on the uppermost paper, in his own boyish hand, the old-remembered,

*"L At the Lm Tree."*

Joel spoke no word; he stood there in the shadow of the shuttered parlor with his eyes fixed on the yellowing papers, utterly regardless of Asa Turner's inquisitive gaze. He said no word and made no comment, and as far as Turner was concerned none was needed. He knew well enough who "L" was and where the "Lm-tree" was, and for that matter could hazard a shrewd guess as

to why the defrauded "L" had never received her letters.

Feeling, however, that the young man before him was of an unusual stamp, not at all resembling his neighbors, and likely to do unexpected things, he rose to his feet after a measurable interval of time, coughed, straightened his shoulders, and murmured something about a long drive and a hot day, must be starting, etc.

This seemed to awaken his host to some consciousness of what was going on around him, for he hastily thrust the papers in his pocket and his former animosity apparently quite gone, made hospitable proffers of refreshment, which were one and all refused on the ground of a business call to be made at once in the village.

His wheels had hardly rattled away, when closing and locking his doors Joel snatched his straw hat and, a tumult of excitement in his heart, sought the deepest recesses of his own woods, there to think the matter over and to read unseen the records of his boyish passion. He resolutely put the matter quite out of his thoughts until lying on the brown pine needles, the breath of the forest about him, he could open the long-sealed envelopes. He knew now the reason of Lucy's changed attitude; he knew why she had never answered what she had never received, and he knew, too,—he had guessed on the instant,—that his mother's jealous eye had been ever on him in her later years, and that she had regularly taken from the old desk, whatever he had put in, before Lucy could arrive. It was all perfectly clear, perfectly plain, and almost as hopeless. A wrong had been done that could not be redressed, a breach had been opened that could not be closed. They were man and woman now, and far apart as the poles.

He read the time-stained papers with tense interest and sharply-drawn breath, though some of them would have been almost illegible, had not his knowledge of the time in which they were written helped him to interpret. There were a dozen in all, perhaps, three of four dating back to boyhood days when he remembered that they had sometimes mysteriously disappeared, and the rest to the



vacation when Lucy had first returned from school, and to the following season. In among them—the only one—was a blotted note from Lucy herself, written evidently on the day when she had learned that she was to be sent away, the day after she had sat beside him in the thunderstorm.

*"Oh Joel," it ran, "can't you help me, can't you do something? Cousin Sarah is going to send me away to school and I just can't bear to leave, (here you had been written and hurriedly erased, and the old house submitted) "can't bear to leave the old house and everybody I love. Meet me here to-night and wait for me till I can get away without Cousin Sarah's seeing me. I know you'll help me.*

*Ever your Lucy."*

"Ever his Lucy," thought Joel with a half sob as he read the girlish note, "Ever his Lucy," then. Never his Lucy, again, and he bowed his head on the pine needles to wrestle with his grief in the silence, crying "Too late! Too late!" over the packet of yellow letters.

\* \* \* \* \*

The day of the returned letters had been a surly one, hot, moist, with a dull sun that gave no joy, and a humid wind that brought no refreshment. The old Harmon house, though all its tiny-paned windows were open and its bare rooms had been shuttered since mid-morning, was close and oppressive when Joel returned. He regarded his kitchen stove with loathing, his dining-room table with disgust, and carried a bowl of bread and milk out under the apple-trees by the kitchen door. He could see Lucy's chimneys from where he sat—he was on the wrong side of the house to see more—but he was not thinking of her consciously then, any more than of the perfume of the bass-wood tree where the bees had been humming all day long. Night fell and his usual tasks completed he drearily sought the apple-trees again, not with any hope of coolness, but because four walls, lighted lamps and books were out of key on such an evening. The mosquitoes swarmed about him in clouds, there was a haze around the moon, the air was

spongy with moisture, and the grass wet, as if with rain. Wandering down the road he could see Lucy's light in her high chamber window, and concluded that she too had found the world a wretched spot to live in and had betaken herself to bed.

As he closed his own windows down-stairs and took out the wire screens he slammed them down viciously, thinking what trouble housekeeping was, and how one never had a thing open but that it had to be shut, or shut, but that it required opening.

His broad, low bedstead up-stairs looked inviting enough. The white valances were in spotless order, and the patchwork quilt with its Turkish-red stars on a white ground hung with geometrical precision. Yet Joel viewed it with no pleasure and long sat brooding in his father's arm-chair in the open window, looking at nothing, unless it might have been Lucy's light.

Suddenly it went out, and the watcher rose as suddenly as if the play were over and the audience dismissed. He declared to himself that he was as restless as a tiger and shouldn't sleep a wink, that he was too miserable to sleep anyway, but he had hardly touched the pillow when a heaviness as of chloroform overpowered him and suddenly he fell on slumber.

How long a time went by in unquiet sleep he could not say. For hours there were dull mutterings of thunder which he wove into the fabric of his dreams, and at length a sudden, deafening, awe-striking crash and roar,—such a crash as we may hear when worlds are blown to atoms in the great Judgment day.

Almost at the same moment as the dread sound, and as if lifted by it, Joel found himself at the open window, confusedly believing that the Lord mansion had been blown up with dynamite. No, there it stood, but the whole sky was hung with a vivid, trembling curtain of lightning. Alive it seemed to be and palpitating with an intense, searing flame. Ah, Lucy, poor Lucy, thought Joel, and a swift, overwhelming impulse to fly to her rescue took hold upon him.

He threw on some clothing, stumbled down-stairs, caught a soft cap from the

hall table, and as he opened the side door all the waters of heaven were let loose upon him. The curtain of lightning was unrolled again, and with a terrible roar and crashing of branches the Boundary Elm fell straight across his path, stricken through the heart! A rod farther and the dear old tree, pitiless in its death-throes, would have crushed him like an earth-worm, but he was unhurt in spite of all, and still Lucy's light called him as he stumbled on.

. . . . .

And what of the watcher in the old Lord Mansion? Her afternoon had been like Joel's, wretched, uneasy and restless. No one had come to see her, though she had never been so lonely; work had held no charm, and her evening cup of tea had lost its usual savour. Strangely enough, a thunder-storm had never occurred to her as on the way, though her tense nerves might have warned her of electrical commotion in the air.

The crash of doom will never sound louder to a sinner's ear than that first long-remembered thunder-bolt that rived the great pine-tree in the Harmon woods and woke the sleeping village. Lucy was awake in an anguish of fear and standing in the middle of the floor while the peal still echoed, had thrown on the storm gown and slippers, which were always within reach, and pulled down her windows almost before the tornado began. She seized her tiny night-lamp and flew down the stairs, pursued by the terrible artillery of the hail upon the attic roof. Setting the lamp upon the tall mantelshelf, and pulling the old haircloth sofa out from the wall she crouched upon it in an ecstasy of fear and with an unceasing low cry upon her lips, "Oh, Lord, help me! Oh, Lord, help me not to be so frightened! Oh, God, remember that I'm alone and send me strength and courage."

Inky blackness and blinding light followed each other in regular succession against her window panes; the roar and crash without were almost more than mortal ear could bear, when faint, far off and feeble, she seemed to hear a cry

of "Lucy, Lucy . . ." No, it was but fancy, there was no sound. What could there be, but the roar of water and the shriek of the wind? . . . . . Ah, there it was again. "Lucy, Lucy," and oh, thank God for the miracle, surely it was Joel's beloved voice! She did not rise from her place, she only half-believed, even now, nor did she move at first, when with a sudden battering upon the door she heard again the call of "Lucy, Lucy!" It was only when it changed into a tone tense with fear, "Lucy, Lucy, are you *dead?*" that she rose feebly to her feet. She shot the bolt, turned the key with trembling fingers, and on the step, white-faced, hatless, coatless, his hair blowing in the tempest, dripping like a merman, stood Joel. He looked like a wraith, like a ghost of a drowned man; she half-believed that he had come to her from the dead; yet, or perhaps because of the thought, she staggered into his arms without a thought, without a qualm, as she had done in baby days, and the faithful arms opened, as they had ever done to receive her. Her movement was as natural as the swift flight of the hurt child to its mother, and as naturally, Joel half led, half carried her to the old haircloth sofa. There, brooding over her with low words of comfort and protection he whispered. "Lucy, my poor little Lucy, my poor frightened Lucy!" while the tears ran down his cheeks and the rain dripped from his hair. Roaring, crashing without the storm went on and on, and Lucy lay in her lover's arms, silent, save for the long, shuddering sighs that shook her frame. . . . . By and by they grew quieter, and as the storm died, they died also, except when now and then came an exhausted gasp like that of a sobbing child.

"You're not frightened now, Lucy?" whispered Joel, bending down to her pale cheek, as the lightning blazed across the sky once more.

"Not now," . . . . . she answered feebly, . . . . . "I believe—I shan't ever be—any—more—Joel," . . . . . and on a sudden the old haircloth sofa glowed with all delight and arose as an island of calm in a wide ocean of tempest.



## A FAMILY OF FOUNDLINGS

By WILLIAM H. HUSE

IT was on the afternoon of the nineteenth of June that two little orphans poked their black-and-white noses out from under my barn. I am quite sure that they were orphans for if they had been under a mother's care they would hardly have ventured forth at that time of the day and in a place so full of enemies, and I am very doubtful if they ever saw their father. The temptation was too strong to be resisted and I made a dash for one. It was probably the first time he had ever met an enemy but the instinct inherited from thousands of ancestors sent his little tail up and his aim was as good as if he had had months of practice. The odor was neither so strong nor so lasting as that of an adult, for the application of a little water and deodorizer was so effective that but little odor was noticeable the next morning. While this little program was in progress the other baby escaped but I was determined not to lose the one I had started for and placed my foot in front of the hole. As he approached and was looking about to see what had become of the door of his home, I picked him up by the tail and placed him in a box.

The next day a box trap was placed outside the hole and baited with meat. Before dark another—I was not sure it was the one I had seen—was secured. The following Thursday evening two more were seen under the street light looking for tidbits. One of these was captured. The other escaped and was killed later in the night by a passerby. The next Sunday evening two more were seen to crawl stealthily out from the family abode. These were secured without fright and consequently without odor. When the hay was removed from the mow a little later the winter home of the

mother was discovered with the various chambers and passage-ways that showed due regard for neatness as well as comfort. The remains of a partly grown fowl gave evidence of at least one good meal during the previous season.

The appetites of the youngsters were the first things to be taken into consideration. They took readily to milk and this, with the addition of bread and occasional pieces of meat, has been their principal food. Worms and insects were tried. They ate them readily but it was too much work to provide a sufficient supply for a regular diet. Bread was given them dry for a while but after they had had a taste of it soaked in milk they would eat it dry only after they found that they were to get nothing else. Cake was devoured with eagerness. Cheese was eaten but not with special avidity. A chocolate cream was eaten but a second one was refused. A summer pear tree stood over the pen where they were kept and they showed a decided liking for fruit as soon as the ripe pears began to fall. All the jammed and partly decayed fruit from several pear trees was thrown into the pen and would be promptly cleaned up during the night. This was the time of their greatest activity. During the day they were quiet. When they were young they were given warm milk night and morning. As they and their appetites grew and the amount of milk that they needed increased, they were finally changed to skimmed milk. At first they resented the change and seemed to turn up their noses, as far as they could, but drank it before morning when they found that they were to get nothing else. They knew the time they were to be fed and would always be ready for me as I entered the pen, crowding about my feet



"THEY CAN BE HANDLED WITH PERFECT SAFETY"

like so many puppies so that I had to be careful not to step on them. Indeed, once I found myself standing on the long nails of a front foot with the owner patiently waiting for me to get off.

Their appetites for some kinds of meat seemed to change as they grew older. Perhaps it was because they had enough to eat, more than if they had had to get

their own living, and were not so hungry, but by mid-summer they would not seize a piece of meat from the hand so eagerly as they did at first, though it would be eaten in time if left in the pen. This was not the case however, with freshly killed chicken. The odor of warm chicken blood would set their bodies quivering with excitement and the eager leap showed the





"A CHICKEN'S HEAD WAS HELD NEAR HIM"

cropping out of their wild instinct. When there was but one piece, as a chicken's head, it was amusing to watch the scramble for the prize. Their excitement or anger at such times would vent itself in vigorous squeals and at least once in the emission of their characteristic odor, which was apparently not aimed at the opponent but was an involuntary accom-

paniment of anger. An attempt was made to photograph one in the act of seizing a piece of meat. A chicken's head was held near him. A stealthy approach, a quick leap, and the head was in the skunk's jaws too soon for a snapshot. He was chased to a corner, the head taken away from him and another attempt made. This time a stout string was passed

through the throat and in this way the head was held while an exposure was made. After this the body of the chicken was pinned to the ground and the five were turned loose upon it. They enjoyed one of their best meals while their likenesses were leisurely taken. In a remarkably short time there was nothing left of the chicken but a few feathers. The strength of their jaws is sufficient to crush most any chicken bone, while their teeth are as sharp as a cat's. These facts make it a little remarkable that they seldom attempt to use their teeth for defense. Only twice since we have had them have they attempted to bite. Once the teeth pinched my finger, but the fact that it was but slightly felt showed that there was no serious intention on the part of the biter.

Early in the fall as the baby coats were being shed the little fellows looked so thin and shabby that I feared that a life

of confinement did not agree with them, but as the weather grew colder and their winter coats grew longer they rapidly increased in sleekness and beauty. Later, when some where caught in traps, it was found that those in confinement and fed on bread and milk were much the fatter. In fact, when they were ready for winter quarters they were the fattest skunks I have ever seen.

In the daytime they were sleepy and quiet, but were active at night, especially in warm weather. When young their activity was manifested in play, like all young animals. On moonlight evenings when they thought themselves alone, it was amusing to see them promenade and chase one another about the pen. Sometimes alone, sometimes two or three together, they would race across the yard, frequently coming to a sudden stop in front of a companion which they would greet or challenge with several loud



"THEIR LIKENESSES WERE LEISURELY TAKEN"



stamps of the front feet. This seemed to be a sort of defiance as they were often seen to do this when there was no doubt about their being provoked or angry. Sometimes they would do this to one another, sometimes to persons standing near the pen. As cold weather approached and they neared maturity two of the males began to fight with stampings, squeals, show of teeth and the emission of odor that kept the pen perfumed for some time, until we decided to kill them.

Although they have so recently shown a disposition to fight one another when molested they can be picked up like kittens and handled with perfect safety. Several things have been learned by experience about these useful but much despised little animals. They use their peculiar weapon solely for defense and only when alarmed or angry. They are easily tamed and quickly become docile. The best way to pick one up is not by the tail but by the body like any other

animal. The old and often quoted idea that a skunk cannot throw out its scent when held by the tail has been very convincingly disproved by a member of my family in bringing home the female that is now wintering in the stable with the rest. Although it did its best (or worst) at that time, only two months ago, it can now be handled as familiarly as any of them, to the extent of being held in the lap or arms or being brought into the house with perfect safety. They are exceedingly neat, never allowing any filth in or near their nests if they can help it.

At the time of writing it is late in December when skunks are supposed to begin to hibernate. These show less activity than earlier in the season but come out of their boxes at night for the food that is put in for them. Occasionally, but not often, they are seen in the daytime. Whenever their boxes are opened they are wide awake and ready to run about.



# HISTORIC HAPPENINGS ON BOSTON COMMON

## II.—PAGEANTS OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

By MARION FLORENCE LANSING

**I**N the twenty-five years before and after the Revolution there was nothing the people of Boston liked better than to get up out-of-door celebrations to commemorate some special occasion. It has been said that a nation can be judged by her holidays. Massachusetts could almost have the history of this period read in her public festivities. Again and again the morning was "ushered in" with the ringing of bells and the beat of drums, and the day was celebrated, as a writer of the time concisely puts it, with "guns, bells, pomps, shows, sports, and fireworks—by Oratorical Ascriptions and solemn Acts of Devotion to Almighty God." And there were few pageants that did not have for their centre the wide fields of Boston Common.

Boston was just the size for this kind of celebration. She was a town of some twenty-five hundred houses, with eighteen to twenty thousand inhabitants, and was so separated from the mainland that she was almost an island. Lumbering stage-coaches, driving across the narrow neck from Dorchester, and ferries to Charlestown, or from the foot of the Common to Cambridge, were still the only means of connection with the mainland, although the leading men were beginning to talk of a mill-dam across the Charles. So the people were closely united in their aims and their interests, and any celebration could count on the support of rich and poor alike.

If the people enjoyed getting up these pageants, the newspaper reporters enjoyed writing them up even more. So eloquently do they discourse on their

charms that we are almost ready to believe with them that America had never before witnessed an equal to their exhibitions,—nor was it likely that she soon would again,—while they "exceeded anything of the kind Europe could boast of." So carried away are we by the picture of the little town brilliantly illuminated by bonfires and lights in the windows so that it looked almost as if it were ablaze, and the streets as bright as day, that we forget that it had been a great event in 1774, when a number of lamps were set up on the narrow, crooked little streets, and for the first time lighted for the safety of passers-by in the evening. And the crowds! never were there seen so many persons of both sexes walking about as appeared on one of these evenings,—this being also an occasion observed with so "universal and unaffected a joy," that "the Churl and Niggard became generous, and even the poor forgot their poverty." Truly those were the good old days, and we who are renewing the custom of pageants in an effort to observe our national holidays more fittingly may well look back with envy and admiration on these happy gatherings when the victories of liberty were celebrated by a truly democratic people.

Nothing did more to draw the line between King's man and Patriot than the quartering of British troops on Boston Common in the fall of 1768. The right of free speech had been threatened in the preceding summer by the peremptory dissolution of the General Court by the royal governor. But this was more than a preliminary difficulty over charter



rights; this was an open reflection on the people's loyalty, and as such it roused great bitterness. A thousand British soldiers had landed one day and marched from Long Wharf through the narrow streets to the Common. There part of them had pitched their tents, while the rest incurred still further the wrath of the patriots by taking possession of Faneuil Hall, long the headquarters of the Sons of Liberty. The Bostonians had taken no pains to accommodate these unwelcome guests. There is an amusing tale of the efforts of the British officers as winter came on and the Common became a chilly camping ground, to obtain possession of the Manufactory House, built in 1720, for the spinning industry, on Tremont street opposite the Common. The house was held on a twelve year lease from the General Court by a patriotic Mr. Brown who declined to give it up unless ordered by the General Court. As no one dared convene this body nothing could be done along that line, and the soldiers looked longingly across from their wind-swept pastures at this comfortable building. At last the sheriff, determined to get in somehow, climbed through a hole in the cellar with a few of his deputies, intending from this vantage point to seize the house. But he reckoned without his host. To his great chagrin he found himself a prisoner in the cellar, and there he would have stayed until it was the good pleasure of Mr. Brown and his friends to let him out, had not a company of soldiers, getting wind of it, marched over from the Common and released him. Even they got no farther than the cellar, and after this episode Mr. Brown was left in untroubled possession of his property.

For a year and a half the troops remained in Boston, till at last, after the so-called Boston massacre, they were removed at the insistence of the people. During their stay the General Court when convened, had refused to transact any business until they were removed, and had consequently been adjourned to Cambridge,—an indignity which they resented sorely. Two months after the departure of the troops on the day when

the General Court should have met in Boston, and when, according to the charter, councillors should have been elected, a few gentlemen, "friends to the rights of America and mankind," determined to hold the festival of election day in spite of the fact that the General Court was meeting across the river and that there were to be no Boston elections. Wishing to attract a big crowd and thus foster the patriotic zeal of the people, they announced in the papers that an ox was to be roasted whole on the Common, and given to the poor and prisoners.

This notice served its purpose well, as the gentlemen had doubtless known it would. On the afternoon before the holiday the ox, decorated with ribbons, flowers, and streamers of all colors, was drawn through the streets in a wagon. In the morning a band of musicians paraded the town, summoning every one to the Common, where the ox was "put to fire." The novelty of the show had brought in hundreds of countrymen who stood about watching the spectacle. While the crowds were being entertained in this way, the leading men went to church and to a banquet at Faneuil Hall, where in a program of twenty-two toasts they combined their good wishes for the king, queen, and royal progeny, with their warm sentiments toward their sister colonies who are opposing ministerial tyranny, to all advocates of American freedom, all persecuted patriots, and last of all "to our suffering Brethren at Cambridge, whose hearts are with us, while their bodies are unconstitutionally torn from us."

The ardor of the people who spent their day on the Common must have been fed by the thought of the recent expulsion of British troops from those very fields, and the gratitude of the poor was stirred toward those who presented them in the late afternoon with the ox, permitting them thus to "share temperately the festivity of the day."

It was after this that the military organizations deemed it well to make themselves strong. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company adopted a new uniform, blue with white lapels

and yellow buttons, and selected for the drums and fifes of each company white cloth coats with blue lapels and trimmed with gold binding. To the patriots of Boston, whose eyes were weary with the red coats of the British, the sight of their own soldiers drilling with precision on the training ground was wonderfully cheering. They felt confident as they watched the companies, that they were able to vie with the best troops in the king's service, and felt correspondingly reassured. That they needed this regular drill was very apparent. A company of militia was practicing with a target on the beach at the foot of the Common when the officer in charge noticed that a countryman who stood near was looking on laughing. When pressed he explained that he was laughing at the shooting. The officer asked him if he could do better, and without a moment's hesitation he gave them an exhibition of marksmanship that was long remembered in that camp.

That they succeeded in their efforts is plain from the history of the ensuing years. These were the militia of whom Washington when he reviewed them fifteen years later on Cambridge Common said, "Ah! General, if we had had such troops as these, we should have made short work of it."

In the next years events followed thick and fast. After the Tea Party, bonfires were kindled on the Common, and the townspeople were urged to throw into them any tea they had in their possession. On one occasion at least, the patriots went farther and confiscated the cask of tea which a Dorchester gentleman had rescued as it was bobbing about in the water after the destroyers had thrown it overboard. The burning of this cask on the Common was a lesson to all that if they had not brought their tea, it would be as well to do so.

Once more the troops returned to Boston and encamped in even larger numbers than before on the Common, fortifying it with cannon, earthworks, and redoubts, of which the traces were visible well into the nineteenth century. As Oliver Wendell Holmes has put it,

"The war-horse stamps, the bayonets shine."

"Over all the open green

Where grazed of late the harmless kine,

The cannon's deepening ruts are seen."

How the patriots resented this use of their common land, we can scarcely realize. A little of their bitterness shows in the terse comment of John Andrews, who lived on Tremont street, on the corner of the present West street, when the troops were forced to leave their tents for wooden barracks. "It is hoped," he writes, "that the cows will once more have the privilege of grazing upon the Common."

The boys of the town made their indignation known when the soldiers strewed ashes on their favorite coasting place on the Common. They went to General Gage and protested that it was theirs by right, and he gave orders that the place be kept free for them, remarking as he did so, "Even their boys fight for them."

On the seventeenth of March the British evacuated the town, leaving the starving population to repair as best they could the damage that had been done in the long siege, and by the middle of July the people were ready to rejoice over the news of the Declaration of Independence, proclaimed with all solemnity from the balcony of the old State-House. This occasion the people celebrated by going through the town and taking down every king's arms, every sign with any resemblance to lion and crown, pestle, mortar and crown, and every other sign that belonged to a Tory and burning it in a central bonfire. Then they went to work to build up again their city as an independent city of a free country. They had suffered from a heavy pestilence of smallpox and one of the most disastrous fires in their history; their population had been cut down to less than seven thousand; and their homes had been entered and wantonly maltreated by the British soldiers. But they went cheerfully to work to reorganize their old town government and to pick up the threads of their old life. The news of the surrender of Cornwallis, coming in the fall



of 1781, was received with the enthusiasm it deserved, closing as it did the Revolution, and in the evening the people assembled as of yore about the Common where a huge pyramid of cord-wood, fifty feet high, was piled up and lighted.

It was six years after the close of the war that the present Constitution of the United States was adopted, and the strong central government established. There had been great dissatisfaction in all the states over the government under the Articles of the Confederation, and especially in Massachusetts where commerce was tied up and trade paralyzed by the uncertainties of the administration. Still Massachusetts had always been a very independent colony, and it was very much afraid that the Constitution would interfere with its rights as a state. There was great anxiety over the outcome of the state convention which met in Long Lane,—called ever after in honor of the event, Federal street,—to pass upon this matter. It was a close fight, won for the Constitution by a majority of only nineteen in a convention of three hundred and fifty-four delegates, but it went the way the people wished and they went wild over the result. At a critical time when the outcome was undecided, the mechanics and artisans of Boston, who were most affected by the conditions of trade, had met under the leadership of Paul Revere and expressed their wish for the strong central government. They felt, and doubtless rightly, that they had had some share in the victory, and they resolved to make its celebration their own affair.

The pageant which the mechanics organized was so elaborate and so representative of the time, that it is of unique importance in the pictures of Boston life. It was a trade procession, in which were represented the trades, tools, and customs of a forgotten day. To lead the line the citizens of Roxbury had prepared an exhibit which should show all the stages of agriculture. A group of foresters came first, armed with axes and scythes with which to cut away the underbrush and clear the land. Behind them two horses and two yoke of oxen drew a plough to turn up the furrows, and they

were followed by the men who, in their turns, should care for the grain from the moment it fell into the ground until it was harvested. There were sowers, scattering the seeds as they went, reapers, threshers, mowers with their scythes decorated with ribbons, haymakers with their rakes, husbandmen and winnowers. The final tableau of the drama of the seed was a cart with flax dressers sitting at their work of preparing the finished product.

Beyond this agricultural exhibit stretched an innumerable line of mechanics and artisans, each with his proper equipment,—an array of which a wag of the day wrote wittily:

“So straightway they procession made,—

Lord! how nation fine, sir!

For every man of every trade

Went with his tools to dine, sir!”

The long procession, led by seventy-three blacksmiths and closed by horn-button and comb makers, a miller, and twenty leather dressers clothed in skins of their own making, embraced the whole field of labor of that day. There were pewterers and coppersmiths, coopers and coach-makers, book-binders and saddlers, hatters and tallow-chandlers,—the latter carrying a miniature press and moulds,—and every other sort of mechanic. Most of all we notice the preponderance of men who had to do in some way with the making of ships, either by making rope in the ropewalks that lined the Charles at the bottom of the Common, or in building masts, weaving sails, etc. The presence of these men keeps us from forgetting that the Boston of this day was the most thriving commercial port of the colonies.

The ship-builders were given the place of honor in the parade, for it was from them that the symbolism of the occasion had been borrowed. Twenty of them escorted a sled,—the parade was in February,—drawn by thirteen horses, to represent the thirteen colonies, which bore a large longboat, the old ship Confederation. Over it had been built a roof to indicate that this was a dockyard, and the old vessel was hauled up. Separated from this exhibit by another group of

mechanics was a fine new boat, the Constitution, mounted directly on runners. She was hailed by cheers along every street of the march. She was manned by thirteen seamen and drawn by thirteen horses,—this time an emblem of the hope that all the colonies would be represented in the United States that was to be. Full colors were flying from her masts, and eighty-five seamen, jaunty in gay ribbons, marched behind her, while in the close vicinity were two hundred and fifty merchants, whose support would be one of the mainstays of the new republic.

In the evening, the old ship Confederation was drawn to the Common, where the officers, owners and crew called in a jury of carpenters to inspect her carefully. After they had examined every part, finding her bottom defective, her timber and planks rotten, and the whole utterly unstable, they were unanimous in their verdict to condemn her as unfit for any active service. She was accordingly ordered to be set on fire, and was burnt before an applauding concourse of citizens. There is something in the realism of such a demonstration that makes us feel that the appeal of one of the papers for a similar occasion was sincerely responded to, and that the people considered these celebrations tests of Americanism, and made them in very truth the "free-will offering of grateful Constituents to the Political Fathers of the Country."

Once more these men crossed the Common in a long procession, but this time the flags were at half-mast and the beating of drums was muffled. They were bearing from his home on Beacon street, the body of Governor John Hancock,

long the most conspicuous figure of the Revolutionary town and the first and oft-re-elected governor of the newly formed state. For eight days his body had lain in state, and tens of thousands of mourners, come from all over the state, had passed in and out to gaze upon their leader for the last time. Now they had met to do honor to his memory in a funeral procession which took an hour and a half to cross the Common. In the order of march was included a place for every member of the community, from the President, Corporation, and Instructors of Harvard University, to the "Strangers, and Those not otherwise enumerated." There were the selectmen, the judges and barristers in their black gowns and immense wigs, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, whom Hancock had so often reviewed, and the Cadets of whom he had been Colonel. In every part of the life of the town he had had a share, and as the procession made its slow way across the Common, past the stand where, by his generosity, a band had played for the people on summer afternoons, the marching companies were turning over,—had they known it,—a leaf of history. With the passing of Hancock and a group of aristocrats like him, with their gorgeous plum-colored coats and white ruffles, their picturesque stage coaches, and their free-handed hospitality, there passed from Boston life something of the atmosphere of royalty that the democratic town could never replace. From that day the judges discarded the robes with red velvet bands and hoods which had been their garb and appeared thereafter in simple black silk. The Revolution had done its work.

## FULLNESS

By GRANT B. SWEATMAN

A daily task that halts, with sharp arrest,  
Upon the verge of vaster mystery.  
And, ever near, brown eyes that seem to speak  
Of some devouter nearness yet to be!





THE BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING

# A GREAT OBJECT LESSON

By ELDRIDGE KING

*For the Boston Chamber of Commerce*

"The time has come," as the Walrus truly said, "to talk of many things, of shoes and ships and sealing-wax, and cabbages and Kings."

The time has indeed come for New England to talk much of these vital things. To talk of her shoes, with which the world is shod; to talk of her ships, that she builds for many nations; her sealing-wax—perhaps that means her countless little industries; her cabbages—surely that means her agriculture. And her kings—yes, her kings of finance; the time has most certainly come to talk of them, and to talk to them, heart to heart.

"Why are you giving your pocket-book wings to fly westward, Mr. King of Finance? Why are you irrigating Oregon, digging copper in Montana, building railroads across the prairies, cornering real estate in Oklahoma? Don't you see these tall chimneys that shadow your own cities? Don't you know that here is your opportunity, here your dividends? Hadn't we better sit down together and talk about our shoes and ships and other things?"

Not only the kings of finance, but upward of 300,000 other New England folk are going to be talked to on this subject in October, 1911, when the Boston Chamber of Commerce holds a great exposition of New England's manufacturing and other industries in Mechanics Hall, Boston. After months of study of the situation, the Boston organization of merchants and manufacturers announced late in July that it was ready to go ahead with this tremendous enterprise. It is to be conducted by the Chamber of Commerce committee on trade extension, of which Walter M. Lowney, the well-known

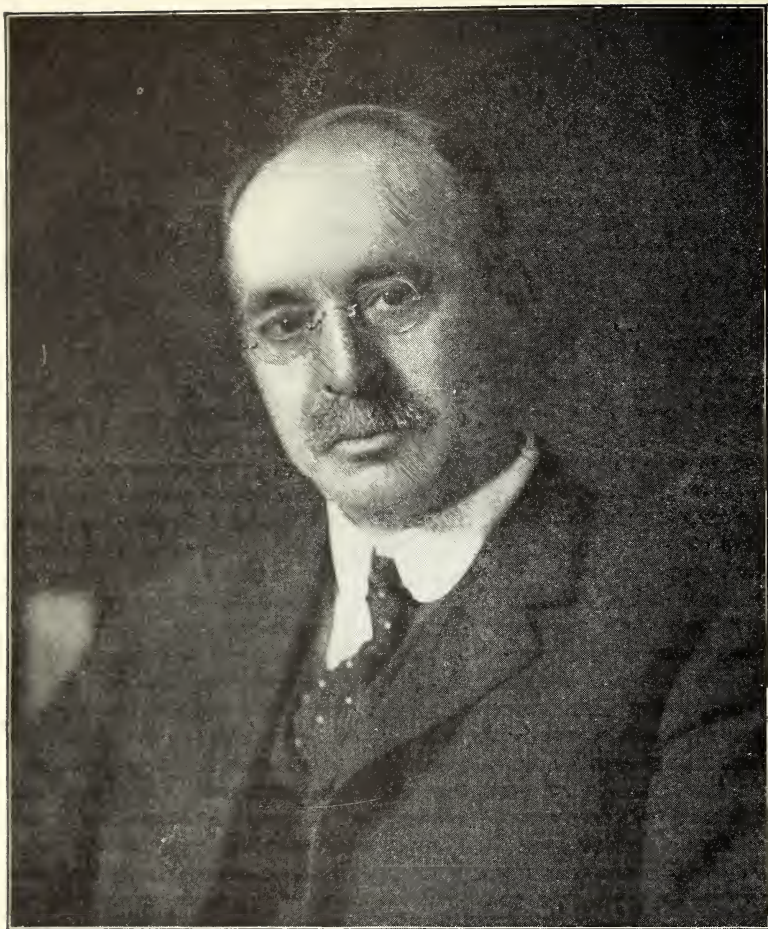
manufacturer of chocolate, is chairman.

A month of continuous "talking" by such an exposition will be wholesome for New England. She sorely needs to know herself. Her manufacturers have been toiling upward while their fellows slept, slept in ignorance of the great industrial resources of their own commonwealth. They have not known the opportunities that lie about them. New England has more capital per head than any other section of the country. But for a century this capital has been fertilizing the whole United States, pouring its golden stream into all sorts of hollow places that the West wanted filled. Not only did the young man go West, but the well-filled coffers of his ancestors followed him in the baggage-car. In spite of this heavy drain, however, there has been a steady up-build of home industries that not only testifies to the tremendous industrial vitality of the six states, but also furnishes the most convincing evidence to be laid before our own capitalists in urging them to invest here.

The evidence being ready to hand, the Boston Chamber of Commerce intends to prepare the brief by way of its exposition. More than that, it means to advertise to all the country that here on the northeast corner of the map is one of the most intensely developed industrial centers of the world. More even than that, it intends to instil in every New Englander, be he manufacturer, merchant salesman or craftsman, such implicit confidence in his heritage that he will go forth and multiply it.

Another deepseated, common-sense reason for the exposition is its effect upon the boys and girls. The dignity of





WALTER M. LOWNEY, CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE ON TRADE EXTENSION

working with the hands, of being a moulder of things, will be emphasized. Better a good journeyman than a poor journalist, better a good milliner than a poor musician, has been the motto of industrial education. Commercial schools have multiplied through the wise foresight of our leaders in education. But they have not yet been discovered by those for whom they are intended. It is a noticeable fact that the "continuation schools," the half-time schools for people who have already learned by sad hours at the bench, how far short they had fallen of the education which they needed, these are the industrial schools which have thus far been most popular.

The young folk, enamored of the "more genteel" occupations, still lean toward the clerk's desk, the lawyer's bag, or even the soda-fountain and the ribbon counter. The opportunities offered by manual labor in high-grade industries has not yet appealed to them. An exposition such as is now planned should drive the appeal home.

To sustain the reputation which New England has already gained, and to supply the greater industries of the future, a steady stream of young people educated to the work is essential. High-grade industries, which have been attracted by our multitudes of people with the "Yankee knack," have built our fame.

New industries will ask as anxiously about labor supply as about capital, and they will want high-class labor. This cannot be recruited from the horde of eager but untrained immigrants. It must come from a generation born here and educated in our own industrial schools. To guide this generation into the schools where they may become skilled craftsmen, an exposition such as the Chamber of Commerce plans may do much. If it can be followed up by permanent exhibitions of industries, so much the better.

To attain its objects, the exposition must and will be "live." It will be made up of "working exhibits," an appeal to the imagination. That highly successful institution of the past, the New England cattle-show, was so ordered. Everything was "on the go." "The oxen were plowing, the patent thresher was threshing, the two-year-olds were racing, the local band was shrieking, the young men were wrestling, the candidates for office were orating, even the shell-game men, were, in a subdued way, working." The cattle-show will be brought up to date in the industrial exposition. Skins will be transformed into shoes, cotton balls into cloth, felting fibres into paper, before the bulging eyes of the visitors.

Consider the manufacturers of New England—firearms, tools, automobiles, crackers, clothing, machinery, candy, furniture, watches, cigars, sporting goods, heating apparatus, pianos, organs, jewelry, hardware, food preparations, hats, toys, bric-a-brac—what a wealth of interest is here for the folk who like to see how things work, as all true New Englanders do! Consider the appeal to the imagination. Here are shoes. This one will trip into a ball-room at Brussels, this will scuff the dust on the hobo's highway, this will scale a mountain in Alaska, and this spend its days in trudging from the North Station up Washington street and back, six days a week. This gun will wing a crow in New Hampshire, and this a savage in Africa. This watch will time a foot-race at Oxford, and this a pulse in a fever hospital. Here is an organ pipe for a New York church,

here stained glass for a Nevada barroom.

What an appeal to the imagination is there! It should make the fingers of lad itch for the tools. It should set the mother to thinking that this is the thing for her boy to do. It should shiver the pessimism of the crank who has pictured New England on the toboggan. It certainly will make the stranger within our gates open his eyes. And it ought to make our capitalists ponder.

Hand in hand with the industries will go the resources of New England. The giant water powers that plunge uselessly to the sea will be vividly portrayed. The far stretches of ocean frontage, the rivers, the deep harbors, the fields waiting cultivation, the forests that a wise generation may preserve for future usefulness, the undiscovered communities that are sleeping only until such time as transportation by rail or water comes to their door,—these will be shown by models, plans, and graphs. Dry statistics will be vitalized into eloquence by the pictorial chart. The maligned moving picture will buzz its story on the screens. Lecturers with something to say will fill in the gaps in the mental scenes sketched by the exhibits, the charts, the models, the cinematograph.

The exhibits will of course be set up and operated by leading manufacturers, and will serve as an advertisement of their products just as at any exposition. Only New England manufacturers and only ones of standing will be asked to exhibit. State and city and federal departments, quasi-public organizations, technical schools and other agencies involved in the campaign to raise New England standards, will also do their part.

It is a big undertaking, one worthy of the best effort of an unusual organization like the Boston Chamber of Commerce. Already, more than twelve months before the event, there is a well-laid plan. And when the Walrus has finished his month-long conversational exercise in Mechanics Hall in October, 1911, New England is bound to make new efforts to realize her mighty possibilities.





HONORABLE ARTHUR HOWARD

# MAYOR ARTHUR HOWARD OF SALEM

*A Tale of Romance in Modern Politics*

By GRACE AGNES THOMPSON AND FRED HARRIS THOMPSON

IN generations to come, along with the historic tales of gallant sea-captains, quaint mansions, old-fashioned gardens, and witches, there will be handed down in the annals of the famous old New England town of Salem the story of how one Arthur Howard came here in 1908, friendless, penniless, unknown, started a newspaper that was regarded as a joke, and in less than a twelve month rode off on a broomstick with the mayoralty election to the amazement of everyone. It will be told how he set up in an old paint-shop a ramshackle foot-power printing press that sometimes wouldn't print, struggled day after day to get out an edition of twenty-five copies that people didn't buy, pawned his coat to raise money for paper, often went hungry, and then became famous when Salem politicians had him arrested for criminal libel because he attacked them with a caustic pen.

Sitting in Cell 45 in the Essex County jail, he announced his candidacy for mayor and continued to write humorously sarcastic editorials which were set up and published by the faithful printer, his only assistant, whose onerous duties included every department from managing editor to printer's devil. Then released on bail put up by a wealthy friend won by his fearless attacks on the conduct of the city affairs, Howard launched a spectacular, unprecedented campaign. Without spending a cent himself he forced his four opponents to the mayoralty to spend money like water, and at the election received such an avalanche of votes that the other candidates were completely buried. While Fickle Fortune, smiling at last upon the man with whom she had

played so tantalizingly and so long, heaped fame, honor, and riches, upon him all in one brief day. For the very day after election, Howard's father, president of the jewelry house of Howard & Company, Fifth Avenue, New York, died and left his son some money.

Though Howard was a stranger in Salem till 1908, his paternal ancestors were among its earliest settlers. They took a prominent part in the development of the community. Many streets, churches, a library, and a graveyard are named after them. His grandfather, fourth removed, was John Howard, who was born in Marblehead in 1755, and died in Salem in his ninety-fourth year. This John Howard served in both the army and navy during the Revolutionary War, and afterwards became a sailmaker in Salem. He founded the Salem Insurance Company and was the original subscriber to the levelling of the Common. He served as a representative to the General Court in 1817, and was selectman from 1819 to 1822. He organized the Salem Charitable Mechanic Association and became its first president. His picture now hangs in the rooms of that society. John Howard was a warden of St. Peter's Church, and one of the bells there was given in his memory. Howard Street is named after him, and he was buried in the Howard Street Cemetery. When he died he was the last man in Salem to wear a queue, knee breeches, and the silver shoe buckles on the old-fashioned costumes.

John Howard's father was Joseph Howard, who is described in the archives of Salem as being "a man of character and judgment, of wealth and learning,



and a linguist familiar with seven languages, the merchants of Salem being accustomed to go to him for the translation of their foreign letters."

Joseph Howard's father was Abraham Howard, a merchant of London, England, and descended from the Duke of Norfolk, the Premier Duke of England.

Mayor Arthur Howard's father, Joseph Platt Howard, was born in Amherst, Mass., 77 years ago, and going to New York City when young built up a great jewelry business. His mother came from Nantucket Island, her maiden name being Andrews. She was descended from one of the original settlers of the island.

Mr. Howard's paternal grandfather was Dr. Joseph Howard, who was born in Salem in 1807, and who was a schoolmate of Nathaniel Hawthorne. His great-great-grandfather was Joseph Howard, an old shipping merchant, born in Salem in 1780.

Howard's own story runs like a romance. He was born in Brevoort place, Washington Square, New York City, December 16, 1869. As the son of a wealthy man he received his early education in a private school. He had as his schoolmates the sons of many wealthy New York merchants.

He left school when he was but 15 years of age and entered his father's employ at the latter's Fifth Avenue establishment. At the age of twenty-three he was married and has one daughter now about sixteen years old.

Leaving his father's firm he founded the firm of Arthur Howard Company, Shipping Agents, which business was conducted by him for two years. He then engaged in the manufacture of silverware and novelties, in which business he remained two years. He then returned to Howard & Company, remaining ten years with his father's firm.

In the course of his varied enterprises Howard constantly visited Europe. He had a wide acquaintance both in England and on the Continent. In 1906 he established the Arthur Howard Company of London, Shipping Agents, a clearing house for American jewelry firms. The panic of 1907 broke him. Mrs. Howard and their daughter began travelling in

Europe.

Howard came back to the States, almost penniless; and unable to secure assistance started to make his own way. Lacking three years of 40, Dr. Osler's age limit of human usefulness, Arthur Howard resolved to begin life over again at the foot of the ladder.

He had been all over Europe, and spoke French so well that in France he passed for a Frenchman unchallenged. So when he heard that his cousin "Joe" Howard, the journalist, author of the famous "Howard Letters" was dead, Arthur Howard came to Boston and applied for a position with one of the newspapers for which "Joe" Howard had written.

Without any newspaper experience Howard was promptly turned down. He ran up to Salem, the home of his ancestors which he had never before visited, to take advantage of the opportunity to call upon Judge Holden, a distant relative, the oldest court justice in Essex county.

Upon the impulse of a chance remark during that conversation, Howard resolved to start a newspaper of his own in Salem. "If they don't think I know enough about the newspaper business to get a job, I'll start a paper of my own and show them," he told his new-found relative.

Without a penny of backing, and with only the prospect of an income of a few dollars a week from the wreck of his fortune, Howard leased an old, two-story shed on Central street, which had been built for a paint-shop. He bought on credit a second-hand, foot-power printing press that was about to be consigned to the junk dealer. He picked up some job lots of type, some odd sizes of print paper, a broken deal table, a dictionary and a rickety chair, and founded the "Salem Morning Dispatch."

Howard found a clever young printer without a job, but with plenty of sporting blood, and together they managed to issue on the morning of October 24, a year and a half ago, an edition of twenty-five copies. Nobody indicated any desire to purchase a copy of the "Salem Morning Dispatch," at the market price of one cent, so Howard went out

on the street and gave them away like handbills.

He went among the merchants of Salem soliciting advertisements for his newspaper, and they laughed at him. He put his advertising rates at such a tempting figure that the little business he did manage to pick up filled most of his single sheet newspaper without bringing him any more than enough to pay for the print paper itself.

Sometimes the foot-power printing press refused to print, and Howard and his printer struggled for hours to get out a few dozen copies. They would have to take each copy afterwards and go over it with ink to fill in missing spaces where letters had failed to print.

Frequently after Howard had sat up most of the night, in the little stall he had partitioned off with rough, unplanned boards in one corner of the paint-shop loft, writing the copies for the next day's "Despatch," his assistant, grimed with the labor of sorting pied type, would rush in and announce they would fix up something else because there were not n's, or e's, or a's enough to set up what the perspiring editor had so laboriously composed.

The day before Christmas, 1908, Howard had just seventy cents. His assistant had thirty cents. They had to spend eighty cents of their combined wealth to get enough paper to issue the next edition of the "Despatch," and they went to bed supperless Christmas Eve.

When they arose Christmas morning, hungry, with only a dime apiece, Howard felt his first serious doubts about the financial prospects of the newspaper business. They had a long, careful discussion, and finally decided beans would be the most filling and lasting food that could be obtained for ten cents.

One dime went for beans for breakfast. They had no dinner. The other dime went for more beans for supper. They got up the next morning "dead broke," but managed to sell enough newspapers to change their diet of beans for something more substantial.

Howard then evolved a scheme which, he admits, still sends a glow of pride through his veins when he thinks of it.

He took a room at the Bullard House and when his board bill became due he published a handsome advertisement of the hostelry in lieu of cash. Matters went along finely at first, but presently he found it took a lot of space to pay for breakfast. A full dinner required the better part of a column, and to settle up for the week's board crowded out most of the editorials.

Although far from being a religious crank Howard found a great deal of enjoyment—"Inspiration" he calls it—reading the Bible. About this time he had succeeded in getting some of his supplies on credit.

The Salem citizens were getting interested and advertisements picking up.

One of the merchants came in several times to collect a bill which Howard couldn't raise money enough to pay, although it was but a small amount. "My friend," he told the merchant, "if you will go home and read verse 26 of the 18th chapter of the gospel of St. Matthew, you will find my answer." The merchant went home and found this: "and his fellow servant besought him saying, 'have patience and I will pay thee all.'"

This merchant thought it over, studied his Bible, and the next day called at the paint-shop again. He asked Howard to read the 8th verse of the 13th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Howard looked it up and read: "The same yesterday, today, and forever."

The struggling editor hustled around to secure another advertisement and promptly settled.

It was last spring that the tide really began to turn. It was then Howard met Herman F. Curtis, a young Salem man of good family, who also had had a disastrous business experience and was looking for a new sphere of activity. Together they decided politics was what the columns of the "Salem Morning Despatch" needed to make the paper a paying proposition.

Until then Howard had modelled his publication somewhat upon the literary lines of Addison's "Spectator," not deeming it necessary that a local newspaper should publish any "news," and so composing "highbrow literature," as he



called it, for his columns.

Always feeling a penchant for literature, Howard had during his business career written a number of books, several of which sold successfully. Among them were "Shakespeare for the Unsophisticated," "Grandmother's Cookbook," "The X Y Z of Wall Street," "Animals That I Have Met," "The Girl From Boston," "Raising the Dickens," "The Cure for Insomnia," and others of a humorous nature.

Curtis went to City Hall, made friends with the politicians and renewed his friendship with some of them. Not realizing his intentions, they talked rather freely. Curtis reported to Howard, who also had been doing some quiet sleuthing, and together they composed the "Despatch's" first "graft expose," the articles which have now boosted the circulation from 67 to 5000, the size of the election-day edition.

This in a city of 38,000 inhabitants, already with one newspaper, the "Salem Evening News," a one-cent, twelve-page, eight-column paper with a news franchise and universally popular.

The "Despatch" had no news franchise because its proprietor couldn't afford to pay the price. It was a single sheet paper with only four pages, and about the size of the ordinary weekly.

When the first "expose" was ready for publication Howard found he had no large size type for the "scare head" he considered called for, and so he scraped together a dollar, car fare to Boston and back, and hustled to the Hub to buy big type enough to set up the headline he had composed.

That edition of the "Despatch" sold like the proverbial hot cakes. The news-dealers who had refused before to have it on their counters, rushed up to the paintshop and begged for copies. The old foot-power press contracted a bad attack of asthma and dry heaves under the muscular assaults of the staff of the "Despatch," which now comprised three members, in their strenuous endeavor to run off extras.

Howard and Curtis had another "expose" ready for the next edition, but when it came to setting up the headline

they had to sit up all night working over the big type like a picture puzzle, trying to compose an appropriate headline with the few letters available in their type cases.

It is related in this connection that when Howard had written a particularly vicious attack upon a certain politician, whose connection with a city deal looked rather shady, the printer rushed in to tell him he couldn't set it up because there were too many N's in the politician's name. Howard thought it over, remembered there was another politician concerned in the same affair whose name was spelled with less N's, and the substitution was made.

This man, an office holder for 18 years and rather illiterate, was despised by many citizens, but none had sufficient courage or energy to attack him. The misfortune of not having N's enough to set up the first name turned out to be a real fortune—for Howard—as his final selection of the other victim was so popular he at once became a sort of hero with some citizens.

In the course of his City Hall disclosures, Howard had occasion to find fault with a number of deals in which Alderman Michael Doyle was implicated. He alleged the Salem Theatre people had been unable to connect with the city sewer because their basement was so low, that an order had been put through the city council requiring the lowering of the city sewer in an entire street fronting the theatre at an expense of thousands of dollars, following which Doyle received a job taking tickets at the door at \$18 per week, although a boy usually does such work for about \$4 per week. Doyle's nephew was engaged to play the piano in the theatre.

Alderman Doyle had Howard arrested for criminal libel on Saturday afternoon, at such a time that it was very probable the editor would have to spend Sunday like common drunks in a cell. But Judge Sears, who was presiding that day, allowed Howard to go until Monday on his own recognizance.

He produced a plea, written by himself, and asked to be allowed to go without bail when he was finally arraigned. That



MAYOR HOWARD AT THE DOOR OF HIS PRINTING OFFICE

document was considered such a model of legal excellence and rhetoric that it was copied by seventy-four newspapers in the United States.

The plea was denied, and not desiring to obligate himself to anyone, Howard declined a number of offers of bail and went to jail. For three days he edited his paper from Cell 45. Then contracting a severe attack of rheumatism, he

consented to be bailed out. Four weeks after, his rival, Robin Damon, had him arrested for libel and he was bailed out again. The man that went on the bond, a liquor dealer named Hagerty, was so notorious that Howard's enemies, including the Salem Evening News, viciously attacked him.

Hagerty promptly issued a statement declaring that anyone who was an enemy



of Robin Damon, owner of the News, was a friend of his, and although he expected Howard might some day want to attack him, he had signed the bail bond because Damon was responsible for the editor's arrest.

Howard said he consented to Hagerty's assistance because he felt sure the man could have no axe to grind. Curtis was also arrested and bailed out by his brother.

This occurred eight months ago. Howard at once became famous. He announced his candidacy for mayor and as soon as he got out of jail he registered as a voter in Salem so as to be eligible. He is still under indictment, however, and is expected to go on trial at the next sitting of the Superior Court. Salem faces the possibility of having her affairs conducted from the county jail, in case the jury decides against her interesting editor-mayor.

"An honest mayor in jail is better than a crooked politician at liberty any day," announced Howard, and kept busily at work on his campaign.

About this time he published an article concerning three McSweeney brothers. He said Morgan McSweeney, a republican and member of the liquor commission under Mayor John Hurley, William McSweeney, democrat, alderman and a candidate for mayor, and P. A. McSweeney, independent and insurance and bond agent, were "shaking down" the applicants for liquor licenses to their own considerable profit. He charged that when an applicant went to Morgan McSweeney for a license, he was required to retain Brother Bill as counsel and go to Brother P. A. to obtain his bond. This article, entitled "Both Ends and the Middle," resulted in so severe a beating from the infuriated P. A. McSweeney, a powerful man six feet tall, that the editor was obliged to go away for a week in order to recuperate sufficiently to appear in public again on the stump. Nevertheless, though McSweeney was very friendly with the men who were prosecuting Howard for libel, the latter refused to prosecute him saying that the man had merely allowed his temper to gain the better of his self-control. This

incident alone won Howard many votes.

A few days before election Howard and Curtis together composed one of the most remarkable campaign-songs ever sung in America,—a real classic in that form of "literature." It was published in the "Despatch" and sung about the streets by enthusiastic citizens as the battle hymn of the Reform Candidate. If it were not so long, it might with interest be quoted here.

During those last few days there was more demonstration and excitement, a more general arousing of the citizens than has occurred in that staid old Puritan city since the Revolution, or, perhaps, as some insist, since the time of Cotton Mather and the dreaded witches. Finally came the election, with an overwhelming majority in favor of Arthur Howard.

Early in the evening when the returns began to indicate the landslide in the Reform Candidate's favor, the younger voters went wild with enthusiasm. They hired a brass band, impressed automobiles, and abducting Howard from the paint-shop where he was preparing to get out an "extra," they paraded him through the streets before the admiring multitude.

There was a sad note, however, in all the cheering and enthusiasm with which the populace hailed the election returns, for Howard had received a telegram from New York that day, summoning him to the death-bed of his father. He was followed to the railroad station by the most enthusiastic crowd ever seen in the city, thousands who were all fighting for a chance to shake hands with the man from whom a few weeks before they would not as much as purchase a penny paper. It was with difficulty that he got away from them and into his train. He reached New York just too late to receive his father's blessing and tell him of his having succeeded at last; his father had died.

Howard got back to Salem two days later to find money showering into his little paint-shop newspaper office from merchants eager to get a few lines, at least, of advertising into his now famous paper. He rushed an order off for modern linotype machines, printing presses, and is making plans to renovate the old

building where he began so humbly a year ago, into a modern newspaper office.

Howard does not look like a mayor, nor yet like an editor. He looks more like a travelling salesman. He is tall and slight, not at all strong physically, but his face makes up for any deficiency in that respect. It is that of a fighter. The clear gray eyes are level and seem to see through the man with whom he may be talking. In the corners of the eyes are the footprints of Howard's ever ready smile, for he does not make the mistake of taking life too seriously. He even jokes about his fight for the mayoralty. "Running for mayor," says he, "is like being seasick. When a man's seasick, he is afraid at first he's going to die, and at the last of it he's afraid he won't die. When I announced myself a candidate I was afraid I wouldn't win, and the last of it I was afraid I would."

A platform as unique as his career was announced by the editor-mayor when he was met by an interviewer, as he was returning from his father's funeral.

"There are several things which it won't do to talk about until I am ready to put in practice," said he, "but for one thing I am going to publish in full every bill against the city which is presented to me for approval. They will be published in my paper, where every citizen can see what Salem is asked to pay for, by whom, and how much.

"And I am going to see what can be done about removing the present excise commissioners," continued the mayor-elect. "I have found the mayor has power to remove them if they dabble in politics. I am going to see the three commissioners right away. If they refuse to resign, I think I will have no trouble in removing them.

"My idea of a License Commission is a board composed of one representative business man, one laboring man, and one Frenchman. Out of the thirty-seven licenses granted by the present commission only one was given to a Frenchman, which I consider very unfair to the large French population of Salem.

"It was our French citizens that helped a lot in my election. This is where I had the bulge on the four other candi-

dates. They couldn't speak French. I can. I addressed the French citizens in their own language and it made a hit with them. So they voted for me.

"One of my first official acts will be to remove City Marshal, Joseph W. Dane. The mayor has the authority both of nominating and removing the city marshal. I think that one of the things that defeated Mayor Hurley was his retention of Dane in office.

"I shall ask each of the aldermen to name a candidate for city marshal, and I shall select one of them. If at any time any two aldermen bring me a complaint against the man I select I shall at once prefer charges against him.

"I intend to combine efficiency with economy, honesty with politics, and give Salem the best administration next year that the city ever had. If I don't make good it won't be my fault. In my inaugural address I shall call attention to twenty-five improvements that can be made under the existing city ordinances in the conduct of city affairs."

Howard also announced that he would devote all his salary as mayor to the fund for playgrounds for children in Salem. But his enemies were still abroad and very busy. A disinterested spectator may well suggest that he should not have made public his charitable design, for this was the first of his cherished plans that enemies undertook to thwart. Among the bitter exigencies of the preceding twelve months, several bills had accrued—for printing and for board. At the instigation of hostile politicians, an attachment was forthwith placed upon his salary, so that for the first time in the history of New England it is said, perhaps in the history of our whole country, a mayor could not touch a penny of the money his city owed him until his creditors had been appeased. Having accomplished this bit of strategy, they next proceeded to win over the man who had so eagerly offered surety for the harrassed editor last fall, Daniel P. Hagerty taking advantage of the present critical period while his father's estate is being settled. At the close of March, Mayor Howard's secretary was astonished at receiving notice to the effect that Hagerty



would surrender the mayor to custody unless new bondsmen were secured before the following Saturday night. This fact quickly became known in the city, and there ensued another of the thrilling developments of this remarkable story. The women of Salem did not propose that their mayor should go to jail again. Without intimating their plan to the mayor, or indeed to anyone, they hastily canvassed the city for one-dollar subscriptions to the necessary fund. Miss Charlotte Fairfield, the coal dealer who recently made a plucky and famous fight against the Salem coal trust, was in charge, and the club members, society women, and leaders in the best feminine influences of Salem,—among them Kate Tannat Woods, the author; Mrs. David M. Little, wife of a former mayor; Mrs. George L. Adams; and Mrs. W. H. Gove,—were active subscribers. So strong was the feeling, that when the scheme was well under way, it could scarcely be stopped. Dollars kept pouring into Miss Fairfield's office long after they were no longer needed. The amount of the bond, \$800, was raised within a few hours, and represented eight hundred individual subscribers, all women. Mayor Howard was deeply touched by this proof of sympathy and inspired to renewed effort, nor could he refuse a new bond so heartily furnished. Therefore he is still at liberty.

But his enemies now had a new subject for comment. "Hiding behind the skirts of women!" Mrs. George L. Adams exclaimed indignantly on hearing this gossip. "Why, if such a thing as that is ever said, the women of Salem will raise up in a body and denounce the author! Mayor Howard was in utter ignorance of our plans. He did not know what we had done until we offered the cash itself in court. I consider it rather shameful that the men did not take the initiative in this matter and not leave it to the women. No doubt this affair will interest Salem women more in politics in future."

Miss Fairfield stated why the women were so ready to co-operate in the matter. "Our reason for this? Well, we think Mayor Howard is a gentleman and is

not being treated fairly. I think he is in the right and means to do the fair thing by his city. Why should he be so criticised and found fault with and abused? Wouldn't you, if you lived in Salem, want to see a man given a chance when he is doing his best?"

Mrs. Little, whose husband is the present Collector of the Port, remarked: "Yes, Mayor Howard is giving us a dignified administration; but of course there is always antagonism toward a true reformer on the part of those who are sure to be hit in the event of a reform wave."

Mayor Howard appears always in good spirits, and declares that he is not troubled by what his enemies may say about him, that possibly some who are now talking may themselves be later committed to jail. He has already accomplished many of the reforms he intended, and states that more surprises may be expected. He is indeed the hero of one of the most curious and romantic politic situations that has occurred in our country since those exciting days just prior to the Civil War, and not only New England but all the States await with interest what further events will follow while he is in office.

His latest announcement is that he intends to become Congressman from the Salem district, and he has been making some intensely interesting and characteristic speeches at clubs and dinners in and about the towns and cities outlying Salem, no doubt with this purpose in view, though speaking always by invitation. Recently some of his busy political enemies spread a rumor that the Mayor had decided to give up and leave Salem for good. On being asked about this, Mr. Howard's serious eyes lighted for an instant. "Quit!" he exclaimed, then added quietly: "No, not till the end of the last day of next December, and then only because I'm going to Congress."

His editorial ways are as unusual as his political views. His little office partitioned off in a corner of the paint-shop loft is a most interesting place. It is furnished with a rickety table patched up with a rough board and covered with brown paper fastened on with nails. This

is his desk. There is a battered kitchen chair with a split seat for a desk chair. A dilapidated Morris chair which has seen better days is placed beside the table for callers. In the corner is a rusty stove. On a rough board shelf is a much thumbed dictionary and a few city pamphlets.

A row of spikes driven into the wall is Mr. Howard's letter file. The method of filing is to stab the head of a spike through the letter being careful to perform the stabbing in alphabetical order.

A Bible and a telephone—a very recent innovation—are placed handily upon the table. The bookmark in the Bible to mark the editor's favorite text is a handsome, unmounted photograph of his wife. Opposite, against the bare boards of the wall, where his eyes may rest upon it when he glances up from his editorial duties, is a large photograph of his daughter.

"Now that you are rich and famous," ventured the interviewer, just after the election, "and your paper is booming, will you publish any news in it?"

"I hadn't thought of that yet," said Howard, "but I don't see why I should. If people like politics and literature, why should I afflict them with murders and scandals? It's not necessary to publish news in a newspaper unless people demand it. Besides, you have to hire reporters, pay for telegrams and go to a lot of expense and trouble.

"Now, right at the head of the editorial column I invite anybody who hears any news to bring it in and I'll consider it. The only kind of news worth publishing is the news for which there is a popular demand. If there is a popular demand for a piece of news, any reader will be sure to bring it in and if there is any room for it, and it's not scandalous or libelous, I'll publish it."

While the interviewer sat in the paint-shop private office chatting with H. F. Curtis, Publisher Howard's editorial and reportorial staff rolled into one, the 'phone was continually ringing and Mr. Curtis' voice would be heard in a one-sided conversation something like this:

"Hello . . . Yes, this is the Salem Despatch office . . . No, every copy is

sold . . . What! the Boston market-men want 500 papers? Sorry, but we haven't got them . . . No, can't do it. Our printer's gone home to supper and we can't print any more papers until he gets back . . . No, can't promise any in the morning. You'll have to wait until our new machinery is set up . . . No, can't let you have any back copies, either. The newsdealers came in today and bought them all up. Goodbye."

Just then the printer—who was type-setter and all the rest of the mechanical department, too—got back from supper. Presently he rushed into the editorial sanctum, type stick in one hand and copy in the other. "Here, I don't like this. It ought to go this way," he announced, rattling off a sentence.

"Oh, that's all right," assented Curtis with ready good nature. "Go as far as you like. Fix it up to suit yourself."

The Despatch office is a model democracy.

Since this article was written, one of the political storms that had for months been gathering over Mayor Howard's devoted head broke; he was brought to trial late in June on the charge of criminal libel for which last year he was imprisoned. But the result of this trial was a mighty shock to the "ring" which the Mayor fought so strenuously both before and since election. After an exciting and nerve-racking trial, and an all-night deliberation of the jury, during which all the Mayor's friends fought the heaviest odds for him, a verdict of acquittal on each and all of the eight counts against him was rendered. Then the city went wild with delight; visions of jail and political martyrdom were dispelled by various happy demonstrations such as, perhaps, no other mayor has ever experienced. Impromptu receptions and flag-flying showed the whole district to be in the gayest of holiday moods. Also the 800 women who had furnished \$1 each to make up the bail bond a few months previous, declined to take back their money.

During the harrowing hours while the jury deliberated, and hope sank so low, Mayor Howard wrote in place of his



customary editorial in the *Despatch*, the following poem, which is the only public expression of his many months of suffering he has ever made:

Dark is this world; my sun gone down,  
No star of hope for me to rise,  
The face of all things wears a frown,  
Or on the earth or on the skies.

Go on, un pitying world, go on—  
Pour all thy vengeance on my head,  
And when the cup's last dregs are gone  
I, then, shall have no more to dread.

Long have I toiled to live—in vain.  
For life is naught, devoid of rest;  
Long struggled with the strife for fame,  
Long kept my sorrows in my breast.

Why was I made; or why thus born,  
The sport of every wayward gale?  
Launched on an ocean dark, forlorn;  
A leaky, shattered crazy sail.

Without a compass or a guide,  
Without a rudder in a storm,

Without an anchor—where to ride,  
And chased around in every storm.

No home, no haven, where to steer;  
No chart, a sea without a shore;  
No buoy, or light or beacon near;  
No one to weep when I'm no more.

Next day, when the shadows were all so suddenly dispelled, he said in an interview: "I want to thank all my staunch friends who have stuck by me through all this. There is nothing of bitterness in my heart for those who sought to bring about my imprisonment. I have only forgiveness for my enemies and any elation I may feel is, I think, pardonable. My greatest joy is in the happiness of my friends. I acted honestly and the people believed me when they made me Mayor; the jury believed me when they found me not guilty. I'm a happy man tonight." His victory at the polls, his victory in the courts and his personal popularity, evidenced so generally today, lead his friends to predict confidentially that he will be a winner in his fight for Congress against A. P. Gardner.

## AUTUMN FOLIAGE FROM LAWRENCE OBSERVATORY

By FREDERICK MERRILL PYKE

Pray, tell me not that Homer's Times are dead  
When from this slender steel-reared height  
Earth drops away beneath the sight  
Like an unwelcome mist, and there, instead  
Breathe round ethereal seas of Autumn red,  
And changeful green, and silver-white,  
Thro' whose soft tides of lucent light  
Anon some boulder lifts a shaggy head;  
Gladly on such a wonder-sea as this  
Would I launch out, Ulysses-like of old,  
Make sail within the vessel of my dreams,  
And westward fare, until bright Atlantis  
Rose heavenward thro' the spray of blue and gold,  
Her marble domes aglow with rosy gleams.

# THE SCOTCH IRISH IN NEW ENGLAND\*

By RUTH DAME COOLIDGE

THERE is something still amazingly dominant in the tradition of the Pilgrim forefathers. The wind that filled the sails of the Mayflower and the Speedwell has blown so steadily through New England history that it has bent the reeds of public opinion in one direction. In spite of the alarm cry against recent foreign immigration, New England is still in a popular fiction, the cradle and home of the Puritan. Yet, in a book recently published, "Scotch Irish pioneers in Ulster and America," Mr. Charles Knowles Bolton awakes the six states to the realization that for almost two centuries the blood of the Scotch Irish has been mingling with that of the original English. Almost exactly a century after the Pilgrims had landed at Plymouth, five ships from Londonderry arrived in Boston with their invoice of immigrants, and by the time of the Revolution the Scotch Irish had so increased that they were probably some twenty-five thousand strong. It is true that the main body of the Scotch Irish passed farther south to the hospitable land of William Penn or the thinly settled borders of Virginia and the Carolinas. In New England, Congregationalism, firmly entrenched, breathed hostility to the rigid determination of Presbyterianism. Even in the hot-bed of Puritanism, however, Scotch Irish influence was evident. This was probably expressed very positively in the attitude of the Scotch Irish toward the Revolution. These Scots of Ireland had felt already the heavy hand of England so strongly that they had left the green fields along the Ban and the Foyle to come to the unknown world, and when the long arm of the selfsame tyranny stretched after

them across the sea, they rose with double wrath. All along the Atlantic shore from Maine to Georgia they were scattered on the rough frontier. Many families had sent their sons or daughters from Pennsylvania and even from New England to the South, and had maintained the strong Scotch sense of clanship. So when the first shot was fired at Lexington, it is probable that the Scotch Irish pioneers of the Carolinas thrilled not only with their inbred hatred against abstract tyranny, but with their concrete sympathy for kinsmen in the North. So strong was the Scotch Irish hatred toward England that Washington is said to have exclaimed in a moment of depression that if every other hope failed, he would cross the Alleghenies and planting his standard there, summon to him the Scotch Irish for a last desperate fight for independence.

For many years the recognition of the Scotch Irish element in the United States was utterly ignored, but recently the popularity of the subject has created a "Scotch Irish Slubboleth." Indeed the discussion as to the exact composition of the racial stock has run into very heated extremes. A knowledge of the entire course of English, Scottish and Irish history, and of anthropology, ethnology and philology, is essential before the component parts of the race can be properly determined. It is probable however, that those authorities are trustworthy who consider the Scotch Irish a complete epitome in themselves of the various racial elements of England—Celt, Norse, Norman, Saxon—all were blended together in the plains of lowland Scotland. When James I. transplanted a colony of these lowland Scotch, they crossed from

\**Scotch Irish Pioneers in Ulster and America*, by Charles Knowles Bolton. Bacon & Brown.



the interior parts of Scotland to the northern counties of Ireland and settled there. The Gaelic language was commonly spoken and some of the immigrants in America knew no other language. But if they still retained this evidence of the Celt, and if, though very improbably, they intermarried with the native Irish, they were more strongly Anglo-Saxon; the strain of this blood in their veins which was originally dominant in lowland Scotland, was strengthened by their intermixture in north Ireland with an English colony composed of Cromwell's veteran soldiers. By the time these combined peoples had reached America they had already summed up in their composition the various elements which America is slowly fusing together today out of the various peoples that settle in her shores. They had already the daring of the Norman, the tenacity of the Anglo-Saxon, and the inventiveness of the Celt, and these had united to produce the virile, practical, religious, persistent, independent and contentious Scotch Irishman.

It is not, however, this more theoretical composition of the Scotch Irish or their later and better known history that Mr. Bolton unfolds in his interesting book. He has chosen the difficult and unknown period of the pioneer days from the time when the five ships put into Boston to the establishment of the Scotch Irish settlements throughout the New England states. He has added also, careful studies of the economic, political, and religious conditions in Ireland that led to the emigration of some half a million Scotch Irish between 1718 and 1775, and an account of their early settlements in Pennsylvania and South Carolina.

To New England readers however, the book holds especial interest. The importance of the Scotch Irish in the development of the South is well recognized. His position in pioneer New England life is a new page of history. In the very earliest days of the colony however, there was a strong tie between the nonconformist churches of Ireland and New England. "Members of the Mather family were as familiar with the streets of Dublin as they were with the three green

hills in the Bay Colony's chief town," and as early as 1636 the people of Belfast fitted out a small ship poetically styled the "Eagle Wing," which was to bear the people of the Lord into the land of promise. Incessant tempest however, beset her flight, and it was only after days of struggle that the small craft entered the harbor. After her experience no concerted attempts were made at emigration. It was not until 1718 that the great westward movement began in Ireland.

When the five ships in 1718 had anchored in Boston harbor, there were probably many people who came down to the wharves to see the immigrants disembark, but of all the witnesses only a few gave testimony that survived to the present day. One of these was Cotton Mather, who, from his sympathy with the exiles, was at hand to assist them to the full extent of his power. Mather's father was a Master of Arts of Trinity College, Dublin, and his two uncles were well-known preachers in that city. In addition to this bond of sympathy with Ireland, Mather had an attachment for Scotland also, due partly to an honorary degree received in 1710 from the University of Glasgow. To the famous New England minister these immigrants appeared chiefly as "opportunities for many services," and "objects of compassion." From this it seems evident that some of the settlers were "redemptioners," or indentured servants.

This bears partial confirmation from the second witness of the disembarkation, the newspaper reporter of the day. His name is lost to us and his work is extinct only in the one newspaper in North America at that date—the Boston News-Letter. Of this, but one copy of the files for July, August and September, 1718, is known to exist. These papers are in the Massachusetts Historical Society, and from them Mr. Bolton gleaned every detail regarding the arrival of the emigrant ships. Quaint too, are the names of the various crafts and the classes to which they belonged. There were the pink "Dolphin," and the "Friend Goodwill." The latter must have afforded an excellent story for the reporter, as the crew

had to catch dolphins and sharks and gather rainwater from the decks in order to satisfy hunger and thirst before the crew could come to land. From this reporter the same penniless class of immigrants is evident. The News-Letter advertises at least "Sundry Boys times for years by Indentures, Young Women and Girls by the Year," and again, "Servants, Boys, Tradesmen, Husbandmen, and Maids, to be disposed of by Mr. John Walker, at his warehouse at the lower end of Woodmansy wharf in Merchant's Row." Of these immigrants in the second advertisement few were probably Scotch Irish.

It is probable indeed, that the greater body of these settlers were independent men of some little ready money. The third witness to report on these bears testimony to this effect. He was a certain Thomas Lechmere, whose letters are now for the first time published. Lechmere had received instructions from his brother-in-law Winthrop, to find a suitable miller among the immigrants. But far from being able to find a miller who could be obtained at a low rate for a number of years, Lechmere discovered at his first attempt that there were no Irish to be sold, as all had paid their passage sterling in Ireland. The miller he at last secured was too expensive for Winthrop, and the latter wrote to hint that he had driven a poor bargain. Lechmere's indignant defense is interesting chiefly in its picture of the Irish,— "Pray tell him (Winthrop's informer) he is much out of the way to think that these Irish are Servants, they are generally men of Estates, & are come over hither for no other reason but upon encouragement sent from hence upon notice given. Yea, they should have so many acres of land given them gratis to settle our frontiers as a barrier against ye Indians."

Excellent settlers as they may have been, however, the lateness of their arrival in August and September made it impossible for them all to settle on farms and support themselves immediately. Some set out early in the autumn for Andover, Casco Bay, and the Kennebec river. Some settled in the suburbs of Boston. But the authorities of Boston were appalled before their number and

were anxious lest "the confounded Irish" eat them out of house and home. Many of these settlers of course had modest savings but the supply of grain was low, and by the spring of 1719, wheat and corn had nearly doubled in price. It was indeed a busy year for Boston with an abundance of new projects on foot. Probably the additional strain of a large foreign body in the little town brought the Scotch Irish in some disfavor. The same was true even in friendly Philadelphia, for when three or four ships arrived in a day, and this became a common occurrence, the governor of the state became terrified. It was their number, not their character, that was appalling.

It is certain that the Scotch Irish did not meet with great popularity among the residents of New England beyond the confines of Boston. Wherever this people came to the new colonies, they were placed, by the policy of the governors, along the frontier as a bulwark against the Indians. Yet in spite of this useful and unenviable service, it is clear that their strongly marked characteristics and especially their dominant individualism made them somewhat unpopular. Worcester was then a frontier town toward which one little company of settlers toiled wearily with their blankets, tools, flaxwheel, and cradles. The account of their settlement here and in Rutland, Sutton, Andover and Palmer is extremely interesting in its record of sturdy independence.

Another picturesque and interesting colony was that of Londonderry, New Hampshire. One incident of this settlement is sufficient. The new settlers had returned to Haverhill for their wives and children and were ferrying then across the Merrimac. "The Haverhill Rabble" says Mr. Bolton, "had no love for the 'Irish' and greeted them with jeers and ridicule. When nearing the shore for a landing one of the boats turned over, so that women and children were thrown into the water. This afforded boundless delight to the onlookers, and at last inspired a local bard, who sang:

"Then they began to scream and bawl,  
And if the devil had spread his net,  
He would have made a glorious haul."



Probably the Maine settlers had the most difficult time in hardships. The families on the boats which had sailed from Boston to Casco Bay were caught by an extremely cold and early winter before they could build their houses on the shore. A few were able to build rough shelters beneath which they spent the winter, but the rest were confined on the ship which was frozen in the ice. The rough Maine coast of Cape Elizabeth, so fair today with its summer homes, must have been bleak enough in that raw winter to the eyes of the weary Scotch Irish, longing for a permanent home. From Falmouth too they passed to the Kennebec and the Androscoggin until Maine was ringed about with sturdy Scotch Irish settlers.

The effect of the Scotch Irish on New England character cannot be fully estimated. Since quaint little incidents have been recorded by Mr. Bolton which reflect the influence exerted by the immigrants in minor details. Near Andover an Irish family had left a few potatoes for seed with the family with which they had wintered. "The potatoes were accordingly planted; came up and flourished well; blossomed and produced the fruit to be eaten. They cooked the balls in various ways, but could not make them palatable, and pronounced them unfit for food. The next spring, while ploughing their garden the plough passed through where the potatoes had grown and turned out some of great size, by which means they discovered their mistake." In the industrial field they undoubtedly were of value in the weaving of linen. The majority of Scotch Irish

immigrants were weavers by trade, rather than farmers. The spinning industry became so popular after their arrival that in 1720 a public school of spinning was proposed in Boston. It was the first movement for the study of handicrafts now so popular in the Boston schools.

It is impossible to give more than a few incidents from the storehouse of "Scotch Irish Pioneers." The book is undoubtedly the most thorough and painstaking account that has been written in regard to the Scotch Irish settlers of New England, and is so carefully based on original documents that it is a distinct contribution to the history of the Scotch Irish in the United States, rather than a résumé of older accounts. In the list of Presbyterian ministers, many a New Englander of the present day may find his name and the home town of his family. It is a greater tribute to the book to say that it is not only valuable and searching, but picturesque and interesting.

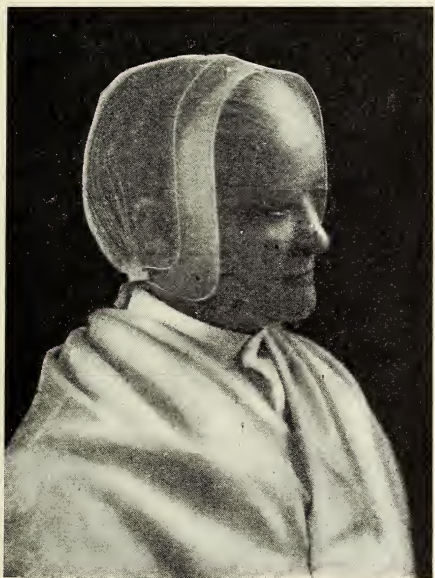
If the New England people, after a century out of England, were still, as Professor Wendell has said, essentially Elizabethan, and the Scotch Irish distinctly Hanovarian, yet despite minor distinctions the Anglo-Saxon blood in both united in time to form the rugged stock of New England. Today when the Atlantic states are a new Ireland influenced in the rural districts by those of Scotch Irish descent, and governed in the cities by the Celtic Irish, it is especially valuable to learn what manner of men were those Scotch Irish who, two centuries ago, came through hardship and self-denial westward to share the lot of the Puritan.



# THE ELDERESS

By PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVE

Within the garden close, calm and serene  
As the white lilies there that droop and lean,  
Sits Sister Prudence, the fair, sweet Elderess  
Of the House. No memory of pale passion-pain  
Stirs the fair stillness of her virgin soul,

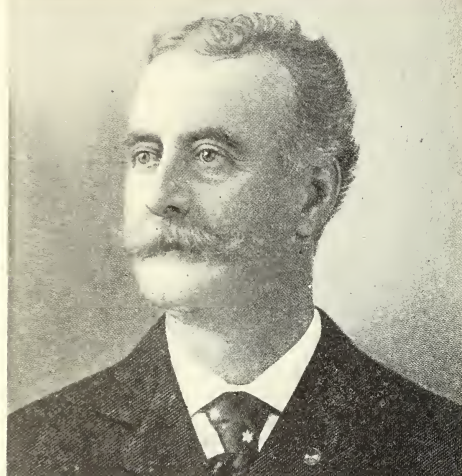


Nor leaves its stain;  
And if she grieves it is for sinners in the  
great world  
With its temptations that beset the proud  
and vain,  
But do not cross the threshold of her house  
of Peace  
Where from life's greatest bliss and woe,  
she finds surcease.  
Oh, fair, sweet woman sister sitting there  
Among the children pupils, you counterfeit  
the care  
Of motherhood, knowing naught of the  
highest strife—  
The strange, divinely joyous pain of those  
who bear  
Souls to the world through the dim gates of  
life!

Happy you do not dream

Of things your life has never missed.  
It may be that you catch a fairer gleam  
Of far off Paradise  
Through the clear vision of your child-pure eyes,—  
That prayer breathed through lips that are unvisited  
Reach Heaven's white portals soonest—and yet  
Oh, Sister Prudence, because of all the human joy  
You never knew,—  
The memories that we choose not to forget,  
In plenitude of mortal joy and pain—  
I pity you!





## GENERAL THOMAS SHERWIN

**S**INCE eighteen hundred and eighty-five General Thomas Sherwin has been auditor of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and president of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company. When he became associated with the Bell Company there were ninety-seven thousand, seven hundred and thirty-five stations throughout the country, operating sixty-nine thousand, four hundred and fifty-two miles of wire. At the beginning of nineteen hundred and seven the records showed over three million stations and seven and a half million miles of wire.

During the more than a score of years within which General Sherwin has been president of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, his efforts have been directed to enlarging the business and the scope of its usefulness, to advancing the standards of efficiency, and to rendering its service of the largest possible value to the community. General Sherwin is a man of rare qualities and is beloved by all who have been associated with him in his many years of service.

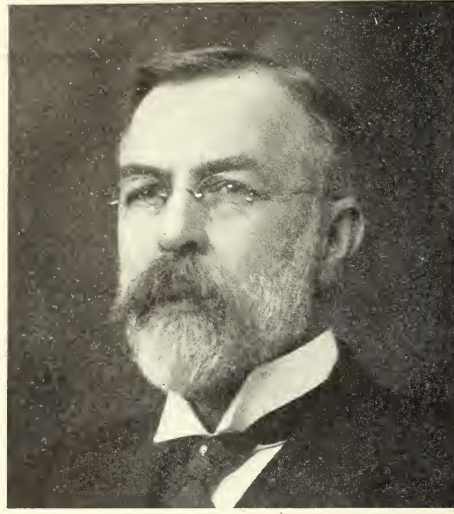


## MAJ. GEN. WILLIAM BANCROFT

**A** MAN who can do things and make others do things; a man who can administer discipline and make those under his authority feel that their chief is a friend as well as a just executive; a man who, in the direction of the affairs of a large service corporation aims to make every dollar received by the company yield the maximum in service to the public; that is the sort of a man who is President of the Boston Elevated Railway Company.

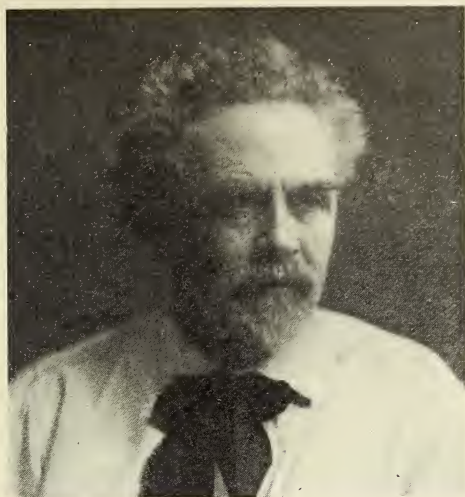
Before General William A. Bancroft became President of the Company of which he is now chief executive officer, he had been for four years Mayor of Cambridge, had been a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, was a practicing lawyer, had had a thorough training as a railway superintendent and had risen to the rank of Major General in the military service of the state, and a Brigadier General of U. S. volunteers. This training of a man endowed by nature with unusual strength of character and high-minded purpose has produced the result that one would naturally expect—an unusual executive, a man of broad public spirit in the administration of the affairs of a great transportation system that is the best illustration of what a street railway should be.





## SIDNEY W. WINSLOW

**S** IDNEY W. WINSLOW, Massachusetts born and bred; master of his own fortune and builder of prosperity for others; the head today of the greatest single business enterprise in New England—the United Shoe Machinery Company—conceived by his genius, and brought to its present high estate by his courage, tirelessness and unyielding will; through his executive capacity and financial foresight the leading factor in a great industry of world-wide extent, and through his varied interests in touch with many important fields of effort; a shrewd judge of human nature; of keen insight and firm conviction, taking nothing for granted but probing every conclusion relentlessly to its cause; swift to decide and act when ready, but slow and cautious until the time to act appears; a fair but unyielding antagonist; just in his dealings; frank in his speech; intolerant of deceit or underhanded ways; an opponent to be respected and a friend to be retained; striving always for the supremacy of his native state, he dominates by right of honest purpose through the confidence inspired in other men.



## JOHN A. S. MONKS

**I**N the person of Mr. John A. S. Monks, Boston takes the lead in one very beautiful field of pictorial art. As a painter of sheep this finely trained artist has attained a mastery that allows him to speak the whole art language through the vehicle of the simple life incidents of these most humanly suggestive of our domestic animals.

Born at Cold Springs, N. Y., November 7, 1850, he became a wood-engraver at 18, rapidly rising to an independent position. But prosperity did not dull his higher ambitions. He closed out his business interests and began the study of painting in Boston, under G. N. Cass. Inness became interested in him and took him into that wonderful studio of his. The rest was a foregone conclusion for a man of Mr. Monk's industry and ability. He was quick to select a specialty and tenacious in its development. Mastery and recognition came with the years.

Mr. Monks studies his sheep from the standpoint of a practical farmer as well as a poet and painter, hence the solid construction of his pictures and the convincing reality of every incident and detail of their action and environment.



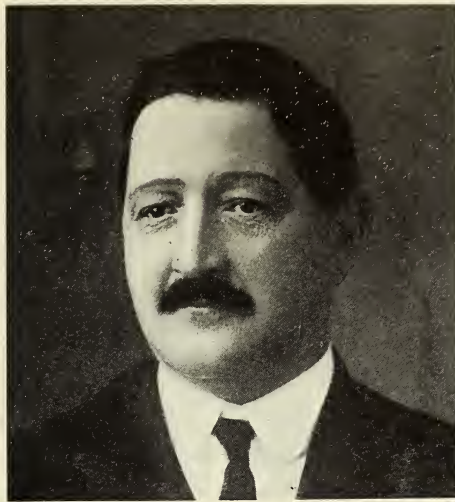


## MRS. LARZ ANDERSON

**A**N heiress whose gracious personality has won a place in the hearts of all as one of the untitled over-ladies of our land, Mrs. Anderson wields her quiet and beneficent influence by a larger right than that conferred by wealth alone.

Mistress of one of the most beautiful estates in America, she does not find its enchantments or her social cares so absorbing as to preclude even the strenuous toil of authorship—if that may be called toil which is so instinct with the joy of its own creation as the exquisitely imagined fairy stories under the title of "The Great Sea Horse."

Wife of a gentleman whose important national services largely increase the social duties of her daily life, she does not lose sight of the true perspective of values, and fills her walk and conversation with a will for good that has lifted the burdens of many. The favourite of fortune, happily wedded, and with ample means for the gratification of a cultured and refined taste, there is no tinge of selfishness in the life of Mrs. Larz Anderson.

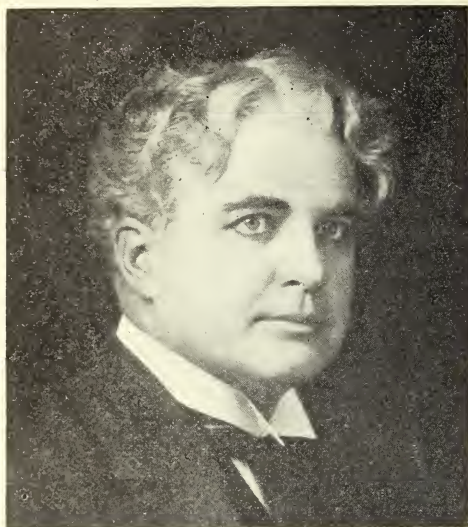


## CHARLES EDWIN HATFIELD

**H**E made politics a diversion for a few years and, behold, he found in it a fine art. And as fine arts should be, he kept his political practice clean.

He fought with the weapons of a gentleman and he attained to the habit of winning, constantly winning. So when, a year or two ago, the Republican party of Massachusetts was in need of a chairman for its State Committee it turned instinctively to this smiling man from Newton who under the cordial and debonnaire exterior conceals as keen a political sense as ever directed the workings of his party in this Commonwealth. That his cap of victory will be adorned with new feathers ere the snow falls may be taken for granted. But his activities are not all embraced within the great game of getting votes. He is lawyer, financier and chief executive of a wonderfully attractive city. To the fine performance of his duties in those lines he adds the voluntary work of a citizen whose public spirit tends in the direction of improvements in education and recreation. Not yet forty-eight, Charles Edwin Hatfield has probable years of new achievement before him. He has "arrived," but he will not loiter about the station.





## JOSEPH A. CAMPBELL

**J**OSEPH A. CAMPBELL who serves his native city in the capacity of Assistant Corporation Counsel, was born on October 16th, 1863. Educated in public and private institutions of learning he is possessed of a broad culture along intellectual lines which has manifested itself in many and varied contributions to the leading magazines and periodicals. When freed from the exacting cares and heavy responsibilities of his profession he evinces his versatility as an entertaining personality at many social and public gatherings both as presiding master of ceremonies, and after-dinner speaker. The celebrated Clover Club of Boston prides itself on his membership therein, and its national reputation as a host rests in no small part on Mr. Campbell's work with tongue and pen. He has been very successful as an advocate, and in addition to a distinguished presence brings to his presentation of the city's causes a thoroughness of preparation and incisive eloquence that bear fruition in the favorable awards of judges and juries.

If in later life, the spirit should move him to enter the political arena, he would poll a large vote from both parties.





## COLONEL A. P. GRAHAM

**T**HE pleas for reciprocity that found expression in the utterances of the distinguished guests at the Canadian Club dinner in Boston, Thursday evening, recall the high honor that came to this community in the election of Lieut. Col. A. P. Graham as president of the Dominion club men. He is a man of the progressive type, whose labors have helped to make the newer and greater Haverhill. Loyal to the imperial applications of "My Lady" he stands for greater commercial freedom.

In these words the Haverhill Gazette comments fittingly upon the elevation of Colonel Graham to the presidency of the Canadian Club.

The position of President of the Canadian Club, honorable as it is, is by no means only an honorary one. Colonel Graham's remarkable fitness for it is not merely due to the great things that he has achieved in the development of the prosperity of one of our New England cities, but to that which his ability and breadth fit him to do for the important work for which the club exists. Among the many Canadian Americans within our borders whom New England delights to know, there are none to whom she extends a more hearty welcome.





Possibly no stronger argument for the continuance of Christianity exists than that arising from the fact that the ethics of its Master have never yet been put to the test. The actual ethics of Christendom today are the product of engrafting Hebraism onto the social order of the various barbarian natives whose "conversion" constituted Christendom. To this has been added a touch of Paulinism, which was only a modified form of the old Hebraic thought. There is a good deal of preaching of the "Spirit of Christ," usually quite sentimental, but the actual ethical teaching of Jesus, which placed the individual above society and held the sanctity of individual relations far above the claims of society, are not only not practiced, but are severely discountenanced by the church. So that the Christianity of Christ, if it is ever to exist outside of New Testament literature, is a remotely possible religion of the future—and of the few in all ages. That it will always be—more than that it may never be. But churchmen of all sects and orders will do well to bear in mind that it is not by what it has accomplished in the past nor by what it is doing in the present, but just because of that prophetic element, that content of an as yet undeveloped ethical ideal, that it has any power over the minds of strong men today. And it would do no harm to let the actual teaching verge a little toward the truth.

#### A REVENUE PRODUCER

The Payne-Aldrich tariff law has produced in its first year a revenue greater by \$75,000,000 than the sum collected in any year in the country's history except the banner year 1907, according to treas-

ury department figures, lately issued.

#### BAY STATE CENSUS FIGURES

A statement from Washington to the effect that the Massachusetts census figures are being withheld "to accommodate the state in some of its own statistical work" means, according to Supervisor Gettemy, that the census office has virtually allowed the supervisor of Massachusetts to adopt such methods in checking up the work of the enumerators, as the experience of our state censuses has demonstrated to be desirable.

"The Massachusetts district," said Mr. Gettemy, "is the largest district in the whole country under the jurisdiction of one supervisor.

"The amount of detail work, which is involved in properly checking up the work of so large a number of enumerators as we have in Massachusetts, cannot be appreciated by any one who has not been through a census as part of its working machinery. In Massachusetts, this has involved scrutinizing each of the millions of entries on thousands of schedules reported by the enumerators throughout the state, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the information called for has been properly entered; a comparison of the count as returned by the enumerators with the figures of the last census, wherever districts were comparable; a comparison of portfolios with maps, directories, street books, etc., in the 33 cities and in towns where these could be procured."

#### THE TAFT VACATION

The President, according to his present plans, may remain at Beverly this year until October fifteenth.



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PRESIDENT TAFT, GOVERNOR DRAPER, CONGRESSMAN MCCALL AND OTHER DIGNITARIES AT THE SOMERVILLE PARADE

He will go to St. Paul to speak at the national conservation congress Sept. 5, and from there will go to Washington for a week. The cabinet will be called to meet in Washington at the same time.

From there the President will return here to remain until well into October.

The newspapers, in the summer news-doldrums, continue to make politics out of every movement of the president. Black care is not so insistent a companion as local politics to presidential outings. The situation is so highly inflammable that its steady improvement is the best possible tribute to the president's tact. The close of the Fall campaigns will see a decided clearing of the atmosphere. In the meanwhile let the New England press, at least, give to the president who has honored us with his summer residence, a rest from news-manufacturing

annoyances. His attendance has given the finishing touch to so many of our local celebrations that his residence among us will long be remembered and loom large in the retrospect.

### THE PROVINCETOWN MONUMENT

The completion of this truly national monument to the Pilgrim founders of so many of the most characteristic phases of our political institutions and social life gives that satisfaction which always belongs to the accomplishment of a desirable work that once done remains done. This substantial and graceful tower, visible to all approaching vessels, provokes inquiry and results in the dissemination of information that replaces flamboyant with intelligent patriotism.



### THE COMING RULER

So quickly passes the momentary excitement of today, and so swiftly wanes the public interest in the event of the hour, that already, before the coronation of George V. of England is an accomplished fact, and before the term of mourning for his illustrious father is completed, the curiosity of the world turns with eager interest toward all that concerns the new Prince of Wales, the heir apparent to the throne. The pictures which we present of this boy show him in a most engaging, boyish simplicity of stiff, embarrassed portraiture.

What a pity that he cannot be allowed to forget his royalty and—well, let us say, come to the United States and be an American public school boy for a while, fight for a place on the ball team, take his chances with the rest in the classroom, and try to hold down an exacting "job" for a year or two! If he did so it is doubtful if he would be quite so assertive of the mere prerogative of etiquette as was his father in that incident with Winston Churchill. If, instead of a mere royal figurehead, the new King looked upon himself as a real ruling monarch of a nation of free men, he might have regarded Churchill's "I do not agree with your majesty there" as a compliment, rather than rebuke it, as he did, with the severest snub in his power at the moment to administer. By his insistence upon his right not to be argued with or have his opinion commented upon in his presence he virtually announced to the world that his meeting with his ministers was a mere function of royalty, and not a vital discussion of public affairs.

### THE NEW HAVEN ROAD WINS

An agreement was reached recently, and is signed by Charles S. Mellen for the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad and by L. S. Storrs for the New England Investment & Security Company, whereby the New Haven company buys the Berkshire Street Railway Company for \$2,891,226.88 in cash, and assumes notes to pay them on maturity. Only one more step remains before the

New Haven company is in complete, open and legal control of the Berkshire lines, and that is the Railroad Commission's approval of the transaction. A petition for such approval has been filed with the board.

The definite offer was made by President Mellen last Wednesday and it was accepted in writing by President Storrs of the New England Investment & Security Company yesterday.

The capital stock of the Berkshire company is \$1,948,100, divided in 19,481 shares, and of these the New Haven takes, or continues to hold, 19,288 shares, for which it pays at the rate of \$149.90 per share. The notes which the New Haven assumes amount to \$250,000 in the First National Bank of Boston and \$250,000 of the Old Colony Trust Company of Boston. These are to be paid on maturity, according to the agreement. The company has never declared a dividend. The provisions under which the system may be expanded so as to serve the community are now practically completed, and the New Haven Railroad is in undisputed control of the field.

### CONCERNING WHIPPING

A resort to physical violence is always a confession of failure, and that whether it is a big nation bullying a little one, a fool brandishing a revolver in a New York restaurant, a teacher establishing discipline or a parent dealing with a child, violence is even more lowering to the perpetrator than to the victim.

It is a curious fact that people who whip become whippers by habit, just as men who drink become drinkers and those who smoke become smokers.

In families where spanking is resorted to it comes to be the ever-at-hand panacea for every shortcoming.

Men who would have too much sense to allow the whip to be used on a valuable colt, spank their own children for every dereliction, and in nine cases out of ten the dereliction is their own. The pupil is usually whipped for the teacher's fault, the child for the parent's indolence, selfishness or ill-temper.

We are gradually rooting out the

whipping habit, but it still flourishes to a degree that reminds us sharply that we are not yet a civilized people. The day will come when our children's children will look back upon the methods employed is such an institution as the Lyman School with the same amazement and disgust that we look upon the treatment accorded to the insane by our forefathers.

It is true that the average child is of so sweet and affectionate a disposition that in the majority of cases he or she grows up to tolerantly forgive the parental or tutorial brutality and injustice. But this is not always the case. A real knowledge of the facts would reveal that the whipping of children is among the most terribly productive sources of crime.

The writer would go still further and register his belief that generations of Puritan children brought up in the perpetual fear of the rod is one of the sources of that hypocrisy and petty meanness that has so terribly undermined and weakened out the old New England stock.

The splendid Greek stock endured at least six hundred years, the Roman near a thousand, before the slave-holding, which was their curse, left them as effete and demoralized races. Hindoo and Hebrew civilization lasted many centuries longer. But the New England stock did not retain its virility even to the end of its second century, and to the rapidity of that decline the history of the world does not present a parallel.

The legislative committee investigating the Lyman School has an opportunity to do more than carry out a drastic investigation of a badly managed public institution. Theirs is the opportunity, in addition to that duty which should be performed with a final thoroughness, to recommend legislation which shall mark a forward step toward a higher civilization.



The new Boston Art Museum is a new place these days—that is, at least,

if we may still be permitted to regard those things about which the intelligence of the community is curious, as news.

The Greek room in the collection of classical antiquities has been enriched by two very notable marbles, one of the fourth and one of the fifth century, B. C.

The earlier of these valuable acquisitions is an exquisitely chiseled relief, somewhat crude as to anatomy, an indication of its antiquity, but full of beauty. Neither its structural use nor its meaning is perfectly clear. Evidently highly symbolic, it tells some forgotten story of the all-absorbing religious significance that dominated the art impulse of early antiquity.

The winged central figure weighs in a missing balance two youthful souls, one of which out weighs the other while the seated martons correspondingly rejoice and mourn. A relief in Rome of similar design and dimensions is known as the "Ludovisi Throne." Many points would appear to make inevitable the belief that they are part of the same construction, but the wide divergence in technique renders this notion as difficult as it is otherwise acceptable.

This important marble is a purchase from the Catharine Page Perkins Fund.

The other is a marble head of Fourth Century workmanship discovered by Professor Studniczka on the island of Chios in 1853, and acquired by gift by the Boston Art Museum after the usual somewhat eventful history. The head has received the enthusiastic appreciation of M. Rodin, who, with a sculptor's knowledge, notes its deviations from nature in the direction of mathematical idealism. The gradations of curvature are most exquisite and the effect is of singular beauty. It would appear to have been a part of a figure placed in some position of considerable elevation, and the stone retains the mortises by which it was connected with the remainder of the design.

Students of Greek Art in New England should not fail to appreciate this opportunity to study these two most suggestive original Greek marbles of early date.

A very interesting new feature of the work of the museum is the "Register of Local Art, the purpose of which "is to





CONSTANTINO IN "TOSCA" AT BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

secure to the public a permanent avenue of information as to the artistic resources of the neighborhood," or, as it is succinctly stated in Secretary Gilman's essay on "Museums of Art and the Conservation of Monuments," "to prepare and maintain an inventory of works of art outside its walls which are interesting and accessible to its public, and to promote

the enjoyable and profitable study of them by all."

The Free Sunday Docent Service in charge of the Secretary of the Museum has maintained a steady interest. The service is restricted to the hours between two and five and the appointments are announced in the Saturday Transcript and the Sunday morning papers. The

idea is a very promising one and again emphasizes that the Museum is not a mere ornamental adjunct of the city but a vital force in its life.

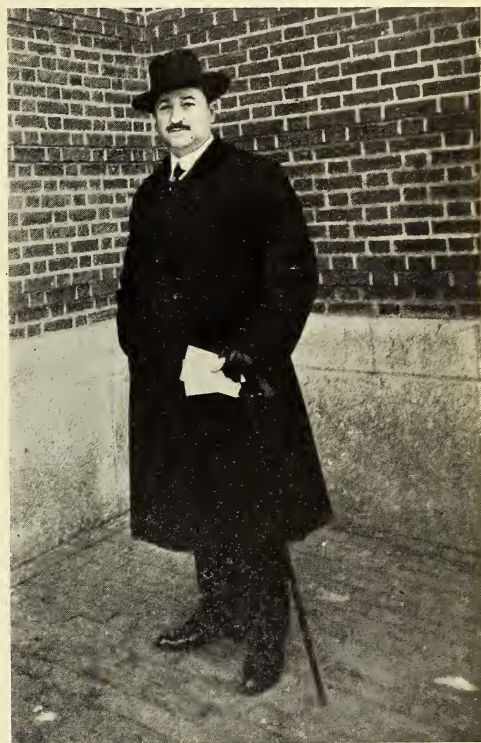


The average tenor has at some time or other or at many times so misbehaved in one way or another that no one would be blamed for the statement that a tenor is an exoticism. I include Caruso, who at times,—in *La Boheme* for instance,—acts like a stage monkey, and who very often sings very badly and very often sings very well. I would say that in general they are creatures of whims. They are no more to be relied upon professionally than they are in love. In short, their many misdeameanors make one want to say that there is such a thing as the tenor physical “make-up.” The best of them are luring and seldom powerful,—fawning and caressing, not commanding.

The operatic stage knows one man with a superbly wonderful tenor voice who is a direct and absolute contradiction to each of the above statements—granting that the above statements have some truth, it might be said that Constantino has a tenor voice and a baritone “make-up.” There is absolutely no doubt that the histrionic ability, the dramatic interpretation of Constantino is the most powerful work done by any tenor on any stage. Constantino always appears when he is scheduled to appear. He has never been known to be indisposed or to make excuses. He is infallibly consistent in the quality of his performances. He never sings or acts badly. He is always in sympathy with the occasion.

Florencio Constantino was born at Bilbao on the northern coast of Spain. For a number of years during his young manhood he was employed in the comparatively humble capacity of a working engineer. He later achieved some fame as an officer of the Spanish navy but an unfortunate duel with a fellow officer cut short that career. He went to Buenos Ayres as an engineer. But the

possessor of a magnificent and unequalled tenor voice could not long go unnoticed. He was prevailed upon to study vocal art seriously, which he did with the most strenuous zeal. He made his first appearance on the stage at the Teatro Soles in Montevideo in the opera “*Dolores*.” His success was so great and so instantaneous that it was but the beginning of an unbroken series of successes. He appeared in tournees in Italy including Florence, Leghorn, Verona, Naples and elsewhere, as well as in Holland and Germany. At Berlin, where was part of an Italian company organized by Madam Sembrick he was hailed as a “Helden Tenor” of the



FLORENCIO CONSTANTINO AT STAGE ENTRANCE OF  
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

very first order. He has sung with immense approbation at St. Petersburg, Moscow, and other Russian towns as well as at the Royal Operas of Madrid and Lisbon. Senor Constantino first visited the United States in 1906 with the San Carlo Opera Company, and last year with the Boston Opera Company.



The praise and enthusiasm accorded his every performance has been astounding and unexceeded in any case.

Senor Constantino's voice is of remarkable compass, rich and full in volume, extremely flexible and of exquisite timbre. His mezzo voce, his superb pianissimos are unequalled by any tenor of the present day. Among his favorite parts are those of the Duke in *Rigoletto*, Raoul in *Les Huguenots* and the title role in *Lohengrin*. His repertoire is an ample one and includes *La Traviata*, *Gioconda*, *Lucia*, *Faust*, *Aida*, *Il Barbiere*, etc.

No other artist of the coming season will be more deservedly and enthusiastically received. His performances are characterized by a dignity and sincerity of dramatic expression unexcelled and unusual. For this reason the enthusiasm always accorded him by his audiences is but profound and genuine.



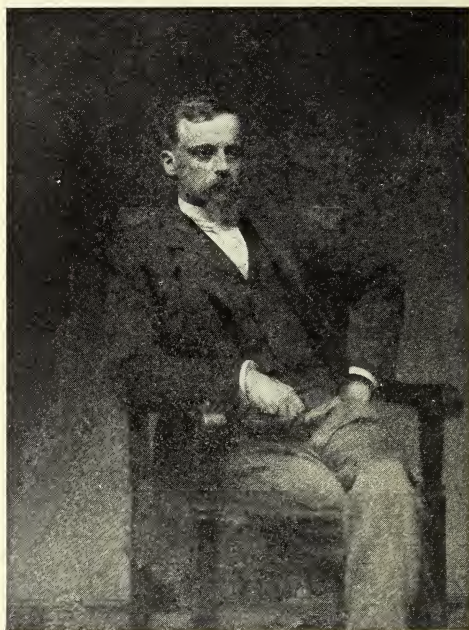
Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist, has again achieved popularity without sacrifice of artistic standards. "Whirlpools," an English translation of which by Max A. Drezinal is published by Little, Brown & Co., ranks among the mysterious "best sellers." It is also a very strong book. The author of *Quo Vadis* has placed his story in the midst of modern Polish life with its agrarian troubles and socialistic intrigues. These existing in the midst of the almost patriarchal simplicity of relationship between the landed aristocracy and the peasantry afford an abundant opportunity for variety of incident and action.

The story has that fulness of personell which characterizes the best European work and differentiates it so refreshingly from the meagre range and stage setting that characterizes the usual western-world story of today.

There is also that evidence of complete grasp of the whole from the beginning and conscientious thoroughness of workmanship which is intellectually

and artistically satisfying.

The novel is a real revelation of Polish conditions and contains many examples of brilliant analysis and deep thinking. There are also descriptive passages of much beauty and written with evident enjoyment. Marynia, the girl violinist's interpretation of Beethoven's *Moonlight*



HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

Sonata is almost an interpolation, but a very interesting one.

The love story is faithfully told, but beautiful as it is in some of its phases, contains elements which forbid it a rank among the world's beautiful love stories.

It is rather for the interest of its individual characters and of the entire picture that the story is notable and welcome. It is sold at \$1.50 net.

### THE TWISTED FOOT

"The Twisted Foot" (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston), by Henry Milner Rideout, is a naunting Malay mystery. Bowman, the hero, falls overboard and is left behind swimming in the Sulu Sea. He fights his way on board a Malay boat, in which there are

two exceedingly ugly and malicious natives. Only by cunning and strength and the confiscation of weapons does the American preserve his life until he finally reaches an island. On it there is a lonely hut, to which comes an ungracious young Englishman, who lives there in mysterious hermitage. Bowman's only garment is an old khaki coat which the Englishman claims. The American had found in it a silver locket with a girl's portrait. Falling in love with the face at first sight, he becomes jealous of the Englishman. But the latter turns out not to be so bad a fellow after all. That night he is mysteriously slain after a cry of terror, while addressing a package "For Miss Mary ———." The only clew to the murderer is the imprint of a twisted foot on a copy of *Punch*. Bowman sets out to find the girl and deliver to her the package. Soon he learns that he is the object of a mysterious and relentless pursuit led by a stout individual who calls himself Rosalio. The track of the twisted foot turns up repeatedly, always associated with a shuddering situation and terror. When Bowman has found the elusive Mary his troubles are but fairly commenced, and there are many adventurous pages before the man with the twisted foot and Rosalio are overcome and identified and their reasons for pursuing him explained.

### A HISTORY OF HATFIELD

The preparation of a local history is in the nature of the case a labor of love.

Urgently inviting as is the rich material provided by our New England towns, the circulation possible for each is necessarily limited. This important and invaluable work has been done for the town of Hatfield by Daniel White Wells and Reuben Field Wells in a very attractive volume of over five hundred pages, freely illustrated. It is, as usual, a compendium of local history and tradition made available by an unusually full and adequate index.

As the story of a New England Agricultural Community, it has a very deep interest, and its later chapters, while,

doubtless, not so important in the historians eyes, is of very great present importance. Old residents of Hatfield everywhere will wish to own the volume with its treasures of local material and genealogies. The book is published under the direction of F. C. H. Gibbons, Springfield, Mass.

### A GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

A very beautiful volume de luxe is the record of the unique celebration by the Plymouth Cordage Company in honor of Gideon Francis Holmes at Plymouth, Mass., March 27th, 1909.

Mr. Holmes' work in the development of the Plymouth Cordage Company rises above the usually accepted standards of commercialism, and leaves the earmarks of that devotion with which men rise to the service of their fellowmen. The word stewardship in this connection has been used (and misused) to triteners, but none other expresses the atmosphere which one gathers from these pages.

### THE APOLLO SONG BOOK

A most interesting collection of songs prepared especially for boys and intended for use in preparatory schools, colleges and glee clubs has just been published by Ginn & Company. It is called the Apollo Song Book and includes only such selections as have proved attractive and beneficial to students of the High school and college age. The special feature is the writing of each part on a separate staff in the octave in which it is to be sung. This does much to facilitate reading and assists musical interpretation. Careful attention has been paid to the range of each voice and directions for the classification of voices are given in the foreword.

This book has been compiled and arranged by Frederick E. Chapman, the director of music in the public schools of Cambridge, and Charles E. Whiting, formerly teacher of music in the public schools of Boston. The book is published in cloth, 264 pages (\$1.00).



# WITH THE NEW ENGLAND BOARDS OF TRADE

## NEW ENGLAND HAPPY OVER PILGRIM'S VICTORY

*Advertising Men Come East for the First  
Time Next Year*

Omaha, Neb., July 21st.—In the midst of the most dramatic scene ever witnessed on the floor of the Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, the New England delegation, headed by H. B. Humphrey and President Geo. W. Coleman of the Pilgrim Publicity Association is remarkable in that the representatives from Springfield and New York, secured for Boston the Convention of 1911, beating out Milwaukee by a two-thirds vote. This is the first time the Associated Clubs have met in the East and it will bring to New England in the neighborhood of a thousand of the brightest advertising men of the country.

The award of the convention to the representatives of the Pilgrim Publicity Association is remarkable in that the Association up to this time has not even been affiliated with the National Association, and shows conclusively the tremendous impression that the Pilgrim Publicity Association has made in the advertising world at large in its one year of life. The New England delegates were sent to the Convention in Omaha with full power to use their own judgment in regard to inviting the Association to hold its 1911 convention in Boston, but were instructed to employ no log-rolling tactics.

The contest started with Boston, Milwaukee, and Denver in the field; E. F. Trefz, of Chicago, leading off for Boston, pictured the city as the most interesting in the land, the cradle of liberty, energetic and progressive, the seat of culture, wealth, and the point from which the great bulk of the advertising originates, and peopled by the broadest minded men

on earth. Before half a dozen delegations had been called, Denver withdrew from the race, casting its vote for Boston, and when the vote was announced, Boston 206, Milwaukee 110, the selection of Boston was made unanimous.

Mr. S. C. Dobbs of Atlanta was re-elected President; Herbert S. Houston of New York was made Chairman of the Board of Directors, and H. B. Humphrey of the Pilgrim Publicity Association, President of the Eastern Division.

## NORTHAMPTON

Every requirement for successful manufacturing is to be found in Northampton.

That this is true is proved by the immense concerns employing hundreds of skilled workmen, making articles that have a national reputation, who have been operating here for nearly half a century.

From almost every natural product of the earth are household articles being made here, because as a center, easily accessible, through splendid freight facilities, they can be brought in. To every part of the Union are these finished products being shipped, because from this center the freight facilities afford the same advantage.

Close to the big shipping centers of New York and Boston, the city is yet far enough away to be *free from that hysterical and feverish element* that makes labor troubles.

Labor troubles should never be known here for the reason that the home life of the people is safely anchored in the work nearest their heart. It has been the pride of skilled mechanics to keep up the standard of excellence, established in their line, by their fathers before them. Silk has been made that has sold itself for its own use as much of this as necessary.

# AMERICA'S FOREMOST CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

By ETHEL FORD

Boston as the recognized musical center of the western world, is the natural home of its greatest musical educational institution, the New England Conservatory of Music. In no other city could the student find equal advantages or surround himself with such an atmosphere of musical culture.

The poet may be born and not made,

as those of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Leipsic and Dresden. The site occupied covers about an acre and the building consists of three stories and a basement, and includes a commodious auditorium, administrative offices, a library that is a veritable treasure-house, class-rooms, store-rooms, printing equipment, etc. Nearby, on Hemenway street, and overlooking



THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

but the musician must be both born and made. It would be utterly impossible for the greatest musical genius the world has ever produced to attain, without the most rigid training, to any high standard of excellence. Few persons have any idea of the plant, equipment and organization required to carry on this work in a thorough manner and on an extensive scale.

The handsome gray brick and stone building on Huntington Avenue, Boston, which has been the home of the Conservatory for the past seven years, is the envy of such great musical conservatories

Boston's most beautiful park, are the dormitories which accommodate about 200 women and solve the most difficult part of the residence problem. These dormitories are under the management of competent matrons to whose charge the most careful parents may trust their daughters with the utmost confidence.

But before we attempt any detailed description of this plant, we should note as of even larger importance the reflex influence of the great work already accomplished for the upbuilding of music in this country and in the thorough training of the great artists which it has produced.





GEORGE WHITEFIELD CHADWICK

These create a spirit, an atmosphere, that is as a magnet drawing together the best material and in forming it with that earnestness of purpose which is essential to success in this most exacting of the arts.

Names like those of Chadwick, Goodrich, and Flanders, of Nordica and Louise Homer, are inspirational and significant of things which mean much to the student.

George Whitefield Chadwick, composer and conductor, was born in Lowell, Mass., Nov. 13, 1854. His musical genius was early apparent and enjoyed at its most formative period, training at the New England Conservatory of Music under such teachers as Dudley Buck and

Stephen Emery.

As a composer, he is regarded by critics, abroad as well as at home, as the leader of the American School. Such works as his Third Symphony in F Major, "Melpomene" and "Adonais" overtures as well as many of his songs and his wonderful String Quartet in D minor, mark the highest reach of attainment by American genius in these lines. As a conductor, magnetic and commanding, he probably has no superior in America. As an instructor and inspirer of youth, he has produced musicians who stand for the best that America can boast. In 1897 he was appointed Director of the New England Conservatory of Music, and is an important



RALPH L. FLANDERS

factor in its power.

Among the most distinguished musicians that have shared in Mr. Chadwick's instruction is Wallace Goodrich, who belongs to the younger generation of American musicians. Born in Newton, May 27, 1871, he enjoyed early opportunities to acquire such a degree of proficiency as to fit him for the later instruction which he received at the New England Conservatory of Music under Henry M. Dunham and George W. Chadwick. After a most successful career abroad, where he was admitted to the highest musical circles and became Ré-



WALLACE GOODRICH

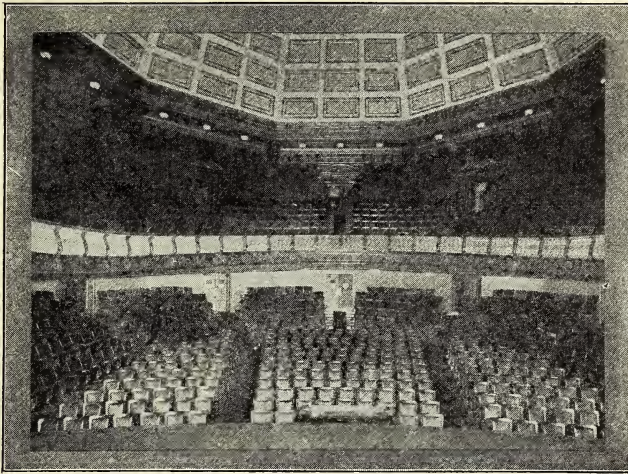
petitor at the Stadt Theatre, Leipsic, he returned to America in 1897 to accept a position in the New England Conservatory of Music.

Of indefatigable energy, he has won his spurs in the most difficult and abstruse branches of his art—in opera, in orchestral leadership, in mediaeval and polyphonic music and plain song, on which he is the leading American authority. Still a young man, his promise is even more brilliant than his accomplishment.

Side by side with these names, in speaking of the formative forces in the New England Conservatory of Music of today, one should place that of its effi-

and the aid which he has rendered. To many the appreciation of his kindliness and the memory of his sympathetic generosity will ever mean more than any other factor of their musical education. Where others have met their intellects, and powers, Mr. Flanders has also met their lives.

The names of such artists as Nordica, Louise Homer and Grace Bonner Williams belong to the public and are household words everywhere. It may not be so widely known that their artistry is the product of this same great institution. The catalogue might be indefinitely enlarged by names that have given the quality which makes the splendid



JORDAN HALL

cient manager, Mr. Ralph L. Flanders, and the youngest manager of an establishment of such size in the country.

Mr. Flanders has reorganized the financial basis of the institution which has enjoyed a remarkable growth and added popularity under his administration. But Mr. Flanders is more than a successful business manager. He has a kindly sympathy and generosity and a keen appreciation for earnest desire which has meant much to the many students who have known it. He has always met their needs and many a graduate and student has owed the privileges of instruction which he has enjoyed to the personal interest of Mr. Flanders

equipment of the New England Conservatory of Music so effective in musical education.

Rounding out sixty years of development, the school is today stronger and more successful than ever. Over 2600 students received instruction during the past year.

As an instance of its unexcelled equipment may be mentioned the fact that there are 14 pipe organs in use, including the fine concert organ in Jordan Hall where concerts are conducted by the faculty and advanced students and by the Conservatory Orchestra and Chorus.

Only classics, ancient and modern, are performed. For example, one concert by





THE CONSERVATORY LIBRARY

students of the pianoforte and vocal departments covers in its program works of Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Chopin, Gounod, Mozart, Hummel and Saint-Saens.

Particularly illuminating and suggestive of the advantages enjoyed by the student in this great institution is their ensemble work with the accompaniment of a full orchestra for singers, as well as for pianists and violinists in concertos.

A matter of very great importance to the students who elect to attend the New England Conservatory of Music is that the practical training received has created an established demand for its graduates as teachers and musicians. In this connection the work of the Conservatory Teacher's Bureau is notable. This bureau has been in successful operation for many years. It is the proper means of communication between teachers and those

who desire to employ them. It has proved to be most satisfactory to both employer and teacher, for the Conservatory recommendation is based upon personal knowledge of the pupil and his or her achievements and conduct during the period of study. It is a safeguard against the misrepresentations and cupidity of unscrupulous agents. Through it hundreds of graduates and former pupils are now occupying positions in the leading schools of the country.

For the convenience of readers, a very brief summary of the courses offered may be given as follows:

Pianoforte, voice, organ, all orchestral instruments including violin with supplementary instruction in such branches as composition, history of music, theory, literature, diction, choir training and plain-song accompaniment and the modern languages. The normal department is practical and enables the student to become an efficient teacher according to the Conservatory methods.

Its experience of nearly sixty years, of steady growth and development, its magnificent equipment, unsurpassed in the world, its location in the recognized music center of America, its great names and the inspiration of their example and teaching, its prestige, noble traditions and splendid spirit and artistic atmosphere all contribute to place the New England Conservatory of Music in the leading position which it now occupies.

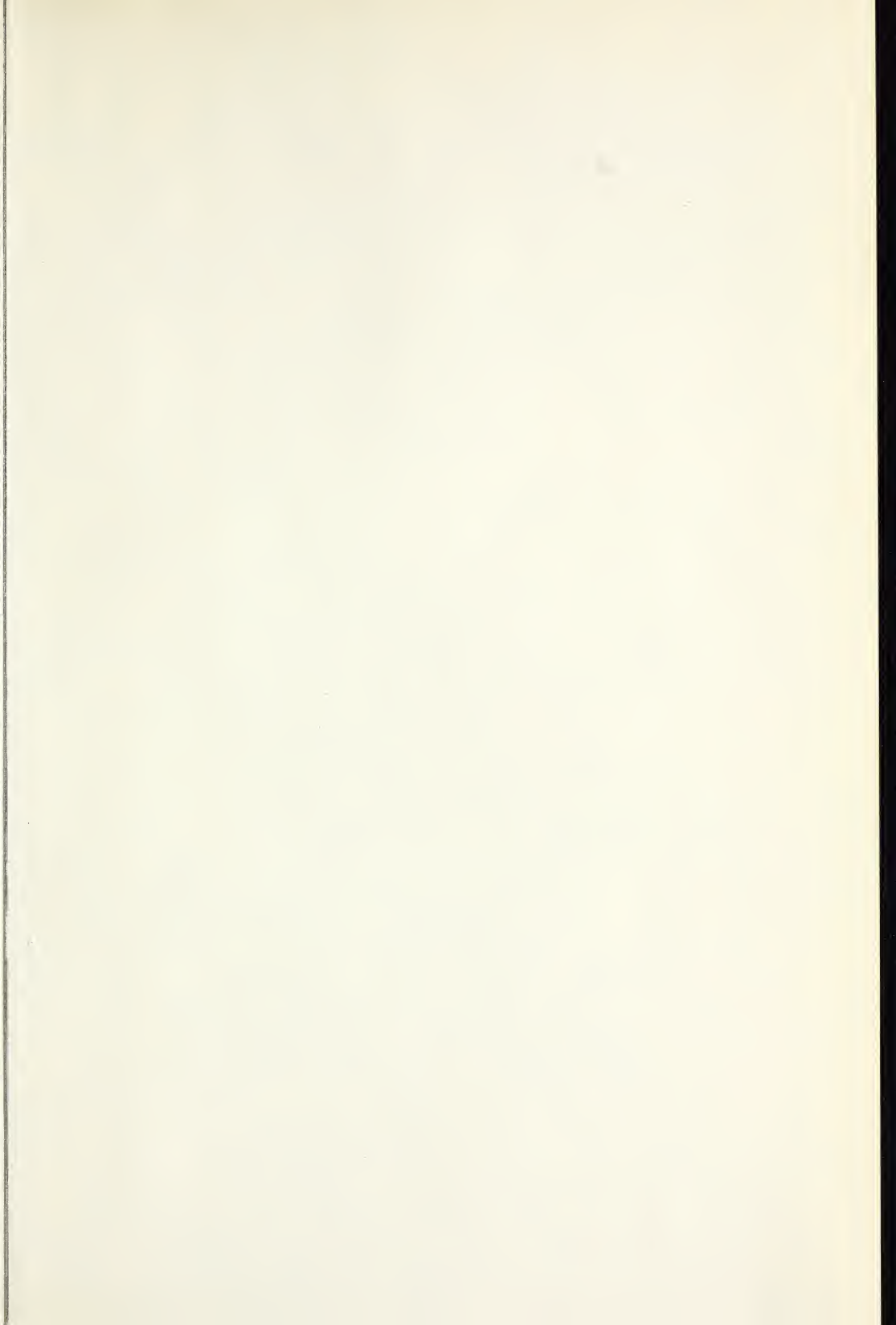


THE CONSERVATORY DORMITORIES ON HEMENWAY STREET













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